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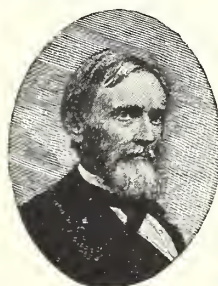
Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XIX.

JANUARY, 1911.

2230675

No. 1.



After Eighteen Years! Greeting and Gratitude

Without delay to meditate over the pathetic past, except on its lesson as a guide for the future, the Founder of the VETERAN answers again, "Here!"



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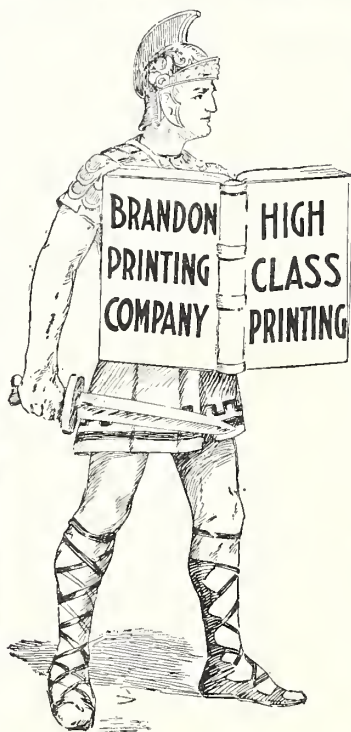
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PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important. Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application. The date to a subscription is always given to the month before it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The civil war was too long ago to be called the late war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted. The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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SINGLE COPY 10 CENTS.

VOL. XIX.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1911.

No. 1.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM
PROPRIETOR.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL REUNION TO BE HELD AT LITTLE ROCK MAY 16-18, 1911.

In his official announcement the Adjutant General and Chief of Staff states:

"The city of Little Rock will be able to show very little of a Confederate nature to the gallant men who are soon to be her guests. She passed into the hands of the enemy soon after the breaking out of the war, and was thus severed from her sisters, and lost the opportunities of those more fortunately situated. But the patient endurance of hardships by her noble women in the manner ever characteristic of the women of the Confederacy showed that they were worthy to rank with other sections of the South.

"The brave sons of Arkansas, separated from their loved ones by insurmountable barriers, manifested on every battlefield of the war that courage and fearlessness in action which has made the name of Confederate a synonym of all that is grand in the character of a soldier, and which caused General Hardee to speak of an Arkansas regiment under his command as the 'Bloody Seventh,' than which there can be no higher praise.

"Did any State give to the cause a braver, abler, nobler soldier than Pat R. Cleburne, whose reckless action at Franklin won the plaudits of the world? or Hindman or Reynolds or Pike or Govan or Stand Watie, and the other Indian warriors who stood by our cause so steadily throughout the unequal struggle?

"The State and city have shown their fidelity under trying conditions as meriting the highest honors, and the refined and hospitable people of the 'Queen City of the West' will entertain the United Confederate Veterans in a manner equal to the best of the past. As this is the first meeting which has been held in the Trans-Mississippi Department for a number of years, the General commanding hopes that the attendance may be very large."

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

FROM MRS. VIRGINIA FAULKNER M'SHERRY, PRESIDENT
GENERAL, MARTINSBURG, W. VA.

My Dear Daughters of the Confederacy: Before the pages of history are closed permit your President to dwell upon the events of the seventeenth annual Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, recently held in Little Rock, Ark. For the benefit of those who did not attend I must mention the beauty of the city, the lavish hospitality of its

people, the stateliness of its buildings, its ideal and modern hotel, the Marion, which was headquarters, where every attention and courtesy possible were accorded the delegates.

The U. D. C. of Arkansas has every reason to be gratified at the success of this convention, which was one of the most delightful in the annals of the association.

The President General desires to thank the delegates for their consideration and thoughtfulness, which made the convention so harmonious, leaving only pleasant memories and a closer bond of fellowship, assuring that the coming year will be one of achievement and advancement for our cause.

There was but one change in the efficient corps of officers, that of Recording Secretary General, as Mrs. A. L. Dowdell felt that after four years of service it was time to withdraw. Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, of Paducah, Ky., was unanimously elected to fill the vacancy. During the years of Mrs. Dowdell's services she has endeared herself to all who came in contact with her, and I feel that the same result will follow in the case of the present incumbent, who has started her work in a most enthusiastic and businesslike manner.

An important change in the constitution was made in the eligibility clause, eliminating "grandnieces" and extending it no farther than nieces and lineal descendants of such men as honorably served in the Confederate army, navy, or civil service. This does not debar women of Confederate lineage, where such lineage can be traced through a loyal mother, grandmother, or great-grandmother, as well as collaterally from a great-uncle.

I desire to call the attention of the Daughters to an important change which henceforth calls for the transaction of all business of a Division through the State President of such Division. The first important business will be the compiling of the rosters, which should be in the hands of the Recording Secretary General. The Chapters therefore will send in correct rosters to their respective Division Presidents, who will forward them. Much responsibility in this is placed upon the Division Presidents, and I trust and implore that they may all realize the greatness thereof, as the fate of every Chapter in the Division is now placed upon the Presidents of Divisions.

A history committee is now formed composed of the Historians of the Divisions and of Chapters where there are no Divisions. This committee will work in conjunction with the Historian General as chairman.

The Arlington monument fund is growing monthly, and with recent donations now totals twenty-two thousand dollars.

The great Southern sculptor, Sir Moses Ezekiel, has been selected to place in this hallowed spot a monument worthy of the great cause and the efforts of the association. It has been decided that the monument shall cost not less than fifty thousand dollars.

The Shiloh Monument Committee in gathering funds has a great and worthy cause, and the erection of a monument on that battlefield is of great importance and should be a creditable one when completed.

Mrs. L. H. Rains, 908 Dully Street, Savannah, Ga., is chairman of the Insignia Committee. All who desire pins or badges should apply to Mrs. Rains.

My dear Daughters, these are a few of the important facts to which I urge attention, and I beg that each and every one of you may read the Annual most carefully, gaining thereby much help and inspiration for future work. May the years of usefulness of our organization be many, many more to come, and with the wish that the Christmas joys may be yours!

PROCEEDINGS IN THE U. D. C. CONVENTION.

BY MRS. ROY W. M'KINNEY, SECRETARY GENERAL.

The opening exercises of the seventeenth Annual Convention were in the auditorium of the Marion Hotel Wednesday, November 8, at 8 P.M. Mrs. Orlando Halliburton, President of the Arkansas Division, presided over the exercises and gracefully introduced the speakers.

The Rt. Rev. John B. Morris, Bishop of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Arkansas, offered the opening prayer.

Gov. George W. Donaghey, Col. George W. Murphy, and Gen. B. W. Green delivered addresses of welcome. The next speaker was Mr. Henry Rector, who extended a hearty welcome in behalf of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Mrs. J. T. Beal, President of the Memorial Chapter, Mrs. S. S. Wassell, President of the J. M. Keller Chapter, and Mrs. John Fletcher, President of the Arkansas Federation of Women's Clubs, in well-chosen words welcomed the guests to the City of Roses.

Little Miss Dorothy Neimeyer gave a vocal solo, which was much enjoyed. A quartet and a double quartet, followed by a solo rendered with exquisite charm by Mrs. De E. Bradshaw, finished the musical program.

Mrs. John Stayton, of Newport, Ark., gave several recitations, which brought forth hearty applause.

Mrs. Halliburton introduced the President General and presented her the gavel, and Miss Mildred Rutherford, of Georgia, responded to the addresses of welcome.

After a number of prominent women were introduced to the convention, the meeting adjourned to meet at 9:30 the following morning.

FIRST DAY, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1910.

Morning Meeting.

The meeting was called to order by the President General, Mrs. McSherry.

Before proceeding with the regular order of business the privileges of the floor were extended Mrs. Yerger, of Mississippi, who presented the Arkansas Division a gavel made of cedar wood from Beauvoir, the work of one of the veterans in the Mississippi Home.

Mrs. Halliburton accepted the gift in the name of the Division, and requested the President General to use it during the convention.

After the reading of the ritual, the Secretary read the report of the opening exercises of the convention held Tuesday evening, which was accepted after a few corrections.

The chair then appointed the following committees:

On Recommendations of the President General: Mrs. B. B. Ross, Alabama; Mrs. L. R. Schuyler, New York; Mrs. W. R. Clement, Oklahoma.

On Rules and Regulations: Mrs. F. M. Williams, North Carolina; Mrs. N. D. Eller, Virginia; Mrs. C. D. Merwin, Washington, D. C.

On Resolutions: Miss Alice Baxter, Georgia; Mrs. Frank Odenheimer, Maryland; Mrs. Lucy Green Yerger, Mississippi.

The Secretary called the roll and the Division Presidents presented the flags of their States, which were received by Mrs. Walke, of Virginia, the Custodian of Flags and Pennants, and presented by her to the two Chapters of Little Rock.

Awaiting the report of the Credential Committee, the Chair presented Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, of Mississippi, who read her splendid paper on the "Kuklux Klan."

Mrs. Gill, of Little Rock, Chairman of the Credential Committee, read her report as follows: Chapters represented, 983; votes in convention, 1,674. The Secretary, after calling the roll of officers and chairmen of standing committees, announced that all the general officers were present, a thing unusual in the history of the association.

The President General delivered her annual address, which message was filled with the good work being done, and was accepted with thanks.

The report of the Recording Secretary shows remarkable growth of the organization, sixty-eight charters having been issued since the meeting at Houston.

The Corresponding Secretary General read her report as follows: Letters written, 94; circular letters written, 105; notices of defunct Chapters, 60; notices to Executive Board, 8; postal cards issued, 1,180; total communications issued, 1,447.

The Custodian of the Cross of Honor reported that one year more and the records of that office would be copied in the books and all would be ready to be placed in the Confederate Museum at Richmond. These records have been looked up by Mrs. L. H. Rains, the Custodian General, and represent a vast amount of work.

Mrs. B. B. Ross, of Alabama, called the Chair's attention to the presence of Mr. S. A. Cunningham, Editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Mr. Cunningham was escorted to the platform, and in well-chosen words addressed the convention.

Communications were read, announcements made, and the meeting adjourned to meet at 2:30 P.M.

Afternoon Meeting.

The meeting was called to order at 3 P.M. by Mrs. L. C. Hall, First Vice President General, in the chair.

The President General and many members were absent from the room, having gone to attend the unveiling of a bowlder, erected to the Confederate women of Arkansas in the grounds of the old Statehouse.

Mrs. James B. Gantt, of Missouri, Registrar General, reported having received since her last report 12,601 names.

Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, of Virginia, Historian General, had her full and creditable report printed in pamphlet form and distributed over the house. Mrs. Robinson submitted the following rules for the office of Historian General:

"The Historian General shall call together the Historians attending the convention one hour before the morning business meeting of the second day to discuss their general historical interests. This call shall apply to Chapter Historians.

"The Committee of Historians shall be composed of the Historians of the current year of Divisions and of Chapters where no Divisions exist.

"Each one shall send a report of the work of her Division or Chapter to the office of the Historian General by September

1, said report not to contain more than four hundred words, including caption and signature.

"After receipt of such a report, the Historian General shall not accept additions; but she may accept revisions of historical errors, provided sent by the writer. The Historian General shall at no time correct or revise the report of any Historian. All such reports shall be printed in pamphlet form to be distributed to the next convention."

The Historian General was instructed to have two historical papers now in her office—one by Mrs. Margaret Watson, of Texas, the other by Dr. S. E. Lewis, of Washington, D. C.—printed and distributed during the coming year.

Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, of Virginia, Custodian of Flags and Pennants, made her report.

The Arkansas Confederate Veterans who were holding their annual meeting in the hotel visited the convention in a body and presented resolutions and made short addresses.

SECOND DAY, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1910.

The meeting was called to order by the President General at ten o'clock.

An invitation was extended by Mrs. Anderson, of the Keller Chapter, to visit the Confederate Home.

News of Democratic victories were received from all over the country, and many requests were made to send telegrams of greetings to these men congratulating them. After much discussion, it was decided that the U. D. C. refrain from taking any part in politics.

Changes in the Constitution Adopted.

Article VI., Section 2, of the constitution was amended to read as follows: "The number of Honorary Presidents U. D. C., exclusive of the Honorary President General, shall be limited to fourteen at any one time, all of whom shall be elected for life. The office of Honorary President General shall remain vacant as a memorial to Mrs. Jefferson Davis, wife of the only President of the Southern Confederacy."

To Article VI., Section 3, were added the words: "Historian General and Registrar General."

Article III., Section 1, was amended to read: "Said members being entitled to all the honors and privileges of this association, except that of holding office in the General Association, Divisions, or Chapters, except that of transmitting this honor to members of her family, only her children of a Confederate father. The honor dies with her if she has no children."

Article VII., Section 2, was amended by adding: "A committee of Division Historians and of Chapter Historians where no Division exists, with the Historian General as chairman, to be known as the Committee on History."

Article III., Section 1, was amended as follows: "Those women entitled to membership are the widows, wives, mothers, sisters, nieces, and lineal descendants of such men as served honorably in the Confederate army, navy, or civil service; or of those men, unfit for active duty, who loyally gave aid to the cause. Also Southern women who can give proof of personal service or loyal aid to the Southern cause during the war, and the lineal descendants or nieces of such women wherever living." (Remainder of section unaltered.)

Article V., Section 3, was amended as follows: "Eliminate all that follows the first sentence and substitute: 'The President of a Division or in her absence the chairman of the State delegation may represent any Chapter in her Division if duly chosen by said Chapter, and when so chosen shall be considered a delegate, not a proxy, from the Chapter.' In the beginning of the last sentence substitute the word 'delegate' for 'proxy,' to read: 'A delegate must vote according to instructions, etc.'"

Article IX., Section 1, was amended to read: "Chapter Presidents must issue certificates of membership to members at the time they are admitted to membership."

Article III., Section 4, was amended to read: "Any Chapter desiring to change its name or to receive a duplicate charter may apply to the Recording Secretary General for a new charter, paying the regular charter fee of \$3, such charter to be issued under the original number of the Chapter." (Remaining portion of Section 4 unchanged.)

Article IV., Section 4, was amended, beginning with the second sentence, to read: "Each Division must notify the President General without delay of the withdrawal, suspension, or extinction of any of its Chapters. It shall be the duty of the President General upon receiving written notice from a Division that any Chapter has withdrawn therefrom to have the charter of such Chapter canceled by the Recording Secretary General. Notice of this cancellation shall be sent to the Custodian of the Cross of Honor, and shall be included in the next annual report of the Recording Secretary General."

Article VI., Section 2, was amended by adding the name of one more officer, that of Custodian of Flags and Pennants.

Changes in the By-Laws.

Article IX. of the by-laws was amended to read: "The election of officers shall be the first order of business at the morning meeting of the fourth day of the convention, followed by all amendments to the constitution and by-laws."

Article I. of the by-laws was amended by adding Section 9, as follows: "The General Association shall deal with the Divisions and Chapters in the Divisions through the State President. All communications and printed matter sent on from the department of the General Association except that concerning the cross of honor shall be sent to the State President, who shall as soon as possible after receipt of such letters or printed matter communicate or transmit same to the Chapters of their respective Divisions."

A resolution was passed instructing the President General and Recording Secretary General to make the verbal changes necessary to bring the by-laws as now printed into conformity to this amendment.

Article VII., Section 5, of the by-laws was amended by inserting after the words, "Congressional Library, Washington, D. C.," "Departments of Archives and History of the Southern States and to the Sons of Veterans Hall, Memphis, Tenn."

THIRD DAY, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1910.

Morning Meeting.

After formal opening, Mrs. Yerger, President Mississippi Division, extended an invitation from the coast Chapters of her State to attend the dedication of a chapel reredos at the Soldiers' Home, Beauvoir, Miss., when the visitors would be entertained with an *al fresco* tea on November 17.

Splendid reports were made by Division representatives, showing growth and interest in the work throughout the country.

Miss Rutherford, of Georgia, presented a communication from Mrs. C. Helen Plane, of Atlanta, Ga., urging that immediate steps be taken toward the building of a home for aged Confederate women. Miss Rutherford presented the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That the home for aged Confederate women be the next work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy; that each Chapter be empowered to organize at once within itself a 'Home Circle,' the purpose of which shall be to aid in erecting and maintaining this U. D. C. Memorial Home to honor the memory of Confederate women and their lineal de-

scendants; that each 'Home Circle' send a representative to the next General Convention to form a committee for the purpose of selecting a location for the Home and for devising ways and means for its erection and maintenance."

Miss Rutherford asked that no action be taken on the matter of the Home and that the matter should come up at the next convention.

Afternoon Meeting.

After the meeting opened, the following resolution was presented:

"*Resolved*, That a Relief Committee, whose duty it shall be to investigate and relieve, as far as possible, the present pressing needs of aged Confederate women, be appointed at each convention by the President General, beginning with this one, and be given by the convention a stated sum, this committee to exist until the U. D. C. Home is built."

Evening Meeting.

Mrs. Schuyler, of the New York Chapter, made the report of the Committee on Award of Prize at Teachers' College. The \$100 was awarded to Mr. Harvey M. Morrow, of Alabama, after receiving the approval of Mrs. Virginia F. McSherry, President General U. D. C. The judges were: E. B. Craighead, LL.D., President of Tulane University, New Orleans, La.; Prof. M. S. Brown, Head of Department of History, New York University; Dunbar Rowland, LL.D., Director of the Department of History and Archives for the State of Mississippi.

The subject of the essay was "The History of Slavery in the State of Mississippi," this topic being selected from a list prepared by S. C. Mitchell, LL.D., President of the University of South Carolina, at the request of the committee.

The essay by Miss Ruth B. Hawes, of Virginia, was given especial mention by the committee, it having received one vote for first place. The committee recommended that the appropriation of one hundred dollars annually for the prize be continued. The report with its recommendations was adopted.

Miss Poppenheim, of South Carolina, made the report of the Educational Committee. The summing up of that report presents the following splendid facts: Seven general scholarships valued at \$1,020 dispensed as the work of the General U. D. C. Committee on Education; Alabama, fifteen scholarships valued at \$1,188; Arkansas, two scholarships valued at \$200; Florida, twelve scholarships valued at \$597.60; Georgia, fifty-seven scholarships valued at \$3,945; Louisiana, two scholarships valued at \$300; Missouri, four scholarships (no value given); New York, two scholarships valued at \$100; North Carolina, fourteen scholarships valued at \$1,115; South Carolina, two scholarships valued at \$288; Tennessee, fifteen scholarships (no value given); Texas, three scholarships valued at \$300; Maryland, two scholarships (no value given); Kentucky, six scholarships valued at \$300; Mississippi, nine scholarships valued at \$675; Virginia, seven scholarships (no value given).

Oklahoma reports Educational Committee just appointed and ready for work.

Washington tried to unite Oregon and Montana with itself in educational work, and gave \$30 to general educational fund. This shows one hundred and fifty-three scholarships valued at \$10,088. This is a record of which every Southerner should be proud. The total value would have been even more if all the Divisions had sent in the valuation of each scholarship.

It was decided that all money contributed to educational purposes, whether in Chapter or Division work, be reported to the Committee on Education.

The report of the Shiloh Monument Committee was given

by Mrs. White, Director General of the committee, and Mrs. McKinney, Treasurer. Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, of Texas, presented her report as Chairman of the Committee on Design of the Arlington Monument. The report of the Treasurer of the Arlington Monument Association was read. The office of Vice Chairman of the Arlington Confederate Monument Association was created, and Dr. Samuel Lewis was elected to fill the place.

FOURTH DAY, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1910.

Morning Meeting.

The election of officers resulted in the following general officers having been elected to serve during the year: Mrs. Virginia F. McSherry, President General; Mrs. L. C. Hall, First Vice President General; Mrs. Mary E. Bryan, Second Vice President General; Mrs. T. T. Stevens, Third Vice President General; Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Recording Secretary General; Mrs. Katie Childress Schnabel, Corresponding Secretary General; Mrs. C. B. Tate, Treasurer General; Mrs. James B. Gantt, Registrar General; Mrs. Enders Robinson, Historian General; Mrs. L. H. Rains, Custodian of Cross of Honor; Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, Custodian of Flags and Pennants.

Many tributes were paid the retiring Secretary General, Mrs. A. L. Dowdell, who has served the association in a most efficient manner for four years.

After the election of officers, the A. C. M. A. was again taken up, and a motion offered by Mrs. Eller, of Virginia, was carried providing for a monument at Arlington to cost not less than \$50,000 with the hope of \$75,000.

Mrs. Ross, of Alabama, presented the subject of the Christmas Seals in the absence of Mrs. James, of Florence, Ala.

A collection was taken for monument to the Immortal 600.

Mrs. Schuyler, of New York, presented the matter relative to the purchase of the portrait of Mrs. Jefferson Davis painted by Mrs. J. D. Rice. A collection was taken from the floor to assist in accomplishing this object.

The convention indorsed the plan presented by Mrs. Walke, of Virginia, to use every effort to have the prospective fort at Chesapeake Bay called Fort Maury after the pathfinder of the sea, Matthew Fontaine Maury.

Afternoon Meeting.

Contributions were taken for the monument to Joseph E. Johnston being built in Georgia.

Mrs. Kline, of Missouri, moved that all badges now in the hands of Theus & Co. be purchased by the U. D. C., that the President General should notify the State Presidents from whom they should buy badges, and that Theus & Co. be notified to make no more badges. Carried. The President General was instructed to appoint a committee to ascertain if a copy-right on the design now used can be secured with authority to take steps to that end.

The President General was empowered to appoint a committee on design for badges to be worn by the general officers, these badges to be of gold and the property of the U. D. C.

Mrs. McKinney, of Kentucky, presented the claim of Camp Beauregard at Water Valley, Ky., where there are between 1,200 and 1,500 Confederate soldiers buried. These soldiers are from Arkansas, Missouri, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Tennessee. An earnest appeal for help from the U. D. C. resulted in liberal pledges.

Evening Meeting.

Sister Esther Carlotta, of Florida, presented resolutions urgently recommending that only correctly proportioned battle flags be accepted from dealers. The correct battle flag is

square with thirteen stars of equal size in the cross. Mrs. Walke, of Virginia, Custodian of Flags and Pennants, was instructed to communicate with different firms making flags, telling them of the action of the convention regarding incorrect flags.

The convention indorsed the action of the Arkansas Division in its effort to preserve the old Statehouse of Arkansas in which the ordinance of secession was enacted and around which clusters the history of Arkansas since 1836.

The convention adjourned to meet in Richmond, Va., in November, 1911.

THE HAYES MEMORIAL ALTAR AND REREDOS.

The Church of the Redeemer at Biloxi, Miss., has been the recipient of a beautiful altar and reredos, the gift of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in memory of Margaret Howell Jefferson Davis Hayes. Mrs. Hayes, the elder daughter of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States, was an active member of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and the Association has erected a memorial to her name.

The altar and reredos were unveiled on November 17 after appropriate services, the presentation speech being made by Mrs. Virginia F. McSherry, President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the formal acceptance and dedication were made by the Right Rev. Theodore Dubose Bratton, D.D., Bishop of the Diocese of Mississippi. The rector, the Rev. C. B. Crawford, took occasion in an address to express his appreciation of this memorial as well as former gifts to that Church by the Daughters and by Mrs. Hayes.

The Rev. Dr. L. Logan, Chaplain of the Beauvoir Camp of Veterans, also spoke, and the anthem, "The Souls of the Righteous," was rendered by the parish choir. It is interesting to note that the Church of the Redeemer, in which the memorial is placed, has been called the "Westminster" of the South because it was the home Church of the Davis family.



FROM PHOTO OF THE REREDOS.

The altar and reredos are designed in Norman-Gothic style to harmonize with the architectural treatment of the church. The mensa is supported by three semicircular arches, heavily molded, resting upon columns, space underneath being left open. At the back of this space is placed paneling with the symbols of Alpha and Omega to the right and left of the center, and the Chi Rho in the center panel. Above the mensa are two retables, the lower one being ornamented by raised letters in the words of "Holy, Holy, Holy." The upper retable is broken and set forward of the face, forming a platform on which to place the cross. Above rises the reredos, consisting of a large panel with two small panels on either side. Each panel is ornamented by the semi-engaged columns, with heavy moldings above and the side panel being decorated by an ornamental carving of the grapevine molded in deep relief. In the center panel, above the cross in three-quarters' relief, is the dove representing the Holy Ghost shedding the rays over the cross. The design is completed by three gables, terminating with crosses. The altar and reredos are the work of Upjohn & Conable, the noted church architects of New York.

The Daughters were most efficiently represented by their committee, of which Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, of Greenwood, Miss., is chairman. The other members of the committee are: Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, of New York, Mrs. Roselle Cooley, of Jacksonville, Fla., Mrs. C. J. Weatherby, of Biloxi, Miss., and Mrs. George Holmes, of Charleston, S. C.

THE MARYLAND DIVISION.

Mrs. Cordelia Powell Odenheimer, President, sends report: "The regular annual convention of the Maryland Division, U. D. C., was held December 7 in Baltimore. There was nothing brought up but ordinary routine business. The attendance was quite large, and the delegates seemed to have a much greater interest in the general organization work than I have noticed before. Mrs. G. Smith Norris, the Second Vice President, presented the Division with a gavel made of wood from the Hermitage, Gen. Andrew Jackson's home.

"The following officers for the year were elected: Mrs. D. Giraud Wright, Baltimore, Honorary President; Mrs. Frank G. Odenheimer, Jessup, President; Mrs. John P. Poe, Baltimore, First Vice President; Mrs. G. Smith Norris, Belair, Second Vice President; Mrs. L. Victor Baughman, Frederick, Third Vice President; Mrs. A. T. B. Egee, Chesapeake City, Fourth Vice President; Mrs. August Weber, Baltimore, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Neilson Poe, Jr., Baltimore, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Winfield Peters, Baltimore, Treasurer; Mrs. Samuel T. Brown, Baltimore, Recorder of Cross of Honor; Miss Marie Louise Johnson, Frederick, Historian; Mrs. Joseph Branham, Baltimore, Chairman of Education.

BURIED AT CASTALIAN SPRINGS, MISS.—T. W. Smith, Commander Holmes County Camp, U. C. V., Lexington, Miss., writes that after the battle of Shiloh some, if not all, of the wounded Confederate soldiers from Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee were sent to the hospital at Castalian Springs, Miss., and that eighty or ninety died and were buried in a plat of ground near the cemetery at Wesley Chapel Church. The graves were not marked, so that no further information can be given. During last year the Holmes County Camp, No. 398, U. C. V., had the graves filled and erected a monument in the center of the plat, naming the States as given above. They also had stone markers placed at the four corners of the plat and inclosed the whole with a good wire fence.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

EIGHTEEN YEARS—GRATITUDE TO PATRONS.

In order to advance publication day, so that the VETERAN may be in the hands of subscribers by the first of the month, this is a sort of "clean-up" issue. Lengthy articles that have been held over for some time are used to the exclusion of the usual number of short sketches and current incidents of the organizations. While there is a lack of these things, the space given to comrades in historic matter predominates.

This early January issue is designed to combine expressions of the Christmas and New Year greetings and of gratitude that so many blessings have come to the management throughout its eighteen years of history-making. Eighteen years! Meditation on its events and attendant blessings creates gratitude beyond expression. It suggests a silent prayer. The sorrow in so many deaths of useful men and women is poignant, yet it is not well to be mopish. A comrade sending subscription for some years ahead states that whether or not we both live to the end of that time the money is well applied. Although in looking to the future of eighteen years the vision is beclouded, there will be sunshine still to come, while silence will evidently be the condition to the great majority of Confederate veterans now in life. During the intervening days and years let us be cheerful and diligent in good works, and let us be at peace with our fellow-men.

WORDS OF COUNSEL TO SUBSCRIBERS.

In sending statements to many, answers come from representatives that the subscriber has been dead one, two, or maybe three years, with no expression of regret that notice had not been sent before, and in most instances the writer does not sign any name. Many write that they had ordered it stopped and refuse to pay what is justly due. Postmasters often ignore the golden rule in failing to give notice of deaths. Some time ago sample copies were sent to postmasters in county towns of the South with return stamped envelope for reply, many of whom returned the envelope without sending a line in reply.

This will be read by men in arrears who have heretofore made no preparation for payment when they die, without even requesting any one to send notice, and such omission is a large expense to the management in the aggregate, and cripples in proportion the usefulness of the VETERAN. It is sad that these things occur, and it is all caused by the desire to favor comrades who may not have the money at the time and to show confidence in them. One of the saddest features is that some comrades do not enlist the interest of their families, but the "old soldiers." It would be a service to the VETERAN if each would request somebody to attend to this while in health, for every one knows the night will come.

This earlier press date requires the postponement of lists to the two monument undertakings in which many are much interested.

The Arlington monument fund aggregates in report received at time of going to press \$19,870.87, net.

The Jefferson Davis Home Association purchase of the property at the place of his birth is all cleared now except

the sum of \$1,550, balance due on the loan from Gen. Bennett H. Young. The sum that he advanced was \$5,050. The spirit of clearing this obligation is so widespread that the management expects it to be canceled in the next few months.

The Shiloh monument fund is reported in full to December by the Treasurer General, Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, of Paducah, Ky. An error is reported, too late for correction, which credits \$16 from the Chapter at Alexandria, La., to Mrs. Blackman, whereas Mrs. Blackman simply sent the remittance for Mrs. Robert Lee Randolph.

AS THE DARKY SAID: "BOSS, DEY IS ALL GOOD."

Sad differences of opinion have occurred in some sections wherein agitation and discord among comrades indicate madness. Reconstruction events were exasperating, but the unity of sentiment maintained because of them was a blessing, although not discernible then as now. Let us accept that all sane Southerners are impelled by the same high motives now that they were during the war and through its attending hardships, and that each has a reason satisfactory to himself for his conduct, just as unerring as when he faced death on the battlefield and as faithfully as he believed in his comrades immediately following that period. Where there is dissension and conditions are aggravating let us not forget that we cannot see things alike, and that if our former friends have "gone to the bad" they are "unbalanced" and deserve our commiseration. Surely each is all right in his views. Unity of spirit should be maintained; and whatever may be our opinion concerning the conduct of comrades who differ with us in views on important issues, we should wait for the hurricane to pass, knowing that our associates must have views consistent with their ideas of right. Forbearance is a true virtue.

SPIRIT IN ARKANSAS FOR THE REUNION.

Gen. James F. Smith, Commanding the Arkansas Division, writes December 8: "The committee having in hand the arrangement for our annual Reunion are making splendid progress. We hope to have everything in good condition when the Reunion time comes."

Edgar C. Taylor, Assistant Manager of the Marion Hotel, writes: "I am glad to inform you that everything is progressing nicely, and we hope to be able to entertain the Veterans equally as well as, if not better than, they have ever been entertained. Col. V. Y. Cook was with us a few days ago. He is a hard worker for the purpose of entertaining, and is zealous in making it a State-wide proposition. However, we feel too proud to call upon the State while the entertainment is going to be confined to the City of Roses."

Dr. D. R. B. Greenlee, of Mayflower, Ark., writes: "As a Confederate veteran and a citizen of Arkansas, I say that all the men, the women, and the children are working for the success of the Reunion at Little Rock next May, and we expect all old veterans to come and bring their families. I see that the Committee on Program plans to have the veterans in a grand parade. I seriously demur to that part of the program, for the reason that from April, 1861, to May, 1865, they were on a grand parade with all the civilized world as spectators, and I think we have marched enough. * * * After forty-five years the elasticity has left our step. I would suggest that there be erected a grand stand on which to seat the veterans and their dear old wives, while all the Sons of Veterans and other bodies that want to see the U. C. V. pass the grand stand. Let them do the marching and not the old and feeble veterans."

THE BATTLE OF OAK HILLS OR WILSON'S CREEK.

BY DR. J. N. BOYD, AUSTIN, TEX.

The VETERAN for October contains an article by Capt. A. B. Barnes on pages 472-3 in which is the following statement: "Colonel Coleman is the man who really won the battle of Wilson's Creek on August 10, 1861. As adjutant of McBride's Brigade he in person made the disposition of the troops that composed the brigade and in person gave the command to fire when the enemy was within thirty yards of his line. It resulted in the almost total annihilation of the Dutch regiments with which General Lyon was charging when he was killed."

This statement is so at variance with the reports made by Generals McCulloch and Price and other commanders who participated in the battle and with my recollection of the thrilling incidents of that fateful day that I am impelled to call it in question. It is evidently made in good faith, and in what I shall say I want to be understood as treating it with due respect. It is news to me, however.

I have before me the reports made by Generals McCulloch and Price on the second day after the battle. They both speak in praise of General McBride, but do not mention Colonel Coleman. In the history of the campaign which culminated in that battle Sigel is shown to be in command of the Dutch regiments. I know he commanded them by what transpired during and after the battle. Sigel's command turned our right flank and attacked us in our camp, flank and rear, early in the morning. Churchill's Regiment, the 1st Arkansas Mounted Riflemen, to which I belonged, literally ran out from under the fire of Sigel's artillery and, tying their horses in the wood by the side of the Springfield road, fell into line near Sharp's house on foot. I had come in late from a scout the night before, and was sound asleep when our camp was fired on. It was a complete surprise to me at least, and I made the best time I could until I came up with the company at Sharp's house.

Colonel Churchill remained at his quarters in camp, giving orders to the men until all had left. Sigel's line was entering our camp before he left. His orderly had failed to saddle his horse, and he rode out barebacked, making quite a narrow escape from capture. Major Harper took command and formed the line in the road as the men came up. About the time that Colonel Churchill came up a courier from General Price asking for reinforcements rode up, and General McCulloch, who had arrived in the meantime, ordered us to Price's relief. We marched along the Springfield road, down a hill (where Sigel's guns were afterwards captured and his troops put to rout), crossed a small stream, and, coming out into the open near a log house (afterwards used as a hospital), we were fronted into line, ordered to fix bayonets, and reserve our fire. We were then ordered forward at double-quick. In front of us on a hill was Totten's Battery, which began to fire on us. Woodruff's Battery on a hill behind us was firing over us at Totten's Battery and its infantry support.

Totten's Battery was the center and key to the enemy's line, and was supported by United States regulars commanded by General Lyon in person. This was a strong position, and it was up this hill and against these regulars that we were sent. It was my understanding then, and has always been, that the enemy was forcing Price's men back and that we were hurried up there to their support. If there were any of our troops between us and the enemy, I do not remember seeing them. It seemed to me that we got up rather close to Totten's Battery, when a perfect storm of shot from the regulars met us,

and for a moment it looked like the whole regiment was either killed or wounded. We were stunned and staggered, and fell back. We went up a second time, with the same result, only this time we were firing at will.

In this second advance I was wounded, and do not personally know what took place on that part of the field during the remainder of the day. Before I was hurt, however, I saw a Federal officer on a gray horse not far to the right of Totten's Battery. Several of our boys who had Mississippi rifles, captured from the enemy at Neosho, took shots at him. The dead bodies of General Lyon and his horse were found not far from the position held by Totten's Battery. Facing us and off to the right of the battery, they were a little nearer our line than the battery. The infantry supporting the battery advanced when we fell back, but the battery was not moved until after General Lyon fell and not long before the enemy was finally driven from the field. Totten took all his guns away with him, but we got all of Sigel's.

In his report of the battle, August 12, General McCulloch uses this language: "Having cleared our right and rear, it was necessary to turn all our attention to the center under General Lyon, who was pressing upon the Missourians and driving them back. To this point McIntosh's Regiment, under Lieutenant Colonel Embry, and Churchill's Regiment, on foot, and Gratiot's Regiment and McRea's Battalion were dispatched to their aid. Carroll's and Greer's regiments, gallantly led by Captain Bradfute, charged the battery; but the whole strength of the enemy was immediately in its rear, and a deadly fire was opened on them. At this critical period, when the fortunes of the day seemed to be at the turning point, two regiments of Pearce's Brigade were ordered to march from their position (as reserves) to support the center. The order was obeyed with alacrity, and General Pearce gallantly rushed with his brigade to the rescue. Reed's Battery was ordered forward, and the Louisiana regiment was again called into action on the left of it. The battle then became general, and probably no two opposing forces ever fought with greater desperation. Inch by inch the enemy gave way and were driven from their position. Totten's Battery fell back; Missourians, Arkansans, and Texans rushed forward. Nothing could withstand our final charge, and the enemy fled and could not be rallied again. They were last seen retreating among the hills in the distance. The battle lasted six hours."

General McCulloch was nominally in chief command that day, and he was seen on every part of the field. He led the troops that crushed Sigel and sent him a fugitive from the field. He first sent Churchill's Regiment to aid Price's wavering lines. After wiping Sigel off of the field, he took his other regiments and Pearce's Brigade of Arkansas State troops and led them against Lyon. I went over the battlefield in November following the battle, and followed the route pursued by Churchill's Regiment in its attack on Totten's Battery and the Federal center. The spot where General Lyon fell was shown me by parties who saw his dead body lying there as they drove the enemy away. The remains of his horse were not far away. I think there can be no question that General Lyon fell in front of the Arkansas troops, led by General McCulloch, and that he was trying to rally his troops when he fell. No man on that bloody field displayed greater coolness and bravery than Gen. Sterling Price. His troops deserve unstinted praise, but they did not do it all. Churchill's Regiment lost nearly three times as many men killed as McBride's entire brigade. Colonel Churchill had two horses killed under him on the field.

Among the many brave men whose deeds on that day are above praise none deserves to shine with brighter luster than that of James McIntosh, colonel and adjutant general to General McCulloch. Thoroughly trained in military science, a typical cavalier, unacquainted with fear, magnetic to a degree rarely if ever surpassed, he was a model soldier, a born leader, and men followed where he led without question or hesitation. He was to McCulloch what Jackson was to Lee; and when they gave up their lives at the battle of Elk Horn Tavern, the army and the Confederacy suffered an irreparable loss.

McCulloch and McIntosh! Two stainless names, two heroic souls, two men of noble mold, without fear and without reproach, whose conduct in every station to which duty called them was governed by a devotion to principle and high sense of honor characteristic of the purest type of gentlemen of the South!

PARTICIPANT IN BATTLE OF BETHEL.

BY W. L. WHITE, THIRD COMPANY RICHMOND HOWITZERS.

A VIRGINIAN'S TRIBUTE TO A MASSACHUSETTS OFFICER.

On June 10, 1861, the day dawned most beautifully, and all nature seemed to smile upon the scene at the opening of the first land engagement of the war of the sixties. As participant in that engagement, remembering so well the incidents of the day, I have thought it of interest to the few survivors and those of this day to recall them, especially as it was the first victory recorded in the annals of Confederate history.

On June 9 Gen. J. B. Magruder, commanding our forces, learned from his couriers that the Federals, under Gen. B. F. Butler, then at Fortress Monroe, would make an advance upon Bethel, where we were stationed, on Monday morning. Accordingly the boys were actively put to work on temporary breastworks to be in readiness for the event.

About 9:30 A.M. our pickets were driven in, and in a short time the Federal army appeared in force with about forty-five hundred men as against approximately fourteen hundred under the immediate command of General Magruder, and a more beautiful sight the writer never witnessed during the war. The sun was shining with all its force upon the extended line of Federals with unusual luster, as the rifles and muskets were fresh from the arsenal of Springfield, and were like a field of diamonds glittering in their splendor under the sun's burning rays. In solid columns they marched from the fort under the command of a General Pierce in full view of our line with the flags of the different regiments, presenting a most imposing scene.

Our forces consisted of the 1st North Carolina and 15th Virginia Regiments and one or two battalions of infantry, the second and third companies of Richmond Howitzers, and one or two companies of cavalry from the county of Charles City and the town of Hampton, commanded by Capt. Robert Douthat and Lieut. John Lamb, our present Congressman from this district.

The Federals steadily advanced up the road leading from Hampton in perfect order and in solid phalanx. General Pierce, instead of deploying on the right and left of the road, covering his advance, marched direct, as I have stated, and exposed unnecessarily his entire army, as the road was broad and perfectly straight. General Magruder, Gen. D. H. Hill, and Maj. George W. Randolph, commanding the Howitzers, stood near the first gun, a ten-pound Parrott, and witnessed the badly managed advance. General Magruder gave positive orders not to open fire until commanded by him, though the Federals were in full view. Attached to the first gun, the writer, with others, opened the battle, it continuing with great

activity until about 1:30 o'clock, when the Federals were driven back in panic to Fortress Monroe, pursued by our cavalry.

On our left Major Winthrop, of General Butler's staff, advanced in command of the New York Zouaves, and made one of the most brilliant charges I witnessed during the war. Fired by the warmest enthusiasm, he advanced down a slight decline until checked by an old worm fence upon which he mounted and, flashing his sword with fire kindled in his piercing eyes, exclaimed: "Follow me, boys! The day is ours!" Instantly he was shot in the breast and fell with his face to the foe. He, we learned, was a nephew or grandson of Ex-Governor Winthrop, of Massachusetts, of which that State may ever be justly proud.

On our right a splendid battery was brought into action, commanded by Lieut. John T. Greble, of the regular army (said to have been its finest artillery officer), and he handled it splendidly, but was killed early in action.

The sudden death of these two most prominent officers created demoralization and a hasty retreat, leaving the Confederates as masters of the situation.

At the close of the engagement a flag of truce was sent for the body of Major Winthrop, and a question was asked by the commanding officer: "What artillery was that that did such splendid firing?" General Magruder in his peculiar style replied: "Only a parcel of schoolboys with primers in their pockets." And it was literally true, for but few had reached the age of twenty-one.

During the engagement the Federal sharpshooters occupied a small building in front of our battery, greatly annoying our cannoners. When General Magruder called for volunteers to fire the building, several responded, and among them a young man named Wyatt, who was killed in the advance, and to this day (though he was born in Richmond) North Carolina claims that he was the first soldier killed in the first land engagement of the war because, forsooth, he happened to connect himself with the 1st North Carolina Regiment at the beginning of the war and was classed as a North Carolinian, although, as stated, he was a Virginian by birth.

[The foregoing proof was addressed to Mr. White, and Harry Tucker responds from Richmond: "Your letter to Captain White came a few minutes after news reached here of his sudden death in New York. The blow was a very sad one to the entire community, by whom he was held in highest esteem. The publication of the article as a posthumous contribution seems appropriate."

Mr. White was born in Norfolk in 1837. He moved to Richmond just before the war, and served gallantly in the Richmond Howitzers. He is survived by his wife, a daughter, Mrs. Catesby Jones, and two sons, Mason and Hamilton White, all of Richmond. His visit to New York was to attend the fifty-third wedding anniversary of his sister, wife of Col. Powhatan Weisiger.]

THE CHICKAMAUGA CLUB.

In 1906 Colonel Bowser invited a number of men who had taken part in the battle of Chickamauga, both Federals and Confederates, to dine with him to celebrate the famous date of that engagement, the 20th of September. The following year the same party met with another member, and it was suggested that a Chickamauga Club should be formed. This was done, and the prosperous club has now been in existence two years, and every meeting is eagerly looked forward to, for the speeches from blue and gray alike are brilliant expositions of the friendship between the one-time enemies, and the stories of that eventful day never grow old.

MY FIRST PROMOTION.

BY A KENTUCKIAN.

"Halt! Who comes there?"

"Friends with the countersign."

"Advance one with the countersign."

"Apple brandy and calico."

"Pass, friends, with the countersign."

"Say, boys, be sure to come back over this beat."

The Orphan Brigade had reeled up the bloody banks of Stone River out of the murderous charge of Breckinridge's Division at Murfreesboro, and were camped on the "Mule Shoe" bend of the Duck just opposite the village of Manchester. At this point the Duck River runs like a thoroughbred, has a ten- or fifteen-foot fall every two hundred yards, and at that season was absolutely unfordable.

So the orphans were cut off from all the world except for the bridge over to Manchester which was kept closely guarded. The company to which I belonged had in its ranks twenty-eight graduates of colleges, and so we had privates who knew something about engineering themselves. One of B. B. Sayres's boys calculated that a certain tree cut to fall a certain way would bridge the Duck, and a K. M. I. boy calculated that he could cut the tree to fall just that way. The tree was cut, and the night afterwards the sentinel on No. 4 sang out: "Halt! Who comes there?" The countersign I gave that sentinel would have been good on any beat in the Orphan Brigade except when in front of the enemy. That bridge, for that night at least, was the most popular one ever built across the Duck. We were soon over, and in the woods beyond we were brought to a stop by a crowd that was moving unpurposely about, not seeming to know why they were there. "Hold on a minute while I scout," said the gallant John G. (who afterwards fell at Chickamauga), and up a tree he went and down he came. "What is it?" said the boys. "Three calicoes and five hundred orphans," said he. "Let's flank 'em, boys, and charge the apple brandy." And so we did, good apple jack at \$5 a canteen, and then there was music in those woods. "Fall in, boys; form line of battle," said the gallant scout, Bob W., who afterwards fell at Peachtree Creek.

The line was formed facing the river, with the calico bunch directly in front. "Attention!" rang out that clarion voice. "When the line reaches the river, it will rally on the bridge. Forward, double-quick, charge!" Well, you have heard the "Rebel yell." If you haven't, you have heard of it. The charge was made. My part of the line never saw calico. It was reported—but that's another story. When we gathered at the bridge, we found that three orphans had progressed halfway over and sat down astraddle of the bridge. The bridge was captured, ingress was blocked, daylight was coming, our camp was on the other side. The three on the bridge sang "The Yaller Rose of Texas Beats the Belle of Tennessee," "The Bonnie Blue Flag," "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," and then by way of diversion they sang all three at once, each one singing his favorite song.

It was at this point that W. B., the greatest dare-devil in the brigade, arrived on the scene. He took in the situation at a glance. "Hurry down, boys, and fish them out if you can," he called out. I had just reached the bank when the first man struck the water. Did he get the other two? Not on your life. They were over that bridge on the camp side long before we had fished out No. 1. Then a solid column struck that bridge, but it was too late. "Old Payne's" bugle was sounding the reveille, and some hundreds of the best soldiers who ever fired an Enfield rifle were marked down for extra duty.

At ten o'clock that day I was standing guard on the bridge

leading over to Manchester, when the gallant colonel of my regiment came galloping down the road. Standing erect, heels together, I brought my Enfield to a "present" with a motion that made the wood ring. The courtly salute of that grand officer we all loved was given, but just then he recognized the sentinel. In three jumps he had stopped his horse and was riding back. "What are you doing here?" he asked. "Standing guard, my first extra duty in this war," I replied. Then the colonel's face relaxed, and in a moment from commanding officer he changed to my old chum. "Tell me all about it, 'honest Injun,'" he said.

I knew the colonel liked a good thing, so, coming to parade rest, the story was told. The colonel laughed some on the horse, and then he got down and laughed on the ground. Then he mounted and at once assumed the face I had seen on the field at Shiloh and Murfreesboro. "Extra duty," he said; "serves you right. Call the corporal of the guard, sir." "Corporal of the guard, Post No. 8," I sang out, and he sat there with a face on him that meant guardhouse till the corporal came. Then came his order: "Private — is excused from guard duty. He has been promoted." Then he hesitated a moment and added, "For distinguished services known to the colonel of his regiment;" and before I could doff my cap or utter a word of thanks that horse was across the bridge on the way to Manchester.

WAR-TIME EXPERIENCES IN THE WEST.

BY F. COLEMAN SMITH, COLLINS'S BATTERY, SHELBY'S BRIGADE.

In 1861 the Southern force in Missouri was known as "General Price's army." It was the Missouri State Guard, organized by legislative enactment, and consisted of one brigade from each congressional district. General Rains commanded nearly half of the army because he had the district in Southwest Missouri which had already been at war with the Kansas free-soilers for several years, and where the men were safer in the army than at home. Jim Lane, of Kansas, was considered as deadly a personal as well as a public enemy. The Missouri State Guard was a well-organized mob which did effective work as an army; but the men could come and go as they pleased, and there was no semblance of discipline. Many Missourians known as bushwhackers wandered at will, doing as they pleased, and joining the army whenever they thought it expedient to do so for safety from the enemy.

In September, 1861, when Colonel Mulligan surrendered to General Price, I lived on a farm about six miles south of Lexington and was a private in Bledsoe's Battery. About thirty days after General Mulligan's surrender General Price moved his army to McDonald County, in the southwest corner of the State. I started with the battery, but became ill, and was left near Greenfield at the home of Colonel Coffee, who commanded a regiment in General Rains's brigade. My brother, Dr. Robert B. Smith, was the surgeon of Colonel Coffee's regiment, and through him I was left in comfortable quarters. My brother also left his servant, a negro boy about my age, as a nurse for me. Without his excellent service I certainly should have died. He did all that could be done for me, and I believe would have risked his life to save me from the enemy.

This was the 1st of November, 1861. General Fremont was moving on General Price from Sedalia with an army estimated at forty thousand men and a large amount of field artillery and crossing the Osage at Warsaw, while Gen. Jim Lane was also moving southward and, we understood, was crossing the Osage at or near Papinville. When I had been at Colonel Coffee's house about ten days, my brother returned

from the army with an ambulance to take me on South; but after seeing my serious condition he took me home. We expected to go between the armies of Fremont and Lane and cross the Osage at Osceola. When we were about twenty-five miles south of Osceola, we met two or three men on the prairie in citizens' clothes armed with shotguns. We believed they were Southern men. We told them promptly who we were and that we were aiming to go between Fremont and Lane. They said that Lane was then crossing at Osceola and would be along in a short time, and that they were watching their advance so as to give notice to the people and armies of the South.

We, deeming it certain death to fall into the hands of Jim Lane, concluded to risk the leniency of General Fremont, hoping that he would at least spare our lives and perhaps not send us to prison. So we turned due east without road or guide and traveled as fast as we could. We took dinner at the only house we saw after turning east. Our host, a farmer, said he understood that Fremont was then on the road from Warsaw to Bolivar, only a mile or so east of his house. We traveled due east and came into the Warsaw and Bolivar road in the timber. There was no one in sight, and we could see that several thousand men had already passed south on the road. We concluded to try the trick of passing as Fremont's men going back.

We determined if halted or arrested we would ask to be taken directly to General Fremont. But fortune favored us in a peculiar way. The doctor and the negro boy sat on the front seat of the ambulance, while I, very weak, sat on the floor. The first soldiers that we met were simply stragglers. They gave us the road, and we bowed and passed on. We met afterwards during the afternoon several regiments of infantry and batteries of artillery. In each case we gave them the road, bowed, and passed on without being molested in any way. The country was sparsely settled. We had no trouble in passing the soldiers who were going in the opposite direction until late in the day, when we came to a narrow, short lane in which a train of wagons had stopped, and the train extended out in the prairie nearly a quarter of a mile. We were on the west side of the train, and could not go through the lane without getting to the east side. My brother left the negro boy on the seat of our ambulance and went to get one of the drivers to move a team. Soon the wagon master of the train rode up and asked the negro boy in a loud voice: "Whose ambulance is this?" The boy answered: "Dr. Smith's." "Is he going back?" asked the wagon master. "I reckon so," said the dinky. "Was he ordered back?" "I don't know." The next question was: "Who is in there?" The answer was: "It is Dr. Smith's brother; he is sick." "Where is Dr. Smith?" The negro pointed over the road and said: "He is over there talking to the drivers." The wagon master then galloped off as if to interview Dr. Smith, but just then one of the drivers came with the Doctor and let us through the train.

To avoid an interview with the wagon master, we started on at once. Soon we reduced our speed, but continued to meet stragglers and commands until nearly sundown; but no one asked us a question. Then, seeing a comfortable house on the roadside, we asked permission to stay all night, which was readily granted. We were scarcely settled in the house when a train of several wagons was driven into the stable lot, and the men went into camp. A nicely dressed man in citizen's clothes called at the door and asked permission to stay in the house. The proprietor told him that he had given us the only room he had; but my brother, having noticed that there were two beds in the room, said: "Come right in; there

are two beds here and plenty of room for all three of us." The man was a sutler following the army with goods to sell, and I think his name was Tatur. The next morning he asked if he could go with us to Sedalia, and we told him we would be glad of his company; and although Sedalia was not directly in our course, we would go by there for his accommodation. Soon after we started we told him that we were members of General Price's army; and he remarked that he had suspected that for some time, and he preferred to ride with Southern men through Missouri at that time on account of bushwhackers. He used his papers to pass us across the river and out of the lines of Fremont's army at Warsaw.

On our way to Sedalia we stopped at a neat-looking farmhouse for dinner. While at the table my brother learned that he and the lady of the house had lived in the same county in Kentucky, and that he was acquainted with many of her friends and relatives, all of whom were Southern sympathizers. He asked her if she was "Union or Secesh," a common question in those days, and she answered that she was Union. He told her that Mr. Tatur, the sutler, belonged to Fremont's army, but that he and I belonged to Price's army. The woman was angry and frightened, and told my brother that she did not believe him, and that he was only setting a trap to catch her and that she knew all of us were from Fremont's army because we came right from Warsaw, where his army was. We were satisfied that she was a Southern sympathizer and suspected us as spies. If that lady is living, I would be glad for her to know that we told her the truth.

We left her home about four o'clock in the afternoon and traveled all night, reaching before daylight the next morning Sedalia, where the sutler's papers again passed us through the Union guards. We went to a hotel and breakfasted together, and Mr. Tatur went to St. Louis on the train and we drove to our home, near Lexington, that day, making the distance from near Hermitage, in Hickory County, to Lexington in two days. My brother returned to the army in McDonald County, avoiding the Federal armies, and reported for duty with his ambulance and negro boy within the next week. I remained at home about eight months, and then joined Collin's Battery, in Shelby's Brigade, and served with him during the remaining three years of the war, winding up in August, 1865, in Mexico, on the Pacific Coast, at the city of Mazatlan.

SEMME'S BRIGADE AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

BY JOHN L. G. WOODS, MONTICELLO, GA.

In the March (1910) VETERAN Hon. George Clark, of Waco, Tex., wrote of the battles of Chancellorsville and Salem Church. It was quite interesting to me, as I was in those battles as a member of Company B, 53d Georgia Regiment, Semmes's Brigade. Yes, the other brigade that formed on the extreme left was Semmes's Georgia Brigade in the battle of Salem Church. It had just arrived in the nick of time to meet Sedgwick's victorious legions, repulse their onslaught, and turn the tide of battle into a complete victory for the Confederates.

On the morning of May — Semmes's Brigade broke camp and moved against the enemy concentrated at Chancellorsville under Hooker. We marched some distance up the plank road, then leaving the road we marched sometimes by file and then in line of battle through the woods and underbrush until considerably up in the day, when we must have been near the plank road. We halted in line of battle when Jackson's line of pickets, passing across and up our lines, must have encountered the enemy's pickets in our front, as a shower of bullets from them fell in our ranks. At that time

it seemed that Jackson was moving his troops in our rear under cover, seeking to strike and turn Hooker's right and gain his rear. Our line in front, it seems, was to draw Hooker's attention until Jackson could make his successful master movement on Hooker's right and rear.

After Jackson's pickets had passed our lines, we moved forward in the woods and undergrowth nearer the plank road, still in line of battle. Later on we could hear the terrible roar of battle being fought between Jackson and Hooker. The enemy's batteries in front of us were shelling us furiously on our right and causing us some loss. The next morning we moved forward with fixed bayonets to within about one hundred and fifty yards of the plank road and halted in a marshy flat with no protection. Immediately in front of us and behind the embankments of the road lay a line of the enemy's sharpshooters, about three hundred strong, in splendid rifle distance. We were kept in that uncomfortable position for about half an hour without being allowed to fire a shot until they had killed one and wounded over thirty of our regiment. This sacrifice was unnecessary, as those sharpshooters were at that time cut off and completely surrounded, and were captured in a few minutes. Our officers on our extreme left claimed that they were ignorant of our exposure, and that as soon as they were informed of it they moved us under cover of the woods to our left.

Soon after those sharpshooters were captured we moved on to Chancellorsville, passing over the field where Jackson's men had fought and won such a splendid victory the day before. Having passed Chancellorsville, we rested a short time on the side of the plank road. Gen. A. R. Wright with his staff passing down the road was at first taken for Jackson. The boys, not knowing that he had been mortally wounded, cheered and raised the Rebel yell. General Wright, facing about, gave the boys a graceful salute. The boys, learning who he was, and feeling buoyant and good, gave another hearty cheer and Rebel yell.

Soon we moved on toward Fredericksburg with a quick step and with a light heart, full of joy over the victory just won and thinking we were on our way to our old camp to rest up. Little did we imagine that in a few minutes we would be in a death grapple with Sedgwick's forces. We heard the boom of a cannon, and a shell came whizzing over our heads; then the rattle of the musketry as we came to Salem Church. To the right of the church I saw General McLaws directing the planting and movements of his batteries. Our brigade formed rapidly under a brisk fire from the solid columns of the enemy in line of battle. The 10th Georgia and the 50th or 51st were on the right in front of the church. We formed behind a wattled cedar fence, while the bullets were coming thick

and fast. In front of us was a company being hard pressed by Sedgwick's forces. This company retreated to our rear, rallied under a heavy fire, and, led by their gallant captain, did some effective work. I would like to know who he was. We fought for about one hour and a half. I was on the detail to gather up the guns, ammunition, etc. We captured two stands of colors and three hundred and seventy-five guns in front of our regiment; so we must have killed and wounded about that many of the enemy. This was about the number of men in our regiment, and I suppose there were in our front two full regiments. We defeated about five to one, as our fire was effective and deadly. We used muskets, and our cartridges contained a ball and three buckshot.

The two regiments of our brigade on our right charged and completely routed the Yanks; but our regiment and the other one on our extreme left, failing to receive an order (as the courier bearing the order was wounded before reaching us), did not charge. Had the entire brigade charged, the victory would have been more complete and Sedgwick's army would have been completely routed. The left of our regiment must have suffered severely, as it had no protection; but our right was partially protected by a bank and the wattled fence. Of our killed was Dr. James Lummus, of our company. The ball that killed him came near me.

Probably the turning point in the battle was when Sergeant David Thompson (as gallant a soldier as ever lived), one of the color guards from our company, seeing that our fire was not as effective as it might be, ran from the center of the regiment to the extreme right, saying: "Boys, turn your guns on those Yankees on the left. Don't you see to the left how blue it is?" We conformed in the nick of time, pouring into them volley after volley, and literally covered the ground with them. This fire from a concealed foe caused a stampede. They fled at once, and none too soon, for our extreme left stood firm at their post and never wavered. Some of them started to charge without orders, one of whom, I well remember, was Robert Clark, of our company.

In Lehigh Cemetery, Gouldsboro, Pa., there is the grave of a Confederate soldier who was known in that vicinity as Rev. Lewis. He was in and around Daleville, Lackawanna County, Pa., for some years. He died in the early seventies, and was buried at Gouldsboro before the cemetery association was formed, so no record was kept of his death. The grave of every Union soldier in that cemetery is suitably marked; and if the necessary information can be secured, a stone will be placed at his grave. Those who knew anything of him will advise Mrs. G. A. Kerling, Gouldsboro, Pa.



BATTLE SCENE OF OLD DAYS IN THE SIXTIES.



GATHERING OF CONFEDERATE CHOIR IN SEATTLE.

DISPATCH NO. 2 FROM GRANT TO LEE.

BY CAPT. MARCELLUS FRENCH, 35TH VIRGINIA CAVALRY BATTALION.

On the afternoon of April 7, 1865, Lieut. Col. E. V. White, in command of Dearing's Brigade of Confederate Cavalry, had defeated Gregg's Division of Federal Cavalry and captured General Gregg. The field on the plank road from which the Federals had been stampeded was held by us, though fearfully shelled, until darkness set in. We then bivouacked in the adjoining woods. We had supposed that Gregg's men, 4,000 in number, would have come back to reclaim their general from four hundred half-starved, worn-down Confederates, but they preferred to look after their supper.

There was reason for us to bother ourselves about supper. We spread our gum cloths and blankets to obtain that which came not from commissary or quartermaster—restful sleep. We did not do our enterprising enemies the honor or respect to put out guards or pickets. They were all around us, but we had traveled so far on the ways that lead to desperation that in the mere matter of a fight it was left to them to choose the time, place, and conditions.

Before the break of day on the morning of the 8th Colonel White moved forward with the brigade, leaving me in command of the rear guard with the second squadron of White's Battalion. He came to me where I lay on my blanket and gave me his orders in person. I was to remain at that place until daylight if undisturbed and to follow after the brigade in the morning. Captain Myers with the first squadron of the battalion would be next in my front and in the rear of the brigade, while my command was to act as the extreme rear guard and keep watch over the enemy's movements. I remained in peaceable possession of the ground until the time specified, and then moved out on the plank road until I found the tracks of the brigade lead off on the Buckingham road, which I followed.

I was glad to be rid of the trains. They had been on the move all night, and were far enough in advance for me to march on uninterruptedly. The brigade, however, as I afterwards learned, was much retarded, and had to assist in getting the wagons out of the mud holes.

We had entered upon the seventh day of the retreat. The night before we had gone to rest supperless, and as yet had breakfasted only on the crisp air of the April morning. It was then too early to speculate on what our commissary might be likely to furnish for dinner or as to whether he had a wagon that belonged to the Confederacy; but we knew well enough that our numberless enemies would give us plenty to do. So we rode along gloomily, not merrily, as was the custom of the cavalry. The jokers were hushed, the songsters and even whistlers were compelled to be silent, even had our humor been better fed. For, alas! our backs were turned on Richmond, lying in its cinders and ashes in the hands of the jubilant Yankees. Worse than that, our backs were about to be turned upon Virginia and on everything else that was dear in this life: mothers, sisters, wives, children, homes, and sweethearts. In comparison the casualties of battle were as nothing. Surrounded on all sides by ten times our numbers, with only what we could pick up by chance to eat at intervals, maddened by our losses, the remnant of the once peerless Army of Northern Virginia slowly and sullenly moved onward to meet its fate at Appomattox. Stricken at every point, it struck back more vigorously than its enemies dared to attack. Starving, it uncomplainingly, heroically fought its way to the end of its glorious career.

The country was so continuously wooded that it was not

convenient to get a sight at the Yankees without losing time and putting too much distance between my command and Captain Myers's. About nine o'clock, however, we came to a wide opening. A creek flowed through its central valley, and the wooded crests of the two ridges running parallel to the creek were about three-quarters of a mile apart. This clear space afforded the first open view where I was sure to get a good sight at the Yankees. We descended a long slope toward the creek, passed near a house with a gate across the road, and about one hundred paces farther crossed the creek and ascended the rising ground about two hundred yards from the gate. Here I let the squadron move on up the road, while I remained behind to get a view of the Union army when it should come in sight. Lieut. C. A. James and Jimmy Terrell, of Company F, remained with me. I had not long to wait before the advance guard came into the field on the opposite ridge, and it was but a few minutes more before the morning sun began to glisten and shine on the long line of rifles as the skirmishers of the 2d Corps of Federal infantry began to emerge from the woods into the open field. They were advancing in line of battle.

In a few minutes there were thousands of them in the field, though of course the main column and artillery were on the road in the woods. The front line was about seven hundred yards from us. We were in plain view and very conspicuous. I was so fascinated with the impudence of standing in the gaze of so many hostile eyes and with the unusual spectacle that I did not realize the danger of being within the range of their sharpshooters.

As it happened, General Grant had been endeavoring all the morning to send a dispatch to General Lee, but had succeeded only in getting his orderlies shot in the attempt. Some of them had gotten in my front, and Captain Myers's men killed one of a party of four without knowing they carried a flag of truce until it was found by the body of the dead man. The other three retreated to some other point. Our being there was most opportune for General Grant to forward the dispatch. A horseman dashed from the left of their line at full speed, and, taking a course obliquely across their front, he held up at the gate in the road. He carried a small white flag, and called out: "Flag of truce!" I replied: "Bring it over." Passing through the gate, he galloped up to us. He appeared much agitated and informed me that General Williams, of General Grant's staff, wished to deliver a dispatch to General Lee, and then remarked with apparent relief that three orderlies had been shot in the attempt to deliver that flag of truce. I told him to return and tell General Williams to stop his lines from advancing and bring his dispatch.

It is needless to say that he lost no time in getting back, and in a few minutes the lines ceased to advance, the men sitting and lying on the ground and covering the fences for long distances. Three horsemen soon made their appearance, who approached us as rapidly as the other had left. When they reined up before us, one of them addressed himself to Lieutenant James, who was neatly attired in a new uniform, and inquired who was in command of that rear guard. James replied, "Captain French," with a gesture toward me. Turning to me, he said: "I am General Williams, of General Grant's staff. Captain, you have shot three men intrusted with that flag." I replied coldly: "That is the only flag of truce that I have seen to-day." He then said: "General Grant wishes to send a dispatch to General Lee in answer to one from General Lee of yesterday. It is of great importance. Can you deliver it?" "I can deliver it to General Rosser, my division commander," I replied. "That will do," said he. Turning to a

fine-looking young officer who accompanied him, he said: "Colonel, take down this officer's address." The colonel, drawing a notebook from his pocket, wrote my address in full.

General Williams then rode up to me and put into my hands a sealed package. Turning to the flagman, he said: "Orderly, get out that flask." Then to me he said: "There is some fine cocktail prepared at General Grant's headquarters. It will give me pleasure if you will try it." The flask was quickly produced, having a glass attached to the top, which the orderly filled and handed to Lieutenant James, who was near him. James passed it to me, and without words or ceremony I swallowed the contents at once. James drank a glass and the soldier replaced the flask in his haversack without noticing Terrell, who, judging from his comments on Yankee manners later in the day, was anxiously waiting his turn. But Jimmy Terrell was a brave boy and true as steel. With me he was enduring the same privations and dangers in a common cause on less pay and no honors; and could I have anticipated the snubbing because he was a private soldier, I would have declined the drink myself.

General Williams observed to me: "You had better take that flag with you. Our columns are in advance of you on the other roads." His orderly passed the flag to Terrell, and the incident ended without salutations.

We had quite a long gallop to overtake the command, but the road was clear and the squadron had overtaken Captain Myers, and the whole division was impeded by the wagon train, or what was left of it. I reported to Colonel White, who ordered me to deliver the dispatch to General Rosser in person, which I did.

Colonel Herman H. Perry relates in an account published in the Atlanta Constitution that he was ordered to meet General Williams between the lines and receive the first dispatch on April 7, the day before I received the second. He says that General Williams offered him refreshment before the business was concluded, but he drew himself up and very haughtily declined. He admits that he had a lot of corn in his pocket which he was impatient to parch. That good fortune ought to have given him a more independent spirit than I had. He had been ordered on that special duty, and had no business to be sampling brandy with General Williams, and it was the correct thing for Colonel Perry to refuse the liquor if able to conquer his desire to accept it.

But in my case it was different. It was proper in General Williams to have offered me refreshment after General Grant had detained me on his business until long after breakfast hours and until I was so far in the rear of our army, flanked by his columns on both sides, that he had to furnish me with a white flag for safety. Instead of a cocktail solo for two, he should have sent that and breakfast for three. I had received no orders to accommodate General Grant by allowing him to put me in the life-saving business for the benefit of his headquarters, and my action might not have been indorsed by my superiors had I or my command gotten into trouble.

HOW A VETERAN WAS EMBARRASSED WHILE STEALING CHICKENS.—In November, 1863, while in camp at Dalton, Ga., a certain Company E was camped near a farmhouse. One day two lone hens, the remnants of a barnyard, came over looking for soldiers' crumbs. One of the boys threw a chunk of wood, killing one of the visitors, and Sergeant Martin started in pursuit of the other. The fleeing hen took the lead, flying and cackling at her best, with the sergeant a close second. The lady of the house, hearing the tumult, opened a door to ascertain the cause, and, presto! just in time. The poor hen passed

in, and the lady presented herself in front of the poor sergeant, who, falling on the steps in reaching for the prize, grasped the lady's dress. Realizing that he had missed the hen and caught the lady, with a woe-begone expression on his face he exclaimed: "O, madam, I didn't know you lived here!"

"FIRST PASSENGER TRAIN."—The Fayetteville (Tenn.) Observer gives the following sketch: "The first passenger train to reach Fayetteville arrived in the town on August 19, 1859, fifty-one years ago. At that time locomotives were designated by names instead of numbers, and the engine pulling the train was the Belle Kelso, called in honor of a popular belle of that day and now Mrs. Belle Kelso Allison, of Memphis. The railroad from Decherd was originally intended to be built to some point in Alabama and chartered as the Winchester and Alabama Railroad. It was built to Elora; and no other town applying for it, Fayetteville raised the required amount, and it was built to this place. At that time the State offered aid to any line of road not less than forty miles in length. It was claimed that this road was the required mileage, and the State contribution was secured. The sidings were probably measured, but for years the passenger rate from Fayetteville to Decherd was computed on a forty-mile trip. An accurate survey shows the distance to be 38.9 miles."

It was the rule in those days to name engines for persons. A delightful memory is revived now in the christening of an engine on the Mobile and Ohio for Miss Phie Chester, of Jackson, Tenn. The engine was gorgeously decorated and a party in an elegant car was taken by it from Jackson to Humboldt, Tenn., at the frightful speed of "a mile a minute."

MONUMENT AT BASTROP, TEX.

Two years ago the T. C. Cain Chapter, U. D. C., of Bastrop, Tex., desiring to perpetuate in loving memory the services of the Confederate soldiers who enlisted from Bastrop County, began to raise funds for a suitable monument to be placed on the Courthouse Square in Bastrop.

On June 3, 1910, the foundation stone was laid. On October 14 the beautiful granite shaft was unveiled in the presence of several hundred people, among whom were many Confederate veterans. The program rendered consisted of an invocation by Rev. James Renick, singing "America" by the public school children, a welcome address by Mrs. E. H. Jenkins, unveiling monument by the members of the Chapter and flower girls, and then singing the "Bonnie Blue Flag." The presentation of monument was by Mrs. B. D. Orgain. The address of acceptance for the county was by Judge J. B. Price, for the town by Hon. W. E. Maynard, for the Confederate veterans by former Gov. Joseph D. Sayers. Then came "Dixie," by the boys' orchestra, concluding with "Sweet By and By" with the full chorus, and benediction by Rev. Joe F. Webb.

For this occasion the stars and stripes and stars and bars waved side by side, and Confederate colors of red and white formed fitting decorations.

The ceremony of unveiling was specially pleasing. Eight elderly ladies, each accompanied by a wee maiden carrying red and white flowers, took positions near the monument; and as they stood, representatives of the past and the future, Mrs. Robert Gill drew the veil, revealing the beautiful memorial, at the foot of which little girls placed offerings of flowers.

In beautiful and impressive language Mrs. B. D. Orgain, President of the Chapter, presented the monument to the citizens of the town and county of Bastrop as a tribute of gratitude of Southern women to the devotion and chivalry of Southern men. Mrs. Orgain said that the monument was

erected from a desire to express to future generations the Chapter's love and appreciation of the sacrifice and loyalty of the Confederate soldiers of Bastrop County, to honor their memory, and to preserve the fame of their achievements on the field of battle.

Standing on ground made sacred, as it were, by the associations of his boyhood, Ex-Gov. Joseph D. Sayers addressed his comrades of '61. He extolled the honesty and integrity of men of the Old South and spoke feelingly of the sacrifices and hardships endured by the Confederate soldier. In behalf of the veterans of J. D. Sayers Camp he read a resolution expressing the gratitude and appreciation of the veterans to T. C. Cain Chapter, U. D. C., for the monument.

The monument is of Texas granite in gray, measuring seven feet at base, twenty-seven feet in height, and costing \$1,800. The pedestal bears on the face the first and last flags of the Confederacy with the inscription:

"C. S. A.
In Memory of the
Confederate Soldiers
of Bastrop County, Tex.
1861-1865."

On the reverse side is the Texas seal; on the east side two sheathed sabers are crossed over the words, "Lest we forget;" on the west is the battle flag with the lines:

"Tell it as you may,
It never can be told;
Sing it as you will,
It never can be sung—
The story of the glory
Of the men who wore the gray."

The foundation stone has the inscription: "Erected by the United Daughters of the Confederacy of Bastrop, Chapter No. 1020, June 3, 1910."

On the evening following the unveiling a reception was tendered by the Chapter to the veterans and their friends at the elegant home of Capt. and Mrs. B. D. Orgain. Many assembled hither and were entertained with the gracious hospitality so characteristic of the Old South.

THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT BENTON, LA.

On August 30, 1910, in Bossier Parish, La., a monument was dedicated to the memory of the gallant boys of that parish at Benton. This monument was a tribute from the R. J. Hancock Chapter, U. D. C., who took up the work begun by the Loudon Butler Camp, U. C. V., and in cooperation with other friends carried it to a successful end, although it required several years of earnest effort. The veil was drawn by Miss Mattie Belle Scanland, youngest member of the Chapter, and the monument was then presented by Mrs. W. H. Scanland, President of the Chapter, to the town and parish in a most fitting address. It was accepted by Mr. Scanland for the Camp. Other addresses were made by Gen. Thomas J. Shaffer, Commander of the Louisiana Division, U. C. V., and Rev. Dr. Parker, who was a Confederate also.

After the unveiling, the children and members of the U. D. C. marched around the monument, singing "Dixie" and scattering flowers on its base.

An old-time Southern barbecue was then enjoyed, and the afternoon program was opened by the presentation of a gold medal offered by the R. J. Hancock Chapter for the best essay by a high school graduate on "Louisiana's Part in the Confederate War." This was presented to Miss Mattie Belle Scanland by General Shaffer, who commended the work of the

Daughters of the Confederacy in their efforts to secure a true history of the war. Dr. Parker then paid tribute to the gallantry of the Southern soldier, and was followed by General Shaffer in a patriotic discourse, which closed the exercises of the day.

The monument is of Georgia marble, crowned by the figure of a soldier at attention and with the following inscriptions:

North side:

"Bossier Parish Companies—
Bossier Volunteers, June 13, 1861.
Robins Grays, Sept. 23, 1861.
Vance Guards, Sept. 24, 1861.
Bossier Cavalry, April 2, 1862.
Marks Guards, May 7, 1862.
Bossier Guards, April, 1863."

East side: "The principles for which they fought enshrine their memories. Love, Faith, Courage."

South side:

"Raise the shaft, 'tis for our heroes;
Set its base with colors fair;
Furl the faded, starry banner
Round its staff, and leave it there."

West side: "Silently this stone proclaims the deathless fame of those who fought and fell. Honor to heroes is glory to our God and our country."

Base: "Erected June 3, 1910, by R. J. Hancock Chapter, U. D. C., Louisiana Division, Benton, La., in loving tribute to the Confederate soldiers, Bossier Parish, '61 to '65."

MONUMENT AT WALHALLA, S. C.

A handsome Confederate monument was unveiled in July at Walhalla, S. C., which represents long and diligent effort and untiring devotion of the Daughters of the Confederacy at that place. It is a lasting memorial to them as well as to the men of Oconee County who so nobly gave their lives for the cause they were fighting to establish.

The earlier part of the day was given to an automobile drive for the many veterans attending the unveiling, followed by a splendid parade of veterans, Daughters, and visitors, in addition to the civic authorities and the speakers of the occasion, who were among the most distinguished men of the State. Gen. M. L. Bonham was the orator of the day, and made a brilliant address. A noble tribute was paid to Gen. John B. Gordon in an address by Col. R. T. Jaynes.

The monument is twenty-four feet high, and is crowned by a life-sized figure of a Confederate soldier. Directly below this figure are the letters C. S. A., while on the different sides of the shaft are beautiful and appropriate inscriptions.

INSCRIPTION ON THE ZOLLICOFFER MONUMENT.—It was expected that the words on the Zollicoffer monument as published in December on page 568 would be legible; but as many could not read them, they are reprinted: "On this spot fell Gen. Felix K. Zollicoffer, of Tennessee, January 19, 1862. Lieuts. Bailie Peyton, Jr., H. M. R. Fogg, and more than one hundred and fifty of their Confederate associates in the battle of Fishing Creek here died with General Zollicoffer for right as they saw it. They are part of the great host who crowned Southern manhood with glorious immortality. They gave their lives, the noblest of all offerings, at duty's call, and Fame will ever point with pride to this sacred place where these heroes now so peacefully sleep. Erected by Gen. Bennett H. Young, Mrs. L. Z. Duke, and James A. Shuttleworth as a tribute to Southern valor."

COL. F. HODGES AND SONS, OKOLONA, MISS.

FROM A BEAUTIFUL SKETCH BY HIS DAUGHTER.

Fleming Hodges was born in Smith County, Tenn., February 26, 1815. His father was Hon. William Hodges, of North Carolina, and his grandfather, William Hodges, bore an active part in the struggle of the colonies for independence of the mother country. The great-grandfather was a Scotchman with the sterling characteristics of his people. The father was endowed with much vigor and natural ability. He represented Lawrence County, Ala., in its State Legislature in 1828 and 1829. He married Miss Janet Daugherty, a native of Smith County, Tenn. Their home was in Moulton, Ala., where the wife died in 1832, leaving a family of five sons and four daughters. This mother was firm in character, yet gentle and greatly beloved by all who knew her. The influence of her thorough training produced lasting impressions upon the children.



CAPT. TOM POPE HODGES.

Of the original family of five sons and four daughters, only two daughters survive. They are Mrs. Elizabeth Townsend, of Shelby County, Tenn., and Mrs. Mary Phillips, of Memphis, both advanced in years, yet with intellects undimmed and hearts unsullied.

Col. Fleming Hodges was at every stage of life a man of usefulness to the community in which he lived. His home was proverbial for its hospitality. His wealth was shared by those in need. He was the largest taxpayer in Chickasaw County. His wealth consisted in several large plantations in Chickasaw and Bolivar Counties, Miss., about three hundred slaves, herds of fine cattle, and Kentucky's blooded horses, etc. Many silver trophies now in the possession of members of his family testify to the success of his exhibits at county and State fairs.

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At the beginning of the great war he bent every energy to the Southern cause. He was made purchasing agent for the Confederate States with headquarters in Mobile. In 1862 while in service he was suddenly stricken with paralysis at the age of forty-seven years, but his usefulness did not cease. He cared for and counseled those within his influence.

Colonel Hodges equipped three companies at his own expense, and he fed and cared for the wounded and sick soldiers in his home throughout the war. He was brilliant in conversation and his bright, wholesome wit was proverbial. He was called the "Sage of Chickasaw County."

Two of Colonel Hodges's sons were officers in the Confederate army. The elder, William (Buck), enlisted with the Prairie Rifles from Okolona in the 11th Mississippi Regiment, which regiment was ordered to Virginia. Afterwards he was made captain of a company organized in Moulton, Ala., the old home of his father and grandparents, and his company was sent to the Army of Tennessee. He was with General Zollicoffer at Fishing Creek, Ky., at the time he was killed.

In the battle of Chickamauga he was severely wounded in the thigh by a bombshell. He was taken to his father's home, where he was confined to his bed for several months, during which time he was promoted to major, but was never able to return to his command. At the close of the war he was on crutches. He died in 1886 of a congestive chill, leaving a large family. He was a lawyer by profession, a graduate of Georgetown College, D. C.

Capt. Tom Pope Hodges, second son of Colonel Hodges, was a student at Chapel Hill, N. C., when the war began. He returned to his home, and was elected first lieutenant in Capt. Lafayette Hodges's company of Prairie Mount, Miss., and was soon promoted to captain, his senior officer, Capt. Lafayette Hodges, his cousin, being promoted to major. Capt. Tom Pope Hodges's lieutenants were Eugene Evans, brother of Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, of Mobile, Ala., and Lieutenant Rand, of Mississippi. Col. Byrd Williams was in command of his regiment, the 41st Mississippi, and W. F. Tucker brigadier general. After going through the battles of Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Shiloh, Corinth, Missionary Ridge, from Dalton to Atlanta, he was killed in the battle of Atlanta, July 28, 1864, at the age of twenty-two years. He was brave and kind, the pride of his home and defender of all who needed his care.

As my thoughts traverse the long vista of years gone by I see the home embowered amid the oaks, the white columns of the porch gleaming in the moonlight, the watchdog aroused by a hurried footstep upon the long walk, a knock at the door. It is past the midnight hour. There was sad news from the front: "Tell them Colonel Tom is no more, slain in battle." Colonel Hodges, already broken in health, was crushed in spirit and heart. Months passed, and it was feared by his loved ones he could not recover; yet he did to some extent, and lived to guide his little family bark in safe waters, provided generous homes for each, despite his enfeebled condition; and when age and the effects of ill health bore too heavily upon him, he made his home with his eldest daughter, wife of Judge J. B. Chapline (who served in the 16th South Carolina Regiment), in Lonoke, Ark., until July 27, 1893, when the end came at the age of seventy-eight years. The close of his life was calm and peaceful, surrounded by his children and grandchildren.

TRIBUTE TO CAPTAIN HODGES, BY GENERAL TUCKER.

HOUSTON, MISS., August 11, 1864.

Col. Fleming Hodges—Dear Sir: I presume ere this you have learned that your son, Capt. T. P. Hodges, was killed

near Atlanta on the 28th ult. I offer my sympathy in this your irreparable loss. He was a gallant soldier and a true-hearted man. I knew him long and well, and I never knew him to utter a sentiment or do an act of which his father would be ashamed. Kind as a woman to those who looked to him for care and protection, true in his friendship, open and manly in his intercourse with his comrades, gallant in action, he was a model soldier and gentleman. I loved and trusted him, and he never failed me.

I have lost a friend, his country a gallant soldier, and you a son of whom any father might be proud. Accept my sympathy and condolence. W. F. TUCKER, *Brigadier General*.

Col. Byrd Williams wrote the father:

"IN THE FIELD NEAR ATLANTA, July 29, 1864.

"*Col. Fleming Hodges—Dear Friend:* It becomes my painful duty to inform you of the death of your noble and gallant son, T. P. Hodges. He fell leading his company in a charge on the enemy in the battle of the 28th inst. I was in two steps of him when he fell. He was shot in the breast, the ball entering near the left nipple and passing through his body. He lived only a few minutes. His only words were: 'O God!'

"I sent three of his men to Atlanta last night with instructions to bury him in as good style as possible, and to mark his resting place, so his friends could find him. Colonel, please accept my heartfelt sympathy with you and family for the gallant dead. I loved poor Tom, and appreciated his noble qualities, and with his many friends mourn our loss."

"Your true friend,

BYRD WILLIAMS, *Colonel 41st Miss. Regt.*"

In a sketch of Lieut. Col. Lafayette Hodges the following is given: "In a charge on the Federal lines at Chickamauga he captured a Yankee horse and rode at the head of his regiment through the thickest of the fight, notwithstanding the entreaties of his men to dismount and not expose himself so unnecessarily to the enemy's fire."

MONUMENT AT HILLSVILLE, VA.

BY MRS. W. S. TIPTON, VICE PRESIDENT CARROLL CHAPTER, U. D. C.

With pride we point to our handsome Confederate monument. It was unveiled July 4, 1907. The raising of funds and all other labor attached to the securing of this beautiful memorial were efforts of love from the Daughters of the Confederacy of the Carroll Chapter of Virginia. Yet they feel it is only a mild expression of their reverence for the mountain boys who so proudly marched away from the Blue Ridge hills and their all for the Southern cause.

The monument is of bronze, twenty-one feet high, including the massive base. It stands where the companies were formed and whence the brave fellows marched away, the majority of whom never returned. The pedestal, with its appropriate and inspiring inscriptions, is surmounted by a graceful figure of a Confederate soldier with his gun at parade rest. The expression indicates that the struggle has ended. Many years have intervened, the "birds have built their nests in the cannon's mouth," all is peace, yet he keeps his vigil and ever shields that Southland so dear to every Virginian.

Almost every day some one of the "boys who wore the gray," but are not old and feeble, gather at the foot of the monument—their monument—and gaze at the inscriptions: Chickamauga, Cedar Bluff, Bull Run, Gettysburg. Ah, what stirring scenes these names recall! He recalls the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry, and yet he is again "tenting on the old camp ground." When he returns to his home, he gathers his grandchildren around him and repeats to them the story of the "times that tried men's souls."

It is recorded that Carroll County gave more men, according to her population, to the cause than any other county in Virginia. That long line of gray is becoming shorter and shorter, the ranks are rapidly thinning. It is the wish of our Chapter to do what we can for the few who are left. We are giving to all who apply with their crosses of honor, and for several years we have set aside and observed a "Soldier's Reunion Day." We serve to them an abundant feast of good things, brilliant orators address them, bands of music play their old favorite war songs; and when "Dixie" bursts on their ears, we, one and all, listen and keenly enjoy the "Rebel yell" which always accompanies it. God bless the old men!



HILLSVILLE MONUMENT.

The inclosed photograph is one of our monument which was taken July 5, 1910. At the foot is the casket containing the remains of Mr. James Shepperd, a Confederate veteran, who was accidentally killed here the day before. The lamentable affair cast a deep gloom over the community. All that loving sympathy could do was tendered by the daughters. Upon the request of his widow a picture was made of the casket with its beautiful floral emblems and Confederate flags.

NEW OFFICERS ARKANSAS DIVISION, U. D. C.

At the annual State Convention Arkansas Division, U. D. C., the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: Mrs. Homer F. Sloan, Batesville, President; Mrs. W. W. Folsom, Hope, and Miss Anne May Gatewood, Lonoke, Vice Presidents; Mrs. D. W. Thomas, El Dorado, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Henry Berger, Malvern, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. E. S. Dillon, Hamburg, Treasurer; Mrs. R. B. Willis, Fayetteville, Historian; Mrs. Walter Reese, Fayetteville, Registrar; Mrs. Royal Van Brocklin, Imboden, Recorder of Crosses.

A correspondent inquires concerning the shipment North from New Orleans of many bells and who got the money for them.

AMUSING INCIDENTS OF SERVICE.

BY CLARENCE KEY, CONFEDERATE HOME, PIKESVILLE, MD.

[These rambling notes abound in quiet humor and show the brighter side of service.]

While we were in New Mexico during the Confederate war there was a big Missourian in the regiment whom we all called "Buckskin." I never knew his name. He was a kindly, good-humored, amiable fellow, and we all liked him. Later on, when in Texas on our way from San Antonio to take part in the battle of Galveston, we arrived at Eagle Lake, a railway station, and camped on the prairie about dark. The regiment, recently reorganized, was about a thousand strong. About two-thirds of the men and none of the horses had ever seen a railway train. At about two o'clock in the morning we heard the whistle and presently the rumble of the train. It was pitch dark. "Buckskin" came well to the fore, rushing through the camp bawling: "Boys, don't yell; for if you do, you'll stampede the horses, and they'll run plumb to h—l." The boys did not yell for once in their lives.

The first exhibition of Buckskin's kindly interest in his comrades' welfare was manifested in New Mexico. It was in the early morning, and the men were busily employed in preparing breakfast. Suddenly we learned that the enemy was near us in force and would certainly be upon us within two hours. Buckskin became much excited. He rushed along the line, crying at the top of his voice: "Boys, don't eat anything, for God's sake; for if you git shot, you'll die as sure as h—."'

There was in the same company with me a Marylander whom I will designate as "Sim," for so we all called him. He was a most amiable and pleasant fellow, and by profession a gambler. When he enlisted, he was guilty of the well-worn joke in describing himself as "a dealer in pasteboard and ivory."

Sim had been enjoying a furlough in San Antonio, and arrived at camp two days after his time was up. He professed much contrition and promised the captain that thereafter he was going to be a "good soldier." He always had plenty of money in his pocket—I never saw a gambler flat broke. We were soon to get four months' pay. When pay day came, we all dressed in our best for muster. Impatiently the company waited for Sim. The captain sent him a peremptory message, and presently Sim came with colossal self-assurance. He was ridiculously gotten up: dressed in a black frock coat (Prince Albert), black satin waistcoat, black doeskin trousers, and patent leather Oxford tie shoes, boiled starched shirt, standing collar, black satin cravat, and a diamond stick pin. He was armed with a brand-new Enfield rifle, a new Colt forty-five, a new, shining cartridge box and belt. He came out smiling blandly and not in the least abashed at finding that we had been left behind by the regiment because of his delay. When he took his place in the ranks, the captain called to him sharply: "Simpson!"

"Sir?" said he.

"What do you mean by coming on parade in those ridiculous duds, sir?"

Sim looked himself over with a very self-satisfied glance and said: "I was told to put on the best I had for muster, Cap'n, and I did so."

"Didn't you get a gray cloth doublet and a hat the other day like the other men?"

"Why, yes," said Sim, smiling amiably. "Yes, Cap'n Edwards, I got one all right, thank you, sir."

"Very well, then, go and put them on at once."

"Yes, Cap'n," said Sim; "I'll do it with pleasure. Certainly, Cap'n Edwards, I'll do it with pleasure."

He changed his clothes and we joined the regiment on the parade ground.

I once read a letter written by a private soldier to his colonel complaining bitterly of the unkindness and cruelty of his captain. The letter ended thus: "I do not sign my name to this letter, because if I did my captain might see it and would double and twist my roots."

After a while Simpson was put on detached service and was assigned to duty in the torpedo corps. He went to Shreveport, La., and a few months later returned to Houston, Tex., on furlough. He went around saying, "How do ye do?" to his friends, and in the course of his stroll entered a barroom, where he came up with a young man whom I will designate as X., who was well to do and belonged to a family all the young men of which were known as "bad men." How they all kept out of the army I do not know, but not one of them was a soldier.

Now this fellow was quarrelsome in his cups and sought to pick a quarrel with Simpson, who managed to get away from him. Later (it was after dark), as Simpson was in the act of leaving another saloon, a shot was fired full in his face. He at once returned the fire, and a lively fusillade followed. When the smoke was blown away, it was discovered that X. was shot through the instep, and that a loafer who had been following him around all day was lying dead upon the sidewalk. Simpson cleared out, and X. died of lockjaw a day or two later. A coroner's jury absolved Simpson, and a brother of X. came from the plantation to investigate. Convinced that his brother was to blame, he sent word to Simpson that it was all right so far as he was concerned, and Simpson came back and finished his vacation.

He returned to Shreveport and the torpedo service, and some months later, about sunrise in the morning, entered a saloon with another gambler. They ordered a champagne cocktail and entered into a conversation at the rear of the bar which the barkeeper did not hear. Suddenly a pistol went off, and the other fellow lay dead upon the floor. Simpson hurried off and, stopping a citizen whom he relieved of his hat and overcoat at the point of his pistol, took the stage for Mexico that was just leaving the town. That was the last I ever heard of Simpson.

Shortly after we retook Galveston our regiment, dismounted cavalry, was stationed at Fort Point at the entrance of the harbor and set to throwing up an immense embankment of sand, upon which heavy guns were to be mounted. One night (the embankment was pretty large then) the camp was aroused by the roar of heavy guns in the distance. We all turned out and ascended our embankment, and from there to the west of us we not only heard the roar but saw the flash of the explosions. We had no idea of what it was, and watched and listened in silence. Suddenly, not able to stand the suspense any longer, a big fellow, "Bird" Thompson, sprang to his feet, threw his hat into the air, and, breaking the dead silence, shouted: "Wave your lights, d—n you; wave your lights!" The spell was broken.

Later we learned that the firing we heard was the engagement between the Alabama and the Hatteras.

Ed Rives, our company bugler, was a very poor one, but an excellent fiddler, and his repertoire was apparently inexhaustible. My messmate and I (only two of us in the mess) always managed to have a good camp fire, and consequently when supper was over our fire was very popular. One night when there was a large attendance Ed came along with his fiddle, and was received with exclamations of pleasure and satisfaction. It was a beautiful moonlit summer night. Tune

after tune and piece after piece were asked for, and Rives was in his glory. Finally one by one his audience lapsed into slumber. Rives and I were the only ones awake. He finished the piece he was playing and looked around him. I thought that he was hurt, that as an artist his feelings were outraged by their going to sleep. Not at all. He was delighted. He turned to me and said: "I've been with the boys nearly two years and I've played to 'em often, but this is the first time I've ever played 'em all to sleep. I played everything they asked me to, everything. They are all satisfied and contented. Good night."

Our regimental bugler was a German and formerly belonged to the United States regular army, and a first-class bugler he was. One day he got leave and with some other comrades spent the day in San Antonio. Needless to add that the beer was good and abundant, and that it flowed freely. At night he started to ride back to camp, and on the way at the river ford, about belly deep, he stopped his horse in the middle of the river to get a drink of water. Leaning over to dip up the water with his tin cup, he fell into the water. The other fellows did not fail to tell how Phifer fell overboard. They said he had tumbled in, implying that he had drunk too much beer. Phifer was deeply hurt at this vile imputation and insisted upon explaining to me exactly how it happened: "You heard vat dem poys says about me? Dey says dot last night I doombled into der reeber. Now, I deedn't doomble in; I yoost schlipped in. I leaned down to one side of my bony Peel [Bill] to get some vater in my teen coop, unt I yoost schlipped in. Vat? You see? Dem poys is all tam fools."

While our regiment was yet at Fort Point, Galveston, the blockading fleet had an unpleasant way every once in a while of bombarding us. They would shoot great round shells as big as a Dutch oven and long cylindrical percussion shells that looked to us as if they were at least two feet long. Somehow or other the round ones rarely exploded, and the cylinders never did, the sand being too soft to explode the percussion cap. Our colonel had an old Mexican cook, greatly famed for his skill in making corn dodgers. This old fellow very frankly and freely acknowledged that the shells nearly scared him to death. One day he asked some of us to accompany him to see a bombproof he had constructed for refuge. We went with him, and with pride and delight he showed us a sort of cave or burrow he had dug in the soft sand. In vain we explained that the shock of the falling missiles would be sufficient to bury him alive. But he would not be convinced. We then told the colonel that if he did not interfere he would be left cookless. He ordered us to destroy the bombproof, and we thereby saved his man.

On the night before the battle of Galveston three pieces of ordnance had been ordered to Fort Point—two 64-pound howitzers and one 24-pound siege piece. Two companies of heavy artillery and some companies of dismounted cavalry had been ordered to the same place to support the artillery in case of need, and an awful time we had in hauling the guns there. We had six mules to each of the howitzers, and I do not know how many to the siege gun. In addition, there were long ropes to each gun, and we tugged at them. The sand was very soft, and we sank over our insteps at every step. We stopped at intervals to rest. At one of these rests a private in one of the companies approached his captain. "Cap," said he, "I don't want to be called a deserter and I don't want to be absent without leave, but I don't want to go to that place."

"What place?" said the captain.

"Why, Fort Point."

"But why not?"

"Well, you see, Cap, I was drove away from there when the Yankees took the place."

"Yes, but why don't you want to go there again? You must have some reason for it."

"Well, I reckon I haven't got the sand in my craw."

He was excused. The fact was, his company was driven away from Fort Point when the enemy captured the fort.

When I left the island of Cuba to join the Confederate army, I could ride a horse, but I knew nothing of range cattle. In Brownsville, Tex., after duly equipping myself with all things necessary, I was invited to join a detachment of some twenty men who, their furloughs having expired, were going to rejoin their regiment in San Antonio. So we started, having with us a pack mule to carry our heavy stores, among which was a five-gallon demijohn of whisky. Now it is not an easy thing to carry a five-gallon demijohn safely on a pack mule. I had an abomination, given me by a considerate and kind friend in Havana, an India rubber air pillow. As I could not possibly use it to sleep on, I suggested that we carry the whisky in the pillow. With much difficulty we coaxed the liquor into the pillow and set out. On the first day we took our ration of whisky all right, but on the next day the odor of the stuff was fierce. The sulphur had gotten into the spirit. The rest of the journey was dry. When about five days out, one of us fell sick, and we camped at a Mexican ranch. While there the horses stampeded, and my beast was badly "stove up" in front. After our poor comrade died, we proceeded on our journey, and I found that my horse was nearly useless. I had almost to carry him along.

At last we came within camping distance of King's Ranch. By that time my horse was a miserable wreck, and could not keep up with the others, so I fell behind. Plodding along, night overtook me, and presently the full Southern moon arose, and all was bright. After a while, it must have been pretty late, I came to a dry *arroyo*, or ravine, traversing the prairie. On arriving at its border I heard a roar, and, looking down into the ravine, saw an enormous bull. Now, I never had any experience with bulls except that of seeing them from a safe seat in a bull ring in Havana. This one was a terror to me. First he would give an awful roar and paw up the sand, throwing showers of it on his back. I sat on my horse and watched him repeat this performance again and again. The *arroyo* was about twenty feet deep and about fifty feet wide. Its sides were very steep, and I knew that there might not be a crossing for miles and miles on either side of me. Even if there had been no bull, I would not have dared to ride my "stove-up" horse down the steep incline. I had to go on. I dismounted and, getting on the right side of my horse (the bull was on the left), I cautiously led him to the bottom. Once there I did not pause a moment, but, mounting from the right side, I stuck my spurs into the poor beast and rushed him up the high bank. Once there, I turned quickly to look for the bull. He had not stirred, and went on bellowing and tossing sand and dirt into the air as if I had not been within a mile of him. When I told the boys of my perilous adventure, they just laughed, and one of them said: "Pshaw! those old prairie bulls are too fat and lazy to notice anything."

The next day I traded my "stove-up" horse at King's Ranch to a wagoner. The boys urged me to make a trade with him for a black pony. I objected. I said that my horse was utterly worthless, and that would be dishonest. They said

that I was a tenderfoot and foolish; that in Texas everything was fair in a horse trade; to go in and lie and win if possible. So I went in and lied, and I also won. I traded even for the black pony. We then set out for San Antonio.

Alas and alack! Seven miles from the ranch, the Santa Gertrudes, my horse gave out, and I ignominiously returned to the ranch. I will never forget it. Captain King was sitting on the steps of the gallery of his neat frame house, and a friend of his, Jacob F. George, was sitting beside him. I told my story, and Captain King sat up and looked me over carefully and said: "Well, I have often heard of men trading themselves afoot, but I have never seen it until now. However, stake your horse down there where there is good grass and come back at once to supper."

The next morning I went to see my black pony. He was lying flat on his side. I thought he was dead and gave him a contemptuous kick. It was as though I had pulled a trigger somewhere in him; he sprang to his feet as nimbly as a grasshopper and twice as lively.

I had intended to stay with King only until my horse was fit; but I made friends with him and his family, and stayed about three weeks, until some one should come along so I might have company on the ride to San Antonio. Some days after leaving the ranch my companion and I saw a wagon camp about a mile off, and we rode to it, thinking to get some fresh beef. Imagine my horror and surprise at seeing as we drew near that it was the same wagoner to whom I had traded the "stove-up" horse. There was no retreating, so I slyly loosened the holster of my six-shooter and rode up with as good a face as I could. Now I will catch it for trading off a "stove-up" horse for a sound pony, if he was tired out, I thought. As soon as we rode up the old fellow saw us and came toward us, crying out: "Why, hello! I'm glad to see you. Light and have some dinner with us."

Then he looked at my horse, walking all around him. "Why," said he, "you've got a good horse, a bully good un. Where'd you get him?"

"O, I traded for him," said I. Then, emboldened by his cordial reception, I said: "What did you do with the horse I traded you?"

"Haw, haw!" said he. "I found a fool and I traded him off. The last day I rode him the old fellow fell down with me three times, and the last time he skinned his old nose."

When asked to write the story of how he became a Confederate, Comrade Key replied: "Why, I was born a Confederate. My family on both sides were slaveholders from the time, I think, that the first negroes were brought from Africa. I simply thought and believed that it was my duty to join the Confederate army, and I did so. When the war broke out I was living in Havana, Cuba, and was flat on my back with inflammatory rheumatism. As soon as I got well I went to work to make some money to pay my way to the Confederacy. Then from Havana I went to Nassau, New Providence, and, finding no blockade runners there, I returned to Havana and went to Bagdad, at the mouth of the Rio Grande, thence to Brownsville, Tex., via Matamoras, thence to San Antonio, where I enlisted in the 2d Texas Cavalry. Later I exchanged into the 23d Texas Cavalry, where I remained until the 'break up.' But story! I am like the 'knife grinder.' 'Story, sir! God bless you, sir, I have none to tell.' The only battle that I saw was that of Galveston. I tried to do my duty there, but did not do much."

Though he does not think he has a story to tell, Comrade

Key's amusing contributions as given above will be enjoyed by many readers of the *VETERAN*, some of whom at least have shared similar experiences. After an active life, this comrade has entered the Maryland Line Confederate Home at Pikesville, Md. His health is much improved, and the tedium of life would be relieved by news from war-time friends.

OTHER AMUSING ARMY INCIDENTS.

BY JOHN R. WINDHAM, COCHRAN, ALA.

I was with the Army of Tennessee and in all of the battles that it fought. I can testify to Lieutenant Farley's "capturing the captor." [See July *VETERAN*, page 321.] The captor was named Gallagher, I think, of the 10th Mississippi. I had a long talk with the Yankee. He would laugh and seem to enjoy the joke on himself, saying the Rebel played a trick on him. As Lieutenant Farley said, he got a furlough, but the Yankee came very near biting his finger off. It was amusing to hear the Yankee tell about the Reb's making him lie down and then pouncing upon him. On the same day, and but a few minutes afterwards, a fine-looking Yankee rode up to our works, looked over them, then turned and deliberately rode off. At least a dozen shots were fired at him, when he surrendered.

GENERAL TYLER NEAR CHICKAMAUGA STATION.

Many amusing incidents occurred during the war that would be enjoyed by the old soldiers if they were written up. You asked some time ago for any incidents in regard to General Tyler. After our lines were broken at the ridge, General Tyler rode up to a fire where a lot of wounded were lying and asked some one to lift him from his horse. Some one lifted him tenderly and laid him down. We could hear the blood in his boot, as it was full from the wound just below the knee. He told us that his brigade never gave way until surrounded, and would never have done so but for his right support. Tennessee never sent a braver or more gallant soldier to fight for the cause. He sleeps sweetly in his soldier grave.

The fight between the Yankees and Confederates was in the cedars at Stone's River near Murfreesboro known as "Hell's Half Acre." On Saturday night we were ordered to make a charge in the cedars, I suppose to cover our retreat, which commenced in a short while. While lying down I had a dead Yankee for breastworks.

Mrs. T. M. Anderson, of Pickens, Miss., Route No. 3, has the following numbers of the *VETERAN* which she will sell at ten cents each, the purchaser to pay postage or express. The proceeds will be donated to the Jefferson Davis memorial and the monument to the "Immortal Six Hundred:" 1900, May, June, August, November, December; 1901, all except April, May, September; 1902, all except January, August, September; 1903, complete; 1904, all except October; 1905, all except August; 1906, all except January; 1907, 1908, 1909, complete.

Capt. George W. Christy, now at the Soldiers' Home, Beauvoir, Miss., writes that he believes he and Dan C. Whitney, of Morristown, Tenn., are the only survivors of Wheat's Battalion. He states that Capt. Alex White and Whitney were wounded at Gaines's Mill, where Major Wheat was killed. Captain Christy was with the command at Gettysburg, where he had his nose broken by a piece of shell and his middle finger shot almost off. Captain White was also wounded there after putting the flag on a ramrod and leading the boys in the fight at Culp's Hill, Seminary Ridge. He was captain of the steamer Magnolia and Christy was engineer when the war began. White enlisted him in his company in 1861.

EFFICIENCY OF GENERAL LEE'S ORDNANCE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST MONTH IN THE ARMY OF
NORTHERN VIRGINIA—THE END.

BY CAPT. FREDERICK M. COLSTON, BALTIMORE, MD.

In September, 1864, I was promoted from lieutenant and ordnance officer of Huger's (formerly Alexander's) Battalion of Artillery, Longstreet's Corps, to captain and assistant to the chief of ordnance of the Army of Northern Virginia, Lieut. Col. Briscoe G. Baldwin.

One of my duties was the charge of the reserve ordnance train of the army, which was then encamped near Chester Station (now Centralia), on the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad, and I took up my quarters and mess there with three fine young sergeants whom I found there, and all of whom had been disabled or wounded and assigned to that duty. It was the custom of the army where a man able to do full duty was needed for the front. They were Joseph Packard, Bob Burwell, and Everard Meade. Packard passed the ordnance examination and was commissioned lieutenant and placed in direct charge of the train, relieving me of that part of my duty. He is now very prominent and appreciated in Baltimore and elsewhere. Bob Burwell was of the well-known Virginia family, and died a few years ago. Meade, a grandson of Bishop Meade, is now rector of the historic Pohick Church, in Fairfax County, Va., the Church of George Washington and George Mason.

General Lee's staff, of which the only survivors are Col. Walter H. Taylor, of Norfolk, his assistant adjutant general, and Maj. Henry E. Young, of Charleston, the judge advocate general, was very small, though very efficient; but military critics of the present day marvel at it and contend that it should have been larger in numbers and organization.

My first important work came almost at once, early in October, and was an order to mount the heavy guns in Batteries Wood, Semmes, and Brooke. These batteries were on the south side of James River, and designed to command the Dutch Gap Canal, which General Butler was having dug to flank the heavy battery at Howlett's Bluff, on the river approach to Richmond. It is reported that General Lee was in much doubt at first as to Butler's object; but when the project was developed, the batteries were located and work on them was rushed.

I was told that the guns would be delivered at Chester Station, where I was to receive them, transport them to the batteries, about two and a half to three and a half miles distant, respectively, and mount them. The guns were of the Brooke banded type, weighing over ten tons, constructed at the Tredegar works in Richmond, and a special carry-log with twelve foot wheels was sent with them. With much labor the gun would be slung under the carry-log and then the team would be started. Imagine about thirty mules in a team, with the negro drivers all yelling and cracking their whips! It was like a charge of artillery.

The road was a sandy soil through the pines, and the wheels sometimes sank so that the gun rested on the ground, and the difficulty of transport often seemed insurmountable. Sometimes good progress would be made, and sometimes a whole day would be spent on a few yards. But by main strength and determination the guns were all gotten there. George Apperson, chief quartermaster sergeant of the train, a fine man, is entitled to the credit for this part of the work.

Once just as we were getting across the Richmond and Petersburg Turnpike General Lee came along and looked with interest at our doings after acknowledging my salute.

I was provided with a special headquarters order which permitted me to go in and about the army at all times and call on all officers, etc., to give me any aid required.

When the guns were gotten into the batteries, I called on Commodore Mitchell, commanding the gunboats on the James River, presented the order, and asked for sailors and tackle to help in mounting them, and they were promptly furnished. The Jackies sustained the reputation of the service as "Handy Men." Three companies of the engineer regiment were also sent to help in the work.

The enemy soon found out what we were about, and shelled us vigorously, so that we had to abandon our work in the daytime and do it only at night. With insufficient light our work was rendered the more difficult, and several times when a gun was nearly in place a slip would come, and down it would go, and we had it all to do over again.

The cheerfulness and vigor with which the sailors and engineer-soldiers worked all night excited my admiration, and I wanted to give them a treat; so I went up to Drewry's Bluff, about two miles above, and asked for some whisky. General Lee's name on my order was of course potent, and I was given a big demijohn. I carried this down and asked an officer for a reliable man to take care of it. He said that he would give me the best he could, but even doubted any one under the circumstances; so a sergeant was called up and the demijohn committed to him. When we knocked off work at daylight, I called for the sergeant, and found him happily drunk. Fortunately there was enough left for a drink around; but thereafter I took charge of the demijohn myself, and wherever I went in directing the work I carried the demijohn and sat on it.

The earthwork was being done at the same time with a different force and superintendence, as it was a hurry job. It took us about thirty days, and for the most part of that time I never slept at night, but went back at daylight to my quarters, which had been moved to the Friend house, near the turnpike, for nearer access to the work. I had the satisfaction of reporting that all the guns were mounted, but they never fired a hostile shot and were abandoned when we retreated in April. The train was then moved to near the Lippincott house, on the south side of Swift Creek, about half a mile from Brander's Bridge, where we established winter quarters.

During the winter life was tolerably easy for us, but I had enough to do to keep me occupied. Much of my work called for riding along the lines, and I kept well posted on what was going on.

Our quarters were comfortable, two tents joined together with a mud chimney between, but our rations were very scant both in quantity and variety. Knowing that all the people near us were as badly off as the army was, I never encroached upon their hospitality; but Packard and I made acquaintance with the hospitable Widow Duvall, who lived beyond Chesterfield Courthouse, and we visited there, where supplies were fairly abundant, and I thought nothing of the eighteen-mile ride on a cold winter night, nominally to see the widow's pretty sister, but really for one good meal.

Some of our wagons were employed all the winter in being driven over the battlefields and picking up the enemy's unexploded shells, which were sent to the Richmond arsenal and prepared to be returned to them from our guns.

Near the end of January, 1865, I was requested to take horses and go down to a landing on the James River, where I was to meet Admiral Raphael Semmes, who was coming by boat from Richmond to visit General Lee. The Admiral

was accompanied by Colonel Ives, of President Davis's staff; and when we got to General Lee's quarters at the Turnbull house, he and the Admiral retired and Colonel Ives joined a group of the General's staff. I remember the fierce attack that Colonel Marshall made on the commissary situation and Colonel Ives's attempted defense. Admiral Semmes spent the night with General Lee. In his "Memoirs" he says that the "grand old chieftain and Christian gentleman seemed to fore-shadow more by manner than by words the approaching downfall of the cause for which we were both struggling."

About the last day of February Colonel Baldwin ordered me to go to Amelia Courthouse and Lynchburg, see the ordnance stores there, and report on them. I went by train, and at Amelia Courthouse I found a large supply of ammunition, etc., stored in the open, but protected by tarpaulins, and in charge of a wounded officer. On account of representations made to me by some citizens, I directed the ammunition to be moved to a different location for the safety of the village. There was a good house there with a large yard with trees and grass. It was occupied by Mrs. Francis L. Smith, a refugee from Alexandria, and I was invited to spend the evening there. In the course of conversation Mrs. Smith remarked that General Lee was a relative of her husband and Arlington was familiar to her, but that she had never seen him since the war commenced. I casually remarked that the war had seen many changes of field, and that General Lee's quarters might even be in her yard before it closed, thinking of the fine surroundings. This was entirely a casual remark, and no attention was paid to it at the time. But when we got to Amelia Courthouse on our retreat, General Lee's tent was pitched in the yard. I heard at that time that Mrs. Smith recalled that remark and charged me with knowing of the retreat and of not giving her warning. But this was not correct. Of course I could not help having my own idea, but it was never put into words. We never talked retreat.

I take this occasion to comment upon the efficiency of the ordnance service. At the beginning of the war military critics thought that we might fail for want of guns and ammunition, and our first supplies of both justified that criticism; but with captures and manufactures we kept supplied, and always had guns and something to put into them. Our manufactures have never received the attention of military historians that they deserve. Even our cap machine was adopted and used by the United States army after our surrender. The wonderful record of the ordnance department was published a few years after the war by General Gorgas, chief of ordnance, in the Southern Historical Society Magazine, and also by Colonel Mallet (now of the University of Virginia) in the Richmond Times-Dispatch in 1909. The enemy had immense advantage for their cavalry in repeating carbines, the ammunition for which we could not make. Their success at the end of the war was largely owing to that.

At Waterloo the important post of La Haye Sainte was lost because ammunition was not supplied. The brave garrison had shot all of its ammunition, and were massacred to a man when the French broke in. I know of no like instance by failure of supply in our war.

The failure to have rations at Amelia Courthouse, as ordered by General Lee, caused a day's delay there, and it enabled the enemy to overtake us, resulting in Appomattox five days later. Otherwise we would have reached Danville, our objective, Lynchburg being the alternative. The ammunition at Amelia Courthouse was distributed as far as needed and the balance destroyed when we left on our retreat.

From Amelia Courthouse I went to Lynchburg and inspected

the supplies there. At that time Sheridan was coming down the Valley to join General Grant and threatened Lynchburg, intending to cross to the south side of the James River; but he got only to Amherst Courthouse and found the river in flood, and he was unable to cross, so he came down by way of Hanover Courthouse on the north side. Lynchburg was in a semipanic, and I was extremely fearful of capture away from the army, which had been my safe home for many months.

On March 28, 1865, I was sent for by my chief, Lieutenant Colonel Baldwin, and was told that the state of the armament of the cavalry was giving much trouble to the ordnance department, owing to the variety of arms carried by the men. It was actually the case, he told me, that a single company might have half a dozen different kinds of carbines. It was almost impossible to supply the different kinds of ammunition at all times, and consequently many men would be out of action when most needed. General Lee had directed that an effort be made to correct this state of affairs, and I was to go down to the cavalry division, then about Dinwiddie Courthouse, have the men paraded, and by swapping the arms try to make squadrons at least uniformly armed. I told him that this would be a difficult and disagreeable task, as these arms had been captured by the men in battle in most cases and were consequently valued and their exchange would be objected to. Colonel Baldwin replied that he recognized that, but that it must be done and that the assistance of their officers could be called for. This illustrates one great difficulty in our service, especially in the cavalry—too many calibers to furnish. Modern service has developed that one caliber for all small arms is the best.

So I got my orders, and the next morning early started out. I was afraid to ride my own fine little mare down amongst the cavalry, and I took an old white horse which was used in the train. Before leaving Colonel Baldwin had given me the map used at headquarters and which was issued especially to corps commanders and heads of departments. I made some demur to taking it for fear of capture and consequent blame; but Colonel Baldwin said that I had better have it, as it would be necessary in finding my way. I went down the Boynton Plank Road and joined a couple of cavalymen who were *en route* to their commands. At Burgess's Mill, on Hatcher's Run, we passed through our lines and into the debatable ground beyond. We heard a report that the enemy were on the plank road beyond us, and at the junction of the Quaker, or Military Road, a mile from Burgess's Mill, we turned into it, hoping to flank them. We had passed Gravelly Run, two miles down, and had come within sight of the Vaughn Road, when we suddenly saw in front of us men with knapsacks on running across the road. As our men did not carry knapsacks, we knew them to be the enemy. We had ridden right into the flank of Warren's Corps marching on the Vaughn Road, having crossed Hatcher's Run at Monk's Neck Bridge, some distance below. We turned at once, but not before several shots had been fired at us and an energetic voice had been heard calling out: "G— d— you, halt." Then commenced a race in which I experienced the feeling of the fox in the hunt, I suppose, for there were more of them, they were better mounted and armed, whilst I had a poor old horse and not even a penknife. The chase was nearly a four-mile one and most painfully interesting to me, for I thought of many things during it, and particularly of that infernal map. I knew that its capture would be duly lauded in the United States papers, and dreaded the consequences. I had thoughts of jumping from my horse, hiding

the map in the leaves, and then surrendering; thus sacrificing myself for the map, but the instinct of self-preservation kept me going. The enemy were uncertain of their own position and came on with caution, when the fortunate turns of the road hid us; but when they turned and saw us still going, they came on with redoubled energy and with shouts and shots. The better mounted cavalymen soon left me behind, and I had serious fears that my old horse would not last, but fortunately he did, and I reached the protection of our lines at Burgess's Mill safe and sound and with the old map in my possession.

The Confederate troops that we reached were Gen. W. P. Roberts's cavalry brigade of Gen. W. H. F. Lee's division. General Roberts and his assistant adjutant general, Capt. Theodore S. Garnett, of Norfolk, were in advance and questioned me as to what we had seen. A sharp engagement soon followed, and later the enemy in heavy force drove our line back. Captain Garnett states that he in person reported to General Lee this movement of Warren's Corps moving across to Sheridan's relief at Dinwiddie Courthouse.

My horse collapsed as soon as we got in, and I had to walk and lead him back to Petersburg, some ten miles. I reported to Colonel Baldwin and he laughed at my adventure, and in reply to my question whether I should try again told me that it was now too late. "The movement has commenced," he said, and this was the movement of General Grant around Lee's right which led to Five Forks, the retreat from Petersburg, and Appomattox.

The next few days were full of anxiety and apprehension, and early on the 2d of April we were apprised of the results of the battles of Five Forks and on our right line and notified to be ready to move. The day was spent in active work moving our surplus ammunition to Dunlop's and distributing some for use by the troops on the retreat.

We received instructions for our route, which was to Amelia Courthouse by way of Brander's Bridge over Swift Creek, Chesterfield Courthouse, and Goode's Bridge over the Appomattox River, and about dark the train moved. Near midnight Packard and I rode to Dunlop's, where the surplus ammunition was blown up, and then on to join the train. At Chesterfield Courthouse I met Huger's (formerly Alexander's) Battalion of Artillery, where I had previously served, and we looked back at the great clouds of smoke over burning Richmond, and I remember the anxious looks and pale faces of Parker's "Boy Battery," which was from Richmond. They never blanched in front of the enemy, but did at leaving home and mother to an unknown fate.

That night our quartermaster insisted upon going into camp at the Cox house, which was soon on the outside of our line; but the following morning (April 4) we moved early, and soon came to a brigade which had been sent out to receive and protect us. We arrived at Amelia Courthouse about sundown and camped near it.

The next morning I rode to the courthouse to get orders or the day from Colonel Baldwin, and I remember General Lee's tent in Mrs. Smith's yard. I rode on to overtake the train, and when I got to it I found a great state of confusion and disorder. It had been attacked by the enemy's cavalry, under General Davies, near Paineville, about eight miles from the courthouse, who were soon driven off by our troops, but not before they had destroyed some of our wagons and killed some of the animals. (There is a picture of this affair in the last volume of the "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.") We reorganized the train and resumed our march, and moved all night, passing through Deatonville. We continued this on

the next day (Thursday, April 6) without stopping to rest or feed our animals or ourselves.

Sheridan's "terrible" cavalry (as General Lee called them) and artillery soon commenced making determined attacks upon us from our left flank at every opening. In one of them the driver of our personal wagon, black Tom Peters, was so frightened that he drove the wagon against a tree trunk, and there it stuck with the shells bursting all around it. I ordered Tom to go in to rescue our belongings, and even threatened him with my sword, but the poor fellow, ashy colored, only said: "O, Massa Captain, I will do anything for you, but I can't go in dar." So I said to Burwell: "Life in this Confederacy is not worth having without any clothes or anything else, and I am willing to risk my life for them." Bob cheerfully replied: "I am with you, Captain." We got a wagon and Bob drove it alongside the stalled one, and our belongings were thrown from one into the other. Fortunately the enemy's fire slackened, and never before was so much done in so short a time.

In these operations our train had been broken up into detached fragments, and our force was divided accordingly. Colonel Taylor states that during one of these attacks the headquarters wagons were in danger of being captured and the men in charge burned a chest containing the headquarters archives, including order books, letter copying books, and other valuable documents, occasioning an irreparable loss and an unnecessary one, as the wagon was eventually saved. Late in the day I got to the ground overlooking Sailor's Creek, where there was a block, owing to the convergence of trains and a narrow passage over the creek on a rickety bridge. General Ewell was there and told me to make the wagons double up, saying: "If they don't get away from here, they will all be captured." After complying with his instructions, I went into my wagon and got out my best coat and a few other things. Just then the enemy appeared on the crest behind us and opened a heavy fire. There was a general "sauve qui peut," and we galloped down the hill. One man next to me was struck, the bullet making a loud whack. We crowded on the bridge, and had to take it at a slow pace under the heavy fire. One officer on a fine black horse, thinking the bridge too slow, took to the stream, but got mired in it. This crossing was by the S. W. Vaughn house. When I got across, I looked back and saw the enemy setting fire to our wagons. Thus I lost all of my treasures of the war for which I had risked my life only a few hours before. I was told by one of the officers at the War Records office in Washington that the burning of these wagons was much deplored. It was not necessary, and many valuable records and documents were lost to history.

I rode up the hill on the west side of Sailor's Creek and came upon General Lee. He was reclining on the ground and holding Traveler's bridle. He was entirely alone and looked worn. I was then worn out in mind and body. I had been more than forty consecutive hours from Amelia Courthouse in the saddle, practically without food or sleep, and oppressed with the reflection that I had no clothes, no blankets, and nothing else except what I had on.

After crossing the bridge over the Appomattox at the foot of the railroad high bridge, I came upon Maj. John P. Branch, of Richmond, encamped there. He took me in, and I spent the night there. The next morning (Friday, April 7) I moved on, and by great luck came upon Packard, who had saved some wagons with a few necessities in them. We moved on very slowly all that day and night and also on Saturday, the 8th, camping that night near Appomattox Courthouse, near where

General Lee had made his headquarters. During the day I met Major —, of Pickett's staff, who spoke of surrender as the proper course at that time. This was a great shock to me, as it was the first time that I had heard the word "surrender."

The next morning, the fateful April 9, we had not moved. Packard and I rode up to see what was going on. While we were standing there General Lee rode past, attended by Colonel Marshall and a courier. He was in full dress, wearing his sword and sash. As I had never seen him wear his sword except at a review, I turned to Packard and said: "Packard, that means surrender." We then saw a Union officer galloping up, waving a white handkerchief. He was recognized as General Custer by his long yellow hair and red neckerchief. He rode up to General Longstreet, and one of Longstreet's staff waved the bystanders off, so that I saw but could not hear the interview, but was soon told. Custer said, "I demand the surrender of this army," to which Longstreet replied that he had no more right to surrender the army than Custer had to demand it. Custer then said that Longstreet would be responsible for the bloodshed to follow. Longstreet replied: "Go ahead and have all the bloodshed you want." Custer then learned that General Lee had gone to see General Grant, and then mounting his horse rode off. Captain Sommers, our quartermaster, who had been captured and paroled in the attacks on our train, was present. He went up to General Custer and asked his status, but Custer replied: "O, I've no time to attend to that now."

General Longstreet mentions this incident, and Gen. E. P. Alexander says of it that Longstreet rebuffed him more roughly than appears in Longstreet's account of it.

Shortly after that General Lee came back to where we were, when a crowd of officers and soldiers gathered around cheering him. He stopped his horse and said: "Men, we have fought the war together, and I have done the best I could for you. You will all be paroled, and go to your homes until exchanged." I was close to him and climbed upon a wagon hub to see and hear distinctly. He said a few more words which I cannot repeat accurately, but those which I record are engraved upon my memory. I looked around and saw tears on many cheeks that had never been brought by fear.

Words cannot describe our feelings then. All of the struggles and sacrifices of the long years were in vain, and the future loomed before us dark and unpromising. Even the fate of those who had not lived to see that day was envied then. The rest of that day was given to sad reflections and gloomy forebodings.

The next morning (Monday, April 10) we moved over to the grove where General Lee had his tent and pitched a wagon sheet about one hundred yards from his tent, which was the only one there, as I remember. All of the headquarters departments were assembled there.

The terms of the surrender were known then, and we began to discuss the future. General Alexander said that he was going to try to go to Brazil, and I wanted to go with him. I have an interesting letter from him from the Brandreth House, New York, April 22, 1865, telling of the inability of getting there and asking that it be communicated to Latrobe, General Longstreet's assistant adjutant general, who also thought of going. We could not then see into the future, but fortune was kinder to General Alexander, Col. Osmun Latrobe, and myself than an exile to Brazil could have brought. I mention this only to show the feeling of the time.

It rained, not heavily but persistently, and our spirits were as gloomy as the weather. In the afternoon while we were

seated on some logs over a smoldering fire we heard a clatter of horse hoofs and saw General Meade approaching with some members of his staff and an escort. General Meade was taken into General Lee's tent and they talked in private, while the members of his staff, of whom I remember Colonel Meade, his son, joined the group at the fire. I felt quite envious of Colonel Meade, a young fellow of about my own age, well dressed, well equipped, and well groomed as he was, and I thought of the inequalities of our services.

When General Meade left, General Lee called Colonel Taylor into his tent, and when he came out he told what the "Old Man" (the term applied to General Lee) told him of his talk with General Meade. I remember one part very well. General Meade asked him how many men he had before Richmond and Petersburg, and when General Lee told him he replied: "I had more than five men to your one."

Colonel Marshall, of General Lee's staff, had been a fellow-student at the Warren Green Academy, Warrenton, Va., but was then a resident in Baltimore, as I was. I went to him to consult about our going home, and after a little talk he said: "Fred Colston, General Lee has told me to write a farewell address. What can I say to these people?" I took this for a hint, of course, and left him to write that well-known address which General Lee revised and issued.

On Tuesday, April 11, we signed the parole sheets and paroles were issued to us. These paroles were printed for us by the enemy, as they had a printing press with them by that time. As is well known, they were signed for the Confederates by their immediate commanding officers, generally the brigadiers or colonels of the regiments or battalions. Mine is signed "By command of Gen. R. E. Lee; W. H. Taylor, A. A. G."

There was a fund in United States currency kept at the headquarters to pay spies, etc., who had to go into the enemy's lines. This was divided around, and I got enough to pay my way home.

The Union officers were anxious to buy "Rebel chargers," and many an officer sold his for enough gold or greenbacks to give him a start; but I sold my fine little Nellie, who had given me such good service, to my fellow-officer, Maj. A. R. H. Ranson. Packard and I went into General Lee's tent and bade him farewell. At my request he wrote his name and the date in a pocket Testament which had been given to me in June, 1863, by three charming young ladies of Richmond, and which has been constantly with me since. General Longstreet was with General Lee, and he also wrote his name, with his left hand, as his right was still disabled from his wound at the Wilderness. This book is one of the very few mementoes of the war that I saved.

The next morning (Wednesday, April 12) I started for Richmond, riding an old horse which I got from the train. I joined Capt. Raleigh T. Daniel, of Richmond, and Sergeant Tucker, of Gen. A. P. Hill's staff, on the way, and we traveled together. When we got to the Appomattox River, we found that it had overflowed the banks owing to the continued rain, and we had to go a considerable distance in deep water. Tucker was on foot, and I took him behind me; but in the middle of the flood the old horse groaned and laid down, and I was immersed to my neck in the muddy stream. My sweetheart's picture was in my haversack, and a muddy stain is on it yet. When across we were amongst United States colored troops, thousands and thousands of them. We heard that they were robbing the Confederates passing through (which proved to be untrue), and we sought the protection for the night with the encampment of a regiment. The colonel

and his officers were kind and hospitable, set up a tent for us, dried my wet clothes, and fed us. They even had out their band to play for us. The regiment was the 8th United States Colored Troops, and the colonel, S. C. Armstrong, afterwards the General Armstrong of the Hampton Institute. Some years afterwards I met General Armstrong, and we compared recollections of that night. He wrote an account of it in the paper published at the institute in 1892.

The next morning I rode to Burkeville Junction, to which point the South Side Railroad had been rebuilt from Petersburg, where I abandoned the old horse and took the train to Petersburg and City Point, going thence by boat to Richmond, where I arrived on April 15. After a day or two there, I applied for permission to go to my home in Baltimore; but President Lincoln had been assassinated, and times were harder for the poor Confederates. It was asserted that I had voluntarily abandoned my home and could not return there. In the controversy I was denominated "the so-called Captain Colston," consequently I had apparently neither habitation nor name.

It was not until more than one month afterwards that by the kind assistance of Gen. E. O. C. Ord, the commander, and Gen. N. M. Curtis (of Fort Fisher fame), the provost marshal, I was permitted to go home. After my arrival there, I had even to get permission of the provost marshal to have my picture taken in my uniform.

Thus ended my service in the Confederate army, the recollection of which is more gratifying to me than that of anything else that I have been able to do in my life.

SUGGESTIONS FOR HISTORIC REVIEWS.

BY LAMAR FONTAINE, LYON, MISS.

My Dear Comrade: Knowing that the many histories taught in our public schools in the South have all been "blue-penciled" by interested parties, who are inimical to us, and who have permitted just enough of the truth to creep into their pages to make the lies stick and to place the Confederate soldier, as well as our entire people, in a false light before the world, don't you think that it would be a good idea for the principals or teachers of all our public schools, colleges, and institutions of learning to devote, say, one or two Friday evenings of each month during the school term to the teaching of Southern history? In nearly every community there are a few old Confederate soldiers left alive, some one of whom could be selected to relate to the children some incident of their experience, some battle scene or chapter that would illustrate the spirit that animated the soldiers of the South in the cause for which we contended in those dark days of the sixties. On each occasion the subject for the subsequent day could be selected and the facts be carefully prepared in advance. In this way a deep interest could be aroused and the whole school and the community brought to a correct knowledge of our righteous cause.

Some of these lecturers would improve rapidly by experience and some would attract the attention of other communities, who would secure their dissertations. Thus a deep interest would soon be taken, the impressive minds of the youth of our common country would be alert, and the stories of these old soldiers would take deep, patriotic root.

[Comrade Fontaine's suggestions are well worth consideration. Such action would be helpful to the veterans. There are men in Soldiers' Home who would be benefited by the diversion and comrades of more successful careers who could do much in this way. Primary work would be for teachers to confer with veterans and show them the text-books in

use, calling attention to historic data upon which they would like comment. In commending this suggestion the fact is not overlooked that many comrades are illiterate and cannot be expected to make talks worthy except in the mention of facts with which they are familiar. In this teachers, especially of country schools, might take the lead and much good be accomplished. How much better this than the prevailing acrimony about politics in which so much of ill will is engendered! Concerning this latter theme, let us stand on the same pedestal from which we can see that the motives of those whom we have known so long are just as correct as ever before.—Ed.]

INQUIRY CONCERNING COL. C. H. HERRICK.

BY FRANK H. FOOTE, VICKSBURG, MISS.

Won't the VETERAN try to help me locate the former home and address of Col. Charles H. Herrick, who was in the army at Vicksburg in May, 1863? Colonel Herrick was assigned to command of the artillery of General Hebert's division at the opening of the campaign and siege of Vicksburg, and reported for duty on May 19, 1863. In a few hours thereafter he was mortally wounded, and died some three days later. The object in getting a sketch of his nativity is to try and have placed in the Vicksburg National Military Park a portrait tablet to his memory and for his service as a Confederate soldier. These portrait tablets done in bronze of life size are getting to be very popular among the old soldiers of both sides, also with their friends and relatives. The Park Commissioners are very anxious to learn something of Colonel Herrick, and any information relative to him will be greatly appreciated for the object in view as stated.

To the person sending me information as to his former home I will gladly send some illustrated literature of this most beautiful of all the government parks, also twenty-five beautiful post cards of views of the park.

[Comrade Foote's offer of remuneration for such information is altogether unnecessary. The VETERAN has never heard of a comrade who did not respond to such inquiry if he could be of assistance. Colonel Herrick is reported as commander of the 22d (but formerly 23d) Louisiana Infantry. His name is mentioned "for gallant conduct" by Gen. P. O. Hebert.]

CONFEDERATES IN CONGRESS.—"A Maryland ex-Confederate" calls attention to the omission of the name of Hon. J. Fred C. Talbott, of the Second Maryland Congressional District, from the list of ex-Confederates now representing the government in Congress. Mr. Talbott was a gallant Confederate soldier, and served with Harry Gilmore's 2d Maryland Cavalry, A. N. V. He has been in Congress some twenty years, and will be reelected again soon. Corrections of this kind are important and very much appreciated by the VETERAN.

The Sons of Veterans Camp at Owensboro, Ky., heretofore known as the W. T. Aull Camp, No. 182, has been changed to the W. T. Ellis Camp in honor of Capt. W. T. Ellis, a prominent and much-beloved citizen of Owensboro. This change was made in appreciation of his interest in the Camp and his zealous coöperation in its work.

CONFEDERATE BANNERS BOOKLET.—Instead of an ordinary Christmas card, send our Confederate booklet as a greeting. Besides being a beautiful souvenir, it is an interesting bit of history concerning the Confederate flags. The lovely color group of flags is worth the price, twenty-five cents. Miss Mary L. Conrad, Harrisonburg, Va.

GRACIE'S BATTALION AT WILLIAMSBURG IN 1862.

DATA FURNISHED BY HIS SON, ARCHIBALD GRACIE.

In compliance with your request I relate what I know about that period in the history of my father, Gen. Archibald Gracie, Jr., early in the great war when as major of the 11th Alabama Regiment he was assigned an independent command of a battalion composed of details from the various regiments of Wilcox's Brigade. The sources of my information are derived from my correspondence with various veterans who were companions in arms of my father at that time. In particular I refer to Capts. N. J. Floyd and John C. Featherston. The former has written a historical novel, the first edition of which is entitled "Thorns in the Flesh," and the second edition appears under the title, "The Last of the Cavaliers" (Broadway Publishing Company, 835 Broadway, New York). In both of these volumes, written in the form of a historical novel, are given a detailed description of this battalion and of its major, which, the author assures me, is taken from life, and that the important incidents mentioned therein are absolutely true as regards Major Gracie and his command.

During the spring of 1862 Wilcox's Brigade was encamped near Centerville, Va., when it was ordered to move to the Yorktown Peninsula, where a small force of Confederates were opposed to the advance of McClellan's great army. This special command of Major Gracie's was made up of parts of companies taken from the first reinforcements sent to General Magruder, and was given the special duty of holding the extreme right wing of his defensive line across the Yorktown Peninsula and along the Warwick River; while General McClellan was rapidly extending his left with a view of outflanking the Confederates and throwing a force across the Warwick River before the arrival of the bulk of General Johnston's army.

In his letter of March 27, 1906, Captain Floyd writes me about this small battalion's part taken in this "siege of Yorktown," as it is called, and says: "It was a bold bluff, a few scattered platoons against a solid column which McClellan was using to feel his way; but it was skillfully played and prevented an attack which would have annihilated the special battalion and turned our right flank. Our only firing was some lively sharpshooting from day to day, from March 20 until the 3d of May. On the night of the latter date Major Gracie quietly called his scattered platoons together, and we took the line of march for Williamsburg. The main body of the Confederate army was ahead of us."

Captain Featherston on March 10, 1906, writes to the same effect: "Major Gracie, of the 11th Alabama, was put in command of a special battalion of five companies of Wilcox's Brigade, one from each regiment. Lieutenant Featherston, adjutant of the 9th Alabama, was ordered to report to Major Gracie with his detail of Company F, commanded by Capt. T. H. Hobbs, in which company Floyd (since author of 'Thorns in the Flesh' and other books) was a lieutenant. This battalion was posted on the Warwick River near its confluence with the James River. These companies were selected by chance and not because of their fitness for any special duties, because they had never been tried effectually; but a finer body of soldiers were not to be found."

Some of my information is derived from clippings from newspapers of war times in which Major Gracie's command is spoken of as a battalion of sharpshooters which were given the post of honor on Warwick River, Major Gracie being thus honored by the commanding general who gave him this special command. Captain Featherston says that Major Gracie brought this battalion to a high degree of efficiency by fre-

quent drills and target practice, yet they were not especially qualified as sharpshooters, armed as they were with old smoothbore muskets.

It was while my father was stationed at this point that there occurred an interesting incident of a long-range conversation across the river with a Federal soldier from Elizabeth, N. J. It was through this medium that he obtained the latest news about his family in New York. The incident is of interest in connection with the description in Captain Floyd's book of the details of a conversation which formed the basis for the account in his book. On the assurance of Captain Floyd of the historical accuracy of the statements made in his book on all main points which concern Major Gracie I take the liberty of transposing his account into a historical narrative:

"In the early spring of the next year (1862), while the country was full of rumors of the impending advance of the 'finest army on the planet' upon the camps of the Confederates around Manassas and along Bull Run, Wilcox's Brigade was hurried from its winter quarters and sent by long and hasty marches through Richmond and beyond to the Yorktown Peninsula. When the few troops first ordered to move turned their backs on the comfortable log cabins which had been their homes during the winter, the members of the 9th Alabama Regiment believed the movement to be the beginning of a general withdrawal to defensive lines around Richmond.

"But when without a moment of delay they were hurried through that city and on to the vicinity of Yorktown, their hearts thrilled with joy, as they recognized that they were being used as pawns in a wise and bold defensive move in the 'On to Richmond' international game of chess. General Wilcox's advance column found in the rifle pits near Yorktown and along the Warwick estuary less than 11,000 troops, under General Magruder, holding a defensive line of more than twelve miles, extending from the vicinity of that ancient and historic town to the James River. In their front, and rapidly arriving and extending their solid lines, were three Federal army corps comprising ninety thousand infantry, ten thousand cavalry, and four hundred pieces of artillery. The necessity of making a show of strength along this lengthy defensive line until additional troops could arrive compelled the hasty formation of temporary battalions. Companies were divided into independent platoons, platoons into sections, and all scattered under commissioned officers to guard extra vulnerable points."

Before ending this account of Gracie's Battalion on the Warwick River, it may be of interest to record an instance of how frequently members of the same family were opposed to each other in battle on opposite sides in the two armies.

After much investigation, I finally received a letter from Col. Charles Suydam which gave me the desired information as to the identity of the relative with whom Major Gracie had the interesting conversation across the Warwick River. An excerpt from this letter reads as follows: "The event in 1862 to which you refer was this, as my memory serves me: Keyes's Corps, of which I was chief of staff and assistant adjutant general, had the left of the army, with headquarters at the Warwick Courthouse, covering Warwick Creek (or River) from its source to its confluence with James River, the center of the line being opposite to Lee's Mills. One evening there came to headquarters Lieut. Philip Clayton Rogers, just relieved from duty as officer of the day, who reported to me that while on picket duty he had had a pleasant conversation across the lines with your father, from

whom he had received a message of invitation to me to talk with him. Personally I would have been glad to do so, but General Keyes thought it not wise; so I did not press the subject, and it ended there."

Reference is here made to a second cousin of Major Gracie. Colonel Suydam, the writer of the letter, was also a cousin by marriage.

From March to May this little Confederate army in their intrenchments confronted McClellan's army, making preparations for advance, with pick and spade digging their rifle pits and waiting for reinforcements, for McClellan asked of his government to send him sixty thousand more troops before he prosecuted his movement on to Richmond via the Yorktown Peninsula. Unable to get these, he finally determined to advance; but the Confederates were on the watch, and on the very night before the Federal advance was planned the whole of the small Confederate army withdrew toward Williamsburg, the ancient capital of Virginia.

It was very amusing to read about the plesantries which were exchanged between the "Johnny Rebs" in their trenches and the "Billy Yanks" in the rifle pits in the Warwick marshes. The topography of the country was much changed by the construction of great earthworks, the remains of which are to be seen in that locality to-day. Very few casualties occurred, as the pickets of the two armies thus early in the war had agreements not to fire on each other under certain conditions.

Gracie's Battalion, according to the "War Records," was brigaded under General Kershaw, and the newspaper clippings of the time, which are in my possession, besides information obtained elsewhere, show that this small battalion was the rear guard of the Confederate army on its withdrawal up the peninsula. The masterly manner in which Major Gracie performed this service elicited the praise of the commander in chief, Maj. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. Major Gracie profited by this experience in his ability to perform similar services as a brigade commander under General Bragg in the fall of this same year, 1862, and in 1863.

In October of this year his brigade was the rear guard of the whole of Bragg's army in its withdrawal from Kentucky. So well was the service performed that General Bragg remembered it, and in the following year called upon this same brigade, then stationed at Knoxville, to join his army for the purpose of covering his retreat from Tullahoma.

After twilight on May 3, 1862, while the Confederates with bayonets and tin cups were still working on their fortifications, the distant sound of heavy wheels indicated that artillery was being placed in position. Major Gracie had at this time received his orders to withdraw his battalion. The camp fires were left burning as usual, but the rumbling of wagon trains indicated the retirement of the whole army.

The account of what followed I now quote again from Captain Floyd's book, substituting Major Gracie's name as the commander of the battalion: "All night the march was kept up, the only command being, 'Close up, boys; we will rest in the morning.' As the sun was about to rise the battalion emerged from a forest into a wide field containing two newly constructed redoubts. Many broad acres were already covered with weary troops cooking, eating, smoking, joking; but the great majority seeking in profound slumber the rest so greatly needed by all. Major Gracie was handed written orders that his battalion was to resume the march at noon and was to perform the duty of rear guard to the army, and he immediately gave his own orders that his men should lie down for a six-hour rest."

This rest, however, was only of short duration, and at the first roll of the drum the troops seized their guns and accouterments. Captain Floyd continues his description as follows:

"As the battalion, now constituting the rear guard of the army, ascended the long hill rising to the plateau on which stands the ancient town of Williamsburg, founded one hundred years before the birth of George Washington, a solitary scout, who had come from beyond the forest, now nearly a mile to the rear, dashed by without deigning to notice the witty inquiries as to the cause of his haste and fired at him from the ranks. The command had entered the town, and, finding the balconies, doors, and windows filled with enthusiastic ladies, had commenced a rendition of the melodious and patriotic song of 'Dixie,' when this rider from the rear, evidently a courier, dashed by. To the shout from the ranks, 'Don't run, Bud; we'll not let them hurt you,' etc., he only responded over his shoulder: 'Where's General Johnston?' In the midst of the shouts of humorous information, 'Huntin' up the Buttermilk Rangers,' 'Tryin' to catch up with the Fried Chicken Squadron,' etc., a staff officer, coming from the opposite direction, halted the courier for a few hasty words and sent him speeding on his way again, as he himself spurred his horse forward and shouted to Major Gracie: 'Right about! Double-quick!'

"At the same moment a shell, that had evidently come from a long distance, as the sound of the gun which sent it had not been noticed, burst in the air. In an instant everything was changed. The men wheeled in their tracks and set out on the double-quick, changing the musical strains of their song to the wild, discordant shout which had already been noised around the world as the 'Rebel Yell.' Ladies wept and laughed alternately, wringing and clapping their hands hysterically; while a few, more impulsive than the majority, ran out on the pavements and, waving handkerchiefs, scarfs, and Confederate sunbonnets, added a musical mite to the hoarse roar from the masculine lungs.

"Soon a cry came from the rear, 'Clear the way for the artillery!' and the rushing mass drifted to the left as a battery of four field guns, with their caissons drawn by six and four horses respectively, came thundering down the street at a full gallop. As the guns mounted the slight elevation southeast of the town a similar battery, belonging to the foe, dashed out of the forest beyond the field that had been the resting place of the troops, and bent its swift course toward the same redoubt which was the objective point of the Confederates.

"Then commenced a desperate race between the two batteries with the advantage, so far as distance and a smooth way were concerned, in favor of the foe. The staff officer, who had posted himself on the elevation to await the coming of the battalion, shouted to the captain—the gallant John Pelham—of the battery as the guns swept by: 'Drive into the redoubt! Lock wheels with 'em if you must and fight 'em hand to hand until the infantry gets there!'

"But the wild shouts of the twenty drivers as they lashed their straining horses told that they comprehended the situation and had already determined to stake all on the race. Leaving the road, which, in order to lessen the steepness of the grade, makes a wide detour to the right, the battery dashed down the hill in a straight line for the redoubt, over obstructions of briars, bushes, stones, and gullies which it seemed, considering the speed at which they were moving, should have appalled the hearts of any human creature not daft from excitement.

"A few minutes after the battery left the road the battalion arrived on the hill from which the race could be seen, and kept up a continuous shout that was a spur to their own speed and cheered the artillery as the guns floundered swiftly along, swaying from side to side in crossing gullies diagonally, as first one wheel and then the opposite one would plunge half out of sight in a gully, and instantly spring aloft, scattering showers of red earth and gravel, while spinning for an instant in the air free of contact with the ground.

"The opposing battery, probably appalled by such daredevil recklessness, and seeing that a continuation of the race would result in a hand-to-hand struggle, gave up the contest, and, sweeping around in graceful curves, they formed battery, unlimbered, and delivered a round before the Confederate battery could rush its detached horses out of and behind the redoubt. The rapid firing and bursting of shells from the Federal battery made a quick tattoo to the rhythm of which the Confederate gunners unlimbered, loaded, and delivered fire.

"But instead of firing at the opposing battery they sent their shells over their heads to demoralize a blue line of infantry which was coming forward at a lively pace, and was apparently forming for a charge. The Federal battery immediately adopted the same idea, and, training their guns on the battalion racing pellmell down the hill, * * * they sent shot and shell screaming and bursting overhead.

"On the left by file into line!" shouted Major Gracie. The order was repeated by company officers, and at the word 'March' a sergeant, who was leading the race, sprang to the left, bringing his gun to a 'present' with his back to the approaching tide of humanity and stood as rigid as a statue. This action brought instant order out of apparent chaos. The human statue, which one might fancy had been turned into stone by a gaze at the Medusa of War, seemed to act as a hook upon which the drifting mob had caught. They whirled by; but halting in quick succession and facing to the left, an orderly line grew out from him, as a tangled streamer is straightened by the wind, and every man and officer was in his proper place.

"The order was given to lie down, and was obeyed with at least the customary alacrity. * * *

"A few moments later Major Gracie galloped along the line and said to the men: 'The infantry are about to charge, boys. They expect to drive us and get our battery. If we repulse and drive them, we shall get their battery.'

"As the Major spoke a line, apparently one full regiment, was seen advancing at a quick-step, evidently with the intention of charging. The Confederate battery in the earthwork, seeing the danger, commenced to throw grape and canister; but the angry swish of the small missiles seemed only to add to the speed and determination of the advancing foe.

"At this moment Major Gracie called, 'Attention!' and in an instant every man was on his feet and the order given to advance. The officers cautioned their men to reserve their fire for close range, as their guns were but little better than pop crackers, and rely chiefly upon the bayonet. 'Fire and charge!' shouted the Major, and the noise from over four hundred blunderbusses and yells from as many throats mingled with the din.

"The advancing masses of the enemy reel and stagger, a starry banner falls, a gallant officer is unhorsed, military cohesion is lost, friends and foes mingle and struggle for one brief moment, while the iron-throated monarchs of battle are awed into silence.

"Amid the din a shout is heard: 'Rally on the battery!' Blue and gray commence a headlong race for the Federal

guns, but there is to be no rally for the blue. To the rear is heard the thundering tramp of horses, and a squadron of Confederate cavalry that had ridden five miles in twenty minutes on the return track dashes upon the scene, sweeps the field, and with wild yells carries the pursuit to, through, and beyond the forest, until the angry front of heavy columns of infantry compels a halt and necessitates a reconnaissance.

"Soon returning columns of Confederate infantry on the double-quick begin to arrive and to form a hasty battle line eastward of the redoubts, while squads of prisoners are brought in from beyond the forest, where the sound of skirmishing by the cavalry is still heard.

"When the battalion returned to the redoubt to collect the wounded who were able to march, they were ordered to move forward and camp in a large field five miles beyond Williamsburg. As they ascended the hill they met General Longstreet and his staff returning ahead of his corps to the scene of the skirmish, there to hold three Federal army corps in check for forty hours and to teach them in a bloody battle on the next day what terribly destructive power an outnumbered Confederate force could put into a Parthian blow.

"The next morning as the battalion moved out of camp the men heard the heavy roar of artillery five miles in their rear, where Longstreet was commencing his brilliant battle which was to be a desperate struggle for nine mortal hours; and miles ahead they heard the boom of heavy artillery from gunboat batteries on the York River near Barhamsville, where the Federal commander was making an earnest effort to block the only line of march available for the Confederates, and thus cut them off from Richmond."

In the foregoing sketch of this battalion in regard to the accuracy of the information which has been obtained from Captain Floyd's book I quote the following statement from a letter that he wrote to me about it: "In describing it I used the novelist's license to only a limited extent, and every word said of your father is literally true."

Captain Floyd makes, however, one exception, for in his book he describes the frantic charger ridden by Major Gracie as having been shot under him, such not being the case.

As Captain Floyd was among the sick and wounded on the 6th of May, he set out for Richmond. "I never had the pleasure," he says, "of meeting my gallant friend again. He went to the 43d Alabama as colonel, and later I went to the Trans-Mississippi Department as a captain of the general staff. As a soldier and as a gentleman your gallant father had the highest respect and admiration of every officer and man in the battalion."

Capt. J. C. Featherston was the one who first wrote to me and called attention to Floyd's book (Floyd and Featherston are brothers-in-law), and his correspondence with me shows that he is in full accord with all the statements of fact therein set forth; and I have still further confirmation in a letter by a comrade who probably never saw the book in question—viz., Sergt. G. I. Turnley, now an attorney at law at Cold Springs, Tex., who wrote to me as follows:

"I noticed in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN that you desire to hear from some of the men who served under your father, General Gracie, in the War between the States. I remember him very well when he was in the Army of Northern Virginia in the campaign from Yorktown retreating up the Peninsula to Richmond. There were, I think, two companies detailed from my regiment, the 10th Alabama of Wilcox's Brigade, which, with three other companies from other regiments of the brigade, were united and placed under command of Major Gracie and called Gracie's Battalion. It was called upon to

cover the rear of our army on its retreat. The companies from the 10th Alabama were Company G, to which I belonged, and commanded, I think, by Capt. Crogg G. Whatley, and Company D, commanded, I think, by Capt. Frank Woodruff.

"We reached Williamsburg late in the evening, and had marched a short distance into the city along the sidewalk when all at once we heard a small cannon from the enemy. Then we saw a courier dash down the street toward the open field from which we had just marched and from which direction the enemy were coming toward us. Following this courier came a Georgia regiment (I think it was) with a full brass band in front, all moving at a double-quick, the band playing. After they passed us, we were about-faced and double-quickened down the same street out into the field and formed line of battle, while the Georgia brigade had formed on the left of the road, we being on the right. Your father commanded us and formed the line in person. Bullets then began to whistle by us. Just at this time the enemy came into open view across the field. Pelham's Artillery then came flying down the road, Pelham himself leading in full gallop, passing through our lines of battle right up to the front, where he planted his guns and opened fire on the enemy, drawing their artillery fire nearer in our direction. I well recall that one of the enemy's cannon balls passed directly over the neck of the large iron-gray horse ridden by your father. The concussion of the ball shook the horse terribly, so much so that your father came very near falling, but grasped the horse with both hands by the neck and held on. He was directly in front of the company to which I belonged. I was then, I think, only a sergeant. He was within five or ten steps and just in front of our line watching Pelham place his battery a few yards in advance of us. According to my recollections, this all occurred within one hour of sundown. We remained in line until about midnight, when we were relieved and marched back through the city, stacked arms, and slept till the next morning.

"All our men were very fond of Major Gracie. Col. William H. Forney, who commanded the 10th Alabama and was wounded and captured in that battle, was also a great friend of Major 'Archie' Gracie, as he called him. I could not help liking any man so highly spoken of as your father was by Colonel Forney.

"The battalion remained with him on the retreat the rest of the way to Richmond, when the various details of it were returned to the regiments to which they belonged; and having served its purpose, the battalion was disbanded."

The battalion, as we note, did not participate in the battle of Williamsburg. While the men were very much exhausted in consequence of severe marching through the worst of muddy roads, it was not for this reason that they did not join Longstreet's men in this rear guard action. After the skirmish, in which the Federals were repulsed and driven back, the Confederate cavalry came up and one of Longstreet's brigades was thrown into line of battle in rear of Gracie's Battalion, whose functions as the rear guard of the army were now ended. The field on which the battalion was ordered to camp was within a mile or so of a bend in the York River, up which the Federals were sending heavy forces upon boats for the purpose of landing a force higher up the Peninsula and cutting off the retreat in whole or part of the Confederate army. Major Gracie placed a picket line along the river, and, according to the information which Captain Floyd obtained from comrades, some lively sharpshooting prevented an attempt of

the enemy to land during the night at the point where the battalion was posted.

As the "Official Records" contain no information about Gracie's Battalion or this skirmish which preceded the battle of Williamsburg, it seems proper that we should collect from all authoritative sources whatever information we can in order to preserve in history the memory of the gallant deeds of these heroic Alabamians.

I find in the "Southern Historical Society Papers," Volume X., pages 32 to 45, a "Sketch of Longstreet's Division—Yorktown and Williamsburg, by E. P. Alexander." The whole of this article is of great interest, but I will only refer to parts of it that concern the statement made in this article and which also appertain to the history of Gracie's Battalion. He says that General Magruder's forces scarcely numbered 11,000 men, 6,000 of whom formed the garrisons of the intrenched camps at Gloucester Point, Yorktown, and Mulberry Island; while the remaining 5,000 were distributed on the line of the Warwick Creek, which headed within a mile of Yorktown and flowed across the Peninsula, here over twelve miles wide, and emptied into the James. Below Lee's Mill, six miles from Yorktown, no roads crossed the Warwick, and the tide ebbed and flowed in its channel. Above this point three dams, each defended by a slight earthwork, inundated the swamp nearly to its source; but the inundations were frequently fordable, though averaging nearly one hundred yards in width. Such is the description of the locality where Gracie's Battalion was posted.

On the 4th of April General McClellan arrived at Fortress Monroe and took command in person. He then had 58,000 men and one hundred guns. With the small force at his disposal for maneuver General Magruder marched and counter-marched from point to point, and made such a parade and put on so bold a front that General McClellan, who seems invariably to have seen Confederates double, imagined himself in the presence of a large force. By the 12th of April the Federal force present for duty exceeded 100,000 men. The Army of Northern Virginia, as Johnston's force was now designated, was moved to the support of Magruder's small force on the Peninsula, and the united Confederate forces now numbered 53,000.

These forces were positioned as follows: D. H. Hill's division at Gloucester Point, Yorktown, and the adjacent redoubts, Longstreet in the center, and General Magruder's division on Longstreet's right, holding the Warwick and embracing what was known as Dam No. 1 and Lee's Mill. General Smith's division was held in reserve.

General McClellan did not take the offensive, but started on a regular siege after suffering a small repulse on the 16th of April. Meanwhile the Confederates devoted themselves to strengthening their position in every way, duly expecting to be attacked. The sufferings and hardships endured during this period are best described in General Magruder's official report: "From the 4th of April to the 3d of May this army served almost without relief in the trenches. Many companies of artillery were never relieved during this long period. It rained almost incessantly. The trenches were filled with water. No fires could be allowed. The artillery and infantry of the enemy played upon our men almost continuously, and yet no murmurs were heard. The best-drilled regulars the world has ever seen would have mutinied under a continuous service of twenty-nine days in the trenches, exposed every moment to musketry and shells, in water up to their knees, without fire, sugar, or coffee, without stimulants, and with an inadequate supply of cooked flour and salt meats. I speak of this in

honor of those brave men whose patriotism made them indifferent to suffering, to disease, to danger, and to death."

General Alexander adds his corroboration of the fact that these statements "are not exaggerated in a single word." He says: "The trenches, which were principally on the flat and swampy land bordering the Warwick, filled with water as fast as opened, and could not be drained. Yet the continuous firing compelled the men to remain in them, and at points where they were visible to the enemy a hand or a head could not be exposed for a moment without receiving a bullet from the telescopic target rifles with which many of the Federal sharpshooters were armed and which could be relied upon to hit a button at two hundred and fifty yards. The trenches were, moreover, so hastily constructed that they barely afforded room for the line of battle to crouch in, in many places egress to the rear being impossible from the severity and accuracy of the sharpshooters' fire; and locomotion to the right and left being extremely difficult through the crowds huddled together in the water, they soon became offensive beyond description. Fires were strictly prohibited by day and night. The scanty rations, generally miserably cooked at the camps, were brought into the trenches at night and distributed. False alarms at night were of common occurrence, and would often result in tremendous volleys of musketry. The sick list increased by many thousands, and cases occurred where men actually died in the mud and water of the trenches before they could be taken out to the hospitals. And not only was there no murmur of complaint, but in the midst of all this the terms of enlistment of a large part of the army expired, and they at once reenlisted for 'three years or the war.'"

This description of the trenches along the Warwick River had its counterpart two years later in Petersburg, and calls to my mind what is said of the men of Gracie's Brigade occupying the line of Hare's Run who frequently during times of freshet were compelled to stand in water at times for more than twenty-four hours nearly up to their waist with their camp equipage floating around, and "their only concern being to keep their powder dry." [Shaver's "History of the Sixtieth Alabama Regiment, Gracie's Brigade."]

The experience here gained by Major Gracie was undoubtedly most valuable to him in the construction of the lines and trenches east of Petersburg with which he had to do from their first inception on June 17 until the time of his death, on December 2, 1864; for these lines east of Petersburg from the Appomattox River to the Jerusalem Plank Road, all of which he commanded at one period, bear such names as "Gracie's Dam," "Gracie's Mine," "Gracie's Mortar Hell," and "Gracie's Salient," indicating the amount of construction work fathered by him, in the building of which he had previously obtained practical experience two years before in the trenches on the Warwick River.

It is a pleasure to turn from General Alexander's account of these hardships to the story of Mrs. Sallie A. P. Putnam, "Richmond During the War," page 118, where she describes the passage of the Army of Northern Virginia through Richmond to the relief of Magruder's forces enduring such unparalleled hardships at Yorktown.

"It was a day," she says, "which will long be remembered by those who were in the city. It was known that they were on their way to the Peninsula, and for days they had been expected to march through the streets of the capital. The greatest interest and excitement prevailed. The morning was bright and beautiful in the early spring, balmy with the odors of the violet and hyacinth, and the flaunting narcissus, the jonquil, and myriads of spring flowers threw on their party-

colored garments to welcome the army of veterans as they passed. From an early hour until the sun went down in the west the steady tramp of the soldiers was heard on the streets. Continuous cheers went up from thousands of voices; from every window fair heads were thrust, fair hands waved snowy handkerchiefs, and bright eyes beamed 'welcome.' Bands of spirit-stirring music discoursed the favorite airs—'Dixie's Land,' 'My Maryland,' 'The Bonny Blue Flag,' and other popular tunes—and as the last regiments were passing, we heard the strains of 'Good-By,' and tears were allowed to flow and tender hearts ached as they listened to the significant tune. Soldiers left the ranks to grasp the hands of friends in passing, to receive some grateful refreshment, a small bouquet, or a whispered congratulation. Officers on horseback raised their hats, and some of the more gallant ventured to waft kisses to the fair ones in the doors and windows."

From this picture scene we return again to the seat of war and General Alexander's description of it. On the night of Saturday, the 3d of May, two days before the day appointed by McClellan for opening his batteries, the Army of Northern Virginia was quietly withdrawn from its intrenchments and put in motion up the Peninsula, whither for several days its impedimenta had been preceding it. A few hours before the evacuation commenced Gen. D. H. Hill opened a bombardment of the enemy's lines, which somewhat reduced the ammunition on hand and also served to prevent any suspicion of his departure.

The enemy did not discover the retreat until sunrise on the 4th, when they advanced with some caution to investigate the unusual quiet of the Confederate lines.

The terrible condition of the roads rendered the night march very slow and laborious, and it was three o'clock on the 4th when the rear of the infantry reached Williamsburg, twelve miles distant. Meanwhile McClellan had organized a vigorous pursuit. The skirmish which ensued has already been described from the view-point of Gracie's Battalion and Pelham's Battery. The battle of Williamsburg occurred there on the next day, May 5; but, as already explained, Gracie's Battalion had been hurried on up the Peninsula in anticipation of the enemy's efforts to cut off retreat by landing a force higher up.

After Longstreet had delivered his Parthian blow, no pursuit was attempted by the enemy beyond sending a small force of cavalry, who followed the line of retreat for a few miles, picking up broken-down skirmishers.

As General Johnston expected to be attacked by the divisions which McClellan had thrown ahead of him at Eltham's Landing, near West Point, the march was hurried as much as possible, and on the 7th the whole army was concentrated at Barhamsville. It was at this time and place that an incident occurred, the truth of which I have been many years in verifying. The story was first told to me by my aunt, Mrs. James K. Gracie, a daughter of Governor Bullock, of Georgia, and an aunt of Ex-President Roosevelt, who married my father's brother. From this most excellent source I learned that she had met some member of General Lee's family who recounted the services rendered at a critical period.

The Lee family home was in the vicinity of the enemy, and some suggestion was made by the Federals of capturing the ladies and sending them North as prisoners of war. Such at least was the story as told to me by my aunt as coming to her from a daughter of General Lee; but perhaps it represented only the fears of the ladies that they might meet with some such fate. Major Gracie with his battalion was in the vicinity; and when he heard of this proposed act of the enemy

against innocent noncombatants, contrary to the laws of war, he threatened in retaliation to put to death the Federal prisoners within his hands. The ladies were then promptly delivered to Major Gracie; and according to the description given by Miss Lee, she well remembers feelings of gratitude and the respect shown to her as the daughter of the future chieftain of the Confederacy when this gallant young officer called his battalion to attention and saluted her with a "present arms."

There must still be living some member of this battalion who ought to remember this occasion, but my efforts to find one have thus far been unsuccessful. It was, however, only recently that I obtained some confirmation of the incident through a member of the Lee family residing in Alexandria, Va., who wrote: "It was Mrs. General Lee, Agnes, and perhaps Annie whom Major Gracie escorted from the White House *en route* for Richmond." From other authoritative sources, including a letter to me from Gen. G. W. C. Lee, I also have information that Mrs. General Lee was for a short time within the enemy's lines during the movement against Richmond in May and June, 1862.

During the fall and winter of 1861 Major Gracie had been authorized by the Confederate Congress to raise a regiment in Alabama, and during the spring of 1862 this 43d Alabama Regiment was organized while he was still on the Peninsula at Yorktown and on the Warwick River. Consequently we find among the "Official Records" of the Adjutant and Inspector-General's office the following:

"SPECIAL ORDERS, ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR GENERAL'S
OFFICE, RICHMOND, May 7, 1862.

"Special Orders No. 105, Paragraph XII. Major A. Gracie, Jr., is relieved from further duty with the 11th Alabama Volunteers, having organized a regiment, and will immediately join said regiment in Alabama."

After the receipt of these orders, he remained with the battalion until it arrived at the Chickahominy, where it was disbanded and the various companies returned to the regiments of Wilcox's Brigade, to which they belonged, and in June Colonel Gracie (having received this promotion) returned to Alabama.

BIBLES TAKEN DURING THE WAR.

In the June VETERAN there is an account of a Bible which was taken from the Atlanta Female Institute during the war and the desire of the present possessor, Capt. Paul Collson, to return it to the owner. A late Atlanta Constitution contains an account of the ceremonies attending the return of the book to Miss Amanda Mayson, who was a member of the class of 1860, which had given the Bible to the institute. As Captain Collson could not be present, he delegated the presentation of the restored book to Mr. Clark Howell, editor of the Constitution and Democratic National Committeeman for Georgia, who made a fine speech.

P. S. Troutman, captain in the 89th Indiana Infantry, reports that while Gen. James B. Steadman was making reconnaissance the Federals were halted at Poplar Grove, in Franklin County, Tenn. The place was vacated, and the soldiers were taking what they wished from the houses. A man in his company came to Captain Troutman with a Bible which he said belonged to the Cumberland Presbyterian Church and which was in danger of being destroyed if left where it was. Captain Troutman sent the book to his home by express, and at the end of the war returned it to the Church, to the great delight of its members.

WHY THE BAND PLAYED AT FRANKLIN.

BY S. C. TRIGG, LEBANON, TENN.

Comrade Cunningham: In your address at the last anniversary of the battle of Franklin before the Daughters of the Confederacy at that place you spoke of the music on the battlefield on that ever-to-be-remembered 30th of November, 1864. Capt. B. L. Ridley, of Murfreesboro, in his history also makes mention of this by saying the "band played." As I have never seen anything in print as to whose band made the music, I will tell you in a brief way how it came about that we had music at the opening of this memorable battle. I was a member of Company C, 3d Missouri Infantry, Cockrell's Brigade.

When we arrived on the hill in sight of Franklin on the Columbia Pike, we were filed to the right and halted in a skirt of woods and ordered to rest at will. The brigade remained in this position only a few moments, when it was ordered into line for an advancement. About this time Col. Elijah Gates rode up and called our attention to two lines of infantry in front of us, at the same time saying: "Boys, look in your front; we won't get a smell." When we saw this, we too thought we would have a walkover.

Seeing the nice, smooth field between us and the enemy's works, the writer with many others called on the Colonel for music and for a brigade drill. To this he readily consented and so ordered. As soon as we started the band began to play, and continued until the enemy's batteries began to rake our lines. One man was killed (Taliaferro) and one wounded (G. A. Ewing, of my company) before the music ceased. When we were near the works, the first line or advance column, which had been repulsed, met us and passed back through our lines. I did not inquire and never learned to what command the retreating troops belonged.

The 1st Missouri continued its charge till we reached the obstruction of brush in front of the enemy's works, where we found Texans, Arkansans, Tennesseans. We all worked together making gaps through this obstruction. Near these gaps were piled the dead in heaps of four and five, some from all the above-mentioned States. The writer helped to arrange and bury our dead the next morning. We buried one hundred and nineteen of our men in one grave near the pike, between the cotton gin and pike where we did our fighting. There were only three commissioned officers left in our brigade, one major, two lieutenants, and about one hundred men for duty.

The writer was at Carthage, Springfield, and Lexington, Mo.; Elkhorn Tavern, Ark.; Iuka, Corinth, Port Gibson, Baker's Creek, Big Black, and the siege of Vicksburg, Miss.; in front of Sherman from Rome, Ga., to Lovejoy Station, Ga.; in rear of Sherman, battle of Allatoona Mountains, Franklin; then to Mobile and Elakely, Ala., where we surrendered April 9, 1865. In all the above-mentioned battles and sieges I never experienced anything equal to the battle of Franklin.

GIVING THEIR NAMES CORRECTLY.—D. Cardwell, of Stuart's Horse Artillery, writes from Columbia, S. C., September 12, 1910: "The 'History of the Laurel Brigade,' Army of Northern Virginia, in describing Stuart's predicament at Auburn, near Warrenton, Va., October 13, 1863, states that when he found himself nearly surrounded by Meade's army he sent out selected men to go through the enemy's lines and to tell Gen. Fitz Lee of his condition. Among those he selected were two splendid men from my company. One was Ashton Chichester, of Fairfax, Va., and the other was Sergeant Shirley, of South Carolina. On page 193 their names are given as 'Ashton, Chester, and Sharley.' They got through and did their work, and yet their only recognition gives their names incorrectly."

COMPILER OF WHEELER'S CAVALRY HISTORY.

BY PRIVATE W. C. DODSON, ATLANTA, GA.

In the October *VETERAN* my old friend, Gen. Irvine C. Walker, seeks to reinforce Lieutenant Saussy in his attack upon statements contained in "Campaigns of Wheeler and His Cavalry." The letter of Dr. J. A. Lewis, which comprised the essential part of my article in the September *VETERAN*, was so able and conclusive that it seems to have convinced even General Walker that it was Wheeler's Cavalry, and not Butler's, who burned Broad River Bridge. This letter gave such a complete and comprehensive description of the military operations in and around Columbia just preceding its capture by the Federals that it should set at rest the other disputed statement that every gun fired in defense of that city was by Wheeler's Cavalry and convince even the most skeptical that this if not literally was substantially true.

Dr. Lewis writes me that he is averse to any further controversy on this subject; that, having written what he knows to be the facts, he leaves to others to believe or not as their sense of fairness may dictate. I too deprecate controversies, and have little time and less inclination to indulge in them. But since an effort is being made to discredit statements printed in a book for which I have assumed responsibility, there is no alternative left me but to continue my efforts to vindicate their truth. I have received other letters than the one from Dr. Lewis from men who participated in the stirring events described which fully sustain our position. One of these is from a member of the same command with Lieutenant Saussy, whom I introduce as another "witness for the defense."

LETTER OF MR. C. M. CALHOUN.

GREENWOOD, S. C.

Mr. W. C. Dodson, Atlanta, Ga.: I have just recently read with great interest in the *Columbia State* your account of the burning of the Broad River Bridge, near Columbia, it being, it seems, a reply to something Mr. Clement G. Saussy, of Savannah, had written of the same affair crediting Gen. M. C. Butler's division with having accomplished the deed. Being a member of General Butler's command, and being present with that command from start to finish and always desirous of keeping the record straight, I will relate what I know about that dark and stormy period of the early spring of 1865.

Butler's Division, composing Butler's old brigade and Gen. P. M. B. Young's Georgia brigade, returned from Virginia and rendezvoused in Columbia about two weeks before Sherman made his entry through her gates. Butler's old brigade, to which I belonged, pitched camp on the Lexington side, down the river some two miles below the Congaree Bridge, where we remained until Sherman's advance on the city. If there was any fighting by any of our men while on that side except a little skirmishing a few miles down the river, I am not aware of it.

Late on the evening of February 16 we crossed over the Congaree Bridge (which had been well prepared for burning) to the Columbia side, taking position along down the old South Carolina Railroad. Some time after dark the bridge was burned by our men. After daylight the enemy made their appearance on the opposite side south of where the bridge had been, planted a battery, and commenced shelling the city. While on the Columbia side we were ordered down the river several miles, but returned soon after and made a halt near the Statehouse, on the riverside. While there several shells struck the Capitol building, and some fell among us. Our next position was at the asylum, with the head of our column

resting on Boundary Street, about three blocks below Main or Richardson, on which the enemy was entering the city. It was said that General Hampton intended charging their column; but General Beauregard, who was chief in command, would not permit it.

Our column remained in this position until the head of Sherman's forces had reached some distance down the street they were advancing on, when we retired, making a stop at the old Charlotte, where we remained about an hour. The city by this time was occupied by the enemy. After a very slow march, our command went into camp at Killian's Mill, seven miles from Columbia, where soon after dark we could see the city in flames.

Now I cannot say whether Gen. P. M. B. Young's brigade was detached from Butler's old brigade and occupied a position up the river or not, but hardly think so. I think Mr. Saussy has gotten things a little mixed. It was the Congaree Bridge, I know, that Butler's men burned, for I was there and saw that, and know nothing of the Saluda Bridge.

I fail to see any honor attached to those who burned the bridge or resisted the enemy's entrance into the city of Columbia. As our force was so small, it might have been better not to have resisted the enemy.

General Walker asserts that he was present at the capture of Columbia; that there was also a large number of other troops besides Wheeler's there concentrated—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—who participated in the defense of the city. In this assertion no new light is thrown on the situation, as it is well known to all who are conversant with the history of this period that the remnant of the Army of Tennessee was being concentrated in and near Columbia, and Dr. Lewis's letter stated that there was no general battle fought in defense of South Carolina's capital.

I cheerfully admit that General Walker was present with his regiment and brigade, including his statement that he "spent the day loafing about the guns of Wheaton's Battery," which his regiment was supporting; but had he been out with Wheeler's Cavalry, he would have found scant opportunity for "loafing."

It is also admitted that General Butler was on the line, as he gave orders to some of Wheeler's regiments. Colonel Dibrell's report mentions that Butler ordered an attempt to hold the bridge over Congaree Creek, while he (Dibrell) wished to cut it down and that it was "too wet to burn."

Major Austin, commanding the 9th Kentucky Cavalry, also relates that he was ordered by General Butler to charge a force about five times his strength, that he promptly ordered his men forward, but he remarked to General Butler: "It will be the last charge the regiment will ever make." Fortunately the order was countermanded.

I must remind General Walker that between being arrayed in front of an enemy, even in line of battle, and actual fighting there is a wide difference, and I ask him to kindly tell what part of this force he mentions was actually engaged in action, naming the regiments and brigades, stating when and where, by whose orders, and under whose command. You see, General, some of the readers of the *VETERAN* may be "from Missouri" (and wish to be shown).

As stated in the preface of "Campaigns of Wheeler and His Cavalry," much time was given to comparing every important statement therein with the official records in an effort to render our book as nearly historically correct as possible. I have gone carefully over those records covering the dates

of February 15, 16, and 17, 1865, and I can find nothing that in any way sustains the claim that other cavalry or infantry or artillery than Wheeler's were at any time or in any way engaged in defense of Columbia. I therefore ask General Walker to submit what evidence he has to sustain his assertion to the contrary.

At the risk of introducing into this discussion matter not altogether pertinent I feel constrained to mention the fact—sufficiently conspicuous to be entitled to consideration if not significant—that every criticism I have seen in print of the career of Wheeler's Cavalry in the Carolinas has emanated from a South Carolinian or men who served with Butler's Division of Hampton's Cavalry. The author of "Hampton and His Cavalry" goes out of his way in an attempt to belittle the rank of General Wheeler and criticise his command. General Butler's biographer goes practically over the same ground and gives three articles from General Butler himself in discussing an expedition in which they were jointly engaged, and he claims all the glory for his own command and lays all the blame for failure upon Wheeler's Cavalry.

Why is this? I am aware of no effort ever made by any one connected with Wheeler's Cavalry to diminish the luster of any achievement of General Butler's division.

It is well known that Wheeler's Cavalry was practically the only force that opposed Sherman in South Carolina, and that their efforts saved many thousands of dollars' worth of property from destruction, many of the homes of her people from the torch, and many women from a fate worse than death.

There is no part of the career of my old command of which I am more proud than that they hung on the flanks and rear of Sherman in his much-vaunted "march to the sea," and where his "bums" were encountered while burning houses and ravishing women our men gave no quarters. Many pages of the Official Records are filled with complaints from Sherman and Kilpatrick to Hampton and Wheeler about our cavalry killing their men, and many met the fate they deserved of which there was no official cognizance.

It is not claimed, as rather sarcastically intimated by General Walker, "that Wheeler's Cavalry did everything;" it is not claimed that they did more than their duty in any service they were called upon to perform; but they did all that is claimed for them in the matters we are discussing and all that is claimed for them in the book that is being criticised.

I regret that I must notice a part of the closing paragraph of Mr. Calhoun's letter, in which he states: "I fail to see any honor attached as to who burned the Broad River Bridge or any resistance made to the enemy's entrance into the city," etc. I am sorry he wrote this, for I appreciate his letter and feel the more grateful for his testimony because it was disinterested and in "keeping the record straight." I believe, though, he will agree with me that when a soldier obeys the orders of his superiors at the risk of his life, whether in a great battle or in a skirmish, honor should be accorded him.

In nothing I have written have I been actuated by any desire to claim that my command did more while yours did less than their duty in defense of a cause that was dear to us all.

It was simply the fortune of war that the horsemen from Kentucky, Texas, Alabama, Georgia, and Tennessee should be called upon to defend the soil of South Carolina. Whether the service rendered by Wheeler's men was good or ill, their patriotism cannot be questioned, for these men were veterans; and in following the failing fortunes of the Confederacy many of them had literally passed by the doors of their

own homes in other States. And when the end came, their depleted ranks bore testimony that,

"While some gave much and lived,
Others gave all and died."

HARD FIGHTING AT HARRISBURG.

BY T. W. SMITH, LEXINGTON, MISS.

Comrade F. H. Holloway in his remarks about the battle of Harrisburg in the November *VETERAN*, page 526, is mistaken as to the strength of the regiment when he puts it at one hundred and twenty-eight men. The actual number engaged in the battle was two hundred and seventy-nine. This information I had from Sergt. Maj. J. N. (Nick) McLean, who was acting as adjutant after Adjutant Ware was wounded in that battle. It was taken from the morning report of the orderly sergeant. I counted the men in line the next day, and there were just thirty-eight, besides Captain Green, the only commissioned officer present.

Lieutenant Colonel Jones substantially corroborates my figures; "The 38th Regiment made the charge that day with about three hundred men, rank and file. Forty-four escaped unwounded. Every field and line officer was either killed or wounded except Jasper Green, now a Baptist minister. The little remnant of survivors rallied around him in a thicket (called 'little hollow' by Comrade Holloway), not over fifty yards from the intrenched line and a four-gun battery of the enemy. Colonel Mabry ordered him to renew the charge, and his reply, as I was afterwards informed, was: 'Colonel, we have exhausted every round of ammunition; but if you say so, we will try again with empty guns.' Nothing could be more Spartanlike than this. They were ordered back, and retired in good order. Gen. S. D. Lee does the men who made the charge at Harrisburg but simple justice when he says that he never saw soldiers fight better. Except in the numbers engaged, Pickett's charge at Gettysburg did not excel the desperate charge of Mabry's Brigade at Harrisburg. Nor did the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava equal in desperation that of the 38th Mississippi Regiment, if we may judge by the percentage of loss incurred by each."

The distance from our line spoken of by Comrade Holloway as about twenty feet from the enemy is about correct, though possibly a little more. Colonel Jones's idea of "not over fifty yards" is wide of "the mark," as I went over the ground the day after the battle.

COMMENT ON THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.—Gen. Louis G. Young, of Savannah, Ga., who was on the staff of General Pettigrew at Gettysburg, writes: "The article on Gettysburg by June Kimble in the *VETERAN* for October is a valuable contribution to history; but there are, as always in such accounts, mistakes of more or less importance. On the third day the remnant of Archer's Brigade was on the extreme right of Heth's Division, but the guiding command was Pickett's Division. Again, Fitzhugh Lee's command was to have covered our retreat, but did not, therefore does not deserve the praise given to its commander. Nor did Archer's men surround General Pettigrew, who was alone when he fell, until I went up to him and had him removed from the spot where he had fallen. But these are comparatively minor matters. You will notice that the furthestmost point reached on the third day is claimed for Archer's command. This claim is made by the Virginians, Tennesseans, and North Carolinians. They were all together and deserve equal praise."

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER SHILOH MONUMENT COMMITTEE, U. D. C., FOR YEAR ENDING NOVEMBER, 1910.

ALABAMA DIVISION, U. D. C.

Chapters: Marengo Rifles, Demopolis, \$2.50; Raphael Semmes, Auburn, \$2.50; Alabama Division, U. D. C., \$10; the Tusculumbia, \$5; the Tuskegee, \$2; the Mobile, \$5; Alabama Chapter, Camden, \$1; James D. Webb, Greensboro, \$2; the Troy, \$5; Pelham, Birmingham, \$2; Virginia Clay Clopton, Huntsville, \$2; Father Ryan, Greenville, \$1; James Canty, Seale, \$2; John B. Gordon, Wetumpka, \$1; Mat Mahon, Hartsells, \$1; Josiah Gorgas, Montevallo, \$1; R. E. Rhodes, Tuscaloosa, \$3; Cradle of Confederacy, Montgomery, \$2; John T. Morgan, Talladega, \$2.

Personals: Mrs. A. W. Newsom, Huntsville, \$5; check through Mrs. A. B. White, Director General, \$8.

ARKANSAS DIVISION, U. D. C.

Personal: Mrs. L. C. Hall, Dardanelle, \$5.

Chapters: R. E. Lee (pictures), Conway, \$5; J. H. Berry, Bentonville, \$2.50; James F. Fagan, Benton, \$1; W. C. Sloan, Imboden, \$1.

Sparks-Walton Camp, U. S. C. V., Fort Smith, \$5

Arkansas Division, U. D. C., \$5; Mrs. Forney-Smith, first President Arkansas Division, Hope (now Little Rock), \$5.

Cash from Mrs. L. C. Hall, Director Arkansas Division, 50 cents.

CALIFORNIA DIVISION, U. D. C.

Chapters: Jefferson Davis, San Francisco, \$30; Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, Riverside, \$5; Albert Sidney Johnston, San Francisco, \$25; Gen. John B. Gordon, San Jose, \$3; Robert E. Lee, Los Angeles, \$5; George D. Brooks, Sacramento, \$10; the Los Angeles, \$10.

COLORADO CHAPTER, U. D. C.

Chapter: Margaret H. Jefferson Davis Hayes, Denver, \$5.

Personals: Mr. J. Addison Hayes, Colorado Springs, \$2.50; Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Denver, \$5.

Exchange from Director of Florida Division, U. D. C., \$233.17; cash, \$2.83; the Gainesville Chapter, \$10.

GEORGIA DIVISION, U. D. C.

Chapters: The Tennille, \$1; Liberty, Flemington, \$1; the Thompson, \$5; the Americus, \$5; the College Park, \$1; N. B. Forrest, Rome, \$5; Clement A. Evans, Brunswick, \$5; Houston County, Perry, \$5; Sidney Lanier, Macon, \$25; the Monticello, \$5; the Vienna, \$2; the Rome, \$5; Margaret Jones, Waynesboro, \$5; the Newman, \$5; Wayside Home, Millen, \$3; Fannie Gordon, Eastman, \$1; the Maysville, \$2.50; Fort Tyler, West Point, \$1; Charlotte Carson, Tifton, \$1; the Sylvania, \$10; the Atlanta, \$25; the Athens, \$10.

Personals: Mrs. J. N. Hazelhurst, Atlanta, \$2.50; Mrs. E. G. McCabe, Atlanta, \$25.

Ladies' Confederated Memorial Association, Atlanta, \$5; bank exchange from State Director, Atlanta, 10 cents.

ILLINOIS DIVISION, U. D. C.

Chapter: Stonewall, Chicago, \$25.

KENTUCKY DIVISION, U. D. C.

Chapters: Crepps Wickliffe, Bardstown, \$1; Christian County, Hopkinsville, \$5; J. N. Williams, Murray, \$10; Tom Barrett, Ghent, \$1; Private Robert Tyler, Hickman, \$5; Henrietta Hunt Morgan, Newport, \$10; Richard Hawes, Paris, \$4; the Earlington, \$1; Warren Grigsby, Stanford, \$5; Jefferson Davis, Guthrie, \$1; Basil W. Duke, Henderson, \$5; Albert Sidney Johnston, Louisville, \$50; Ben Hardin Helm, Elizabethtown, \$1; Reginald H. Thompson, LaGrange, \$2.

Personals: Walker and Dudley English Casey, Hopkinsville,

\$1; Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Paducah, \$3.80; Miss Caby Froman, Ghent, \$1; Mrs. Harry Ainslie, Louisville, \$2. City National Bank, Paducah, \$60.

LOUISIANA DIVISION, U. D. C.

Telegraph check from Mrs. W. B. Blackman, Alexandria, \$16; New Orleans Chapter, \$5.

MISSISSIPPI DIVISION, U. D. C.

Mississippi Division, U. D. C., \$25.

Chapters: Charles Clark, Beulah, \$15; J. Z. George, Greenwood, \$10; Stephen D. Lee, Columbus, \$10; T. D. Beal, Booneville, \$5; the Baldwin, \$5; Yalobusha, Coffeetown, \$5; Bedford Forrest, Hernando, \$5; Private Taylor Rucks, Greenville, \$5; Beauvoir, Biloxi, \$5; Jefferson Davis, Yazoo City, \$15.

Personal: Mr. George Hazzard, Corinth, \$5; personal donation, \$7; personal donation, \$8.

MISSOURI DIVISION, U. D. C.

Chapters: Winnie Davis, Jefferson City, \$10; the Springfield, \$25; Emmet MacDonald, Sedalia, \$5; M. A. E. McClure, St. Louis, \$75; Carleton-Joplin, Caruthersville, \$20.

Lee picture to Mrs. L. C. Reilly, St. Louis, \$2.50.

Personal: Mrs. Ella Robinson, St. Louis, \$10.

MARYLAND DIVISION, U. D. C.

Baltimore Chapter, Baltimore, \$50.

MINNESOTA DIVISION, U. D. C.

Portrait of General Lee sold by R. E. Lee Chapter, \$2.50.

R. E. Lee Chapter, Minneapolis, \$5.

A Northern sympathizer, \$1.

NEBRASKA CHAPTER, U. D. C.

Miss Grace L. Conklin, Omaha, \$1.50.

The New York Chapter, U. D. C., \$25.

NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION, U. D. C.

North Carolina Division, U. D. C., \$5.

Children of the Confederacy, Charlotte, \$5.

Chapters: Frank Bird, Windsor, \$5; Confederate Grays, \$1; Cape Fear, \$10; Julia Jackson, \$5; Stonewall Jackson, \$10; Winnie Davis, \$1; Pamlico, \$5; Asheville, \$1; Perquimans (schools), \$2.23; A. M. Wadell, \$5; Battle of Bentonville, \$5; Perquimans, \$2; Scotland Neck, \$5; Annie Lee, \$1; Roanoke Minute Men, \$15.

Interest, 90 cents.

Gastonia Graded School, \$6.05.

NEW MEXICO DIVISION, U. D. C.

Gen. Joe Wheeler Chapter, Roswell, \$15.

OKLAHOMA DIVISION, U. D. C.

Chapters: Jefferson Davis, Jr., Shawnee, \$10; Thomas Willis, Sapulpa, \$5; S. J. Wilkins, Altus, \$5; Gen. Joe Wheeler, Wagoner, \$2.50.

OREGON DIVISION, U. D. C.

Portland Chapter, Portland, \$10.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Pennsylvania Chapter, U. D. C., Philadelphia Chapter, \$10.

SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION, U. D. C.

Chapters: John Bratton, Winnsboro, \$5; Mary Ann Bine, Johnstons, \$2; John C. Calhoun, Clemson College, \$5; Paul McMichael, Orangeburg, \$5; Lottie Green, Bishopville, \$5; Winnie Davis, Yorkville, \$5; the Chester, \$3; Wade Hampton, Columbia, \$10; Moffatt Green, Due West, \$5; Dick Anderson, Sumter, \$5; the Ridge Springs, \$1; Edward Croft, Aiken, \$2; the Charleston, \$15; the St. George, \$2; Mary Ann Bine, Johnstons, \$2; Robert A. Waller, Greenwood, \$5; John K. McIver, Darlington, \$2.50; the Pendleton, \$16; the Abbeville, \$2; Dixie, Anderson, \$5; the Edgefield, \$5; Michael Brice, Blackstock, \$2; the Greenville, \$5; Arthur Manigault, Georgetown, \$2; the Beech Island, \$1; the Pickens, \$1; Lucinda Horn,

Saluda, \$1; the Chester, \$5; William J. Gooding, Brunson, \$2; John D. Kennedy, Camden, \$5; Ann White, Rock Hill, \$5; Williamsburg, Kingstree, \$5; Black Oak, Pinopolis, \$1; William Lester, Prosperity, \$1; John Hames, Jonesville, \$20; Calvin Crozier, Newbern, \$15.

Given by delegates to first District Conference, Greenville, \$4.20.

Sale of Confederate banners by Miss Conrad, 36 cents.

Personals: Mrs. A. T. Smythe, Charleston, \$10; Mrs. J. Otey Reed, St. Georges, \$1.

TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. D. C.

The Knoxville, \$5; Shiloh, Savannah, \$13.25; J. W. Morton, Camden, \$12.50; the Nashville, No. 1, \$5; Col. John R. Neal, Spring City, \$5; Mary Latham, Memphis, \$10; John Lauderdale, Dyersburg, \$25; Joe Wheeler, Stanton, \$5; Rassie H. White, Cottage Grove, \$5; G. W. Gordon, Waverly, \$5; Maury County, Columbia, \$5; Winnie Davis, Columbia, \$5; Clark, Gallatin, \$5; Russell-Hill, Trenton, \$14; N. B. Forrest, Humboldt, \$12.50; Old Hickory, Dickson, \$5; Dixie Auxiliary Crockett, Alamo, \$5; Gen. A. P. Stewart, Chattanooga, \$10; Francis M. Walker, St. Elmo, \$5; Crockett, Alamo, \$7; Forrest, Brownsville, \$5; Musidora McCorry, Jackson, \$10; Shiloh (pictures), Savannah, \$1; R. E. Lee, Puryear, \$10; Shiloh, Savannah, \$25; Mary Latham, Memphis, \$5; Sarah Law, Memphis, \$50; Robert E. Lee, Puryear, \$20; General Forrest, Memphis, \$10; Winnie Davis, Columbia, \$25.

Tennessee Division, U. D. C., \$50.

Personals: Mrs. Henry A. Chambers, Chattanooga, \$5; Mrs. Lettie Breedlove, Paris, \$5.

Bill Dawson, Camp, U. C. V., Dyersburg, \$25.

TEXAS DIVISION, U. D. C.

Chapters: Navarro (pictures), Corsicana, \$2.50; R. E. Lee, Houston, \$5.

Exchange from Mrs. Austin, Galveston, Director, \$68.84.

VIRGINIA DIVISION, U. D. C.

Chapters: Wythe Grays, Wytheville, \$1; Blue Ridge, Hamilton, \$1; the Chesterfield, \$1; Bethel, Newport News, \$5; Greenville, Emporia, \$2.50; New River Grays, Radford, \$5; Southern Cross, Salem, \$10; Robert E. Lee, Falls Church, \$2.50; the Tazewell, \$10; 17th Virginia Regiment, Alexandria, \$50; Turner Ashby, Harrisonburg, \$5; the Diana Mills, \$3; the Surrey, \$5; 8th Virginia Regiment, Haymarket, \$2.50; Sallie Tompkins, Gloucester, \$1; Dabney H. Maury, Philadelphia, \$5; the Scottsville, \$1; Jubal A. Early, Rocky Mount, \$3.50; the Richmond, \$10.

Personals: Rev. Giles B. Cook, Mathews C. H., \$1; Miss Mary Amelia Smith, Warrenton, \$10; Miss Jessie M. Graham, Tazewell, \$1.

GENERAL ORGANIZATION.

Check from Mrs. Tate (Houston Convention pledge), \$1,000.

WASHINGTON DIVISION, U. D. C.

Chapters: Dixie, Tacoma, \$2; Mildred Lee, Spokane, \$10.

WEST VIRGINIA DIVISION, U. D. C.

Chapters: The Morgantown, \$2; the Shepherdstown, \$10; Julia Beckwith Neal, Fayetteville, \$10; the Hedgeville, \$2; the Lewisburg, \$5.

Interest, \$155.65.

Expense of Treasurer and Director General, \$71.24.

Total collections for 1908, \$3,256.71.

Total collections for 1909, \$2,179.51.

Total collections for 1910, \$3,362.88.

Total collections for three years, \$8,799.10.

Less total expenses for three years, \$71.24.

Total in hands of Treasurer, \$8,727.86.

WHAT A WAR INCIDENT TAUGHT A FEDERAL.

Elwood S. Corser, who had been wounded and lay between the lines at Bloody Angle, in Virginia, on May 12, 1864, writes in the Minneapolis Tribune:

"At early dawn we were facing the Confederate works at Spottsylvania C. H. Our charge was made through a tangled marsh and over logs and other obstacles. Our hard fighting in the Wilderness had thinned our ranks, and the two companies of my regiment which I led over the breastworks could not have numbered more than thirty men. We made a quick rush over the Confederate line, which, taken by surprise at that early hour, was giving way to right and left of the point where we struck it. By our successful rush a thousand Confederates were broken and gathered as prisoners. Then we were met by a sweeping flank fire on our right from the works still held by the Confederates, and I fell with a gun shot wound in the left hip. Then came a rush from the Confederates, who regained their works. These they held during the day. One of the Confederates, a fine young fellow of about sixteen or eighteen years, came rushing in with his comrades, reciting a patriotic monologue thus: 'We'll teach these Hessians to invade our soil!'

"Having leisure for reflection, I reached some conclusions which have remained unchanged to the present time—viz., that the men of the North and the South who faced each other on the battlefields of the Civil War were equally sincere and patriotic in standing for their differing convictions. As I was surrounded by the Northern moral and political atmosphere and was naturally in the Federal army, I saw that it could not be otherwise with me, nor did I wish it so; but I also saw that if I had been born and bred in Virginia or South Carolina I would have been standing clothed in Confederate gray, and, joining in the monologue of that fine type of the Southern soldier, recited by him as he rushed into the Confederate works.

"I feel that we are on the eve of a new era, when there is to be great harmony between the Federal and Confederate. I cannot stay to be a living witness to the correctness of this prophecy, but I feel it within me that it is to be so."

LITERARY FEATURES OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

(Matthew Page Andrews, in Baltimore Sun.)

That Mrs. Stowe achieved a marked degree of fame through her "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is, of course, true; but let any one with the smallest critical discernment read what she has otherwise left behind her, and he must concede on actual analysis that a large proportion of it, such as her "Lives of Self-Made Men," is not only crude, but positively puerile.

Without further discussion of the latter, however, I return to Mrs. Stowe's masterpiece, "Uncle Tom." Although of New England descent in part, I was not brought up on the "historical lessons" of this class; so a few years ago I purchased the book to study it for what I naturally assumed would prove its superior literary excellence. But I found to my great surprise that the novel, while at first interesting, was not exceptional in execution; and as the story progressed, it seemed to me that the style and plot development so deteriorated that my curiosity was aroused to examine the other writings of the author. I discovered that the style of these was markedly similar to the weaker passages in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

A Camp recently organized at Corpus Christi, Tex., with some twenty-one members has been named for Capt. H. R. Sutherland, who was of the 9th Alabama Infantry, Wilcox's Brigade.

THE FIRST FIRE IN CHAMBERSBURG.

BY EDMUND BERKELEY, LIEUT. COL. 8TH VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

Having read an account of the second fire in Chambersburg as published in the *VETERAN* for November, the effect of which was so different from that of the first one, I write briefly of the first, which was started by me, or rather under my directions, and for the care that was taken to prevent any private property being injured by it I received the thanks of some of the citizens.

Garnett's Brigade, to which I was attached, must have been among the first of the Confederate army to reach Chambersburg, I suppose, by the fact that we found a highly prized lot of groceries in a car on the track, including three sacks of Rio coffee, one of which was allotted to my mess and which we enjoyed for many months afterwards.

Having been ordered by General Garnett to take a detachment and destroy the railroad shops located there, I was unwilling to fire them, and directed my men to take some heavy iron rails and puncture the walls of the large brick building in which the principal works were located. The rails were very heavy, and required several men to wield them; but they pierced the walls as a needle would cloth. Haymarket having been burned shortly before by a drunken party of Blenker's men, every time a rail would pierce the wall of the large building the men would say: "Boys, remember Haymarket." After a long slit was made in the wall, down it would come. There was a large turntable that withstood every effort of my men, armed with heavy sledges from the shops, to break; and seeing several cords of wood piled near it, I directed the men to place the wood on the turntable and set it on fire, and to be careful not to let it communicate to any of the private buildings near by. This was accordingly done, and the turntable was made so hot that when it became cool it was warped and entirely unserviceable. A few days afterwards a fellow behind the stone wall on Seminary Hill punctured me about as I had punctured the brick wall at Chambersburg.

VIVID ACCOUNT OF THE BLAIR HOUSE FIRE.

BY PROF. MILTON W. HUMPHREYS, UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

In the November *VETERAN* there is a criticism of an article in the August number about the burning of the Montgomery Blair residence July 12, 1864. I do not wish to take part in any controversy on the subject; but as I had excellent opportunities of observing and the occurrences witnessed by me show that both articles contain errors, I write a brief account of what I positively know.

I was a sergeant at that time, acting as lieutenant in Bryan's Battery, 13th Battalion Virginia Light Artillery, and kept a diary throughout the war. I quote from this diary: "July 11. From the time we left Rockville there was a continuous cannonade in front. * * * As soon as we reached a point (on Seventh Street road) within hearing the rattle of musketry became audible. * * * A short time before sunset we arrived before Washington. The enemy shelled slowly and regularly with 24-pound howitzers. A considerable fusillade was maintained by the sharpshooters. The houses near our camp were all vacated. The residences of the Blairs were among these. Our battalion encamped on Montgomery Blair's possessions. On the next day the skirmishing was resumed at an early hour. Our battalion moved into Blair's orchard (close by the house to the east). George Branham (now living at Ronceverte, W. Va.) and myself started for some corn to a house on top of a hill (close by Silver Spring and between Montgomery Blair's and the Federal fortifications), and were shelled by a 24-pound howitzer." This is all that my diary

contributes to the subject. The shells thrown at us certainly went as far as the Montgomery Blair house.

As to the belief that General Early had given orders to burn the house, which belief or statement one of the writers says he has never heard contradicted, it is sufficient to refer to General Early's "Memoir of the Last Year," etc., page 62, footnote: On the night of the 12th the house of Postmaster-General Blair, near Silver Spring, was burned, and it was assumed by the enemy that it was burned by my orders. The fact is that I had nothing to do with it, and do not yet know how the burning occurred. * * * It may have been occasioned by a shell from the enemy's guns, some of which went in that direction late in the day."

I will only add that we were not "driven back" except by the necessities of our situation.

GRACIE'S SCOUTS AT CHICKAMAUGA.—N. W. Phillips, of Weatherford, Tex., desires to hear from any officer or private of the 43d Alabama (Gracie's) Brigade who can recall the detail of scouts from each company. They were ordered out about daylight the first morning after the battle of Chickamauga to find out what had become of the enemy. He was one of Company B on that detail. He writes: "I would also be glad to hear from a Confederate soldier who met General Gracie's scouts as they were marching in the direction of Chattanooga. He informed us that he was captured the day before and had made his escape during the night while the enemy were retreating and crossing the river. I would be pleased to have my recollections corroborated by some member of the 43d Alabama."

SERVICE OF THOMAS M. PENICK.—E. M. Penick, 622 Main Street, Little Rock, Ark., seeks information concerning the service of his father, Thomas M. Penick, who served in the Confederate army. He must have enlisted from Louisiana, as at the beginning of the war he lived in Caddo Parish. Any one who knows of his service will confer a great favor by replying to E. M. Penick.

BURIAL PLACES OF CONFEDERATE GENERALS.—Miss Mary J. Lane, of Marshall, Tex., corrects an error recently printed in the Chattanooga News about surviving Confederate officers—viz., that Brig. Gen. Richard Waterhouse survives, whereas Comrade George T. Todd states that he died in the early seventies, and that both General Waterhouse and Brig. Gen. H. P. Mabry are buried at Jefferson, Tex. The latter died in the eighties.

THE DAUGHTERS AND THE PRESS.

The press of the South is not doing its duty fully to the United Daughters of the Confederacy. At the recent convention in Little Rock meager reports were sent to daily papers, but they were not taken up by the weekly press, even in Arkansas. This ought not to be. These noble women make the sacrifice to leave their homes and journey long distances—in some instances thousands of miles—with scarcely any reduction from the regular railroad fares. Their motives are distinctly unselfish and for the greatest possible good to the South and the country. The exalted notions of these women could hardly be exaggerated; hence every newspaper that is impelled for the common good should be diligent at all times to give this great organization the benefit of its power. Confrères, would you give this subject consideration hereafter and do what you can to strengthen the Daughters in their laudable undertakings?



Memorial sketches are published herein free—except when pictures are engaged, \$2. Please see that brief notice is sent of every comrade who dies. Neighbors should see to this.

"By an unflinching trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

DEAD COMRADES AT GREENVILLE, S. C.

To perpetuate the names and commands of those Confederate heroic dead, late members of Camp Pulliam, Greenville, S. C., a roster is here made giving the name and command of those members who have passed away since our organization. So many worthy men who have served their country in time of war have passed out without a record in the hands of their comrades showing the service and commands, etc., that this Camp deems it meet to create this roster not only that its surviving members may have a record of their comrades, but that coming generations may have an authoritative, preserved, and historical reference in the days to come as well as kindred and friends. [All of them, unless otherwise specified, served from South Carolina. The figures designate number of different regiments. As the names are not reported alphabetically, the list is evidently in the order that the comrades died.—EDITOR VETERAN.]

J. H. Hayne, Co. E, 2; S. C. Clyde, Co. B, 2; F. S. Anderson, Co. F, 6; H. T. Williams, Cobb's Legion; G. G. Wells, Citadel Cadet; G. F. Moseley, Citadel Cadet; Hon. W. H. Perry, Co. K, 2; W. C. Cleveland, Co. G, 4; A. H. Cureton, Co. B, 2; J. A. Hoyt, Co. C, Palmetto Sharpshooters; J. M. McGee, Co. B, 7; Benjamin Chiles, Co. B, Orr's Rifles; J. G. Hawthorne, Co. G, 4; William Kelly, Co. B, 1; S. M. Green, Chaplain, 16; C. E. Watson, Co. B, Orr's Rifles; W. D. Gaston, Co. D, Palmetto Sharpshooters; C. A. Parkins, Co. B, 16; A. J. Ross, Co. H, 6; H. C. Mark, Co. A, 5; J. W. Norwood, Co. I, 18; P. F. Sudduth, Co. B, 2; W. B. Madden, Co. A, 6; J. W. Grogan, Co. G, 4; Henry Bonnemeyer, Co. F, 4; W. A. Hudson, Co. F, Hampton Legion; A. H. Jenkins, Co. K, 4; J. B. Ligon, Co. I, Hampton Legion; A. S. Townes, Co. F, Hampton Legion; C. A. Henderson, N. C. V.; J. M. Price, Co. B, 2; J. S. Cothran, Co. B, Orr's Rifles; J. P. Miller, Co. B, 2; T. L. Woodside, Co. F, 2; T. A. Parks, Co. I, 1; A. L. Williams, Co. F, 8; A. H. Terry, Co. F, 4; Nathan Davis, Co. F, 3; Leonard Williams, Co. K, 2; William Wilkins, Johnson's Rifles; W. M. Crookshanks, 31st Tenn. Sig. Corps; S. H. Thornley, Co. B, 2; A. U. Smith, Co. F, Orr's Rifles; A. B. Byrd, Boyce Art.; Robert Deman, Co. G, 16; T. H. Stall, Co. B, 2; G. W. Dillard, Co. I, 3; John L. Black, Co. I, 1; W. S. Batscon, 16; T. J. Saxon, Co. A, 16; I. F. Hunt, Co. I, 13; W. P. Sudduth, 16; W. A. Adams, Co. A, 6; J. J. McManus, Irish Vol.; T. H. Cook, 1; W. L. Land, Co. C, P. S. S.; W. G. Whilden, Washington Art.; S. P. Burbage, Co. D, 2; William Powell, Co. B, 2; R. A. Dickson, Co. K, Hampton Legion; W. W. Gilreath, Co. B, 2; L. W. Watson, Co. B, 2; Joseph Leach, Co. G, 35th N. C. V.; W. T. Beard; Dr. William Dargan, Post Surgeon; W. J. Smith, Co. A, 16; J. M. Crosskeys, Co. D, 5; L. B. Ellis, Co. A, 39th Va. Bat.;

Wilson Glover; R. S. Morgan, Captain, 5th Va. Cav.; L. B. Cline, Earle's Bat.; J. M. Whitmire, 14th N. C. V.; C. L. Yates, Co. A, Washington Light Inf.; J. L. King; A. L. Davis, Va. Cav.; M. G. Batson, Co. G, 16; T. B. Leach; Peter Reynolds; S. P. Wells, Co. A, 2d Ga. Regt.; W. M. Bramlett, Co. A, 16; F. J. Bostic, Captain Co. F, 12; A. W. Burnside, 3d S. C. Bat.

LIEUT. WILLIAM R. BYERS.

Lieut. William R. Byers, one of Maryland's most gallant sons, died in Baltimore on July 26, 1910, after a brief illness. At the outbreak of the war, in May, 1861, Comrade Byers, with his father, Stanley Byers, and two brothers, Stanley and Charles Byers, left Maryland and went to Richmond, Va., where they all entered the Confederate army. Lieutenant Byers enlisted in the 47th Virginia Infantry, remaining in that command and participating in all of its engagements until the organization of the 2d Maryland Infantry in the early fall of 1862. Having completed the period of enlistment in the 47th Virginia Infantry, he reenlisted in Company C, 2d Maryland Infantry, commanded by the gallant Capt. John Torsch. In a short while he was appointed second lieutenant of the company, and held that position to the end of the war. His two brothers were in the same company with him. Charles was killed at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864.

On two occasions Lieutenant Byers had hand-to-hand contests with officers on the Federal side; but being a skilled swordsman, he defeated each and saved his life.

Lieutenant Byers was born in Baltimore, and was seventy years old. He is survived by a sister and brother, living in Baltimore, and a daughter and two sons, living in St. Louis, Mo. His remains were interred in the Confederate lot in Loudon Park Cemetery, the pallbearers being some of his old comrades from the Confederate Home at Pikesville, Md.

LAST ROLL LIST OF COBB-DELANEY CAMP, ATHENS, GA.—Since the Memorial Day of 1909 there have been added to the last roll of Cobb-Delaney Camp the following names: Howell Cobb, J. L. Davenport, J. W. Gilliland, W. H. Hae, A. L. Hull, J. H. Jorden, Henry Childress, L. H. Burch, W. S. Bassenger, George T. Murrell, George K. Smith, W. W. Sims, R. W. Pitman.

DEATHS OF COMRADES AT LAKE LAND, FLA.

U. H. Hane, Adjutant Camp No. 1543, U. C. V., Lakeland, Fla., reports the following deaths in that Camp since November, 1909: F. T. Dunklin, G. D. Turner, Z. B. Trammell, A. A. Scott, E. Martin, William Knowles, W. J. Murry. Other deaths since the organization of the Camp were: J. J. Balderic, L. M. Ballard, H. C. Poteet, H. A. Prine, A. H. Smith, J. W. Lanear, A. A. Canton.

JONES.—John A. Jones, member of Holmes County Camp, U. C. V., Durant, Miss., died on February 10, 1910. He served in Company F, 11th Mississippi Infantry, one of the late Maj. A. M. O'Neal's famous Mississippi sharpshooters, and was captured at Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865. He was sent to Point Lookout, Md., where he was kept until some time after the surrender. He was twice wounded.

CLARK.—James F. Clark, of Jefferson City, Mo., died on November 8 after a long and useful life of more than four-score years. He enlisted in July, 1862, in the Confederate army as a private of Company H, 10th Missouri Infantry, Parsons's Brigade, Price's Division, and served to the close. He was a splendid soldier, a devoted husband and father, and was universally respected.

RICHARD WATSON WEAKLEY.

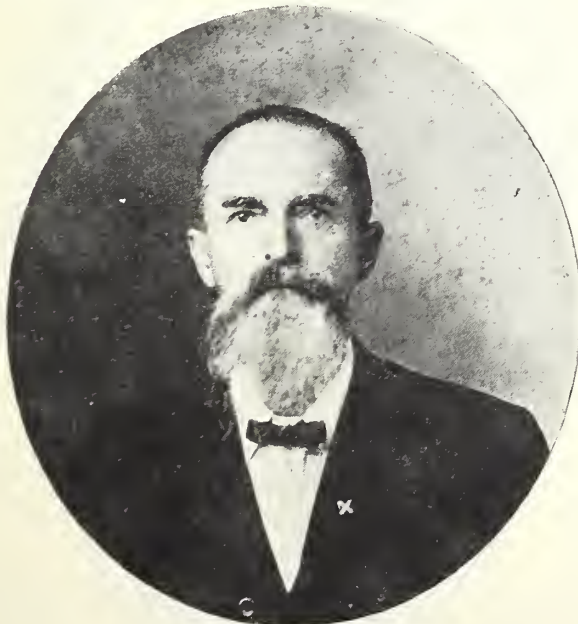
R. W. Weakley was born July 24, 1841; and died March 29, 1910, at Nashville, Tenn. He was the son of Dr. B. F. and Mary E. Weakley. He was educated in the Davidson County schools. In 1858 he entered Wesleyan University, Florence, Ala., and graduated in June, 1860.

Soon after the War between the States came on he entered the company of Capt. H. J. Cheney, Company C, Bate's 2d Tennessee Regiment, and was elected lieutenant of the company. The command was sent at once to Virginia, and served along the Potomac for the first year. The command reenlisted for the war, and was transferred to the Western Army and fought at Shiloh. He left his old command after going to the Western Army, and joined Capt. James Britton's "Cedar Snags," Col. Baxter Smith's 4th Cavalry Regiment, serving under Wheeler and Forrest until the surrender in North Carolina.

The war over, he returned to his home, in Nashville, Tenn., and assumed the duties of citizenship.

For many years he was Superintendent of Education for Davidson County. Afterwards he was associated with Dr. John H. Callender at the Tennessee State Asylum for Insane. He was Deputy County Trustee under W. B. Clark.

After the death of his father, he returned to the old home to look after the farm and his mother and sisters. He spent the remainder of his life leading a gentle and quiet time in the bosom of his loved ones. He had no taste for political life, and was possessed of qualities and abilities that would have honored high positions of trust and honor. He was a man of splendid education, and took great pleasure in reading and literary pursuits. He was a true, brave, and loyal Confederate soldier, and has left a record worthy of imitation. He was a member of a large family of brothers and two sisters. He never married. In Mount Olivet Cemetery he rests among those of his family who have "crossed over."



R. H. BAKER.

Lieut. R. H. Baker, of Company H, 6th Texas Regiment, Ross's Brigade of Cavalry, died at his home, in Lexington, Miss., on September 5, 1910. For thirteen years he had been

the loved Commander of the Holmes County Camp, U. C. V. Born and bred a Kentuckian, he volunteered as a private in 1861 from the town of Belton, Tex., and took part in all the battles in which his brigade engaged, and was known as a fearless and intrepid officer. Toward the close of the war he was detached and served with Harvey's famous scouts. Shortly before the close, while he and his men were in hot pursuit of the retreating enemy, Lieutenant Baker's horse fell and broke his back. Some of the scouts stopped to assist him, but he pointed toward the retreating foe and said: "Forward! There is your place of duty." Duty continued to be his watchword in the peaceful avocations of life, and it was performed with the same devotion that had characterized him as a soldier.

DEATHS IN GATESVILLE (TEX.) CAMP, No. 135, DURING 1910.

Elisha Mayo was born in Stewart County, Ga., in 1838; and died at Gatesville, Tex., in September, 1910. He served in Company F, 47th Alabama Infantry.

J. S. Kelso was born in Spartanburg District, S. C., in 1846; and died at Gatesville in October, 1910. He served in Company E, 2d South Carolina Cavalry.

M. L. Bland died at Osage, Tex., in August, 1910. He enlisted at Nashville, Tenn., in May, 1861, in Company F, 7th Tennessee Infantry, with the rank of sergeant, and served in the Virginia Army.

JOSEPH HUTCHINSON.

Joseph Hutchinson, a veteran of two wars, passed away at his home, in St. Petersburg, Fla., on October 26, 1910. He was well known in his community, and was highly respected by his business associates. He had served in the Indian and Civil Wars, in the latter for four years as a member of the 10th Florida Regiment. He was an enthusiastic member of Zollicoffer Camp, U. C. V., of St. Petersburg, and a devoted member of the Church. He was seventy-two years old.

ENOCH COOK.

Enoch Cook, an unfaltering veteran to the end of the cause dear to every Southern heart, quietly passed away from the Providence Hospital, in Washington, D. C., on Monday morning, December 14, 1910, in his seventy-fourth year. He was a native of Virginia, and enlisted in Company F, 6th Virginia Cavalry. He subsequently joined Col. John S. Mosby's Rangers. Having been captured, he was a prisoner of war at Point Lookout. He gave two sons to the Spanish-American War, and his favorite daughter married Capt. W. Roberts, U. S. A., who has served the Union for thirty years.

Previous to the War between the States Mr. Cook was caretaker of the Robert E. Lee estate, which is now Arlington National Cemetery. In the Confederate section of this beautiful cemetery he was buried, and went to his final rest with the Confederate and Union flags entwined about his bier.

Comrade Cook was a man of sterling worth and possessed many noble characteristics. As a citizen and soldier his conduct was ever marked by integrity, geniality, and courage. In fine, he represented that type of civilization that is fast passing away—that beautiful, chivalrous life that flourished in the days of the dear old South.

[Sketch sent by John A. Crowley, 1118 Virginia Avenue, Southwest, Washington, D. C.]

DR. JOHN HUTCHINS.

Dr. John Hutchins, of Natchez, Miss., died on September 28, 1910, after a long life spent in serving others. As a physician he won the confidence of those for whom he labored and the respect and friendship of his medical brethren.

Dr. Hutchins entered Princeton for the class of '63, but left that university and entered the Confederate army as a member of the 10th Mississippi Regiment after the fall of Fort Donelson. He was in the battles of Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and Franklin. He had been on detached service, but joined his regiment after the fights around Atlanta, and was with General Hood in his Tennessee campaign, surrendering at Gainesboro, Ga., April 26, 1865.

Dr. Hutchins graduated from LaGrange, Tenn., after the war, and later entered the University of New Orleans, graduating from its medical department in 1868. He was a devoted Church member. His wife and four sisters survive him.

RICHARD NORFLEET HARRIS.

Richard Norfleet Harris, II., was born at Rosedale, near Laneville, Hale County, Ala., September 15, 1844. His parents were R. N. and Amanda Banks Harris, both representatives of fine old North Carolina families. The early part of his boyhood was spent on the plantation; but later on the family removed to Tuscaloosa, Ala., where he entered school. He was in the Junior class of the university when the war began; and though but seventeen years old, he answered his country's call. He was sent first to Auburn, Ala., where he acted as drillmaster for the 37th Alabama. He was made orderly sergeant of his company, and was first lieutenant when the war closed. He then returned to his plantation home, and was engaged in planting until his death, on September 27, 1910.

On June 30, 1869, Lieutenant Harris was married to Miss Sallie Melville Minge, of Norwood, Marengo County, Ala., a daughter of David and Elvira Adams Minge, representatives of an old Virginia family.

A friend of Comrade Harris said, "God might have made a few as good men, but he never made a better," and this sentiment found echo in the hearts of others who knew him. Bearing a name that has ever stood for all that is honorable and upright, he fulfilled his every duty toward God and man. His tender heart never failed to respond to the calls of the needy; and not only throughout the State, but over the entire South are those who were cheered by his generosity and kindness.

C. P. REEVES.

Columbus Palestine Reeves was born in Charlottesville, N. C., December 19, 1830. His father, Rev. Thomas Reeves, removed with his family to Missouri when this son was a youth. The father was brilliant and blessed with ample means.

Columbus Reeves received a thorough education, the latter part of his collegiate course being spent at Masonic College, in Lexington, Mo., where he was a schoolmate with Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain). In 1861 Mr. Reeves went to California, but after a year he returned to Missouri on account of his father's impaired health. He was the youngest of eleven children. He engaged in the mercantile business successfully in St. Joseph, and in 1856 he married a daughter of Rev. W. W. Redman, after which he removed to Richmond, Mo.

He was among the first to answer General Price's call for troops, and entered the Confederate army as aid-de-camp to General Slack. He was taken prisoner in the battle of Springfield, but was subsequently released on parole. Afterwards he settled in Suisun, Cal., where he continued to reside until his death. For many years he was quite successful in business, during which time he did much for the upbuilding of Suisun.

Mr. Reeves was a man of strong personality and great sagacity, a generous and true friend, devoted to his family. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Mary J. Reeves, an adopted son, W. W. R. Reeves, grandchildren, and a great-grandchild.

In sending the above sketch Comrade J. P. Goodman states:

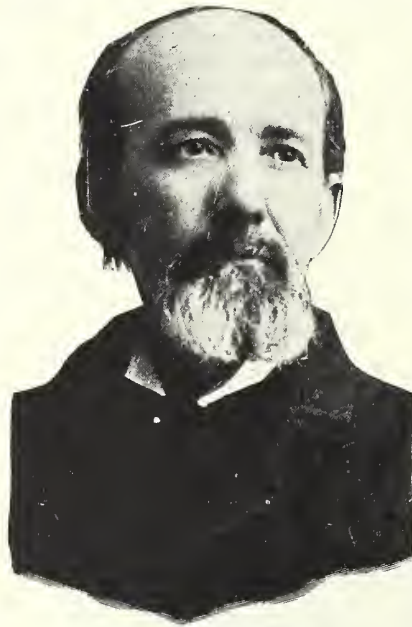
"I am getting old and shaky and can't write it myself. You can get the facts from clipping. I am the only Confederate left in this town, yet there are quite a number of G. A. R.'s."

It appears from Volume L., Serial No. 106, "War Records," that after Comrade Reeves went to California he was still engaged for the cause of Dixie Land. The President of the Suisun Union League wrote Brig. Gen. J. S. Mason, suspecting him as coöperating with James Gibson, "formerly a Rebel colonel," "organizing for purposes unknown to the League."

DR. FELIX F. PORTER.

Dr. Felix F. Porter was born near Paris, Tenn., March 22, 1838, a son of Nathaniel Porter, who was a prominent citizen of Henry County. He was elected to the Legislature just after the war, but was expelled by that loyal (?) body for alleged disloyalty. Dr. Porter was a brother to Mrs. M. H. Howard, whose husband was the founder of the Howard School of Nashville and of the Howard Library, and he was also a distant relative of Hon. James D. Porter, also of Paris and former Governor of Tennessee.

Felix Porter read medicine under Dr. J. H. Travis, and afterwards graduated from the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania in 1859. He began the practice in Henry County.



DR. F. F. PORTER.

When the Civil War broke out, in 1861, he joined the 5th Tennessee Regiment, and was commissioned assistant surgeon of that regiment. Soon after the war he resumed the practice of medicine in Paris, and continued in it until a few years ago, retiring on account of age and ill health. Dr. Porter was the author of a number of renowned prescriptions, and as a physician he had the confidence of all who knew him.

He was married in 1860 to Miss Hattie Loving, of a prominent family in the county, who died in 1864; and in 1867 Dr. Porter married Miss Willie Burgess, of Lebanon, Tenn., who survives him with five children, one of whom is the wife of Frank D. Caruthers, Assistant Business Manager of the New York World.

Dr. Porter was a devout Church member, and he was superintendent of his Sunday school for about a quarter of a century. He was also a Mason, and was buried by that fraternity. His death occurred in November, 1910.

REUBEN NUNNERY.

[A tribute to Reuben Nunnery, of Liberty, Miss., is sent by Adjutant George A. McGehee, of the Amite Camp, No. 226, U. C. V., at Liberty.]

Comrade Reuben Nunnery died November 6, 1910, passing away as gently as if he were going to sleep. Comrade Nunnery was a member of Company C, 7th Mississippi Regiment, and no soldier did his duty better in battle, on march, on guard duty,

or in bivouac. He was severely wounded at Murfreesboro, Tenn., but on recovery he returned to his post, and at the end he returned home. He married Miss Lizzie Harvey in the fall of 1865, with whom he lived and who was a true helpmeet in all the vicissitudes of life, and who now, with their five sons and four daughters, mourns his absence.

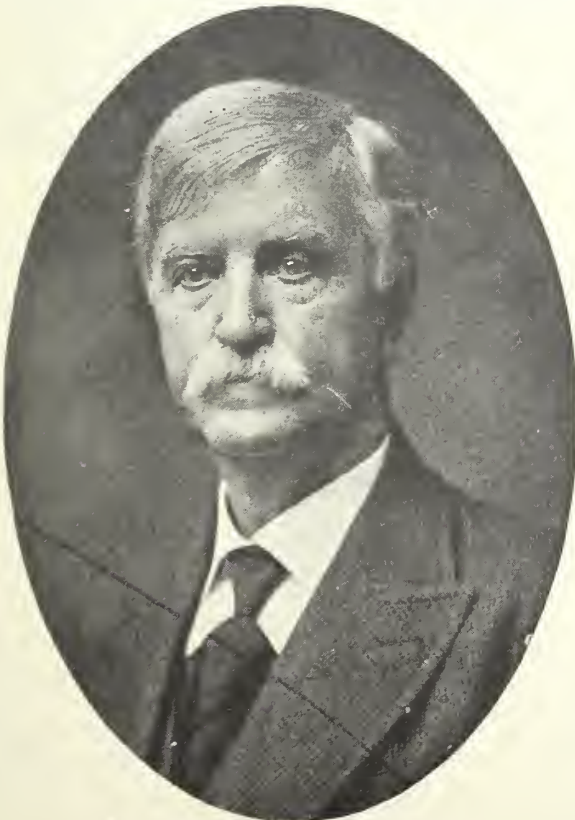
In farming he was successful, and as a neighbor he was loved for his principles of doing the right and just thing.

Comrade Nunnery had seven brothers in the Confederate army, five of them belonging to the Amite Rifles, Company C, 7th Mississippi, two only living now. All these brothers were model soldiers, one of whom, W. J. Nunnery, being promoted for gallantry on the field of battle, and was killed in battle near Atlanta July 22, 1864, bearing the colors of his regiment.

The following members of the Camp sign a worthy tribute to him: R. J. Stewart, W. J. Lea, D. C. Wilson, J. A. Carraway, N. B. Cockerham, D. W. Fenn, E. C. Andrews, Samuel Nunnery, George Nunnery, George A. McGehee.

GEN. GEORGE D. JOHNSTON.

George Doherty Johnston was born in Hillsboro, N. C., May 30, 1832, of a long line of noble ancestry. When he was two years old his father moved to Greensboro, Ala., and afterwards to Marion, where George was educated in the private schools, and graduated at Howard College in 1849, taking the degrees of A.B. and A.M. He was one of her noblest and worthiest sons, and the oldest at the time of his death. He attended Cumberland University, at Lebanon, Tenn., for the law course degree in 1852. He practiced law at Marion, was elected Mayor of the town in 1856, and represented Perry County in the General Assembly during the years 1857-58.



GEN. GEORGE D. JOHNSTON.

As a Confederate soldier he had a brilliant career, and was ever loyal to the cause he fought for. He ever took a deep

interest in Confederate affairs, and was Commander of the local Camp of Veterans. He was the Alabama member of the Board of Trustees of the C. M. A.

General Johnston enlisted in the army on April 15, 1861, as second lieutenant of Company G, 4th Alabama Regiment. His promotion was fine, being made major of the 25th Alabama on January 29, 1862, lieutenant colonel of the same regiment in April, 1862, and its colonel September 6, 1863. He was made a brigadier general, C. S. A., in April, 1864, and served gallantly in that office until the close of the war.

After the war he held a great many distinguished public positions. He was the commandant of cadets in the University of Alabama from 1871-73, and from 1885-90 was Superintendent of the South Carolina Military Academy at Charleston.

Under Cleveland's administration he was appointed United States Civil Service Commissioner, living in Washington with his family, serving with Theodore Roosevelt. He was always a staunch Democrat; and after returning to Tuscaloosa to live, he represented his county as a State Senator. He was a wise and trusted leader in all public affairs.

In religious faith he was a staunch Presbyterian from his early years. His faith was serene and his confidence in a blessed future life was steadfast. Some time before his last illness he had made arrangements for his funeral services, even designating the hymns to be used.

General Johnston was married three times. His first wife was Miss Euphrasia Poellnitz, of Marengo County, whom he married in 1853. They had three sons and one daughter. His second wife was Miss Maria Barnett, who left no children. He married Mrs. Stella Searcy Harris in 1876, who, with their son, George D. Johnston, Jr., survives him. Mrs. Johnston's other children mourn a father's death.

General Johnston was an eloquent speaker and a popular lecturer. His "Memories of the Old South" and "The Women of the South" are remarkably fine. General Johnston was a true Southern gentleman of the old school, the soul of courtesy and chivalry, and a most delightful companion. He was a man of the highest integrity and profound convictions. The entire community feels its loss, and his friends are numbered in all the walks of life, among the rich and poor alike.

General Johnston was honored and revered at home and abroad. The South and the nation possessed in him all that is noblest in soldier, scholar, and man.

General Johnston's Funeral.

[The Tuscaloosa papers had elaborate reports of General Johnston's career and the funeral. From the News's account of the funeral extracts are made.]

To pay tribute to the memory of the man they loved and admired, Confederate veterans who fought with him in the sixties, ministers of the gospel who had been inspired by his beautiful faith, public men who had counseled with him in important crises, students who had listened to his eloquent lectures, and men, women, and children from all walks of life crowded the Presbyterian church, where lay the remains of Gen. George Doherty Johnston.

Dr. J. G. Snedecor conducted the services and delivered a beautiful eulogy of General Johnston, saying in part: "Generally death brings to sorrowing friends the keenest pangs because of its untimeliness and the unreadiness of those called to go, but neither cause for sorrow exists here to-day. There was no untimeliness in the departure of this beloved man. Born in 1832, it is given to few to come to such a good old age, possessed of all faculties, and preserving to the last, as he did, his soldierly bearing and grace. Nor was there any

lack of readiness. He faced his end with the composure of the great apostle, who declared, 'I am ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand,' and with humble sincerity he could have added: 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course. I have kept the faith.' Any one who was in the presence of General Johnston during the past few years saw that he was no timorous mortal standing by Jordan's brink and fearing to launch away. Never have I seen such supreme composure in the prospect of death. He welcomed it as the crown of life. He was an implicit believer in those things which 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard.' It was a joy to be in his company and an inspiration to those of weaker faith. He solved our doubts and kindled anew our love to God. His favorite expression was: 'The good God will do all things well.' A strong man who was with him in his last illness said: 'I have had my times of doubt, but nevertheless shall I doubt that the unseen world is a world of reality.' So, my friends, he, being dead, yet speaketh to us of the better life and the surer faith. I should like to refer to the bravest act of his life. To do this I pass by his splendid record on the field of battle, though he was the peer of any there. I come to his own home, to a time about fifteen years ago, when there was from this very pulpit an appeal made for some one to volunteer to superintendent a Sunday school to be established for the instruction of the negroes of the town. Though he had since early manhood been a member of the Church, he had worn his profession of religion with modest reticence and had taken little active part in public services. But when this call was made, he rose in his place and said: 'I suppose I am about the only one here who could afford to do this. I will take the Sunday school.' Until recent months, when the infirmities of advancing age prevented, he was there in his place every Sunday, and God alone knows what poor, benighted souls he has enlightened and uplifted. To his companion and sons, therefore, I hold up the consoling promises of God's Word, and over their sorrow we draw the veil of sympathetic love."

Following Dr. Snedecor's address, the Rev. Dr. D. D. Little delivered an eloquent tribute to the man who had been a great help and inspiration to him in his own work in behalf of the negro. Dr. Little said that General Johnston was preëminently a man of the Old South, the embodiment of all the honor, chivalry, and hospitality preserved in romance and tradition. He referred to the exemplary character of the deceased, and declared that if he had been surrounded by all his friends his last message to them would have been: "Be true to the Old South and its ideals, be good to the black man in our midst, and keep faith in God."

A memorandum made by General Johnston a few days before his death expressed the wish that his devoted friend, Dr. W. E. Hutchinson, should take part in the funeral services; and in accordance with his wishes Dr. Hutchinson in a beautiful prayer thanked a bountiful Providence for the inspiration of the noble life that had been given to the people and the living picture on earth of the image of Jesus Christ. He prayed that the image of his noble life might be forever a monument to the people of Tuscaloosa.

Present at the funeral, attending in a body, were the members of Camp Rodes, United Confederate Veterans, and the girls of Central College. General Johnston was to have delivered an address before the college girls on the day of his death, the subject being "The Women of the Confederacy."

Personal Reminiscences and Tribute.

The Editor of the VETERAN had no more congenial friend among men than Gen. George D. Johnston. For forty years

we saw each other eye to eye and had many heart-to-heart talks. He knew as well as any man in the world the happiness in a home wherein were a model wife and a bright, noble boy, to each of whom he was a devoted friend.

A few weeks before the last Birmingham Reunion (1908) the writer was *en route* to Columbus, Miss., going South by the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, with plans to stop a few hours with Gen. S. D. Lee. Ascertaining that he could spend the same time at Tuscaloosa with as good connection to Birmingham, and recalling a recent pathetic letter from General Johnston, in which he stated that he felt his days were nearly numbered, plans were changed and the stop was made at Tuscaloosa instead of Columbus. In reverse of what was expected, General Johnston attended the Reunion and shared in the tributes to the Commander in Chief, whose funeral had caused an unexpected visit in the interim to Columbus. After the Reunion, General Johnston wrote: "I was sorry not to have seen more of you at Birmingham, but was not strong enough to get about much and occupied with my duties as a member of the Battle Abbey and Historical Committees."

In connection with the VETERAN General Johnston wrote: "You have done a noble and indispensable work for our good cause which our people appreciate and which justly assures you a place in Confederate history that any Southern man may well be proud of. May the good Lord preserve your life and health for many, many years, for there is no one who could fill your place were you to be taken from us!" Again he wrote in October, 1910: "I send subscription of two dollars, and expect to send that amount annually until I am gone, when I hope some one will continue the good work for me." At another time he wrote: "There are some other Confederate enterprises that I would like to assist, some of which you advocate; but I have felt, and feel now, that the CONFEDERATE VETERAN should be perpetuated, for I regard it as having done more for our sacred cause than all other agencies combined." So much space would hardly be given in this tribute except for the delay in writing to him, that is deeply deplored.

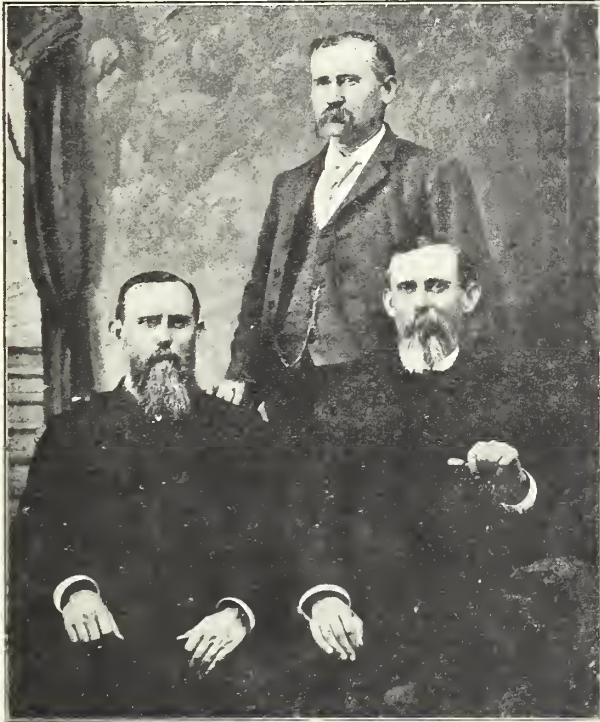
The evening of May 11, 1910, is remembered as one of the most pleasant in all the years of existence. It was with General Johnston at his home in Tuscaloosa while *en route* to Raymond, Miss., to be there on the anniversary of the battle, the first visit after forty-seven years. Severe pressure of duties and the anticipation of being at Tuscaloosa again ere long caused delay of reply to three letters, except that the mail started with one from Nashville about the hour that he died.

The earnest of his devotion and his generous consideration are shown in the following, which he wrote on October 10: "Taking advantage of the occasion to write you a sort of love letter, hoping and expecting to have a reply from you in a short while. As I have not heard from you since, I take it for granted that my letter miscarried, and I write again, knowing that you will let me hear from you very shortly. I know that you are a very busy man, and will make all allowance for that in the brevity of your reply; but I want a letter from you." Again on October 19 he wrote (his last letter): "I miss very much not hearing from you in reply to my letters, for you know my feelings of affection for you that have lasted so many years. * * * Let me hear from you when you can, for I am sure that you have the same regard for me that I have for you."

Nobody can realize how the failure to write him is deplored. May the intelligence from heaven comprehend that the heart was ever constantly devoted to that noble friend.

REV. JAMES ALLEN WOODS.

After a lingering illness, Rev. J. Allen Woods died at his home, in Bolivar, Tenn., on June 24, 1910. No man of that community ever shared in a higher degree the love and respect of its people. He was born in Belfast, Tenn., September 30, 1837, and was a member of a large and happy family of seven sons and five daughters, three brothers and two sisters surviving him. His education was completed at Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn., where he took the literary course.



REV. S. O. WOODS, T. H. WOODS, REV. J. ALLEN WOODS.

He afterwards taught school at various places, and at the call of his country he entered the Confederate army, and served to the end. He then enlisted as a soldier of the cross; and after a theological course at Union Seminary, Virginia, he entered upon the work of the ministry, serving various Churches in Tennessee and Texas, his service covering nearly forty years.

He was married in December, 1868, to Miss Clemmie L. Orr, who is left with a son and daughter to mourn the loss of a devoted husband and father.

[The above group represents three brothers: J. Allen, Rev. Samuel O. Woods, of Crowell, Tex., and Thomas H. Woods, of Shelbyville, Tenn. Sam and Allen, twins, both of whom entered the ministry soon after the war, were officers in the 41st Tennessee Infantry. Although belonging to different companies, Lieut Allen Woods, Capt. Sam Woods, and the Editor of the VETERAN for a long while messed together; therefore the tribute in the VETERAN is given with more than ordinary interest. While Allen became a Presbyterian minister, Sam became a Cumberland Presbyterian. All three in the group were Confederate soldiers.]

SENATOR SAMUEL DOUGLAS MCENERY.

Delay occurred in the notice of the death of Senator Samuel D. McEnery, of Louisiana, in anticipation of a picture to go with the sketch. His death occurred at his family residence, New Orleans, June 28, 1910.

Senator McEnery had been prominently identified with the history of Louisiana for almost half a century. He served as a lieutenant in the Confederate army, and as a young lawyer in Louisiana immediately following the war was active in the work accomplished by the "White League" in overthrowing the carpetbaggers and negro rule. He was elected Lieutenant Governor in 1879, and succeeded Governor Wiltz upon the latter's death in 1881. He was elected Governor in 1883. In 1896 he was elected to the United States Senate, where he served continuously until his death. His last term would have continued to March 3, 1915.

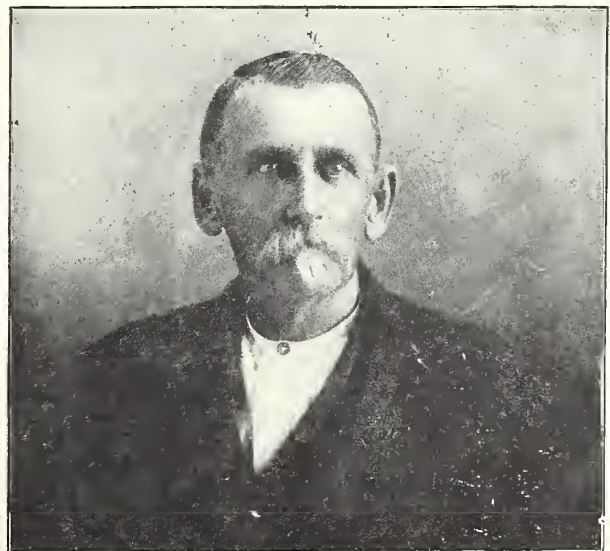
Senator McEnery was educated at Spring Hill College, Alabama, and the University of Virginia. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Elizabeth Phillips, of Monroe, La., his daughter, Mrs. Warren B. Parks, and two sons, Charles P. and Dr. Douglas W. McEnery.

Vice President Sherman upon hearing of Senator McEnery's death sent the following telegram to Mrs. McEnery: "I am deeply grieved by the startling news of Senator McEnery's death. Close association with him engendered affection and respect. I feel a personal loss. His State and his country lose a firm and faithful servant. To you and his family I offer tender sympathies."

The funeral was attended by delegations of Senators and Representatives in Congress.

FRANK I. COOK.

Frank I. Cook was born in South Carolina in 1842; and died at his home, in Jasper County, Miss., on September 28, 1910. He enlisted in the Confederate army for the war in June, 1861, and started for Virginia the next day as a member of Company C, 7th South Carolina Regiment. He served practically in all the great battles fought by Longstreet's Corps. Soon after the close of the war he was married to Miss Mollie Robinson, and removed to Mississippi, where he engaged in farming, and became a loyal son of his adopted State. He was ever devoted to the memory of the Confederacy, and took an active part in the meetings of his U. C. V. Camp. Death came to him suddenly. He leaves a widow and several devoted children.



FRANK I. COOK.

In sketches for "Last Roll" be as concise as practicable. Nearly all notices must be condensed.

AS IT IS DONE IN THE COURT OF LAST RESORT.

[Written for the *VETERAN* by Harvey D. Jacob, Secretary to Mr. Justice Lurton, of the United States Supreme Court.]

The hands of the clock resting just above the American eagle immediately behind the Chief Justice's chair point to twelve. The court crier's gavel is brought heavily down with the words, "The Honorable, the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States;" and as those seated in the courtroom arise to their feet and silence reigns, from a small anteroom to the north quietly approach those few of our countrymen in whose hands are daily placed the cords which bind us together as a great nation, and who consider, determine, and construe the principles upon which all of our American institutions are founded, daily deciding matters involving the liberties and fortunes of the American people.

There are only seven of these distinguished gentlemen now, and two of these have been on the court for less than a year. Regularly there should be nine; but illness came, causing the absence and later the resignation of Mr. Justice Moody; then death claimed Mr. Justice Peckham, Mr. Justice Brewer, and Mr. Chief Justice Fuller. Mr. Justice Lurton (appointed in December, 1909) and Mr. Justice Hughes (appointed in June, 1910) raise the number to seven, which leaves at this time two vacancies to be filled by the President.

Robed in long black gowns, they solemnly approach the bench, headed by Mr. Senior Justice Harlan, who, in the absence of a Chief Justice, acts as such, and, passing around the rear of the bench, take their seats at the nod of the Chief Justice or Acting Chief Justice, while the impressively spoken words of the crier are distinctly heard throughout the room: "O yea, O yea, O yea! All persons having business before the Supreme Court of the United States are admonished to draw near and give their attention, for the court is now sitting. God save the United States and this honorable court!"

The room in which the court now sits was until the year 1859 the Senate chamber, at which time it was necessary for the Senate to seek larger quarters in consequence of the gradual increase of its membership by the admission of new States. The Supreme Court room was at that time what is now its library, directly underneath.

The furnishings of the present court room, while rich in design and quality, are quite simple. The room itself is a semi-circular arrangement, with a low-domed ceiling. Ionic columns of Potomac marble form a loggia, supporting a gallery on the east side of the room. In front of these columns is "the bench," consisting of a slightly raised platform, on which are placed nine large, comfortable chairs, immediately in front of which is a desk extending the full length of the bench and upon which the Justices keep their dockets, records, etc. The Chief Justice occupies the chair in the center of the bench, and the Associate Justices are seated four on his either side, the oldest Associate Justice, in point of service, occupying the chair nearest to the Chief Justice, and so on. In front of the bench are located the tables and chairs of counsel, with a limited number of seats set apart for members of the bar. At one side of the bench will be found the desks of the reporter, marshal, and court crier; while on the opposite side is situated the desk of the clerk of the court. Extending around the rear of the room, on both sides of the general entrance door, are seats for spectators, who every day while the court is in session come into the room by the hundreds, stay for a few minutes, and then move out again noiselessly, for quiet must be observed in the Supreme Court of the United States, especially by those whose presence is by courtesy rather than by

right. Around the walls of the room are the marble busts of the former Chief Justices, John Jay, John Rutledge, Oliver Ellsworth, John Marshall, Roger B. Taney, Salmon P. Chase, and Morrison R. Waite, and these constitute the entire wall decorations.

The court meets on the second Monday of each October and sits until the latter part of May. It usually hears the argument of cases for three or four weeks, and then takes a recess for two or three weeks. This recess is believed by the public generally to mean a vacation, but such is not the fact; for during these recesses the Justices do their hardest work—that of writing the opinions in cases which have been heard or submitted on brief, decided, and assigned at the argument sessions.

When the court is in session, it assembles every day, except Saturday and Sunday, promptly at twelve o'clock. The first few minutes are consumed in the hearing of applications for admission to the bar and other motions, at the conclusion of which the regular call of the docket assigned for the particular day is begun. As the cases are called they must either be argued or submitted on briefs. When a case is submitted on brief (and a majority of them are thus disposed of), the counsel simply mention this fact, and the printed record (for all matters must be printed before presentation to the court), briefs, etc., are by the clerk laid on the desk in front of each Justice. If a case is to be argued, the court allows counsel on each side a certain length of time, varying according to the importance or magnitude of the question, within which to present the matter; and at the conclusion of this oral argument the record and briefs are likewise passed to the Justices.

At two o'clock the court takes a short recess for luncheon, reappearing at 2:30 and immediately resuming the transaction of its business, which continues until 4:30, at which hour, and it may be said at which minute, matters it not what may be the situation with respect to the case before it, it arises and adjourns until twelve o'clock the next day.

Upon the conclusion of each day's work the records, briefs, etc., in cases that day heard or submitted are gathered together by the messenger of each Justice and carried to the Justice's residence. Singular as it may seem, Supreme Court Justices have no offices, save such as they personally provide in their own residences, and it is here that the cases are studied out and the opinions written. Whether a case be submitted on briefs or argued, it must be studied out by each Justice individually and separately and prepared for consultation, as likewise are all petitions for writs of certiorari and applications for writs of error.

Every Saturday during the argument session is consultation day, and at twelve o'clock on this day the Justices all assemble in the consultation room, which is separate and distinct from the court room, and behind locked doors discuss and consider each individual motion, application, case, etc. When a decision is reached—and by a decision is meant a majority with the same view of the particular matter—the case is assigned to one of the Justices voting with the majority for the writing of the opinion of the court.

So much of the time during the argument session is taken up with the hearing of cases and the study and preparation of them for consultation that there is but slight opportunity afforded for the writing of opinions during such argument sessions, and it is for this reason, as already stated, that the recesses are taken.

When a case has been decided in consultation and assigned for opinion, the Justice to whom it is assigned must again

study it and sift it down to its very foundation and then write out the reasons of the court for deciding the case this way or that, and that is what is meant by opinion. Of course the time consumed in the preparation of these opinions varies as well as their length, governed more or less by the importance of the matter and the difficulty of the question at issue. When an opinion is written out by the Justice (and each has his own particular method of writing them—some with and some without the aid of their secretaries), it is sent to the printer, who is a private contractor and not a general government employee, but who has been doing the work for many years; and in order that its contents may be closely guarded and kept from the public until the proper time comes, it is cut up into sections and distributed among several typesetters, so that no one of them sees the opinion in whole. And when it has been set up in printed form, a proof is returned to the Justice sending it, who corrects and revises it, and then returns it to the printer for final copies. When these final copies are received, one of them is forwarded to each of the other Justices, who examine it and note on its back the fact of their approval or disapproval. And after these copies have all been returned, the work is finished and the opinion ready to be handed down.

Every Monday is opinion day, and the opinions are handed down on that day, the Justices having opinions simply announcing from the bench after court has opened that they are directed to deliver the opinion of the court in case number blank, so and so against so and so; and after reading the opinion or the important parts thereof, they hand it to the reporter, who has it published in the Supreme Court reports.

Each Justice has his own secretary and messenger. The messenger is a negro man; and when a Justice dies or resigns, his messenger goes to his successor. Some of these messengers have been in service of the court for many years.

In the doing of all the things above specified the secretary aids the Justice so far as is practicable. One of the chief duties of the secretary, however, is to be entirely ignorant of the existence of such a thing as the Supreme Court of the United States, and to politely turn to a discussion of golf or bridge when asked as to the workings of that court.

NEW CHIEF JUSTICE AND MEMBER.

Since Mr. Jacobs's letter was written the President has made a Confederate veteran Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and appointed Judge Joseph Rucker Lamar a member. Mr. Lamar was born in Ruckersville, Ga., on October 14, 1857. He is the son of Rev. James S. Lamar, an able Christian minister, who died only a few years ago at Grovetown, Ga. When Judge Lamar was a lad his parents moved to Augusta, where he graduated from the University of Georgia. In the practice of law he was remarkably successful. He served in the Georgia Legislature in 1888-89. He was appointed Justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia by Governor Terrell, but resigned in 1905. In 1876 Judge Lamar was married to Miss Clarinda Pendleton, daughter of Mr. William K. Pendleton, and two sons were born to them, Messrs. P. R. and W. P. Lamar.

Judge E. D. White's appointment as Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court was greeted with much satisfaction in Louisiana, his former home. He was born in Lafourche Parish, and began the practice of law there in 1868. He early attained prominence in the political affairs of the State, and was one of the ablest members of the Louisiana General Assembly. Judge White was appointed as a Justice of the State Supreme Court when only twenty-one years old. He is a Democrat and a Confederate veteran.

At a dinner to the former President, Theodore Roosevelt, in

New Haven, Conn., he was greeted with cheers, and in response he said: "It seems to me that nothing could be a better augury of the future of this country than that a Republican President should appoint an ex-Confederate of opposite political faith Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court and receive the unanimous applause of his countrymen."

LECTURE ON GENERAL LEE BY REV. R. LIN CAVE.

[Rev. R. L. Cave, Chaplain General U. C. V., who served under "Mars Robert," delivered a lecture upon the Confederate chieftain which may be heard with profit and satisfaction. His introduction to a home audience by Comrade G. H. Baskette, Editor of the Nashville Banner, deserves a place here.]

Ladies and Gentlemen: In this age of nerve-racking activities and commercial absorption we are prone to forego the contemplative habit which would lead us to study and reflect upon the lessons of the past as they are embodied in the history of events and in the lives of great men gone before. Even in the South to-day, with its rich heritage from the past, there is a growing tendency to invest the tragedy of the Civil War and all that it meant to the South with a merely academic interest rather than with the fervor of sentiment that gives flavor and significance to the traditions of a people.

It is well that the antagonisms, animosities, and sectional prejudices engendered in the frightful and momentous struggle of the sixties should be relegated to oblivion and be remembered no more; but as the men who participated in that bloody war and the noble women who aided and encouraged them and endured so much of hardship and privation are rapidly passing away, the glorious memories that cluster about the names and deeds that made the Southern arms illustrious should from time to time be called to the minds of the present generation, lest we forget, lest we forget.

The subject of the lecture which will be given this evening is eminently suited for the study of "the times that tried men's souls" in the highest aspects of truth and patriotism. The world has recognized Robert E. Lee as a man among men, and as one of earth's immortals he by his character and achievements contributed nobly in placing in the world's Valhalla of lost ideals the cause for which men of honest thought and lofty purpose have died in vain. The speaker of the evening has chosen a theme with which he is peculiarly fitted to deal, as he was himself a gallant Confederate soldier and had special opportunities to observe and study the character of the great Confederate chieftain.

The conventional formality of introducing to a Nashville audience a man so prominent in this community as Dr. Cave and one so generally known and so warmly esteemed is, of course, not necessary, and must be regarded simply as a courtesy which is a tribute to his worth and standing and as an earnest of that appreciation of his ability and eloquence that brings us together on this occasion.

It is my privilege and pleasure to present Dr. R. Lin Cave.

[Comment is not given upon the lecture except to state that the auditor who has heard many of the great tributes to the great and good man need not fear repetition in any sense by Dr. Cave. His conversational style in clear, forceful voice is well suited to a discussion of the character of the man in his inimitable personal life. It is difficult, evidently, to be brief enough upon so great a theme, entrancing as it is, to such audiences as the speaker may expect. If the grasp of the theme be incomplete in any respect, it may be detected in the recent charming book by Thomas Nelson Page entitled "Gen. R. E. Lee, the Southerner." It is understood that Dr. Cave will deliver this lecture North as well as South.]

"HEART OF DEAR OLD DIXIE."

BY JACOB CLOSZ.

Could it change, the heart of Dixie,
Beating fondly true away
For the stars and bars of olden
And the boys who wore the gray?
And could memory, so faithful,
E'er forget such sacrifice
As Dixie's dauntless heroes offered
For a nation's high emprise?

Refrain.

Then love our own dear Dixie
And the boys who wore the gray,
And cheer the grand old heroes
As they march and march away!
Forever and forever
All hail to the true and the brave,
Whose love for dear old Dixie Land
Still lives on beyond the grave!

Our magnolias bloom as ever,
And the sun shines as of old!
Could the heart of dear old Dixie
For her heroes e'er grow cold?
Nay, let her sons' and daughters'
Unchanged devotion prove
The height of Dixie's sacred honor
And the depth of Southern love!

Never yet defeat has cowered,
Though the trial be as fire,
Any worthy son or daughter
Of an Anglo-Saxon sire!
Like the oak that braves the tempests
And grows stronger with each blast,
So do the souls of Dixie's heroes
Rise to conquest to the last!

S. B. Donaldson, Route No. 3, Lynnville, Tenn., wishes to learn the company and regiment to which Frederick Becton McClure belonged in the Confederate army. He entered the service from Marshall County, Tenn.

Mrs. William Shearer, of Sheridan, Ark., wishes to make proof of the service of her husband, William Shearer, who was a South Carolinian, and was at the close of hostilities at Appomattox, and perhaps a member of General Lee's escort. Surviving comrades will confer a favor by writing her.

R. N. Hull, of Challis, Idaho, writes of having two uncles in the Confederate army, and he is anxious to locate any of their descendants who may be living now in the South. These uncles were Ezekiel and Richmond Nickless, and they left their home, in Carlisle, Mass., and settled at Guntersville, Ala., long before the war.

On the right of the battle of Franklin a Confederate soldier, wounded, was carried by the Federal troops across the river and cared for by them. Later in the night the lieutenant colonel of the 37th Mississippi Regiment, being also wounded, was placed near the soldier, and hearing the groans of the soldier, asked that he be placed near by him. This was done. The soldier, M. V. DeVault, of Jonesboro, Tenn., Route 10, would be grateful to any one giving him information as to the name and address of the lieutenant colonel if still living.

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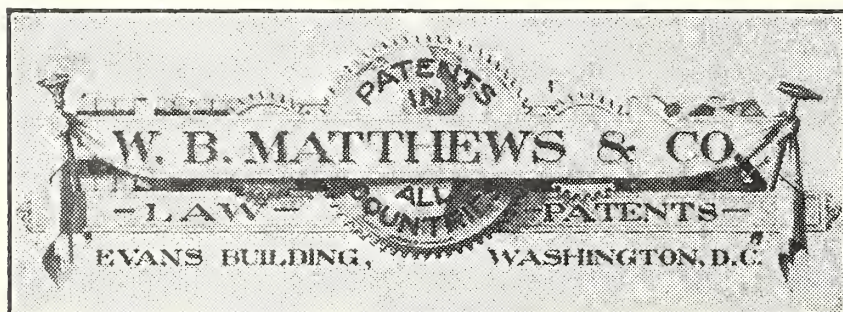
A. L. Smith, of Belton, S. C., is anxious to hear from some of the comrades of his father, Wilbur F. Smith, who served in Company B, Cobb's Legion of Georgia Cavalry.

J. S. Hopkins, R. F. D. No. 4, Charlottesville, Va., asks that some reader of the VETERAN will give him information of Chester Price, or Pierce, who, he thinks, was from Georgia, and was in charge of a detail at Point Lookout during the war. In this detail was a man named Coleman. One detail had charge of the officers' camps under Sergeant Bogden, of the Federal army.

Capt. Edgar J. Franklin, 122 Peckham Park Road, London, S. E., England, who served the Confederacy as head of the ordnance corps attached to the staff of Brig. Gen. Thomas F. Drayton, would like to hear from some of his old comrades. He was previously a member of a horse battery under General Magruder in the Trans-Mississippi Department, and remembers particularly Capt. Edmund P. Turner and Lieutenant Yancey, of General Magruder's staff.

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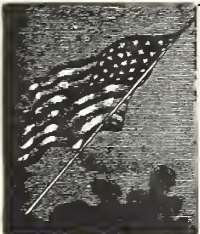


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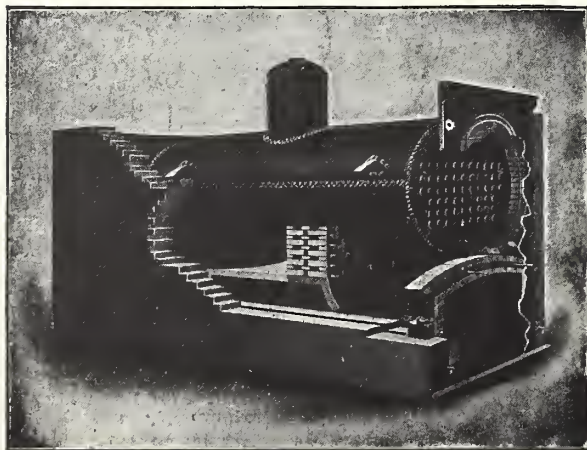
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VOL. XIX.

FEBRUARY, 1911.

NO. 2.



MEMBERSHIP SUPREME COURT UNITED STATES

Top row: Willis Van Devanter (Indiana, 1859), Wyoming; Horace H. Lurton (Kentucky, 1844), Tennessee; Chas. E. Hughes (1862), New York; Jos. R. Lamar (1857), Georgia.

Bottom row: Oliver W. Holmes (1841), Massachusetts; J. M. Harlan (1833), Kentucky; Edw. D. White (1845), Chief Justice, Louisiana; Jos. McKenna (1843), California; Wm. R. Day (1849), Ohio. [First picture of entire Court made in fifteen years.]

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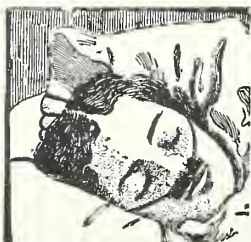
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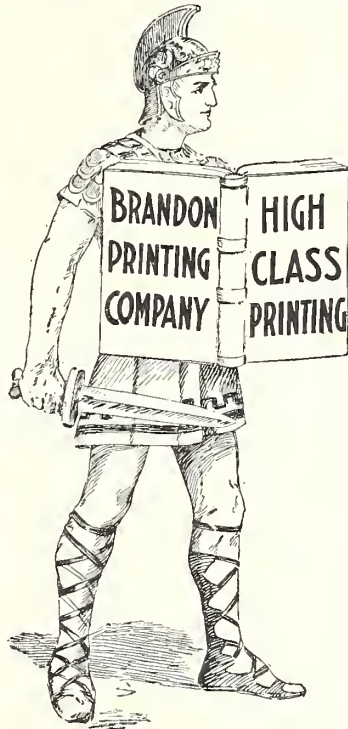
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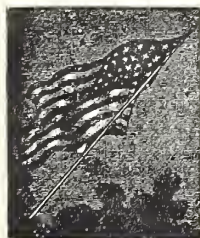
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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and *more* elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

ANNUAL \$1.00 PER YEAR.
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

VOL. XIX.

NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1911.

No. 2.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM
PROPRIETOR

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BADGES FOR THE UNITED DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. Virginia Faulkner McSherry, President General U. D. C., writes of delay in supply of badges: "It is a great disappointment to your President and also to the Insignia Committee that the badges are not yet ready to put on sale. To cut the steel dies is very delicate work, and cannot be hurried; but just as soon as possible (I think it will be some time in February) they will be supplied. By request from the Chapter Presidents the permits will be sent by the Chairman, Mrs. L. H. Raines, 908 Duffy Street East, Savannah, Ga. The general association will handle the badges and control the sale of them. A happy New Year to all Chapters, and I wish that much good work may be accomplished for our glorious cause."

SENDING SAMPLE COPIES OF THE VETERAN.

Recently a number of letters state: "If you send sample copies." It was presumed that patrons generally know that samples are gladly sent free. The rule has been to do this invariably. The VETERAN would gladly send 100,000 sample copies free, and the Commanders of every Camp of Veterans and Sons and every Chapter, U. D. C., are not only authorized but earnestly requested to send the names of every member not taking it for a sample copy. This request applies as well to every member of the Confederated Memorial Association. This organization is perhaps the best of all in the patronage of its members.

GEORGIANS IN HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE.

BY A. J. CONE, GAINESVILLE, FLA.

In the VETERAN for December injustice is done as gallant a body of men and officers as ever drew saber or shouldered rifles in defense of the South and for what she fought the whole world for four long years. Whether the wrong was done intentionally or through ignorance of the writer, it matters not, for history should be only facts.

The writer in giving a history of Hood's Texas Brigade fails to mention the 18th Georgia Regiment, which, with the 1st, 4th, and 5th Texas Regiments, composed Hood's Texas Brigade. The 18th Georgia arrived in Richmond some time in July, 1861, and was assigned to Louis T. Wigfall's command, then stationed near Evansport, on the Potomac, where we arrived in September. The winter was spent in picket duty along the banks of the Potomac and in supporting distance to a battery of heavy guns on the bluffs of this river, thus blocking the passage of vessels. How well I remember those cold, snowy days and weeks and months building winter quarters and drilling in fair weather!

Winter past, we took up the march to Yorktown, and soon back to Richmond. At Eltham's Landing we repulsed an attack of the enemy on our flank, run out from the landing on York River. Hood's Brigade was engaged for the first time. The next battle was Seven Pines and then under Stonewall Jackson on McClellan's right, "Gaines Mill," and flank, and to Frazier's Farm, White Oak Swamp, and Malvern Hill. Soon the campaign was made into Maryland, August 30 and 31. Next came the second battle of Manassas and Boons-

town Gap, Md., and the bloody battle of Sharpsburg or Antietam on September 17.

Just before the battle of Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862, the consolidation of State troops took place, and the 18th Georgia went to the brigade of T. R. R. Cobb, who was killed in that battle.

In all of these engagements the 18th Georgia, with Hood's Brigade, fought gallantly and lost heavily in killed and wounded. I will not say who commanded the brigade in the battle of Gaines Mill, June 27, whether Wigfall or Hood, but I saw General Wigfall on the field.

In the face of the facts how can any writer thus ignore the part the 18th Georgia took in all of these battles, where so many gallant Georgians fell? I write in simple justice to our noble dead and the few living participants. Should these lines meet the eyes of any of the surviving Texans, they will verify facts. Who nicknamed the 18th Georgia the "3d Texas?"

[Without referring to the article criticized, the VETERAN will state that in all that has been published there never has been manifest a purpose to ignore the gallant men of other States who shared the perils and privations of those gallant Texans. They may not have special mention in writing of Hood's Texas Brigade, but it seems to have been so well understood that they merited equal honor that it seems unfortunate to make such an issue.]

THIRD ARKANSAS INFANTRY.

In the "Confederate Military History," Volume X., Paragraph 2 (which set of twelve volumes is being supplied by the VETERAN), Col. John M. Harrell, of Harrell's Arkansas Cavalry Battalion, editor of the Arkansas Volume, states that the 3d Arkansas Infantry was organized at Lynchburg, Va., and was really the first regiment of regular troops of the Confederacy from Arkansas enlisted "for the war."

Dr. W. H. Tibbs and Van H. Manning organized companies and marched them from Ashley County. These two captains got permission to go to Virginia with their little "battalion." Manning obtained the influence of Hon. Albert Rust, formerly a member of Congress, to organize eight companies, and joined the two companies at Lynchburg, where the regiment was organized. Rust became colonel, Manning major, and Dr. Tibbs captain of Company A.

The regiment did very hard service in West Virginia and participated in many of the hard battles under Brig. Gen. James G. Walker, and was later assigned to the brigade of Gen. T. H. Holmes July 1, 1862. Later at Fredericksburg it was recruited by consolidating with it five Arkansas companies in Broaugh's Battalion. It was assigned to Hood's Texas Brigade at Fredericksburg. It was sent with Longstreet to Knoxville and Chickamauga, and under Gen. John Gregg fought in the battle of the Wilderness. At Cold Harbor Colonel Harrell states that Texas and Arkansas troops exemplified a valor that never was surpassed. Although after being recruited to 1,500 men by Broaugh's Battalion, it surrendered with three hundred guns at Appomattox. After Cold Harbor the regiment was at Deep Run, Petersburg, High Bridge, and Farmville. At Spottsylvania Colonel Harrell states that after the 4th and 5th Texas Regiments had been repulsed the 3d Arkansas drove back a Maine regiment.

THREE MEMBERS OF GEN. R. E. LEE'S STAFF SURVIVE.—Capt. Frederick M. Colston writes to the VETERAN to say that of General Lee's staff, in addition to Colonel Taylor and Major Young, Maj. Giles B. Cooke, assistant inspector general, also survives, and is now living at Matthews C. H., Va., where he is rector of Episcopal Churches.

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING NOVEMBER 30, 1910.

Receipts.

Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$26. Contributed by John B. Gordon Chapter, No. 1088, U. D. C., Muscogee, Fla., \$5; Southern Cross Chapter, No. 796, U. D. C., Miami, Fla., \$21.

Mrs. J. W. Heatfield, Director for Illinois, \$13.50. Contributed by Southern Club, Chicago, Ill., \$8.50; Dr. W. A. Evans, Health Department, Chicago, Ill., \$5.

Mrs. Elijah Conklin, Director for Nebraska, \$1.25.

Mrs. John J. Crawford, Director for New York, \$7. Contributed by members of New York Chapter, No. 103, U. D. C., New York City.

Mrs. W. R. Clement, Director for Oklahoma, \$13. Contributed by S. D. Lee Chapter, No. 759, U. D. C., Eufaula, Okla., \$5; Oklahoma Chapter, No. 1181, U. D. C., Oklahoma City, Okla., \$2.50; Joe Wheeler Chapter, No. 917, U. D. C., Wagoner, Okla., \$2.50; Fanny Wilkins Chapter, No. 993, U. D. C., Norman, Okla., \$3.

Mrs. I. W. Faison, Director for North Carolina, \$100.

Mrs. T. W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$8. Contributed by Mrs. J. A. Burton.

Mrs. Thomas S. Boccock, Director for Virginia, \$82. Contributed by Richmond Chapter, No. 158, U. D. C., Richmond, Va., \$25; Alleghany Chapter, No. 416, U. D. C., Covington, Va., \$6; Virginia Division, U. D. C., \$50; Mrs. L. Temple, \$1.

Mr. J. H. Leonard, Wichita, Kans., \$2.

Mr. Arthur Parker, Abbeville, S. C., \$1.

Total receipts for the month, \$253.75.

Balance on hand November 1, 1910, \$19,617.12.

REPORT ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1910.

Receipts.

Mrs. Clementine Boles, Director for Arkansas, \$5. Contributed by Mrs. J. P. Tatum, Eldorado, Ark.

Mrs. Lillie F. Worthington, Director for Mississippi, \$115. Contributed by Durant Chapter, No. 973, U. D. C., Durant, Miss., \$10; Coffeeville Chapter, No. 457, U. D. C., Coffeeville, Miss., \$10; Twiggs Rifles Chapter, No. 1138, U. D. C., Scranton, Miss., \$10; Tupelo Chapter, No. 888, U. D. C., Tupelo, Miss., \$10; sale of Arlington stamps, \$70; Confederate post cards, \$5.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$15. Contributed by Stephen D. Lee Chapter, No. 1066, U. D. C., Clinton, S. C., \$5; Paul McMichael Chapter, No. 427, U. D. C., Orangeburg, S. C., \$5; Wade Hampton Chapter, No. 29, U. D. C., Columbia, S. C., \$5.

Mrs. J. B. Dibrell, Director for Texas, \$5. Contributed by John B. Gordon Chapter, No. 839, U. D. C., Huntsville, Tex.

Balance on hand last report, \$19,870.87.

Total, \$20,010.87.

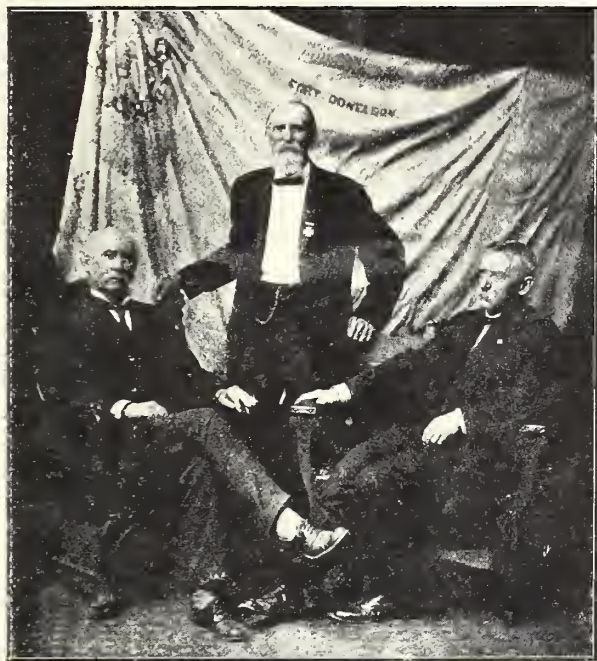
WALLACE STREATER, Treasurer.

SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER.

Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Cuthbert, Ga.....	\$ 3 00
J. H. Lewis Chapter, Frankfort, Ky.....	1 00
A. S. Johnston Chapter, Louisville, Ky.....	10 00
Stonewall Jackson Chapter, New Orleans, La.....	5 00
Ex. from Mrs. R. E. Randolph, Alexander City, La....	28 00
Mrs. Katie C. Schnabe, New Orleans, La. (personal)...	2 00
New York Chapter, New York, N. Y.....	25 00
C. of C. Aux. to R. E. Lee Chapter, Puryear, Tenn....	1 00
Virginia Division.....	50 00
Total in hands of Treasurer, \$8,846.86.	

DEATHS UNDER FLAG OF EIGHTH TENNESSEE.



DR. NAT GOOCH, LOGUE NELSON, WILLIAM L. M'KAY.

This picture presents the flag of the 18th Tennessee Infantry, Palmer's Regiment, and the last three men who carried it through the battle of Murfreesboro. It was made by Miss Mat Watkins, of Murfreesboro, partly of the wedding dress of Mrs. Gen. John C. Breckinridge and presented to the regiment by Miss Watkins. [Mrs. Breckinridge presented another flag to a regiment at Tullahoma.] It was received by Adj. John Douglas, and after the battle it was given to a lady friend of his to preserve, as the small battle flag was adopted at that time. It was lately restored to Logue Nelson, the last man who carried it. During the battle ten men were shot down under it, Comrade Nelson only escaping unhurt.

The color bearer of the regiment was George Lowe, of Company C, and eight guards, three of whom were shot on December 31, 1862, and six on January 2, 1863, in Breckinridge's fatal charge. Lowe and McKay were the last of the six to fall. Lowe was mortally wounded, and as he fell McKay caught the colors, and almost instantly he was terribly wounded. Capt. Nat Gooch, of General Palmer's staff, then ordered a soldier to pick up the flag, and was told to "pick it up yourself." Captain Gooch did so, but was soon severely wounded in the shoulder and right hand, and then handed the colors to Lieutenant Fakes, who in turn gave it to Logue Nelson, who carried it through the battle.

Comrade W. L. McKay was so severely wounded that he secured no attention for some time. When the surgeons finally gave him attention, they decided to amputate his leg. He had been shot through the body and an arm as well. He begged them most piteously to spare his leg, so that all parts of his body could be buried together. That leg is not well yet, but he is grateful to have it, as he walks fairly well with a stick.

Comrade McKay has preserved this extract from Lieut. G. W. Dillon's diary: "February 9, 1863, Camp 18th Tennessee Volunteers. Corp. W. L. McKay was unanimously chosen by Company I, 18th Tennessee, to be presented to the President for promotion for his superior gallantry on the battlefield of

Murfreesboro on the 2d of January, 1863." It is signed by S. H. Freas, commanding the company. A note from this modest comrade states: "I am sure the compliment was paid me simply because I was so terribly wounded."

THE BLOUNT GUARDS FLAG.

BY GEN. J. M. ARNOLD, COVINGTON, KY.

'Last fall I sent notice to the VETERAN about a Confederate flag that was captured at the fall of Fort Donelson which was marked "Blount Guards." The notice brought a letter from a comrade at Water Valley, Miss., who stated that it belonged to the Blount Guards which had been organized in Tippah County, Miss., and was named for the first captain.

I had some correspondence with Chancellor I. T. Blount, of Water Valley, who is a brother of Captain Blount, who stated that the flag was made by his sister and presented to the company when it started to the front.

The flag has been returned, and is now in possession of Chancellor Blount. He writes me that some time during the summer there will be a reunion of the few members of the Blount Guards that are living to rejoice over the return of their flag. The flag was in a good state of preservation and was made of the finest silk.

I. T. Blount, of Water Valley, Miss., sent the following communication: "In a recent number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN the following notice appeared: 'Gen. James M. Arnold, of Covington, Ky., writes of a Confederate flag, 4x7 feet, in possession of a gentleman of that city on which is inscribed "Blount Guards;" but no State is given.' * * * This notice attracted the attention of Capt. A. C. Rucker, who notified Mr. Sam Miskelly, who was a member of the Blount Guards. Mr. Miskelly conferred with me relative to the matter, and it is my purpose to take steps at once to get possession of the flag. I will bear all expense if any is incurred in its recovery; and as the flag belongs to the surviving members of the company, it will be turned over to them to be disposed of as they may direct. My brother, Capt. C. G. Blount, organized the Blount Guards."

From T. B. Yeates, Fort Worth, Tex.: "I am very grateful for the many historical facts brought out in the VETERAN. I note a comrade's reference to music on the battlefield of Franklin, attributing it to Cockrell's Brigade. I state that it was made by the 28th Tennessee Regiment, which had been consolidated with the 8th Tennessee. I was on detail as a skirmisher, Colonel Fields being in command of the skirmish line. We charged and drove in their pickets and drove also the first line of battle out of their works, then we stopped until the coming of our main line. While waiting we heard the band playing 'Dixie,' and a wounded comrade by my side exclaimed: 'My God! Listen to that band.' I turned to see what band could be playing, and saw that it was our own regiment band. About this time General Gist came up with his brigade immediately in our rear and got behind the works, and while trying to get his men to move forward he was killed and fell upon me. Cheatham's grand old division swept over the works without halting and made a rush for the last line."

[The Editor of the VETERAN remembers distinctly that a band began to play on the right of the Columbia pike almost immediately after General Hood decided to "make the fight," as he said to a subordinate officer. That was on the line of the Winstead Hill. Other bands evidently followed suit, and that is why Comrade Yeates heard his regiment band playing. Others still may have heard music before the carnage.]

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

DILIGENCE IN FRIENDSHIP.

A Senator of the United States serving before the Civil War lived to a great age. He was an agnostic, and the writer talked to him upon the issues of life. The venerable man said he would not disturb the faith of any one, but he could not believe in the Christian doctrine. The greatly honored and the worthily beloved Edison is reported as having no faith beyond that of the golden rule—why doesn't he ground his wire?—and that he is dead five hours every night. The Christian possesses the inherent hope that makes compliance with the golden rule his guide, and he feels safely protected by the invisible Power against any storms that may come.

With or without the Christian faith those who have lived many years concur in the lesson that the VETERAN would impress upon younger generations—the goodness of diligence in friendship. Don't have contempt for nor ignore "the common herd." Don't run over the humble with your automobile nor deafen them with frightful, horrid warnings that their lives can only be saved by frantic efforts to escape your tornado. See too if you may not sometimes recognize people you formerly knew. Be conservative, remembering that there are greater than you, and that your machine may hurl you into eternity when you least expect it. [This illustration is given without warring upon this industry, for it is a great advantage over anything yet invented; it beats flying in the air, and there is nothing lovelier than dainty closed-in electric cars used by ladies who demonstrate by their operation exquisite qualities of gentle womanhood. See how they stop when frightened horses from the country show fear to their drivers or riders.]

A word to the very rich: With far less than Carnegie and Rockefeller have given away or Mrs. Sage has the responsibility of giving, many of you have become exclusive; you ignore former associations; even your funerals are exclusive. Brethren, are your visions obliterated? Do you sometimes think of how long you may be lonely in the tomb? Consider the brevity of your lives. You open and shut your eyes and are forgotten. Take agnosticism, follow the golden rule, or let down the great Anchor supplied by the Nazarene. If you profess to be His follower, withdrawal from the lives of the unfortunate is all the worse, and you will see that your short-sighted folly is the more deplorable for yourselves. "Be sure your sins will find you out." The tall, the wise, and the richest heads must lie in the lonesome tomb. An eternal vengeance will be exercised and lost opportunities for doing good to the least of fellow-beings will cause remorse and cannot be recovered. Veteran comrades of bloody battles will concur in this plea, and such principles should be urged by them.

Next to putting the VETERAN in the hands of the hundreds of thousands who would treasure records that exalt the human race its founder would plead for diligence in friendship, in helping the needy, and giving good cheer to the desolate.

The VETERAN is so much engaged in helping others unavoidably that it does more perhaps than it is entitled to credit for. Remember that another policy of the VETERAN is its detestation of profanity. How silly it is to swear! Ask the profane to repeat a statement, and he is apt to omit the profanity.

SECRET SERVICE OF THE C. S. A. WANTED.

Inquiry is made through the VETERAN in regard to the secret service of the Confederacy and of any survivors connected with that important branch of the government service. Its supply would be appreciated. Some eminent American historians are now at work on a "Semicentennial Memorial Library" of ten volumes, in which it is desired to do full justice to the Southern cause; but certain subjects will have to be passed over unless such information as this is secured. Mr. Francis Trevelyn Miller, editor in chief of this work, will appreciate hearing from any one who was in the secret service of the Confederacy or who can give any information of its workings. His address is Hartford, Conn. The VETERAN would like data on this line. It is late enough now to tell these secrets. There is very little of known data in the "War Records," so it is most desirable that representatives of spies make record of what they know.

F. Hall writes from Plymouth, Mich.: "I am so well pleased with the sample copy of the VETERAN received that I send a dollar to have it sent to me regularly. I as a Northerner am a strong advocate of a cordial, fraternal feeling between the North and the South and a white man's government. May God deliver us from the horror that the South had to undergo after the termination of the War between the States at the hands of the hot-headed Republicans of the North, who were in the majority in that party at that time! They acted more like cannibals and savages than human beings when they inflicted the despicable negro rule on the Southern people. God knows I am ashamed of it. An Irishman in speaking of negroes said: 'Naygurs are all right in their way, but, begorra, they are in everybody else's way.'"

PATRONS OF THE VETERAN IN CITIES.

It is an interesting feature of the VETERAN to note its circulation in cities. Nashville is not included, for, of course, its patronage, as may be expected, is largest. Going over the list by States, the numbers are as follows: Birmingham, 91; Mobile, 71; Montgomery, 57; Little Rock, 87; Los Angeles, 50; San Francisco, 25; Denver, 34; Washington, D. C., 87; Jacksonville, 49; Atlanta, 98; Augusta, 54; Savannah, 63; Athens, Ga., 32; Rome, 32; Chicago, 42; Louisville, 96; Bowling Green, 30; Lexington, 40; Lancaster, Ky., 24; New Orleans, 124; Shreveport, 40; Baltimore, 82; Aberdeen, Miss., 20; Jackson, 42; Kansas City, 50; St. Louis, 87; New York, 90; Muskogee, Okla., 36; Charleston, S. C., 72; Columbia, 35; Chester, 23; Chattanooga, 55; Memphis, 107; Austin, 61; Dallas, 71; Fort Worth, 75; Houston, 56; San Antonio, 42; Sherman, 42; Waco, 57; Norfolk, 62; Lynchburg, 31; Portsmouth, 32; Roanoke, 42; Richmond, 85; Charleston, W. Va., 30; Charlestown, W. Va., 33.

Other cities of smaller population have more in proportion. Meridian, Miss., with 104 subscribers, is the largest of all in this respect; Humboldt, Tenn., 36; Morristown, Tenn., 30; while Texas towns have always led save a few in Tennessee. For instance, in Texas, Amarillo has 51; Hubbard, 36; Longview, 43; Corsicana, 35; Bay City, 33; Cleburne, 25; Denton, 29; Greenville, 31; Marshall, 33; Mount Vernon, 26; Terrell, 27; Waxahachie, 23; Weatherford, 26; Temple, 32. Stillwell, Okla., with 31, exceeds the number in Oklahoma City. It is a singular coincidence how in the States the proportion is in such consistency with the population.

Glancing at the smaller towns, it may be seen in Alabama that Brewton has 21; Demopolis, 29; Evergreen, 20; Living-

ston, 15. In Arkansas, Arkadelphia has 31; Batesville, 18; Benton, 22; Camden, 21; Fort Smith, 27; Van Buren, 21; Pine Bluff, 33. Lakeland, Fla., has 30, while Tampa has but 26. Columbus, Miss., has 42; Corinth, 29; Greenwood, 21; Greenville, 19; Grenada, 20; Lexington, 20; Natchez, 20; Vicksburg, 22; West Point, 28. Charleston, Mo., has 39; Carlsbad, N. Mex., 27; Winston-Salem, N. C., 31; Cleveland, Ohio, 21; Columbia, Tenn., 52; Franklin, 44; Shelbyville, 26; Paris, 24; while Murfreesboro has 40 and Knoxville 44.

In the far-away State of Washington it goes to many post offices. Seattle takes 21, Spokane 14, and Tacoma 9.

The foregoing is given as a mere glimpse of the territory in which the VETERAN has its best patronage. Many other places are stronger in proportion to population, yet these more generally represent those who are most interested. If readers who see that their cities are not sufficiently represented would take it in hand to send for sample copies and speak to friends who don't even know of the VETERAN, they would gratify both parties. It is impossible to achieve the good to which the VETERAN is devoted except through the active coöperation of its friends.

SPRIT OF TRUE SOLDIERS AND PATRIOTS.

Capt. Gideon W. Gifford, of the Nashville post office, who was a soldier in the Union army, had recently some pleasing correspondence with Lieut. Gen. Arthur MacArthur. (The rank of lieutenant general will expire with General MacArthur, since it has been settled that the United States will have no other military office higher than that of major general.) This correspondence will be read with interest.

In response to the request of General MacArthur for data in regard to the battle of Franklin, Captain Gifford sent a copy of "Bright Skies," by Dr. H. M. Field, deceased, as containing what he regards would best serve the General's inquiry. In the letter Captain Gifford stated incidentally that "many years ago" he formed a very warm attachment for General Cheatham; that "he was frequently with us at the National Cemetery on Decoration Day, and one occasion said to me: 'I fought them and have the right to honor their memory.'"

In his reply General MacArthur states: "I met General Cheatham in 1866, and during the military operations of the Philippines had his son with me, first as major of the Tennessee regiment, and later as colonel of the 37th United States Volunteers. I therefore, as yourself, have pleasant recollections of the family, especially so as Colonel Cheatham is now one of the very best officers in the Quartermaster's Department of the regular establishment, as he was formerly one of the best types of the volunteer officer."

This son is the eldest of three sons. Another, named for Gen. J. E. Johnston, is a paymaster in the United States navy, while the third, Patton R. Cheatham, is in business here.

A Dawsonville (Ga.) correspondent of the Constitution on January 9 in reporting the funeral of Comrade and Frère J. B. Thomas, of the Advertiser, calls him "a man of character and universal esteem," and adds: "In the battle of Missionary Ridge he was a drummer. The soldier by his side in the charge up the hill was shot down. Young Thomas threw aside his drum and seized the musket of the fallen comrade. Charging over the hill on the Confederate lines came the Union forces. The color bearer was especially daring, and the young drummer, now turned sharpshooter, leveled his gun and shot down the color bearer. The flag fell, but a daring young Federal soldier sprang forward and rescued it

before the Confederates could advance to capture it. That young soldier was Gen. Arthur MacArthur, a few years ago retired, after having held the highest office in the United States army. A little while before his death Captain Thomas received a letter from General MacArthur, written from his home in Milwaukee, in which the retired United States officer expressed the most kindly sentiments for the young Confederate soldier, who in doing his duty gave the Federal soldier the first opportunity to win advancement and be promoted on the field, beginning a series of promotions which finally landed him in the chief place, as stated, in the United States army.

BRIDGES IN VICINITY OF COLUMBIA, S. C.

BY ROBERT W. SHAND, COLUMBIA, S. C.

The apparent discrepancies in the several accounts which have appeared in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN during the last year as to what commands bore the large part in the fighting at "the bridge" (implying only one bridge) when Sherman entered Columbia, S. C., in February, 1865, are readily reconciled by those of your readers who know what was the condition here at that time. I was not then in Columbia, but was of full age and had lived here uninterruptedly since my birth.

Columbia is situated on the eastern bank of the Congaree River, which is formed by the confluence at this point of the Broad and Saluda Rivers. Prior to Sherman's advance there were three bridges at and near Columbia—one across each of the three rivers. Sherman's army entered the city by crossing the Saluda and then the Broad at the bridge, about one mile above the city. It was evidently at this Broad River bridge that Wheeler made his stubborn defense. There was also fighting at the Congaree bridge, as mentioned in your September issue; but this bridge burned before a crossing over it could be effected by the invading army. All three bridges were burned at that time.

[Mr. Shand sent a drawing of the rivers and the bridges in their relation to the city of Columbia.—ED.]

DENTAL FEES DURING THE WAR.

BY DR. B. H. TEAGUE, AIKEN, S. C.

Some time ago I came across the following entries on the ledger of a deceased relative who practiced dentistry during the Confederate war:

"1860. Mrs. H.: March 17, to four artificial teeth of gold plate, \$20; March 17, to extracting two teeth for servant (slave) girl, \$2; April 19, to extracting one tooth for servant (slave) boy, \$1."

"1863. Mr. N. T.: July 8, to six gold fillings for son, \$5; July 9, to seven gold fillings for daughter, \$80; July 9, to one gold filling for daughter (extra size), \$15; July 9, to three gold fillings for daughter (ordinary), \$30; July 22, to one gold filling for wife, \$10; December 2, to one gold plate, \$975."

In consequence of the depreciation of Confederate money the fees advanced enormously from 1860 to 1863. They continued to advance, and dental materials became so scarce that a gold filling cost \$1,000, and gold plates were unobtainable at the time of the surrender.

[Such charges seem enormous in this day of good work at fair prices; but there are even now some dentists who charge excessively, as the following anecdote aptly illustrates: A certain lady of N— had planned to make a trip abroad, and that everything might be in good condition she went to a dentist of high reputation for some little necessary work. A friend, meeting her some time after, inquired as to the date of sailing. "O, I've had to give up the trip," she said, adding naïvely, "but my dentist is going."]

"JOHN BROWN, OF KANSAS."

[A paper read before the annual meeting of the "Veterans of '56" on September 14, 1910, by Col. O. E. Learnard. Colonel Learnard is an old settler of Kansas. He commanded a regiment in the Federal army, and is a Republican in politics.]

At the meeting of this association two years ago I was to have made some remarks in relation to John Brown and his career in Kansas, but was unable to do so on account of ill health. Since then I have given the matter very little thought until that recent much-heralded event at Osawatimie by and through which was revealed a stated purpose to pervert the facts of history in the interest of a mawkish sentimentality that deliberately ignores and derides well-authenticated history.

The late Joel K. Goodin in a letter to Governor Robinson said: "The sickening adulation and offensive slobbers over some of the imaginary saviors of Kansas to freedom which have passed the lips of ministers and laymen, lecturers and politicians, editors and essayists during the past thirty years have added little to the truthfulness of history or the healthy education of the young men and young women of the State." Under the circumstances it seems pertinent that at least some of the salient facts of the matter should be stated.

In what I have to say in the brief time allotted me this is all I can presume upon, and I do this from no motive or wish other than a vindication of the truth of history. It is conceded at the outset that most of the early settlers, those who were cognizant of the facts, most of whom were participants in the event, did not and do not share the sentiments which have recently been expressed as to the character and achievements of John Brown. Some of us who survive know better. * * *

The claims made for John Brown are that he was the savior of Kansas to freedom; that he inspired the organized armed resistance to border ruffian aggression, and was its master spirit and guide. Each and all of the claims on his behalf I unhesitatingly repudiate and deny.

The first organized and armed resistance was in what is designated as the "Wakarusa War." Governor Robinson was chief in command and General Lane second. John Brown had but recently arrived, and on the strength of the representation that he had fought in the battle of Plattsburg in the War of 1812—a representation, by the way, that was absolutely false—he was given the nominal command of a small squad of men.

During that brief and bloodless campaign John Brown spent most of his time in fault-finding and growling about camp, particularly that of the Topeka company, so that they ordered him to get out and stay out. This statement is made on the authority of the late Guilford Dudley, for a great many years a prominent and well-known resident of Topeka, and who was a member of the Topeka company. John Speer in his "Life of General Lane," referring to the treaty that closed the "Wakarusa War," says: "The conflict was remarkable for the harmony among the free State leaders. I heard of no disagreement except Brown, who was bitter against any settlement."

And this same habit of growling and fault-finding characterized all his later relations to the free State movement and its leaders. During the spring and summer of 1856 John Brown was only occasionally about Lawrence, and only for brief periods, and at no time did he have command here. He was here on the 14th of September. I saw him a little after noon as twenty-five of us mounted men started out to locate the Missourians, about whom all sorts of rumors were afloat. Together with a possible half dozen in the earthworks at the

corner of Massachusetts and Henry Streets, Brown was saying to the men: "I have no command here, but I am used to these Sharps rifles, and they shoot over. If you want to hit, aim at the knees." I saw no more of him that day, and I know of no one who did. I saw him at Rock Creek Camp and one or two other times during the summer. When Lane proposed to me to make the demonstration on Leavenworth that summer, he coupled with it the suggestion that Brown accompany us, to which I replied that I was willing to make the trip, but that Brown could not go with us, and of course he did not.

He captured Clay Pate with the coöperation of Captain Shore, whose men outnumbered Brown's, but who did not share the credit. This was in a way a victory, the only one of his Kansas career. Most of his operations were in the border counties of Kansas and Missouri—forays, night alarms, and frightening peaceful citizens. Generally his raids were fruitful of plunder. A proslavery man or even a free State man who did not accord with his views and methods had no rights of person or property that Brown respected. This condition continued long after the free State issue was settled, the territorial Legislature in the hands of the free State men, as well as the administration of local affairs in the border counties. Indeed, a condition of disquiet and apprehension prevailed to a greater or less extent in the border counties until Brown left Kansas for good.

His achievements for the most part were of the order of that noted by Professor Spring as follows: "The capture of Pate was not the only exploit of Brown's company in the vicinity of Black Jack. At St. Bernard, five miles from camp, a successful proslavery trader had a miscellaneous store filled with dry goods, clothing, drugs, groceries, firearms, hardware, boots, and shoes. A necessitous company of guerrillas could scarcely be expected to neglect so favorable an opportunity to supply their wants at the expense of a Southerner. Certainly the company camped on Middle Creek did nothing of the kind. About nightfall June 3—such is the drift of the testimony before the Strickler Commission—'part of a company commanded by one John Brown, armed with Sharps rifles, pistols, Bowie knives, and other deadly weapons, came upon the premises and attacked and rushed into the said store'—a sudden condition of affairs so warlike that the employees 'were deterred, threatened, and overpowered by the desperadoes, who demanded a surrender of the goods and chattels, threatening immediate death and destruction should the slightest opposition be offered.' Finding the prize richer than they had anticipated and their appliances for transportation inadequate, the gang returned in the morning and resumed operations."

Ridpath in his "Life of John Brown" says: "Brown then lay down by our side and told us of the wars and trials he passed through; that he had settled in Kansas with a large family, having with him six full-grown sons; that he had taken a claim in Lykens County, Kans., and was attending peacefully to the duties of husbandry when the hordes of wild men came over from Missouri and took possession of all the ballot boxes, destroyed his corn, stole his horses, and shot down his cattle, sheep, and hogs, and repeatedly threatened to shoot, hang, or burn him."

Commenting upon this, Dr. George W. Brown, who has written some of the most truthful of Kansas history and who lived a great part of it, says: "Need we write, even at this distance in time from those occurrences in Kansas history, that probably there was not a word of truth in all that statement?"

Old John Brown had participated in no wars; he never settled in Kansas with his family, hence did not have any six sons with him in that family; he never entered any claim in Lykens County, Kans., nor anywhere else; he did not attend to the duties of husbandry; he was not in the territory until six months after the Missouri usurpation of the ballot boxes. The only horses he ever owned, save the one he drove into the territory, were stolen, and the same is true of his blooded stock, his sheep, and his hogs, if he had any."

The late Gen. J. K. Hudson, for many years editor of the Topeka Capital, and one of the foremost writers of the West, said in the course of an editorial in the Topeka Capital: "There is not written in the annals of Kansas a single incident that reflects credit upon the intelligence of John Brown, his industry, his integrity, or reveals a single admirable quality of heart or mind. Kansas has been wont to veneer the character of John Brown with excessive praise. It has habitually spread upon his memory the spittle of effulgent adulation. Isn't it about time to take the measure of his true value as a citizen? Isn't it about time to admit the truth, which is that he was a loafer, a brawler, a disturber, who did nothing to his own credit and who scattered misery with a hand of a sower?"

I refrain from a recital of the details of the massacre on the Potawatomie at "Dutch Henry's Crossing," an act too shocking even at this late day to dwell upon without feelings of repulsion and horror, and such details make one of the blackest pages of American history, conceived and executed by this exponent of the new civilization, according to his latest eulogist.

To know the character of the man fully, however, it is necessary to recall some incidents in his life previous to coming to Kansas. Prior to the time he had failed in every undertaking of his life, in every enterprise in which he had been engaged. He was a disappointed, disgruntled, distempered, and thoroughly discredited, misanthropic bankrupt in business and in reputation. His business operations, largely in Ohio, but extending into several other States, so involved both his financial and business standing that he enjoyed the distinction of being defendant in suits growing out of his peculiar methods in six States at the same time for delinquencies in business transactions.

In the North American Review N. Eggleston writes under date of October, 1883, concerning Brown: "I knew the old scoundrel long before the war, long before Kansas was known, long before abolition had many advocates. He tried to blow up his mother-in-law with powder; he was guilty of every meanness. He involved his father at one time in ruin, and everybody else he had anything to do with. When his farm was sold at sheriff's sale in Hudson, he took two or three of his largest boys into the house and barricaded it, laid in a stock of guns and ammunition, and when the day of the sale came defied the sheriff and his posse; the guns pointed out of every window and the sheriff returned, but sold the place and gave possession as far as he could. The purchaser occupied what he could of the property, till at length Brown and his first original 'Northern army' found it was no use to resist further. He finally gave up and moved away. His swindling operations in Franklin, Portage County, Ohio, would make another chapter. The last time I saw him was at Brockway's hotel in Cleveland, where he had a large gang of Missouri horses selling them. Brockway told me they were stolen, and I heard the question put to Brown himself, and he did not deny it."

Abraham Lincoln in his Cooper Institute speech said: "John

Brown's effort was peculiar. It was not a slave insurrection. It was an attempt by white men to get up a revolt among the slaves in which the slaves refused to participate. In fact, it was so absurd that the slaves, in all their ignorance, saw plainly enough that it could not succeed. * * * Orsini's (the Italian assassin) attempt on Louis Napoleon and John Brown's attempt at Harper's Ferry were in their philosophy the same."

Eli Thayer, the organizer and promoter of the Emigrant Aid Society, who did much to make Kansas a free State, in his "Kansas Crusade," says: "The Chicago Republican convention which nominated Mr. Lincoln for the presidency in 1860 unanimously resolved that Brown was one of the greatest of criminals. Thaddeus Stevens said: 'Brown ought to be hung for attempting to capture Virginia in the way he did.' Henry Wilson said: 'John Brown is a d— old fool.' When Brown made his invasion of Virginia and during his trial, conviction, and execution, I was a member of Congress and had the means of knowing the opinions of the members. There was not one member of that body that considered his punishment unjust. A few, however, were of the opinion that it would have been better to have put him in a madhouse for life. This method would have prevented the grotesque efforts of a few of his sympathizers and supporters to parade him before the country as a martyr. It is charity to rank Brown as a monomaniac in the same list with Orsini, Guiteau, Booth, and Freeman. But his admirers did not allow this, for it would ruin him as a saint and a martyr. They contend not only that he was sane, but that he was a great moral hero. If we admit his sanity, we must then regard him either as a felon or a fiend. But what did John Brown do? In Kansas he dragged from their beds at midnight three men and two boys and hacked them in pieces with two-edged cleavers in such a way that the massacre was reported to be the work of wild Indians. If any butcher in New York City should hack and slash to death his own hogs and steers as John Brown hacked and slashed to death these men and boys in Kansas, he would be imprisoned without delay. After this Brown slew an unarmed, inoffensive farmer in Missouri. In his murderous raid at Harper's Ferry the first man he slew was a negro engaged in the discharge of his duty at the freight station there."

In reference to this work of securing things for Kansas Eli Thayer says in his "Kansas Crusade:" "Amos Lawrence furnished him money which enabled him to pay his fare to Kansas late in the year 1855. Subsequently he contributed for his use in the territory, and for traveling outside of it, many important sums. He also furnished about one thousand dollars to pay a mortgage on Brown's farm at North Elba, N. Y. For one or two years he regarded Brown as an honest man and a useful aid to the Free State cause. At length, however, he learned how his confidence had been abused, and from that time no one ever denounced the Potawatomie assassin in more vigorous English. * * * He entered into a contract with a blacksmith at Collinsville, Conn., to manufacture for him one thousand pikes of a certain pattern, to be completed in ninety days, and paid five hundred and fifty dollars on the contract. There is no record that he mentioned this matter to any committee. His proposed Kansas minute men were only one hundred in number, and the pikes could not be for them. His explanation to the blacksmith that they would be a good weapon of defense for the Kansas settlers was clearly a subterfuge. These pikes, ordered about March 23, 1857, were without doubt intended for his Virginia invasion; and, in fact, the identical lot, finished after long delay under the same

contract, were shipped to him in September, 1859, and were actually used in his Harper's Ferry attempt. * * * He came to me in Worcester to solicit a contribution of arms for the defense of some Kansas settlements which he said he knew were soon to be attacked by parties already organized in Missouri for that purpose. Not doubting his word, I gave him all the arms I had, in value about five hundred dollars. Under the same false pretense he secured another contribution from Ethan Allen & Co., manufacturers of arms in this city. These arms also were never brought to Kansas, but were captured at Harper's Ferry."

Concisely stated, the facts are as follows: John Brown was never in any proper sense a citizen of Kansas, nor was he "Osawatimie Brown," that appellation in the early years having been applied to O. C. Brown, who founded the town and gave it its name compounded from the names of the two streams that unite there, the Osage and the Potawatimie. He never engaged in any legitimate business or employment while here; nor did he aid in any way in the improvement or development of the country. With the instincts of an anarchist and the hand of an assassin, his career in Kansas was one of lawlessness and crime—the one indelible blot on the otherwise fair free State record.

"His body is molding in the grave," but not in Kansas. He is buried where he lived at North Elba, N. Y.

What I am saying may naturally enough provoke the inquiry: "What, then, does it mean, this sentiment that is abroad that holds John Brown to be a hero and a martyr?" I answer that it is sentiment and not fact—the sentiment that actuates emotional women who send bouquets of flowers and words of sympathy to hardened criminals awaiting the penalty of their crimes. * * *

The Jeffersonian Gazette at Lawrence, Kans., in commenting upon Colonel Larnard's paper before "The Veterans of '56," states: "To those who have been accustomed to think of Brown akin to awe and veneration the charges of Colonel Larnard that Brown was a common thief, a highway robber, and a horse thief and a midnight assassin came as a shock. Colonel Larnard has always held to this opinion, but has never before stated so tersely and so forcibly the facts that have been in his possession for more than fifty years. When he closed, three or four women were on their feet to protest against adopting officially the truth of the statements and printing the article in newspapers and filing it with the State Historical Society at Topeka. Only two men of the audience objected, while they admitted the truth of Colonel Larnard's statements, or at least did not deny them. The women made speeches pleading for the ideal John Brown and telling how they had been taught to revere his memory. * * * As the women made their earnest appeals he sat and smiled. Arising eventually, he said: 'I do not care what you do with this paper of mine. It is of no moment to me, but if any man or woman here cares to deny one statement I have made, let it be done now, or let my facts as I have given them stand as undisputed Kansas history.' And not one of the objectors raised a question of the truthfulness of his historical record."

TESTIMONY FROM A SISTER OF JOHN BROWN.

The VETERAN of July, 1900, page 319, contains extracts from an interview with John Brown's sister in the Chicago Times-Herald, in which she said: "I am the youngest and last of sixteen children who used to toil and romp with John as a boy. * * * Yes, I am willing to be quoted; but I seek no distinction for myself or for my family, for we never earned it.

We were all abolitionists and called ourselves Christians; but some of us were more tolerant than John toward others who wanted to be called slave-holding Christians. History has been very foolish. One class of writers called him a saint, but he was far from being one."

When asked if she didn't think the great State of Virginia should have been more lenient toward such a small and powerless force, she replied: "No, John and his comrades were not lenient to Virginia and her institutions. According to the State and National Constitutions, John was wrong. We would not tolerate it to-day. A band from an adjoining State attempting to overthrow our local institutions would be captured, prosecuted, and probably executed as John and his men were. No doubt we have wronged the South in many ways."

Referring to negroes since freedom, she said: "Several years ago in talking with a Southern lady I became enlightened. Great tears streamed down her face as she portrayed to me the destitute condition of the negroes. Mrs. Davis was then (1900) sixty-eight years old, and lived in St. Johns, Mich."

THE BATTLE OF WILSON'S CREEK.

BY GEN. GEORGE M. JONES, SPRINGFIELD, MO.

The January VETERAN contains an article by Dr. Boyd, of Austin, Tex., correcting certain statements made by Capt. A. B. Barnes in the October VETERAN in regard to Colonel Coleman and the part he performed in the battle of Wilson's Creek, making him (Coleman) the hero and winner of the fight. The spirit of Dr. Boyd's article is excellent, and, generally speaking, his statements are in accord with the facts as they occurred on that memorable 16th of August, 1861. Dr. Boyd says: "I think there can be no question that General Lyon fell in front of the Arkansas troops." There are many who believe this position was occupied by the Missourians.

But why trouble about special honors to some when all who did their duty, privates and officers alike, deserve equal praise? The main point, however, to which I call attention and which Dr. Boyd leaves in doubt is that "Colonel" Coleman was not adjutant of McBride's Brigade, this position being well filled by Cotton Greene, afterwards colonel of the 3d Missouri Confederate Cavalry.

[General Jones writes at the suggestion of Col. A. E. Asbury, who served on McBride's staff. Comrade Asbury is of Higginsville, Mo., but wintering in Florida. In his letter he states: "I have just come in from fishing. Am tired and worn out, but thought I would write you on the spot."]



MRS. JOE SHELBY AND GRANDDAUGHTER, ALLINE SHELBY-JERSIG, ON HER PONY, "LITTLE BREECHES."

HISTORY OF THE UNITED DAUGHTERS.

[Mrs. Augustine T. Smythe, in Columbia (S. C.) State.]

Early in 1894 Mrs. L. H. Raines, of Savannah, Ga., wrote to Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, of Nashville, Tenn., asking for a copy of the charter, regulations, and rules of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Confederate Soldiers' Home in Nashville, and saying that she wished to organize in Savannah a society under the name of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Mrs. Raines also suggested that the various women's Confederate societies ought to adopt one name and badge.

Mrs. Goodlett approved the suggestion, and stated that her association had adopted the name "Daughters of the Confederacy," though they had never changed their badge and were still the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Soldiers' Home. She expressed her intention to call her association together to submit Mrs. Raines's "proposition to confer together and decide upon a common badge." Mrs. Goodlett also says: "As you very appropriately remarked, we should have one name and one badge all over the South."

In answer again on April 29 Mrs. Raines says that the Savannah Auxiliary association numbered one hundred and fifteen, that they recognized the need of a strong bond among the Southern women and were doing all in their power to form the "Daughters of the Confederacy." She says that their application for a charter as a society under that name was about to go in and would be granted in three weeks. "I will notify you fully and will send a sketch of our objects, etc., which, I think, should be as near the same with each organization as possible." She goes on to speak of the necessity for regulating school books, etc., and the necessity for unity of action in this and other similar matters.

As a result of this correspondence an invitation was sent out from Nashville to all Confederate associations of Southern women to meet there on September 10, 1894, for the purpose of forming an organization. On this occasion none were present in addition to the women of Nashville but Mrs. Raines, of Georgia, and Mrs. I. G. Myers, of Texas. Soon afterwards was published a constitution of the then "United Daughters of the Confederacy" with the following names of officers: Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, of Tennessee, President; Mrs. L. H. Raines, of Savannah, Ga., Mrs. Kate Cabell Currie, of Texas, and Miss White May, of Tennessee, Vice Presidents; Mrs. John P. Hickman, Mrs. J. S. Lindsley, and Mrs. W. Mauney, all of Tennessee, Secretaries and Treasurers.

The first constitution and by-laws was drawn up by Mrs. Raines. The society at that time was called the "National Daughters of the Confederacy." Many objected to the name "national" on the ground that such a name was surely a misnomer when applied to a Confederate organization.

ORGANIZATION IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

After some correspondence between Mrs. Raines and Capt. James G. Holmes, of Charleston, a meeting of Southern women was held in Charleston on November 17, 1894. Miss Henrietta Murdoch presided. An organization was effected with the following officers:

President, Mrs. Augustine T. Smythe; Vice Presidents, Mrs. Alfred Rhett and Mrs. Asbury Coward.

Corresponding Secretary, Miss Martha Washington.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. Edward R. Miles.

Treasurer, Mrs. D. G. Rowe.

Historian, Mrs. Langdon Cheves.

Board of Managers: Mrs. James Conner (Chairman), Miss J. A. Adger, Mrs. T. G. Barker, Mrs. George D. Bryan, Jr., Mrs. C. R. Holmes, Miss C. N. Ingraham, Mrs. J. W. Lewis,

Mrs. E. M. Seabrook, Mrs. W. E. Stoney, Mrs. J. B. E. Sloan, Mrs. S. G. Pickens, Miss C. P. Ravenel, Mrs. Cheves McCord, Mrs. W. T. Thompson, Mrs. A. Vander Horst.

The ladies present in the armory of the Chicora Rifle Club were: Miss J. A. Adger, Mrs. J. P. K. Bryan, Mrs. Langdon Cheves, Mrs. Henry Cheves, Mrs. James Conner, Mrs. J. K. Murdoch, Mrs. W. J. McCormack, Mrs. Cheves McCord, Miss Claudine Rhett, Mrs. D. G. Rowe, Mrs. Sarah DeSausure, Mrs. C. R. Holmes, Miss Elizabeth Holmes, Mrs. W. G. Holmes, Mrs. J. W. Lewis, Mrs. C. R. Miles, Miss H. Murdoch, Mrs. J. Adger Smythe, Mrs. A. T. Smythe, Miss Sarah A. Smythe, Mrs. K. S. Tupper, Mrs. W. E. Stoney, Miss M. Washington, Miss Mary Wesson.

The minutes of the meeting state: "The meeting was called to order by Capt. James G. Holmes, who briefly stated the object and nature of the correspondence which had passed between Mrs. L. G. Raines, of Georgia, Vice President of the national association, and himself, urging the formation of the association in Charleston to coöperate with those already formed in other States of the late Confederacy, and setting forth that the object of these associations was to preserve and collect relics, history, data of all kinds relating to the struggle for Southern independence."

Upon invitation from Captain Holmes Miss Murdoch consented to act as temporary chairman of the meeting and Miss Washington to act as temporary secretary.

An election of officers was then in order, with the result as heretofore stated.

This society was incorporated under the name of the "Daughters of the Confederacy of Charleston, S. C.," and immediately a correspondence was begun with Mrs. Goodlett and Mrs. Raines. Charleston, like many others, disliked the name "National," and was not quite satisfied with the constitution. On representation of these difficulties a committee to revise the constitution was appointed at a meeting of the national officers and one or two ladies, notably Mrs. William M. Parsley, of Wilmington. Legal advice was taken and an amended constitution prepared. A convention was called in Washington on November 8, 1895, and this constitution, somewhat further amended, was adopted and the name of the society changed to "United Daughters of the Confederacy." The choice of name caused much discussion, and the choice was finally made because of its resemblance to the United Confederate Veterans.

At the convention held in Atlanta in November, 1895, a number of States were represented.

In November, 1896, at a convention held in Nashville sixteen States were represented, with single Chapters from Indian Territory, California, and District of Columbia; three Chapters from Kentucky, one from Baltimore, three from Mississippi, four from North Carolina. There were eight State Divisions, Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and Virginia.

The convention was next held in Baltimore, and was notable from the fact that there a compromise was made which admitted into the U. D. C. the "Grand Division" of Virginia, a large body of women comprising many splendid Chapters which had never united with the U. D. C. This coalition strengthened the U. D. C. very much.

In the year 1890 a number of women of St. Louis had organized the "Daughters of the Confederacy of Missouri." A most interesting account of their work is found on page 97 of the proceedings of the U. D. C. convention of 1900, held at Montgomery, Ala. Naturally they had clung to their organiza-

tion, and there were two distinct branches; but, like unselfish women, they gave up their preference, and at the convention at Hot Springs in 1901 the Daughters of the Confederacy of Missouri were admitted.

I should have said that at the Richmond convention in 1899 J. Taylor Ellison, Chairman of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, approached the Daughters of the Confederacy with the proposition that they should assume the responsibility of erecting the Davis monument and thus relieve the veterans who found they promised more than they could accomplish.

This task was undertaken. The Davis Monument Association, U. D. C., was formed with a member from each State. Mrs. S. T. McCullough, now Mrs. George S. Holmes, of Charleston, was President. How the women have fulfilled their duty, we all know. At the Richmond convention Mrs. Gabbett inaugurated the cross of honor. It was there adopted. Also at this convention were passed resolutions adopting the name, the "War between the States."

[Mrs. Smythe should know this history well. She and Mr. Smythe journeyed abroad that year, and, having this important subject much at heart, he revised the constitution with much care and attended the annual convention in Nashville that he might be present to explain and to answer the many inquiries of ardent members.]

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF KENTUCKY.

BY MRS. C. C. LEER.

As a Chapter delegate to the annual meeting of the United Daughters of the Confederacy of Kentucky, which convened in Louisville October 12-14, I give somewhat in detail the happenings of those three eventful days.

The meetings were all held at the Galt House under the auspices of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, of which Mrs. A. E. Williams is President. The welcome and hospitality could not have been surpassed.

The delegates from the various Chapters were met at the Union Station by a committee and taken to comfortable and elegant quarters. The delegates, of which there were fully one hundred, met in convention at the Galt House Wednesday morning, October 12. The convention was opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. Minnegerode. The welcome address was made by Mayor Head, of Louisville, in which he threw open all the avenues of interest, making us feel as guests of honor.

Next came the response, by Mrs. W. G. Talbott, of the Paris Chapter. Her tender, pathetic address was charmingly delivered. At the morning session nearly all of the fifty-eight Chapters read their reports, showing progress and financial resources, and all gave good reports, showing increased interest and no friction existing in any one of the Chapters.

At the noon hour dinner was served in regulation Galt House style for such occasions. After the dinner, the rest of the day was consumed by elegant receptions in the various gorgeously decorated parlors under the immediate supervision of the Veterans and Sons of Veterans, when the delegates were introduced to each other and were made to feel at home by those in charge. The Veterans and Sons of Veterans vied with each other in giving cheer and pleasure.

The second day was given to reports on monuments, education, and cemeteries, and to such matters as pertained to the comfort of the Confederate soldiers in their declining years. About sixty-five monuments have been erected in Kentucky to Confederates who have died, but as yet many have been buried in out-of-the-way places with no shaft of honor

to mark their silent resting places. This should stimulate our energies to further effort; and if nothing better can be done, one grand monument should be erected to the unknown and unidentified dead. Other monuments are in course of construction, and ere long many more will be erected.

It appears that quite a number of Chapters have offered scholarships to the grandchildren of Confederate soldiers where they are not able to educate themselves. It will in all such cases be necessary to raise the money for board. So the question presents itself to the various Chapters as to what extent they will tax themselves in order to send one or more children to receive these benefits.

At night of the second day a splendid banquet was given the delegates by the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter at the Galt House. The dining room was gorgeously decorated with palms, ferns, flowers, flags, and bunting. The colors were red and white. The dining room is very large, and the tables were beautifully arranged and elaborately decorated. The waiters were tastily dressed, giving the effect of a splendid tableau.

The officers leading, the association members moved in procession to the banquet hall, "Dixie" being rendered by a splendid band which played many other Southern airs. After the sumptuous repast, Mrs. Charles P. Weaver, of Louisville, served as toastmistress. The assignments of responses were all made by her, and well did she choose the respondents. Among the most interesting talks made was that of Mrs. Palmer, formerly Miss Lucy Brent, daughter of T. Y. Brent, a native of Paris. Rising to her feet in easy, graceful style, she told "a story of the sixties." She told of the hazardous attempt to smuggle a Confederate flag through the lines, which was successfully done by her brothers, who secreted it under the skirts of one of their coats. On Friday morning in a short meeting all the unfinished business was attended to.

The officers elected for the ensuing year are: President, Mrs. Blakemore, of Hopkinsville; Secretary, Mrs. William Taylor, of Columbia; Treasurer, Mrs. Polk Prince.

Promptly after adjournment ten splendid automobiles were placed at our service, and we were driven over the city and through all the principal parks and to other points of interest. Quite a number of the delegates visited the Confederate Home at Pee-wee Valley, where they were royally received by the veterans.

MARYLAND LINE OFFICERS FOR THE ENSUING YEAR.

The Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in the State of Maryland elected at annual meeting December 20, 1910, the following officers:

President, Capt. George W. Booth.

Vice Presidents, Col. D. G. McIntosh, Maj. W. Stuart Symington, Capt. James M. Garnett, Lieuts. Charles E. Grogan, McHenry Howard, Joseph Packard, Andrew C. Trippe, Dr. John J. Williams, Somevel Sollers, George S. Robinson, Charles T. Crane, William Heimiller.

Recording Secretary, Capt. William L. Ritter; Assistant Recording Secretary, Joshua Thomas.

Corresponding Secretary, John F. Hayden.

Treasurer, Capt. F. M. Colston.

Executive Committee: Privates James R. Wheeler, August Simon, Mark O. Shriver, Daniel L. Thomas, Lamar Hollyday, D. Ridgely Howard, Robert J. Stinson.

Chaplains: Revs. William M. Dame, R. W. Cowardin, William C. Maloy, and Henry T. Sharp.

Sergeant-at-Arms, Herman Heimiller.

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.

ADDITIONAL CONTRIBUTIONS THROUGH THE VETERAN.

S. B. Watts, Indianapolis, Ind.....	\$ 3 00
J. T. Weaver, Fort Smith, Ark.....	1 00
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I. M. Chism, Albany, Tex.....	1 00
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R. E. Lee, Richmond, Va. \$ 5 00
 C. Frank Gallaher, Charlestown, W. Va. 2 00

According to statement in the January *VETERAN*, the Association owed Gen. Bennett H. Young \$5,050 for amount advanced on purchase of properties, of which it has paid him or has in the treasury \$3,716, leaving balance due on the loan \$1,334. Let every friend be diligent to help pay that amount before the Reunion. Then steps may be taken for a worthy memorial.

The majority of these names are of those who have contributed two or more times. A great many who gave \$1 this time have given as much as five and ten in their first contributions.

JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT IN NEW ORLEANS.

Arrangements have been completed for the unveiling of the Jefferson Davis monument in New Orleans, this event to take place on the 22d of February, the fiftieth anniversary of the inauguration of Mr. Davis as President of the Confederacy. The bronze statue, designed by Edward S. Valentine, of Richmond, Va., is now being cast by the Gorham Company, of Providence, R. I. Albert Weiblin, of New Orleans, is making the granite pedestal.

The statue, representing Mr. Davis in the act of making an address, is heroic in size and, together with the pedestal, will stand about twenty-eight feet from the apex of a flowering mound. The children of the Jefferson Davis School will, upon its arrival in the city, meet the statue at a given point and assist in hauling it through the city. The program committee is at work arranging the order of exercises for the unveiling, and hope to make the celebration worthy of the man and the cause he so ably led.

This early completion of this superb monument is perhaps the most remarkable achievement of Confederates in the history of these great organizations. They had been taxed and did much for many similar undertakings, and that they have in addition performed this Herculean task in so brief a period after completion of the Richmond monument to Mr. Davis is most worthily remarkable. Indeed, the South has hardly given New Orleans her meed of praise in Confederate achievements, strong and loyal as the city is, when its isolation is in a sense by the surrounding country. New Orleans, like Richmond, people have stood boldly and unitedly in a general sense for the cause of the South for nearly fifty years.

SHERMAN'S DEVASTATION IN GEORGIA.

BY CAPT. A. LAWSON, LOUISVILLE, KY.

I have been interested in the correspondence about General Sherman, and I give observations after my capture on November 24, 1864, and my escape on December 7, 1864. What Major Boyd had to say about Sherman is astonishing. Sherman must have hoodooed him. That any Confederate veteran would praise Sherman is incomprehensible.

I was captured between Milledgeville and Augusta, Ga. I made my escape fifteen miles this side of Savannah. I saw with my own eyes the devastation made by Sherman's army. He made "a black mark to the sea." I saw ladies with children in their arms driven out of their homes, and everything they had destroyed.

After I made my escape, I went back three days on Sherman's back track, and I found nothing to eat, no hogs, no cattle, no sheep, not even a chicken. Some of the finest ladies in Georgia were in abandoned camps picking up grains of corn to appease hunger who a week before had never known want.

GREAT PURPOSES OF UNITED DAUGHTERS.

BY MISS ALICE BAXTER, PRESIDENT GEORGIA DIVISION.

The order of the United Daughters of the Confederacy enters upon the eighteenth year of its existence with a paid-up membership of 45,000. There is not in all the world another strong and growing organization, itself a memorial to a "storm-cradled nation that fell," and whose badge is the "conquered banner" of that nation. Holding this remarkable place in history, encircling our badge with the laurel wreath, we have in our seventeen busy years builded monuments, cared for the graves of our Confederate dead, cared for our living Confederates, looked to the preservation of the truth of history regarding the War between the States, and worked for the educational advancement of our people.

At this season of retrospect and resolution let us look backward just long enough for inspiration to a forward movement for the future.

We catch a vision of the South in revolutionary days, in pioneer days, in old plantation days—the vision of the Old South whose statesmen played splendid part in the building of a nation. We see this nation torn by fratricidal war, and the South giving her life's blood in defense of the principle of State sovereignty. After the four years of bitter struggle we see our people accepting defeat and going about their rebuilding with a courage that commands admiration from the entire nation. A recent editorial in the *Manufacturers' Record* pays just tribute to the men who made the South in the twenty years following this War between the States: "Self-reliance, resourcefulness, and self-respect were the dominant traits of the men of the South who in the hard years from 1865 to 1868, and out of the wreck of things material, harassed on every side by dire poverty, brought the South up out of its horrible pit, out of its miry clay and set its feet upon a rock and established its goings."

Proud in truth is the Daughter of the Confederacy who looks back over this memorable past—her heritage—for which she must live worthily. Looking to the future of the world, we ourselves are just beginning to realize our possibilities in the marvelous natural resources of our section and in the developing power of our people, the purest Anglo-Saxon blood in America. Quoting again from Mr. Edmonds: "The hope of the South lies in its making steady, well-balanced progress on all lines and in having within its borders as large a population as possible fit to enjoy its great opportunity for human well-being and happiness."

Under the constitution of the United Daughters of the Confederacy our objects are memorial, historical, social, benevolent, educational. We do good on all these lines; but if we would help the South push upward, drawn ever onward and outward by the "attractive force of high ideals," let us stress the educational clause of our constitution. Let us in our womanly ways do what we can to help in the education of our people at large for fitness to seize and enjoy the South's great opportunity for human well-being and happiness. We must bear in mind that education means not simply equipment for making a living, but the bringing out of the intellectual, moral, and physical forces of the individual. Let us work, then, for such educational development of our people, and thereby build for a great South in the wonderful future that lies before America.

We extend fraternal New Year greetings to the Federation of Women's Clubs, to our sister patriotic order, the Daughters of the American Revolution, and to all organizations that work for righteousness and peace in this fair world of God's.

PRESENTATION TO GEN. WILLIAM E. MICKLE.

A magnificent badge was presented to Gen. William E. Mickle at the Birmingham Reunion. The event is just now given to the public in the Birmingham Minutes.

On the occasion Gen. Bennett H. Young, representing the Finance Committee, advanced to the front of the stage, holding in his hand the beautiful badge, spoke at length, and said in part:

"I have been honored by a few comrades in the pleasant duty of presenting to our beloved Adjutant General a souvenir badge expressive of the regard, esteem, and appreciation in which he is held by his associates.

"General Mickle came into office at a critical period in the life of the United Confederate Veterans' Association. Death had wrought sad havoc in its ranks.

"When our beloved Adjutant General, George Moorman, died, and the many Southern soldiers realized that his life's work was done, they mournfully and anxiously inquired, Where will his successor be found? No soldier of the South had more lovable qualities than General Moorman. Kind, considerate, gentle, loving, helpful, tactful, with a heart that held it the highest of all duties to serve his beloved comrades, he had really been the true source not only of the life but the power of the Association.

"Gen. John B. Gordon, with his indescribable magnetism, his unsurpassed eloquence, his wonderful control of men, always demonstrated that he was the greatest relic of the war after General Lee died; but reunions preserved, they did not make, the Association, and in the Adjutant General's office was the real work which gave the Southern soldiers their power and control in the States which once recognized the Confederacy.

"General Moorman had visions of the future; he heard the voices calling long before he answered death's summons, and to William E. Mickle he opened his heart, gave him a full insight into his plans and hopes, and in so far as possible prepared him for the duties of his successor. And when the great break came, when the shock of Moorman's death had touched every Southern heart, all were glad that his mantle fell upon the man of his choice, and that by training and by devotion General Mickle was ready and able to take up the burden where General Moorman laid it down. In addition to General Mickle's special training, he had all the qualities of a refined, cultured Southern gentleman. The South had no more loyal son. When a mere lad he had stood for its rights, and upon its battlefields shed his youthful blood. The new Adjutant General introduced business methods into the business management of the Association. Debts had accumulated, but accounts and loans were quickly paid. Strong financial life was infused into the moneyed affairs of the great Association, order came out of disorder, and quickly the Association lived within its income; its resources were increased. All this General Mickle has done. It was not necessary to parade this in print. Those who came in touch with the inner life of the Association rec-

ognized that a master hand and a brave, loyal heart stood for the business workings. This splendid result came as a great blessing to the Association. Its power, its influence was not decreased thereby, but its rigid business methods won, as they deserved, the commendation of all its members.

"General Mickle has won the gratitude, the esteem, and the appreciation of all his associates, and they have caused this splendid badge to be made as a slight evidence of their appreciation of his magnificent services to the Association, and they bid me present it to the Adjutant General with the hope and prayer that the Heavenly Commander will long spare his useful and devoted life, and give him strength to continue his superb service while the Association contains enough survivors to keep it intact, and still able to discharge its duties to the holy cause it represents."

GENERAL MICKLE'S ACCEPTANCE.

In General Mickle's reply he said:

"I realize how imperfect is language when I attempt to make known the pleasure I feel at the presentation of this beautiful evidence of love and confidence. Gen. Stonewall Jackson was such a warrior, and his character in that regard so much talked of, that the tender side of his nature was overlooked, and it is forgotten that he was a fond lover. He frequently said that the Spanish language was made for lovers, and in writing to his wife in subsequent years he delighted to address her in that language as expressive of endearing tenderness. All linguists familiar with the ponderous periods of Tacitus recognize that no other tongue is so remarkable for its conciseness and grandeur of expression as that of ancient Rome. Now if I were gifted with the power to blend into a harmonious whole this language of love and this power of expression, I should be able to give some faint idea of the feeling of pride and satisfaction I have in accepting this handsome badge. Its intrinsic value is great; but not on that account do I prize it, but because it is a mark of approval given to my work by those in a position to know what I have done.

"It was but natural that General Young in presenting this badge should attribute to me all the credit for the prosperous condition in which our order stands to-day, for obviously he could not allude to the part he himself has taken in bringing about this happy state of affairs. The eminent position he has attained as a lawyer and the preëminent success that has attended his efforts in every sphere of work that has engaged his attention enable us to give that credit to his utterances which is their due.

"But why should he ignore the Chairman of the Finance Committee? General Montgomery is not a man of enormous stature, but there never was a period in his life that he did not make his presence felt in anything in which he took part, as is illustrated in the financial affairs of our Association. His work in the committee is such as was his behavior, a beardless boy, in the war. In a campaign which took place in a section of country not so very distant from this very place,



GOLD BADGE PRESENTED TO GEN. MICKLE.

a brigade of Federals was greatly annoyed by a company of Confederates, which the commander was never able to capture, for the company would strike first on one flank and then on the other, and then 'dodge.' Finally the general captured the entire command, and was astonished and mortified to find that his formidable enemy was nothing more than a few boys formed into a company. He sent for the commander. When 'Little Bill' Montgomery was presented as the captain, the irate general said: 'Are you the captain of this company that has been giving me so much trouble? I have a great mind to take you across my knee, give you a good spanking, and send you home to your mother.' *But he didn't*, and Montgomery remained a prisoner till the close of the war."

General Mickle then paid worthy tribute to the Secretary of the Committee, the late Gen. Fred L. Robertson, saying: "No man was more familiar with all the inner workings of this great organization or had more ability to do what was best. He led in all he undertook, and loved the cause of the United Confederate Veterans with peculiar devotion.

"Why pass over Gen. Joseph F. Shipp? No one ever labored for any cause with more earnestness or with better success than our Quartermaster General. He manifested his affection for the cause in attending the gathering in New Orleans to found this grand federation, when it was never dreamed of by the great body of our members. He has done his share of work and has continued without faltering or wavering till this good day. He merits his share of credit.

"Then there are Fusz and Hickman and Lewis and Fall and Newman and Sanguinetti and Ellyson, not one of whom has been a laggard in laboring for the best interests of this glorious 'social, literary, historical, and benevolent' organization. Their unwearying efforts should have had due recognition.

"In every collection of men, however small, and banded together to do a certain work, there always stands out one man 'taller by a head than all the rest.' And, my friends, we have just such a character on our Finance Committee; one whose delight is in bringing about peace and harmony, and who derives more pleasure from making 'brethren to dwell together in unity' than from any other source; and great as are the powers of the other members of the Finance Committee individually, and still greater combined, I do not know but that we could more profitably dispense with all rather than part with the sacred influence and wonderful power of the member from Arkansas, my beloved friend Gen. V. Y. Cook.

"But, my friends, General Young has passed in silence another great name, he whom we have just laid to rest, our beloved Stephen D. Lee. I had intended to say much of this admirable man and distinguished soldier, but his lovely traits have been so ably touched on by others that I forbear. Only one personal matter. I was associated with General Lee from the birth of this organization; and though we served together on committees time after time, I thought him reserved and unapproachable; but when he inherited me as Adjutant General from the great Gordon, I got close to him and realized his constant friendship and devoted affection. When we were in Atlanta attending General Gordon's funeral, I went at the conclusion of the exercises to bid him good-by. He threw his arms around me and, bursting into tears, exclaimed: 'O Mickle, what a burden rests on your shoulders and on mine! God help us!' From that day to his death our devotion to each other grew stronger and tenderer.

"When the presentation of this badge was first taken up, he of course was consulted, and took the liveliest interest in it and was carried away as with the enthusiasm of a schoolboy, and, like the boy, he was anxious 'to tell' about it. Knowing how proud I would feel at this action on the part of my friends, he found it impossible to keep the secret, and just before he died he wrote me a loving letter in which he said that he and my friends of the Finance Committee were going to give me a handsome badge, but that I must not 'give him away,' adding: 'It is given you because we all love you so much and are so proud of your work.' Could anything be sweeter, nobler, or call for deeper devotion than I gave this devoted friend and brother? When Stephen D. Lee died I lost the best friend I had in the world.

"General Young, I am proud of this badge, proud because it comes from friends who know me and appreciate my work, and proud because it reminds me that I was a soldier in the Confederate army. I went into the army of my own free will. I may have failed in my duties as a citizen; I may have come short of my obligations as the head of a family; I have not lived up to the requirements of my Church; but there is not one action of my brief career as a private in the Confederate army that I would change if I could. I lived up to the full demands of the service, never shirking. I was proud when I went into the army, proud when I was in it, proud when I was shot down at the front, and proud till the present moment, and will be proud till I am called away. Then, when the cares of life have passed, I want to be laid to rest in the bosom of this beautiful Southland, where the Southern breezes shall meet in loving embrace above me and our Southern breezes shall sigh and moan in the Southern pines about, in whose branches our Southern birds shall warble their lovely Southern songs. Then I shall sleep the sweeter in my last resting place if I know that there stands at my head a plain gray headstone, with the simple but beautiful inscription: 'C. S. A. A Private of the A. N. V. Who Did His Full Duty.'"

General Mickle was frequently interrupted with hearty applause, and at the conclusion of his remarks was warmly congratulated by many present.

PERIL BY ROCK FENCE AT GETTYSBURG.

BY W. D. REID, HOUSTON, MISS.

Referring to the article on page 524 of the November VETERAN on the battle of Gettysburg, I note that the writer makes Capt. S. A. Nash, of Pender's Brigade, say: "Just before reaching the rock fence Brockenbrough's Virginians and Davis's Mississippians broke and fell back at the critical moment of the ordeal."

Now, I was only small fry on that occasion, only orderly sergeant of Company H, 11th Mississippi Regiment; but I do know that I went to that rock fence and was shot down there, and that some of my company and regiment crossed that fence and but few returned, as most of them were killed or wounded at or near the rock fence. Out of twenty-seven men of Company H who went into that charge, fifteen were killed and nearly all of the rest wounded and captured, only three getting back.

I have frequently heard that Brockenbrough's Brigade did fail to come up, and that that was the cause of Davis's Brigade suffering so much. I claim to know only that which occurred immediately about me, and that I know about as well, and perhaps better, than Captain Nash. It was utterly impossible for us to have driven them from behind that fence, as there were ten or more of them to one of us.

GEN. FORREST IN THE BATTLE AT SELMA, ALA.

BY S. Y. BROWNE, OF STONEWALL CAMP, PORTSMOUTH, VA.

On April 2, 1865, when General Wilson was marching on Selma, Ala., with about eight or ten thousand cavalry, General Forrest opposed him and contested his way constantly; but having only about 3,500 men, he was forced to fall back and take shelter inside of the breastworks of the city, extending from the Alabama River above to the same protection below. The line was so long that General Forrest had not half enough men to hold it; so he dismounted his men on April 3 and ordered all detailed men and citizens to the breastworks, and soon the men had to stretch out eight or ten feet apart.

The enemy made charge after charge, but were again and again repulsed. Finally, however, they broke through our lines, and then came a great stampede of riderless horses running all through the city, while men were fighting all along the streets. General Forrest, brave and fearless, ran into Water Street all alone on a beautiful black horse, with about one hundred Yankee soldiers after him. He had been wounded in the left arm that morning. As he turned into Broad Street he threw the reins over the pommel of his saddle, drew his pistol, turned in his saddle, and gave them every shot he had. Then he spurred his noble horse to run for his life, the gang of howling soldiers following him; but by the swiftness of his noble steed the dashing General was safely carried through the lines.

The house of the surgeon who had charge of the hospitals of the city was on the outskirts of the city and in range of the artillery from the enemy; so the doctor's family (six in number) was compelled to vacate the house and seek safety in the wayside hospital, and there they had to remain for two weeks or more, as General Upton took the house for his headquarters. While there his men burned everything they could find; and when they left, his men broke up every piece of furniture in the house. The Union army became a perfect mob, breaking open the saloons and stores, taking anything they wanted, and then setting the city on fire, burning the entire water front and nearly all of one side of Broad Street, including the Episcopal church. Our hospital, with the wounded from both armies, was in imminent danger; but it was saved by ordering the troops to man the fire engines with steady streams, while three blocks were on fire near the hospital.

The Union troops remained in Selma about two weeks or more, building pontoon bridges to throw across the Alabama River and also removing powder and shell from the Confederate arsenal, which was the largest in the South, and throwing them in the river. The night before they left the city they set fire to this arsenal; and but for its raining that night, the whole city possibly might have been burned up. There was explosion after explosion of shells and cartridges all through the night. The Union army had taken all the horses and mules they could find on their march to the city, and there were a number in the city also, all of which, several hundred in number, were penned in the quartermaster's yard in the heart of the city. As General Wilson was unable to carry them with him, and fearing they would fall into the hands of the farmers and Confederate soldiers, he issued an order to his quartermaster to have them all shot, which was done, and left them there for the citizens to get away the best they could. So without ox, horse, or mule to haul them away, the people got together, swung the dead animals to "carry logs," hauled them off by hand, and dumped them into the Alabama River. The Union army then crossed over the river on their pontoon bridge and pushed on to Montgomery.

This ended the invasion of Selma, Ala., by the forces commanded by General Wilson, General Upton, and others of the United States army, which will long be gratefully remembered.

UNION VETERAN LEGION ABOUT LEE STATUE.

Confederates who are conservative in connection with the contention which liberal-spirited Union veterans have had with their ultra associates in regard to the figure of General Lee in Statuary Hall, Washington, greatly appreciate what they have done for reconciliation under conditions of the law in the premises. Now that the question is settled, it would seem unnecessary to refer to it further; but reconciliation is so desirable that a word more in the VETERAN seems appropriate. Those ultra men would evidently deny the Confederates the liberty of the streets in the national capital; but wiser counsel prevailed to the degree of permitting "Confederate brigadiers" as members of the lawmaking powers of the government, and now the President, chosen by the people of the North, has elevated a Confederate to the exalted position of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Corporal James Tanner, a member of the committee, after deploring conditions with his comrades, sends his statement, which is as follows: "The highest official law officer of the land, the Attorney-General of the United States, having decided under his official oath and in response to a request from the President of the United States for his official opinion on the legality of the presence of the statue of General Lee in Statuary Hall, that it is there in accordance with the Act of 1864 and that there is no power now in existence with authority to uproot existing conditions, we in the spirit of 1861, which then caused us to risk life itself in support of the majesty of the law, bow submissively to the provisions of the Act of 1864 which, though mistakenly enacted, is still the law of the land, and, regardless of the position assumed or to be assumed by others, decline to place ourselves in the position of rebelling against any law of the land, and particularly against a law which became a vital fact through the signature of Abraham Lincoln."

HOW A CONFEDERATE WAS TREATED IN ABERDEEN, WASH.—The Grays Harbor Post, of Aberdeen, Wash., reports the kindly offices of two ladies of the Woman's Relief Corps, G. A. R., Mrs. Roberts (wife of the Commander of the G. A. R. Post) and Mrs. J. M. Birmingham, together with Mr. Pascal and other members of the Post, in heroic service to Jacob Heater, a Confederate living there, through a severe illness wherein his life was despaired of. After a lengthy account of the illness, the publication concludes: "The Post is glad to chronicle the return of Mr. Heater to the ranks of active men. The call was a close one, as close as any he ever met on the field of battle, and that he got through safely is a matter of congratulation. The Woman's Relief Corps and Mr. Paschal are glad of their well-done service."

PLEASE DECRY THE TERM "LOST CAUSE."—"Citizen of St. Louis" influences the Republic to print a protest against the erection of a Confederate monument in Forest Park. It is sad that any one capable of writing English would pen such a protest. The writer states: "It is surely most unfortunate that representatives of the Lost Cause," etc. It is just such characters who seem fond of so expressing themselves about the South's part in a great issue. This note is made to show the character of those who use the term, "Lost Cause." It is not infrequent that when a man makes a speech to secure favor, because his father was a Confederate soldier and he wants the advertisement, he uses the term "Lost Cause."

THE EASTLAND FAMILY OF EARLY DAYS.

Thomas Eastland, supposed to have been born in Virginia, resided from his boyhood in Kentucky. About 1803 he was married to Nancy Mosby, also from Virginia, at her father's place, "Brook Farm," in Woodford County, Ky. They had six children, five boys and a daughter.

In 1800 Thomas Eastland, a man of great force of character, was made a lieutenant in the regular United States army, and during the War of 1812 he was with Gen. William Harrison as quartermaster general for the State of Kentucky. After that war, his wife having died, Colonel Eastland came to Nashville, Tenn., where he resided until about 1821, when he was married again; and soon he removed to Sparta, then so important a place as to be urged as a location for the State capital. Several years later he removed to the top of Cumberland mountain at a place then known as Clifty, but afterwards called Eastland, which stands on the banks of Clifty Creek, and by which passed the Nashville to Knoxville highway. He acquired large land holdings, and lived until 1860. He was buried on a knob near the home, which commands an extended view of all the surrounding country.

Of his sons by his first marriage, one, James W., went to live near Louisville, Miss.; three, William Mosby, Nicholas Washington, and Robert Mosby, went to Texas; and the other, Thomas B. Eastland, came to Nashville, where he was engaged in business until about 1840, when he went to New Orleans to engage in the cotton brokerage business, and where he continued until the breaking out of the Mexican War, during which he served under General Taylor as major. Both William Mosby and Nicholas W. went to Texas about 1833, and both served in the regular army of the Republic.

William M. was a captain in the regular army when the force with which he was connected was compelled to surrender after the battle of the Meier, which occurred in the early part of 1843. The articles of capitulation in Spanish promised them "the same generous treatment that Mexico gives to all her enemies," which meant death. The Mexicans started with the prisoners to Monterey, and at the hacienda of Salado the Texans overpowered their guards, and, taking their horses, started for the Rio Grande. Had they continued on the main road, they would undoubtedly have been safe; but, fearing they might encounter an overwhelming body of Mexicans on the main road, they took to the mountains, where they ran out of food and water and were subjected to terrible sufferings, during which time they killed their horses for food and were almost famished for water, when they were surrounded by the Mexicans and taken back to the hacienda of Salado. Santa Ana then ordered them all killed, and upon the refusal of the colonel in charge of the troops to comply with the order he ordered that one-tenth be killed. The one hundred and seventy men were required to draw one hundred and seventy beans, seventeen of which were black. Each man in taking out a bean was required to hold it up in view of the Mexican officers, the holder of a black bean being doomed to death. Captain Eastland was the only officer who drew a black bean. Shortly after the drawing these seventeen men were placed against a wall and shot to death. The rest of the prisoners were then taken farther down into Mexico, where they were subjected to such severe torture that only a few of them survived.

Nicholas W. Eastland was Chairman of the Board of Land Commissioners of his part of Texas and was Probate Judge for many years, and the remaining brother in Texas, Robert Mosby, was for many years professor in an institution of learn-

ing in that State. The county and town of Eastland were named for them. The sister, Maria P., married Charles Cooper in Nashville in the early twenties, and later died in New Orleans.

Thomas B. Eastland married in 1830 Josephine Green, the daughter of Joseph and Sarah Womack Green, who formerly lived on Spruce Street about where the Carnegie Library now stands. They had six children, five sons and one daughter—the same number that were born to his parents. The family made Nashville their home until the war, when, at the fall of Fort Donelson, they removed to their country home at Bon Air Springs, remaining there until the fall of 1863, and then went to New York and by Panama to California, where Thomas B. Eastland died in November, 1864. He was a far-seeing man of fine business ability; and appreciating the great possibilities in the natural resources of the South, he spent a large fortune to accumulate large bodies of fine timber and coal lands, and but for the war he would have realized an enormous sum from their development. He had over a million acres granted to him by the State, among other tracts being that on which the State coal mines are situated and many other tracts of great value. Immediately after the war he went to California, taking with him his eldest son, Joseph G. Eastland, whom he established in business in San Francisco, and who lived there for the remainder of his life. He left a large fortune in California and large tracts of valuable coal and timber land in Tennessee to his two sons, Joseph L. and Thomas B. Eastland, who reside in San Francisco, Cal.

One of Thomas B. Eastland's sons, Van Leer Eastland, went to Nicaragua with Walker, "the man of destiny," from Nashville. Later he returned to Nashville and then went to Georgia, where at the beginning of the war he joined the Confederate forces in that State; and after the war he went to California, where he was superintendent of a large gas company for many years, until his death.

Another son, Thomas B. Eastland, Jr., remained in Nashville. He was a handsome and popular young man. He was made captain in the Rock City Guards, and served with his command until the latter part of 1862, when he was taken ill with pneumonia, caused by the severe exposure he had undergone, and was taken to the mountain home at Bon Air Springs, where he died and was buried. Two sons, Andrew J., named for Andrew Jackson, who was a great friend of the family, and Alfred Taylor, named for General Taylor, with whom Thomas B. Eastland served in the Mexican War, were too young to enter the Confederate army, and were taken by their father in the spring after to California, where Andrew J. died some years ago, and where Alfred T. still resides, he being Secretary of the Coast Realty Company and the Patent Brick Companies of San Francisco. He has one daughter, Mrs. James Wattson McClure, at present stopping in Nashville with her family.

The daughter, Miss Josephine Eastland, was born in Nashville and lived here almost continuously until 1862, when she went with the family to the mountains and later to San Francisco. She was a cultured, educated, refined woman of varied accomplishments, and an ardent Daughter of the Confederacy, a member of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., of San Francisco, Cal. She was a fascinating companion and a charming friend. Having traveled much, both in this country and Europe, she had a large number of devoted friends who deeply sorrow in her death. Miss Eastland died at Santa Monica, Cal., in July, 1910, and was buried in the family plat in Mount View Cemetery, Oakland, Cal.

Miss Eastland resided in Nashville until the fall of Fort Donelson, and was one of the hasty refugees leaving here with other elegant people on a freight train.



MISS JOSEPHINE EASTLAND.

[Of the family in Mississippi the author of the foregoing is not well informed. The "War Records" give an account of Lieut. O. R. Eastland in a letter by Maj. William N. Brown, commanding the 20th Mississippi Infantry in the battle of Fort Donelson, to George W. Randolph, Secretary of War (which he begins by stating, "I am directed by his Excellency, President Davis, to write, etc."), in which he states: "Lieut. O. R. Eastland, Company F, was badly, perhaps mortally, wounded. He refused to be carried from the field, saying: 'Never mind me, boys; fight on, fight on.'"]

THOU KNOWEST.

BY JACOB CLOSZ, CHICAGO.

Bright was the morn, and with splendor shone the day;
Dark now the night; I have strayed and lost my way.
All seems in vain as I strive and blindly grope,
And in despair I grasp and cling to this last hope:
Thou knowest, thou knowest when the way is dark and wild;
Thou knowest all, and carest for thy trustful child.

No matter now that the fault is all my own;
No matter now that I reap as I have sown;
No matter now how the past obscures my view—
I would arise a child of God and live anew.
Thou knowest, thou knowest when the way is dark and wild;
Thou knowest all, and carest for thy trustful child.

Do I but dream, surely 'tis a gleam of light.
Seems like the dawn over yonder rugged height—
Jesus the Christ 'mid the scenes of death and loss.
I will arise and follow him e'en to the cross.
Thou knowest, thou knowest when the way is dark and wild;
Thou knowest all, and carest for thy trustful child.

Isaiah Rush, of Hubbard, Tex. (Route No. 2, Box 28), desires to hear from any surviving comrades of Companies B and C of the 10th or 38th Mississippi Regiment. He lost an arm while with the 38th Regiment at the siege of Vicksburg.

THE BIRD OF ART.

BY DR. W. H. MOON, GOODWATER, ALA.

I note on page 378 of the August VETERAN what W. G. Jackson, of Yuleville, S. C., says in regard to an attaché of the War Department trying to secure means through the Richmond papers to construct a balloon in which he could fly out over Grant's army and by dropping explosives annihilate it. I remember a lecture delivered on our line between Petersburg and the James River in February or March, 1865, by a man who stated in the outset that he had made application to the authorities for aid to construct what he would call a "Bird of Art," which, if his plans succeeded, would be the means of gaining the independence of the Confederacy. But, like Columbus, he was regarded as a crank, and no heed was given to his appeal; so he had concluded to appeal to the men of the line for small contributions which would enable him to carry out his plans to construct a "Bird of Art" modeled after the wild duck. It was to be hollow and of sufficient capacity to carry two men and several hundred pounds of explosives. It was to be constructed so as to represent the bird in its flight, head and neck extended, wings and tail spread and sailing through the air. He philosophized on the hollow quills that compose the wings and tail of the bird and the lightness of the air which they contained. In the construction of the "Bird of Art" the tubes representing the large quills were to be filled with gas, so as to represent as nearly as possible the real bird. All the appendages were to be so constructed as to give them the natural movements of the duck in its flight. It was to be built in England of the finest procurable metal and to be operated in its flight by a lightly constructed engine.

He explained that it would be necessary to construct a pedestal from which the machine could take its flight.

The plan of attack was to be made on the cities of the North, instead of Grant's army. First, demands were to be made on the authorities at Washington to recognize the independence of the Southern Confederacy. If these were refused, the "Bird of Art," with its crew and explosives, was to sail out over the city and destroy it, and thence to Philadelphia, New York, and other Northern cities, until the demands of the Confederate government were conceded.

Since "heavier than air" flying machines have become a reality, I have often spoken to my associates about the lecture delivered by the man on the line near Petersburg. At that time I was twenty years old, and was very much interested in the lecture on account of its novelty. Who to-day that has kept up with the inventive genius of man would dare say that such a machine to navigate the air is an impossibility?

I was a member of Company I, 13th Alabama Regiment, Archer's Brigade, A. P. Hill's corps, after Stonewall Jackson's death. I suppose the man who delivered the lecture on the "Bird of Art" was the same referred to by Comrade Jackson.

TEXAS CONFEDERATE CEMETERY AT AUSTIN.

W. S. Parker is keeper of the State Cemetery at Austin, where the Confederate veterans from the Texas State Home are buried. There are about three hundred in the Home, and about as many buried in the State Cemetery; each furnished with a marble headstone with his name, company, regiment, State, nativity, and branch of service on it. Conspicuous in the cemetery is the monument of Albert Sidney Johnston. A stone in the middle of the star is in honor of Lieutenant Jones, the hero of three wars, the Indian, the Mexican Revolution, and the Confederate war. Back of the Albert Sidney Johnston monument are the white marble headstones of Confederates.

[Foregoing is from E. B. Carruth, Capitol Station, Austin.]

CONFEDERATE ARMY DISCIPLINE.

BY J. W. COOK, HELENA, ARK.

Discipline is a very important thing in an army, especially when in active service or in the presence of the enemy, and sometimes it assumes some peculiar phases.

In October, 1862, the Confederate army under Generals Price and VanDorn had fought the battles at Iuka and Corinth, Miss., and after trying to stop Grant at Tallahatchie (?) River began slowly retiring before that immense army down what was then the Mississippi Central Railroad. Early one morning near Oxford, Miss., the enemy's advance cavalry or mounted infantry was unusually aggressive, and the rear of the column had to be very closely guarded. The 43d Mississippi Infantry, Col. Richard Harrison, had been detailed for that duty. Very strenuous orders had been issued that we were in the presence of the enemy, and the strictest silence must be maintained, so that the enemy could not know of our position along Yocona Creek and that "company commanders would be held responsible for their men."

TRIBUTE TO CAPTAIN PERRY.

Unfortunately one of our company (A) let his gun fire accidentally, and it sounded like a piece of artillery. In a few moments Sergt. Maj. E. P. Sale passed along the line, found the culprit, and passed back. Shortly Adj. W. E. Sykes came up and said, "Captain Perry, it is the colonel's order that I place you under arrest," even depriving him of his sword. "Lieutenant Moore, take command of the company." Captain Perry, who was not really at fault, and who was never known to shirk a duty, however dangerous, turned a deathly white for a moment, but soon took in the situation and bided his time until restored a few hours later. Captain Perry was a very faithful and efficient officer, and was a soldier from principle in the strictest sense of that term. He never shirked a duty and never got rattled. After one of the first battles at Vicksburg, he looked over the field next morning and quoted from Scott:

"And soon the sun came over the heath
And lighted up the field of death."

Again, at Adairsville, Ga., General Johnston issued orders that our communication was secure, and we would now turn upon the advancing enemy. Great cheers greeted the order. Captain Perry quoted:

"Full many a banner shall be torn,
And many a knight to earth be borne,
And many a sheaf in battle spent
Ere Scotland's king shall cross the Trent."

He gallantly led his steadily diminishing command all through the hundred days' battle from Dalton to Atlanta and Jonesboro. In the reorganization at Tuscumbia, Companies A and F were consolidated, with Captain Perry in command. While on to Tennessee, through the awful carnage at Franklin, and on to Nashville his good-natured pluck was ever present.

It was my good fortune to be closely associated with him as messmate and bedfellow, and I noticed his keen interest in every order and movement of the entire army; how he deprecated the awful slaughter at Franklin, believing that General Loring's idea of crossing Harpeth River and turning their left wing was evidently the thing to do. He struggled hard all the first day at Nashville and held our ground, only to give way when our left flank had been turned and exposed. In falling back I was captured, and that, beyond any doubt, saved my life. Lieutenant Colonel Sykes (formerly captain

of Company A) took my place as messmate. Two or three nights thereafter, while sleeping in bivouac, a tree fell across them and killed the three messmates, Captain Perry, Will Owen, his nephew, and Colonel Sykes. While lying in prison at Camp Douglas I greatly deplored my ill fortune, ignorant of the fact that it saved my life.

It may not be out of place to say that Colonel Sykes had just returned from the burial of his brother, Adj. W. E. Sykes, who was wounded at Decatur and died there in the very room in which he was born.



THREE SOLDIER BROTHERS' IDENTITY SOUGHT.

Dr. J. B. Jones, of Garnett, Kans., sends these pictures of three soldier boys, which he says "were picked up by a fellow-soldier of the Union army in South Carolina near a residence on the north side of some river," and which have been kept by him all these years; but now he wishes to return them to the family or any relatives desiring them. The three are brothers, typical soldiers of the time; the names on the cards are too dim to be made out now. Any correspondence may be addressed to Dr. Jones.

NINE UNCLES IN CONFEDERATE SERVICE.—Miss Mary Rosalind Tardy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Tardy, of Birmingham, Ala., maid of honor U. S. C. V., appointed by Dr. Clarence Owens, has served three times as sponsor for the 4th Alabama Brigade. She was the youngest sponsor at the second Birmingham Reunion. She had nine uncles in the War between the States: J. W. Southern, Greenville, S. C.; Joseph T. Hollowell, William E. Hollowell, Huntsville, Ala.; Edwin Tardy, Mobile, Ala.; Carter, Irby, William, Peyton, and Edwin Spotswood, all of Huntsville, Ala. Her grandfather, Col. John P. Southern, of South Carolina, fitted out at his own expense an entire company for the Confederate service. On her father's side Miss Tardy is a direct descendant of Governor Spotswood, of Virginia, and on her mother's side of the Purejoys and Bookers, of Colonial Virginia; also of Col. Edmund Peters, of South Carolina, who was distinguished for service in the French and Indian wars. See picture in December VETERAN.

Mrs. Jennie Maddox, of Trion, Ga., asks that any survivors of Company B, Crescent Blues, Capt. McG. Goodwin's company, who knew her husband, Henry S. Maddox, will kindly write to her.

ONE OF THE "FIGHTING PARSONS."

BY W. C. DODSON, WACO, TEX.

The VETERAN has contained sketches of several ministers whose conduct in our Confederate army was worthy of praise and commendation, but not one, I think, surpasses the self-sacrificing patriotism of the one herewith mentioned.

When the Army of Tennessee was in winter quarters around Dalton in the winter of 1863, Rev. J. P. McMullen, a Presbyterian minister, came as a missionary to Baker's Brigade, Stewart's Division, and by his pure life and unselfish devotion and sympathy with the sick, the unfortunate, and the erring won the confidence and love of all who knew him. He had a son in the same brigade who also had the respect of officers and men. At the beginning of the campaign of 1864 Mr. McMullen put himself at the front to minister to the wounded and give encouragement to the men. At Resaca on May 1, when the brigade made a fearful charge, he placed himself in its front, against the entreaties and protests of the general and many others, explaining that he had been with them in camp where there was no danger, and would not forsake them in the hour of trial, but would go with them into the gates of death. He went in front, waving his hat and cheering the men until he was struck down, and he and his son lay dead upon the field within a few feet of each other.

General Baker's report, "War Records," Series 1, Vol. 38, Part 3, page 845, states: "Nor can I forbear to allude to the heroic death of the Rev. J. P. McMullen, a missionary to this brigade, an aged Presbyterian clergyman of spotless and exalted character, who, having been to our soldiers the preceptor and the example of all that is admirable in the Christian, won upon this bloody field that crowning honor with which the martyr patriot alone is worthy to be wreathed." A. P. Stewart as major general refers to him as the "aged missionary."

What a contrast to the conduct of the chaplain of a certain regiment I knew, who, as it was drawn up in line to go into battle, took it upon himself to make a speech telling the men what was their duty and what the country expected of them, but said he could not go with them, as he had orders not to do so! His influence with every one was gone and his chaplaincy was soon ended.

FLAG OF THE FORTIETH ALABAMA REGIMENT.

There was another occurrence that Sunday evening at Resaca which, I think, is worthy of embalming in Southern history, and which took place in connection with the death of our missionary hero. As the brigade made the charge Sergt. P. S. Gilder, color bearer of the 40th Alabama, was killed several yards in advance of the command, and when the first order to retire was given the colors were left on the field; but as soon as this became known Adjt. Clarence H. Ellerbee and Lieutenant Peteet, of Company A, and Lieutenant Knighton, of Company F, volunteered to return and get them. They went back and brought out the colors under a murderous fire without being harmed. This is given also in Colonel Higley's report, "War Records," Series 1, Vol. 38, Part 3, page 850. By the three going it gave three chances to recover the colors in case one or two of the three should be killed, the determination being to recover the colors at all hazards.

That old flag had a remarkable history. It was in the siege of Vicksburg, but did not surrender, nor was it paroled. The color bearer who carried it to his death at Resaca saved it from dishonor at Vicksburg by cutting it loose from the fragment of staff left and, wrapping it around his body under his

clothes, brought it out. My impression is that it was saved in like manner in the general surrender, and that it is now in possession of some member of the 40th Alabama or his descendants. The battle of Bentonville closed its history, as it did the life of the brave and chivalrous Adjutant Ellerbee, who so risked his life to save the flag.

VIVID PICTURE OF STORM'S DISASTERS IN FLORIDA.

Dr. W. S. Allen, of Alva, Fla., served in Forrest's old regiment in the war, and lived at McKenzie, Tenn., from 1886 to 1904. He seeks a pension, but by the laws of Florida he will not be eligible for four years more. Dr. Allen was in the severe storm area in that State, and under date of October 21 he gives a pathetic account of the destruction in his section: "We have just passed through the most dreadful of tropic storms. There is scarcely a house left standing in its original position, while many have been totally destroyed. We are now in a house, two stories high, in water six to seven feet deep. In every direction as far as the eye can reach there is a sea of water. It comes from Lake Ocheechee and the Everglades. About noon on October 17 the wind increased to an alarming extent. We moved our things upstairs, and about midnight that followed the water 'made a jump' of about four feet. On the next day we took refuge in Mr. Anderson's house, and we are cooking on a little 'heater,' as the Anderson stove is under water. Many homes are ruined. Grape fruit and oranges are ruined. From my window I see hundreds of boxes floating."

Dr. Allen wrote at length of the disaster. He owned several acres of orange trees, some of them bearing, but it seems that all are lost.

TWO SOLDIERS KILLED ABOUT A MULE.—Dr. A. G. McLaurin, of Brandon, Miss., writes of a shocking tragedy which occurred in the vicinity of Trenton, Miss., in 1864, as Sherman's army was moving from Vicksburg to Meridian, Miss. It seems that three of Gen. William H. Jackson's cavalry, Wirt Adams's brigade, passed Trenton on foot, and, finding a negro riding a mule, they took possession of the mule and started on to overtake their command. The owner of the mule, Capt. William H. Quarles, overtook them and tried to get his mule; but they treated him roughly, as they had his servant, and refused to let him have it. He then secured his gun and intercepted them farther on, again demanding his mule; and upon refusal and, it is said, mistreatment he killed two of them, while the other escaped. The men killed were Tennesseans and were named Tucker and Payne (or Paine), and were buried in a graveyard one mile east of Trenton. General Jackson sent a detachment of soldiers to arrest Captain Quarles; but failing to find him, they took four of his mules. The lieutenant with this detachment was named Houke. This may give information of their fate to members of their families. Dr. McLaurin will take pleasure in giving such additional information as he can.

OFFICERS OF J. J. FINLEY CHAPTER, U. D. C.—The J. J. Finley Chapter, U. D. C., of Gainesville, Fla., met in annual session at the home of the retiring President, Mrs. J. I. Kelley, on December 1 and elected the following officers for the coming year: President, Mrs. A. R. Harper; Vice Presidents, Mrs. W. B. Taylor and Mrs. M. H. DePass; Recording Secretary, Mrs. George E. Pyle; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. C. A. Colclough; Treasurer, Mrs. J. I. Medlin; Registrar, Mrs. J. M. Rivers; Historical Committee, Mrs. J. I. Kelley (Chairman), Mrs. John M. Taylor, Mrs. H. R. Wilburn.

SCOUTING WITH GENERAL WHEELER.

BY E. H. M'KNIGHT, M'KNIGHT, OKLA.

I belonged to Company K, Terry's Texas Rangers, and I was the Texan mentioned as being with James B. Nance on the scout with General Wheeler across the Pedee River, notice of which was in the *VETERAN* for May last. We were on Sherman's flank, and were moving to his front when we came to the Pedee River. I think the crossing we struck was the Ten Islands crossing, and the river was up, swift, and dangerous. General Wheeler had gotten an old citizen to pilot him across the ford; but the old fellow got in deep, and downstream he and horse went until the boys pulled him out. He would not try again, so General Wheeler said he was going across. About that time I rode down to let my horse drink. Nance and I were side by side as the General rode into the water alone. Nance said to me: "Let's go with him."

As we both plunged in the General looked around and saw us and said: "Boys, hold your horses' heads upstream and let them float across." So we did as he said, and got to the first island all right. We got down and wrung the water out of our clothes and boots, and the General called a council as to how we would do. We knew we were going into the Yankee lines. We got across all the channels all right and rode about a mile from the river.

It was then late in the evening, and we rode up to a farmhouse to see if we could camp with the farmer that night. The old gentleman said he would like to keep us, but he was afraid to, as the Yankees were watching him. He said he had a son hiding out there who was at home on furlough. He then told us of an old man living on the big road who was friendly to the Yankees, and there was not so much danger of his getting burned out if we were caught there. He gave us details of the place and family; so we went on and found the old man willing to let us stop for the night. There were three of the family and three negroes.

We wanted to dry our blankets and clothes, so we built a fire in the log kitchen, and Nance and I went to work to dry out while General Wheeler kept the old man and family company, as we had agreed that he should dry by the old man's fire in the main house and watch him and the women, and we would look after the negroes. We told the old man that we were Confederates, but did not tell him of what command. We could hear him giving Wheeler's Cavalry the d— and lamenting that they were on the other side of the river and likely to cross as the river went down. The General would agree with him that the cavalry were mighty bad men and would rob and steal everything in sight. The old man said he would have to hide all his stuff the next day, at which Wheeler laughed and agreed with him.

About twelve o'clock a company of the 4th Alabama or 4th Tennessee Cavalry scouts, who had crossed the river up above on a ferryboat, came down the river hunting a place to get food. They stopped and called at the gate, and Wheeler told me to see who it was, so as to give him a chance to get out the back way. I had a hard time to make the captain understand that General Wheeler was at the house, for he said he left Wheeler on the other side of the river; but I finally showed him that I was a Texas Ranger by my boots and Texas spurs, and we went to the house with a detail of his men to watch me. When we got to the door, we peeped around the side and said: "Well, General Wheeler, what are you doing here?" Wheeler said, "Looking for the Yankees," and I want to tell you that you could have tied that old citizen's eyes with a cable rope.

Well, the General told the captain to put out a strong picket around the place, so we could sleep. Well, we didn't have much supper, but the breakfast was butter and eggs, ham and big, fat biscuit. About daylight Shannon's Scouts, of the Texas Rangers, came up; but they hardly had time to feed their horses before the picket reported the Yankees just down the road robbing a house, and that was the reason that Comrade Nance had to sound his bugle.

This is all as I remember it after forty-six years. I would have been gratified to meet General Wheeler and Comrade Nance after the war, and often looked for the latter at our Reunions. I was under the impression that he belonged to the 4th Alabama Cavalry, which is perhaps the reason that I did not find him. I would like to hear from any surviving members of the company that came to us that night or from any of Shannon's Scouts who made the charge that morning. When some of the Yanks decided not to go any farther with Sherman to the coast, they camped around that farmhouse.

A BOY'S IMPRESSIONS AT SHILOH.

BY T. B. ANDERSON, GALLATIN, TENN.

I was in the battle of Shiloh as a boy in the 28th Tennessee Infantry, commanded by Col. John P. Murray, Breckinridge's division. Early in the night of April 6, 1862, we were ordered out from Corinth, and we marched all night. Early next morning we broke in on the Yankees' breakfast arrangements, and we captured the entire camp, securing all of the provisions that the inner man desired. It was ready-cooked, but our business was so pressing that we had no time to eat. After the enemy had time to form, we ran up against something. We fought them for a long time on the crest of a hill with a valley in front. There we lost our major, Jim Tolbert. The ball that ended his life passed so near my head that I dodged.

We had fought them bitterly, when the gallant Gen. John C. Breckinridge rode up, carrying his hat in his hand, and said: "Charge them, Tennesseans! Charge them!" And we did it, sweeping everything before us. In passing over that ravine I could have walked on dead Yankees. When we gained the crest of the intervening hill, we received the surrender of Prentice's Brigade. As a boy I jumped up and down, thinking the war was over on seeing all those men stack their arms. But we fought them the rest of the day, until we crowded them back to the Tennessee River. That evening we lost the noble, the grand Sidney Johnston. We had them about ready to surrender, when we were ordered to lay down in line of battle. Beauregard was then in command, and I wonder why we did not reap the fruits of that victory.

THANKFULNESS OF COMRADES.

BY ROBERT J. RHODES, WHITEVILLE, TENN.

Comrades, when I begin to think of what I should be thankful for, I am overwhelmed, and then think of the things for which I am not thankful. The good Lord in his loving-kindness has gently led me through life. I don't know the taste of that awful enemy to mankind, whisky; neither that of coffee nor tobacco. Yes, I am thankful that I am at peace with our Heavenly Father. I served thirty-two months in the cruel war under General Forrest. In one of our charges in the battle of Iuka, Miss., my horse threw me. Our captain, Rufus Brooks, was wounded and captured with others. I am thankful that the enemy thought I was dead and left me on the field, so I was never a prisoner. To all comrades who wore the gray and the blue I am thankful to have a heart full of good wishes.

THE DILIGENCE OF COMRADE J. P. MAY.

The Last Roll Department contains a list of the deceased members of the U. C. V. Camp at Quitman, Miss. This list was sent by Adj. J. P. May, who was born in Lauderdale County, Miss., in 1846, and received his education in the schools of Enterprise, Miss. In October, 1863, he volunteered in Company I, 28th Mississippi Cavalry, Col. P. B. Starks, and served through the North Georgia campaign and in the principal battles around Atlanta and Jonesboro. He was also in the Tennessee campaign, and was severely wounded at Franklin on November 30, 1864. On Hood's retreat he was captured, and in April, 1865, he was sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, where he remained a month and was exchanged and sent to



CAPT. J. P. MAY.

New Orleans and up to Vicksburg under negro guards, and was paroled on the 1st of June, 1865. He was a week getting to Jackson, and all that time lived on green blackberries and plums, and arrived home in Enterprise on the night of June 7, 1865. He has been in public life about a quarter of a century. He was Tax Assessor of his county for about twelve years in succession, and is now election commissioner. He is still true to "the cause we fought for," is Adjutant of Camp Robert McLain, No. 1469, U. C. V., and takes a deep interest in its objects as well as the general welfare of comrades.

FROM TABLET NEAR ZOLLICOFFER MONUMENT IN KENTUCKY.

The inscription on the mound of the Confederate dead as engraved on tablet, page 572 December VETERAN, is as follows: "Beneath this mound rest in sleep that knows no waking more than one hundred Confederate soldiers from Tennessee, Mississippi, and Alabama, who were killed in the battle of Fishing Creek, January 19, 1862. We know not who they were, but the whole world knows what they were. These died far from their homes, but they fill heroes' graves, and glory keeps ceaseless watch about their tomb."

GIVE COTTON TAX TO PENSION FUNDS.

The Gordon Memorial Camp, No. 1551, United Confederate Veterans, located at Oxford, Ala., makes important appeal:

"Whereas several millions of dollars has lain in the United States treasury for forty-odd years, belonging to the Southern States, collected from revenue or tax on cotton during the years 1865 to 1869; and whereas the United States Supreme Court has declared such tax unconstitutional and illegal; and as said tax was paid by the Confederate soldiers, their widows, and the white people or citizens of the said Southern States at a time when they could least afford it; and whereas some of said cotton was raised without the aid of any animals by said soldier, his wife, and children, or the widows and orphans of such soldiers on scant rations; and as it would be impossible to refund said money to those who paid it, as most of them and their heirs have passed over the river; therefore be it

"Resolved, That all Camps of Confederate Veterans of the several States urge upon their members of Congress and Senators from each district and State to introduce a bill at the next session of Congress to have the money returned to the Treasurer of each State, the amounts collected from each State from which said cotton was grown, and to place said money to the Confederate pension funds for the soldiers and their widows. Many of these proposed beneficiaries are very feeble and not able to earn a comfortable support.

THOMAS H. BARRY, *Commander*;
W. T. DODD, *Adjutant*."

FIGHTING THE KANSAS JAYHAWKERS.

D. A. EMBREE, MARCELINE, MO.

I am a constant reader of the VETERAN, and would like to correspond with any comrades who were with Col. Sidney Jackman, 7th Missouri (later 16th) Infantry, in February, 1862, when near White's Ferry, on Grant River, Missouri.

It was there that we got news that the Kansas Jayhawkers were killed and robbing citizens in Bates County, Mo. We located them at Dr. Walker's, when a running fight took place, with the Yankees in the lead. We ran them several miles, abandoning the chase because of darkness. The next day we buried five citizens whom they had killed. Of these citizens, there was an old man named Prewitt, aged eighty-three years, and another man named Keys was of the number. We found one wounded man in the woods. Soon after that many of us were captured and confined at Sedalia, Mo., but later some were sent elsewhere. Among these latter was Colonel Parker, whom they chained with a ball, Captain William Marchbanks, and many others whose names I forget. I would like especially to hear from Captain Marchbanks if living. I have never heard from any of those with whom I was in prison except Colonel Jackman, who died in Texas. I was seventy-three years old on Christmas day. I have never recovered from injuries received in the Sedalia prison.

The VETERAN is anxious to procure the following books, and will be glad to hear from any patrons who can supply them in good condition—viz.: Roman's "Life of Beauregard," William Preston Johnston's "Life of A. S. Johnston," and Dick Taylor's "Destruction and Reconstruction." State condition, binding, and price wanted.

C. A. Johnson, of 136 Sixth Avenue North, Nashville, Tenn., is in possession of a letter written during the sixties, "June 16," written by "Wayne H." to "Addie." Some survivors of that time of either family may be interested in writing to Mr. Johnson.

BARBARITIES IN NORTHWEST ARKANSAS.

BY J. MONT WILSON, SPRINGFIELD, MO.

Captain Beaty's company of Partisan Rangers was attached to Colonel Brooks's brigade of cavalry, scouting in Northwest Arkansas in the fall of 1864, when General Blount followed General Price on his raid out of Missouri through Northwest Arkansas to the Arkansas River. Knowing all the Confederates would go South for the winter, Captain Beaty disbanded his company for two days, so they could go to their homes (in the vicinity of Cane Hill, Cincinnati, and Rhea's Mill, in the path of Blount's advancing army) and get their winter clothes and have brief visits with their families. They went in small squads over the country, and before they could unite these squads General Blount's army came down the Arkansas and Indian Territory line, covering the country for five miles in width, robbing and then burning a great many homes. This was done by Jennison's Brigade of Kansas Cavalry, which included Captain Curtis, of the 6th Kansas, with nine men and a fine-looking lieutenant, Orloff Norton; but Norton stated at a house just before the fight that he did not belong to Curtis's company.

These eleven men went west from the Cane Hill road to the Billy Barker place, robbing and cursing the women, who had no protection except a few old men in the neighborhood. At this place they divided, Curtis and five men going west to the Cheatham place, taking old man Carroll Clarey and his son, fourteen years old, and leaving the motherless and helpless children, telling them that they were going to kill both of them. They passed a blackberry patch on the way, and the boy dodged into it and escaped. A short distance beyond they hanged the old man and robbed Bob Johnson's house.

Lieutenant Norton and the other five men, intent on getting all the horses and mules they could, started for John Tilley's, near Rhea's Mill, to get his stock. Captain Beaty, Lieutenant Rich, Newton Carnahan, Jonathan Buffington, Bill West, and Jack Rich were sitting on a bluff near the road from David Moore's to Rhea's Mill, and commanded them to halt. They fired on the boys and ran, when Captain Beaty and squad mounted quickly and charged after them. Curtis and his squad, also headed for John Tilley's, just then came up the road to their right and rear, and, seeing the Confederates coming up, they dashed ahead and joined the first party keeping the road to Rhea's Mill. The Confederates crowded them so close that they left the road and started east toward the Pylant place. Thinking to check the boys, they formed behind a fallen tree top. Lieutenant Rich yelled to the boys to flank them, which they did. The Federals could not stand this hand-to-hand business, but wheeled and ran east. Then the charge began in earnest—over rocks, stumps, and logs through the timber. The lieutenant did not last long, as he had appropriated Newton Carnahan's old mule an hour or so before, presumably to rest his horse. They left six on the field and ran two a long distance, but could not come up with them, Bill West and Lieutenant Rich leading the others. Lieutenant Rich forged ahead; and when the last was seen of the two, one was lying down on his horse, holding around his neck, the other whipping the horse. The wounded man fell from his horse, and soon after died, as he was found on the bluff not far from Tilley's prairie.

Soon afterwards Captain Curtis and his squad passed down this road, not knowing the fate of that part of his squad. Captain Beaty and Lieutenant Rich did not know this until too late to come up with them. Six men killed seven of the eight and secured all of their arms, ammunition, accouter-

ments, and horses. This resulted without a man or horse getting a scratch. Captain Beaty and Lieutenant Rich were in other similar engagements. Lieutenant Rich, Bill West, and Jack Rich were the only ones left of this squad a few years ago. Lieutenant Rich was an honored citizen of Texas for years, but now lives in Oklahoma.

In a personal letter Comrade Wilson adds: "In this same neighborhood they killed one of Price's sick soldiers at Jim Moore's home, searched his daughter for jewelry, and then burned his house and its contents. This was the time they burned Aunt Naomi Buchanan's house and numerous other houses, with all their contents, at Cane Hill. They also hanged three men who were innocent of any crime, and one of them was a Union man. My sister was with Aunt Naomi and Cyrene, and said they lived for ten days on Irish potatoes that had been dug when the marauders were there. My sister helped to cut down and bury old man Crozier, seventy-five years old, his only crime being that he was a Southern man with sons in the Confederate army."

THE MONUMENT TO SOLDIERS OF ROANOKE COUNTY, VA.—In the *VETERAN* for September, page 421, is an account of the erection of a monument to the soldiers of Roanoke County, Va., and credit for this memorial was given to the "Daughters of the Confederacy" of that community. However, this credit should go to "Southern Cross" Chapter, U. D. C., of Salem, whose members worked hard for the monument and are very proud of their success. It is twenty-eight feet high.

JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

[This poem was written by Maj. E. A. Holmes, of Tazewell County, Va., while a prisoner on Johnson's Island, and it was recently copied from an autograph album belonging to Capt. W. E. Peery, of Company I, 16th Virginia Cavalry, a fellow-prisoner, who afterwards lost an arm at Gettysburg. This is but one of many poems written by prisoners on that famous old island, a number of which were copied into this album, now so highly treasured by the daughter of Captain Peery, Mrs. G. A. Martin, of Tazewell, Va.]

O, who has not heard of this isle in Lake Erie,
So guarded to-day, so unheeded before,
Where the brave and the loyal stroll listless and weary,
Their thoughts far away from its low, sandy shore?

The sun rises red o'er thy waters, Lake Erie,
And gladdens the day with its rich golden hue.
O, who will he tell of the thoughts sad and dreary
Now casting such gloom o'er the brave and the true?

When cannon loomed loud mid the storm of the battle,
And riders lay breathless, their horses all foam,
Those hearts that ne'er quailed midst the musketry rattle
Now melt when they think of dear faces at home.

The bugle call wakes with its loud reveille
From night's fitful slumber those heroes so true
From sweet dreams of Dixie, unconquered and free,
To muse and to stroll till the sound of tattoo.

O, who would have thought if a prophet had told us
A few years ago that such things could e'er be,
That strangers might come and in prison behold us
Confined in a land that still claims to be free?

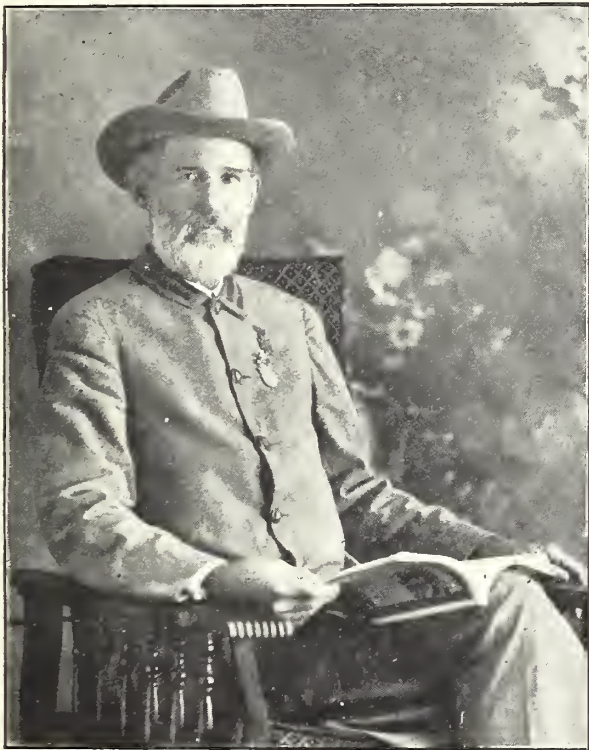
The storm blasts of winter sweep cold o'er Lake Erie;
In silence we bear our lost comrades to rest;
No more will they stroll midst the listless and weary;
They sleep their last sleep in this isle of the West.

ESCAPADE IN SOUTHERN FLORIDA.

BY E. G. WILDER, SOCRUM, FLA.

I send a short sketch of experiences in South Florida to the VETERAN about an attempt to capture Fort Myers, in Lee County. I served in Capt. John T. Lesley's cavalry company, Munnerlyn's Battalion.

We captured the Federal pickets at Billy's Branch, in Lee County, in the latter part of the war. There were parts of four cavalry companies engaged. We undertook to capture Fort Myers. The forces there were a great annoyance to our citizens north of the fort. Their ravages on one occasion reached as far north as Bayport, where Capt. John Lesley was wounded, and is carrying a crooked arm to-day. Emory Campbell, one of my comrades, was instantly killed there by a mistaken fire from another company of our own men. The companies of Capts. Agnew, L. G. Lesley, F. A. Hendry, and John T. Lesley were all under the command of Maj. William



E. G. WILDER.

Footman; and when we were about two miles from the fort, Major Footman held a council of war and expressed the conviction that we could capture the fort by killing or capturing the Yankee pickets who were on guard at Billy's Branch, one mile east of the fort.

Lieut. W. M. Hendry was chosen as leader of this squad, and he selected five men to go with him. I was one of those selected. I was then much in love with his youngest sister, Miss Cornelia A. Hendry, who became my wife in August, 1865; and for that reason, if for no other, I would have stayed with him to the last. We rode quietly along the way until we came in sight of the pickets, when Lieutenant Hendry leaned forward, saying, "Come on, boys," and we picked them up in short order without firing a gun. We turned them over to Major Footman and his command, and then captured a few others who were on the outside of the fort. We killed one of them who seemed determined to make his way to the fort.

At this time everything was in our favor. The officers held another consultation, and a flag of truce was sent in ordering a surrender of the fort. In this short time they arranged their field pieces and small arms, and sent word back by our truce that if we got it we would have to take it.

I had captured a beautiful gun at Billy's Branch, with a few other things from the pickets, and was thinking of the hard-tack and pickled pork that we expected to get inside of the fort. I had become used to such rations in 1856-58 during the Seminole Indian War; but when I saw that flag of truce start toward the fort, my heart was sick from disappointment; my stomach was somewhat so from hunger.

Our line of battle was formed on the south side of the fort. Our horses were out of range of the enemy's small arms, but in good play of their artillery. A large shell exploded very near me, and part of it was buried in the dirt within a few feet of where I was standing. I got it out of the dirt and took it back on the long, hungry march home to show to my sweetheart and relatives.

All day and until night we were skirmishing and shooting at each other with but few casualties. Night came on and we had nothing to eat. We killed some beef, broiled and burned it to a crisp, and ate it without salt.

Another consultation of officers was held, and Major Footman thought best to abandon the siege. So late at night we started our long, weary march back to our former quarters, a distance of one hundred and seventy-five miles, with but a scant supply of horse feed or rations. Some of our boys ate palmetto buds on that memorable return trip.

After the war I became well acquainted with one of the pickets captured at Billy's Branch. He was a very pious man. I enjoyed religious services with him frequently; but he has long since gone to his reward. I never joked him about his capture at Billy's Branch.

It is all over now. I surrendered my musket to the Federal officer at Fort Brook, Tampa, Fla., in May, 1865. Since then I have marched side by side in parade with the gray and the blue. Let us continue these peaceful marches until we "cross over the river to rest under the shade of the trees."

CONFEDERATES BURIED AT SHEPHERDSTOWN.

James P. Wintermyre, of Shepherdstown, W. Va., corrects the statement appearing in the VETERAN last May, page 252, by Capt. Charles C. Doten that Gen. George B. Anderson died on the field of Antietam and was there buried, and that John Murray Atwood, of the 20th Massachusetts Regiment, had removed a plain gold ring from his finger. He says that General Anderson was slightly wounded in the foot at Antietam and was removed to Shepherdstown, where he died. Gen. John B. Gordon also was wounded in that battle and was taken to Shepherdstown.

Mr. Wintermyre sends a list of Confederates buried in Elmwood Cemetery at Shepherdstown, thinking some of their people would like to know of it. Of the known dead there are about one hundred and six, and about one hundred and seventy of the unknown. A monument was erected by the Southern Soldiers' Memorial Association of Shepherdstown in 1870. The list follows:

Col. William Monagan, 6th Louisiana Regiment.

Captains: Redman Burke; R. Grigsby, Company A, 8th Louisiana; R. E. Clayton, Company F, 2d Mississippi; D. Wallack, 22d Georgia; R. W. Cotton, 1st Texas; Lee, South Carolina; H. J. Smith, Company D, Hampton's Legion.

Lieutenants: W. H. Harvin, Company F, 21st Virginia; C.

T. Lyon, Company H, 48th Virginia; C. Wilson; Andrew J. Williams, Company K, 3d North Carolina; H. W. Boyd, Company C, 5th Texas; James A. Beasley, 9th Virginia Cavalry; John James, 17th Mississippi; Williams, Black Horse Artillery; Charles Davenport, Charleston, S. C.

Dr. W. T. Farran, Terry's Brigade, Pickett's Division.

Sergeant Major Anderson, 5th Florida.

Sergts. J. Harlan and S. Jones.

Corp. M. J. Fountain, 13th Georgia.

Privates: William G. Overton; A. Misler, Company B, 52d North Carolina; J. Allen, Company K, 6th North Carolina; A. P. Wright, Company C, 21st Virginia; Patrick Finnelly, Georgia; B. Thomson, 2d North Carolina; J. W. Taylor, Jenkins's Cavalry; S. M. Gork, Company K, 8th Mississippi; Andrew Leopold; W. J. Newhall, Company K, 12th Alabama; D. S. Hood, Georgia; A. Riggs, Company F, 4th Texas; J. Gordon, Company F, 48th North Carolina; W. D. Patten, Company C, 1st North Carolina; Addison Reinhart, Company B, 20th North Carolina; F. L. Witherspoon, North Carolina; J. E. Edwards, Company F, 2d North Carolina; W. Ireland, Company C, 60th Georgia; W. A. Cook, Company G, 31st Georgia; William Eason, Company D, 2d North Carolina; William Howell, Company K, 19th Mississippi; W. H. Mercer, Louisiana Guard Artillery; T. W. Hornbuckle, 13th North Carolina; J. Deakins, Union District, S. C.; A. T. Vespot; C. Dove, Company C, 2d North Carolina; J. Robinson, Brooks's Artillery; S. W. Perry, Georgia; J. Bundy, 21st Mississippi; W. Vaughn; Irvin; Edward Hoey, Louisiana Guard Artillery; S. K. Ferrell, Georgia; J. H. Pratt, 30th Virginia; George L. Roup, 50th Virginia; J. Willis, Spottsylvania County, Va.; D. T. Hood, 5th Alabama Artillery; F. M. Thompson, 1st Georgia; A. Kepley, Company I, 14th North Carolina; W. T. Smith, Company I, 22d Georgia; G. T. Warburton, Parks's Artillery; J. Newman Johnson, 1st Maryland; A. Waters, Company A, 8th Georgia; I. T. Jones, 50th Georgia; G. W. Hoffer, 4th Texas; M. G. Maybin, 15th Georgia; M. B. Slaughter, 11th Louisiana; W. E. Slandiffer, 11th Georgia; A. Ratter; J. W. Elliott, Huntsville, Ala.; W. H. McBride, Company C, 3d Georgia; E. P. Holliday, 5th North Carolina; R. P. Connell, Company I, 50th Georgia; William Jarbee; C. E. Eason, Company E, 33d North Carolina; J. B. Stone; J. M. McOwen, Company C, 12th Georgia; J. Reinhart, Company B, 59th North Carolina; William B. Daniels, Company C, 55th North Carolina; J. Tucker, 21st Georgia; M. Banks, Hampton's Legion; C. R. Rogers, South Carolina; H. Spohr, 9th Georgia; J. Lee; W. C. Ross; O. Tew, 2d North Carolina; John McKee, 2d South Carolina; Rev. E. L. Marsh, 31st Georgia; E. D. Burbank, 26th Georgia; J. C. Agnew, 5th South Carolina; T. J. Garvin, 2d South Carolina Rifles; J. A. Ogle-tree, Company I, 13th Georgia; S. Ganty, Company D, 16th South Carolina; J. B. Feamster, 11th Mississippi; John Gay, 31st Georgia; John Williams, Rockbridge Artillery; F. G. Thomson, Company K, 5th North Carolina; N. L. Farnham, Company D, 5th Florida; Eli Porter, North Carolina; T. J. Grim, 1st South Carolina; Collens Miller, White's Battalion; George W. Harris, Company F, 1st Virginia Cavalry; John N. Gageby, Company B, 1st Virginia Cavalry; Joseph E. Yontz, Company B, 2d Virginia, Stonewall Brigade. The four last-named were from Shepherdstown.

A comrade writes from Stockton, Ala.: "I am now sixty-six years of age. My health is bad, and I have decided it is best to stop my subscription to the *VETERAN*. I greatly appreciate it, but on account of failing health will ask its discontinuance."

SINGULAR MEETING OF TWO OLD VETERANS.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune prints a remarkable yet very reasonable story from Zephyr Hills, a new colony town in Florida, concerning two veterans who battered each other with their muskets at Malvern Hill in the battle there. The veterans were William H. Hopkins, who was in a New York regiment, and Samuel Stafford, who was in the 5th Florida.

The story goes on to say that at Malvern Hill, Va., the Union forces charged an intrenched line of Confederates, and a fierce and bloody hand-to-hand fight took place. The two men, now grizzled and old, were boys. They met face to face, hand to hand, gun to gun, and saw each other well. Both had emptied their rifles into the ranks of their respective foes, and with clubbed guns they attacked each other, each demanding surrender. Neither would yield, and they fought with the fierceness of youth and the determination of brave men, each of whom had faith in the righteousness of the cause for which he struggled. Hopkins dealt Stafford a heavy blow with the butt of his gun on the head, and at the same instant Stafford had brought the butt of his gun crashing upon the head of Hopkins, the hammer striking his eye, and both fell. Stafford arose in a very short time, dazed and terribly hurt; but the attack had failed, and the Union troops, defeated, had fled, or those who were able to flee and were not captured. Hopkins lay upon the earth unconscious, apparently dead, and became a prisoner. A bullet had struck his head, inflicting a most dangerous wound, while the blow of Stafford had fractured his skull. The Confederate boy looked down upon the still form of his enemy, who was covered with blood and gave no sign of life, and his humane heart stood still in horror. He began to weep over his enemy, and undertook to wash the blood from his face. An officer asked him what he was crying about, and he said: "I have killed a man. I did not know him. Why should I kill him?"

It was nearly three months before Hopkins himself knew that he was alive, before he recovered consciousness. The sight of his right eye was gone. The blow he struck Stafford resulted in the destruction of his right eye. Neither saw the other after that fight until now. These two old men, each having but one eye, met by chance. Stafford lives within the bounds of the colony; Hopkins is a colonist. When chance led them to the same group near colony headquarters, they greeted each other casually as strangers; then each took a second look and a third. Each being struck by the similarity of their mutually unfortunate state, they looked upon each other with growing interest. Stafford said: "I seem to remember you. I wonder if we ever met before?"

Hopkins answered: "As soon as I saw you I thought I ought to know; but I do not, I guess. My name is Hopkins."

"My name is Stafford. I live just over yonder. I lost my eye in a fight at Malvern Hill. How did you lose yours? Was it in the war? Were you wounded?"

"Yes," Hopkins responded in surprise. "I was struck on the head by a Reb at Malvern Hill when we charged their intrenchment. Well, that was the man you remind me of."

"You are the Yankee who refused to surrender and knocked me on the head with the butt of your gun, I believe," said Stafford; and when each told the details of the fight, it became evident that these gray-haired men were the boys who fought so terribly in battle hand to hand that day at Malvern Hill. And each battered the other to the destruction of his right eye.

F. G. Yeatts, of Pizarro, Va., desires to hear from any of the engineer corps of the 54th Tennessee Regiment, and inquires especially for William A. Yeatts, of that command.

CONCERNING BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

I read the article of Comrade June Kimble, of Eastland, Tex., in the October VETERAN with a great deal of interest. It doubtless presents the facts as they are. The "War Records" fully sustain Comrade Kimble's recollection of the part that Heth's Division took in the memorable charge, generally designated as Pickett's, on the third day of that great battle. Most all writers of the present day in referring to this charge call it "Pickett's charge," forgetting that other troops than Pickett's are entitled to honor.

General Lee in his report of that assault states: "About 1 P.M. at a given signal a heavy cannonade was opened and continued for about two hours with marked effect upon the enemy. His batteries replied vigorously at first; but toward the close their fire slackened perceptibly, and General Longstreet ordered forward the column of attack, consisting of Pickett's and Heth's Divisions in two lines, Pickett on the right. Wilcox's Brigade marched in rear of Pickett's right to guard that flank, and Heth's Division was supported by Lane's and Scales's Brigades under Trimble."

Gen. A. P. Hill, of whose corps Heth's Division formed a part, states: "The assault was then gallantly made, Heth's Division and Trimble's two brigades on the left of Pickett."

"There is glory enough for all," and credit should not be wholly assumed by any single body of troops in that memorable battle. It is perfectly natural that our gallant comrades who so nobly touched elbows in that noted charge should feel piqued at the frequency of the mention of that grand charge as Pickett's. General Pickett's division performed its part nobly, and the writer would not say aught to detract from the honors justly due our gallant comrades composing that division.

Comrade Kimble says: "We had arrived in sight of the Virginia Bluffs, a half or three-quarters of a mile away, when General Hill ordered two pieces of artillery planted on the bluff to open fire on the enemy. The boom of the first gun, the shriek of the shell high over our heads from a friendly direction, the bursting of the shells in the enemy's line, followed rapidly by other shots, stopped their advance. To this little band, so seriously pressed and overcome with fatigue, the sound of these guns was to us the sweetest music that ever fell upon our ears."

Did General Hill order the artillery fired? Were there but two guns planted on that bluff?

General Pendleton states: "After crossing the Potomac, Carter's guns were placed in position on the hill just below the bridge and some of Garnett's on that just above. Lane's 20-pound Parrotts were also posted some distance farther down and Hurt's Whitworths higher up, all to repel an expected advance of the enemy."

Lieut. Col. Thomas H. Carter's report states: "My whole battalion took position at Falling Waters to cover the crossing on the pontoon bridge. A few rounds were fired at the enemy's line of sharpshooters as they attempted to press our skirmishers approaching the bridge. The pursuit was checked without further difficulty."

The Jeff Davis artillery of Alabamians (W. J. Reese's battery) was a part of Colonel Carter's battalion, and were placed in position on the bluff, immediately over the pontoon bridge, to the south of the pike, which position gave it range of the approaches to the bridge from the Maryland side. We had crossed early in the morning and went immediately into position. The recollection of the writer is that the first volley from that artillery-crowned bluff was from at least twenty

guns, which deterred a mass of the enemy from approaching in sight on the Maryland bluff. After the first volley, Reese's Battery of three-inch rifle guns fired several shots at the enemy's skirmishers. It was clear to us who manned the guns on that bluff that the enemy could not have reasonably placed a battery in position in sight on the opposite bluff. Another fact is that our great chieftain, R. E. Lee, held a position on the point occupied by Reese's Battery, and even while his tired subordinates, wet and mud-begrimed, having been in motion the entire night during a drenching rain, slept upon the wet ground he kept an ever-watchful eye on every movement of his own and that of the troops of the enemy. Archer's Brigade might have fired the first gun in the battle at Gettysburg, but this writer is inclined to doubt the statement that it fired the last. When Reese's Battery ceased firing, the bridge had been cut loose from the Maryland side and had swung around to the Virginia side, and comparative quiet reigned. During its firing it had been subjected to the fire of the enemy's skirmishers as well as the fire of artillery coming from a point not in sight. Probably Comrade Kimble means that Archer's Brigade was the last to fire a gun north of the Potomac.

It is a source of satisfaction and pride to this writer that he was a humble integer composing that grand body of men known as the Army of Northern Virginia and commanded by that prince of men of whom Senator Ben Hill has said: "When the future historian comes to survey the character of Robert Edward Lee, he will find it rising like a huge mountain above the undulating plain of humanity, and must lift his eyes high toward heaven to catch its summit."

I am proud of the fact that I can say when my comrades were sorely pressed I was one of those who helped to make music which was to them "the sweetest music that ever fell upon their ears." "There is glory enough for all." Let us be just with each other and not forget the part that our comrades who touched elbows with us in danger took in warding it off. The spirit shown by Comrade Kimble's article leads the writer to conclude he will not object to just corrections.

In a personal letter Comrade Purifoy adds: "Carter's Battalion was a part of Ewell's Corps, and was attached to R. E. Rodes's division, which aided in driving the Federals from the lower valley, and after resting a few days near Williamsport led the advance into Pennsylvania, reaching Carlisle on the 12th of June. On the 29th or 30th it took up its line of march toward Gettysburg and Cashtown, being the first of Ewell's troops to reach the field, after double-quicking for quite a distance, on that hot July day. It immediately rushed into action, as our comrades of Hill's Corps were being sorely pressed by overwhelming numbers. By a peculiar coincidence we encountered the 11th Federal Corps (Howard's), the same that we had surprised and routed in the early spring before under our commander, Stonewall Jackson, at Chancellorsville."

RECORDS OF CONFEDERATE COMPANIES.—Dr. John Cunningham, of Ravena, Tex., has written a most interesting sketch of his old company, G, 4th Texas Infantry, and the regimental officers. The list gives the names of all the members of the company and many interesting personal reminiscences. Such sketches ought to be written by every comrade who can do so, and the generations of those veterans should preserve the records diligently. If two or three or even more comrades would unite in this work, they could accomplish much more than each working by himself.

W. H. Cely, of Greenville, S. C., makes inquiry for Robert Gavin, of Texas, whom he knew as a soldier in Virginia.

HOOD'S MESSMATES AT YORKTOWN.

BY GEN. H. T. DOUGLAS, 165 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The articles in the December *VETERAN* about the monument to Hood's Brigade erected at Austin, Tex., and the glory of that brigade recall recollections of the brigade and its brilliant commander that I submit for publication, lest in the rapid depletion of our ranks they go unrecorded.

General Hood reported to Gen. John Bankhead Magruder, commanding the Army of the Peninsula at Yorktown, after the battle of Bethel. His rank was that of Lieutenant of Cavalry in the C. S. A. General Magruder gave him the provisional rank of major and placed him in command of the small body of cavalry in his army, consisting of the Old Dominion Company, commanded by Jeff Phillips, the Charles City Troop, commanded by Robert Douthart, and the New Kent Troop, commanded by Telemachus Taylor.

We messed in Yorktown. The members of the mess were George W. Randolph, afterwards Secretary of War; I. M. St. John, afterwards Commissary General; R. Kidder Meade, who died before he had risen to the high rank to which he would unquestionably have risen had he lived; J. Thompson Brown, afterwards Colonel 1st Regiment Artillery, Army of Northern Virginia, killed in action; John B. Hood, and the writer. It was our custom after mess to discuss all sorts of war matters. Some of the younger members of the mess were apprehensive lest the war end before they could get to take part in a great battle. One day General Hood, after listening to the discussions, stated with emphasis that in his opinion we need have no apprehension about not getting into a battle; that the war would be long and bloody, and some of the youngest officers would be the most distinguished men in the army before it was over. He was then thirty. Surely he was prophetic.

Hood was made colonel of the 4th Texas, and after that the Texas Brigade was organized, and, as I remember, consisted of the 1st, 4th, and 5th Texas, the 8th Georgia, and Manning's 3d Arkansas Regiment. After Wigfall, Hood was made brigade commander. Their first action as a brigade was at Eltham, on the retreat of General Johnston's army from Yorktown, where they were commanded by W. H. C. Whiting. They greatly distinguished themselves in this action, as they did on every field after that time.

In the battle of Gaines's Mill (first Cold Harbor) the writer was attached to the light division, commanded by that glorious and brilliant soldier, A. P. Hill, and occupied the center of the Confederate line, with Jackson on the left and Longstreet on the right. We opened the fight. The first brigade put in action was commanded by Gen. Maxey Gregg, of South Carolina, killed at Fredericksburg. The fight was a very hot one, and as we moved steadily forward (eastwardly) we came in front of the enemy on Turkey Hill, occupied by Fitz-John Porter's corps of McClellan's army. The division immediately in front was commanded by General Reynolds, whom we captured, afterwards a distinguished officer in the Federal army and killed at Gettysburg.

The position occupied by the Federal troops was a very strong one. It was a wooded bluff commanding a field over which our troops had to move, and consisted of three lines of infantry at intervals on the face of the bluff, behind logs which had been placed in position, and with twenty guns on top of the bluff supported by infantry. Two of the best brigades of A. P. Hill's division, Pender's and Field's, had failed

to carry the enemy's position, and were lying down under the terrific fire of infantry and artillery. From the enemy's position they could not go forward; they did not go backward.

While resting and gathering strength for a renewed attack, Hood's brigade of Whiting's division appeared on the left of our line, Hood in command, lapping over the left of A. P. Hill's division. A. P. Hill and Hood, both West Pointers, examined the enemy's line in front of them, and Hill asked Hood if he could carry their position. I remember well Hood's appearance and his reply to A. P. Hill on that memorable occasion. Hood was tall (over six feet) and slim, with fair hair and beard and blue eyes, the embodiment of glorious manhood and splendid courage.

After looking steadily for a moment at the enemy's line, he replied: "I don't know whether I can or not, but I will try." Moving along the front of his line, he ordered the men to drop knapsacks and blankets and told them what was expected of them and that he would lead them. He ordered the men not to fire a shot until he gave the command, and, placing himself at their head, the line moved forward. The brigade had to pass through a field, over ground sloping slightly eastwardly toward the enemy, over a ditch and a narrow meadow, and a second ditch at the foot of the bluff occupied by the enemy.

This splendid body of that invincible infantry of the Army of Northern Virginia, led by the gallant Hood, moved forward with unwavering step while shot and shell tore through their ranks, dressing always to the colors as men went down, until the ditch near the foot of the bluff had been reached. Then, halting for a moment, there rang out the glorious voice of their commander with the order to fire. They delivered one volley, and then charged with the bayonet, driving the enemy from every position, capturing their guns, which were turned upon the retreating foe then massed in confusion on the plains of Turkey Hill on the top of the bluff. The slaughter was fearful. The enemy's dead and wounded covered the ground. Lieutenant Colonel Marshall and the gallant young Maj. Bradfute Warwick, of the Texas brigade, and Bob Wheat, of Louisiana, were killed in this charge. Hood was splendidly seconded and supported by A. P. Hill's brigades in this attack, sharing in their losses, and in the glory of this magnificent success. The enemy was driven from every position and the battle of Gaines's Mill was won. Stonewall Jackson in riding over that part of the field on the day succeeding the battle asked what troops had carried that position; and when told, said that they were "soldiers indeed."

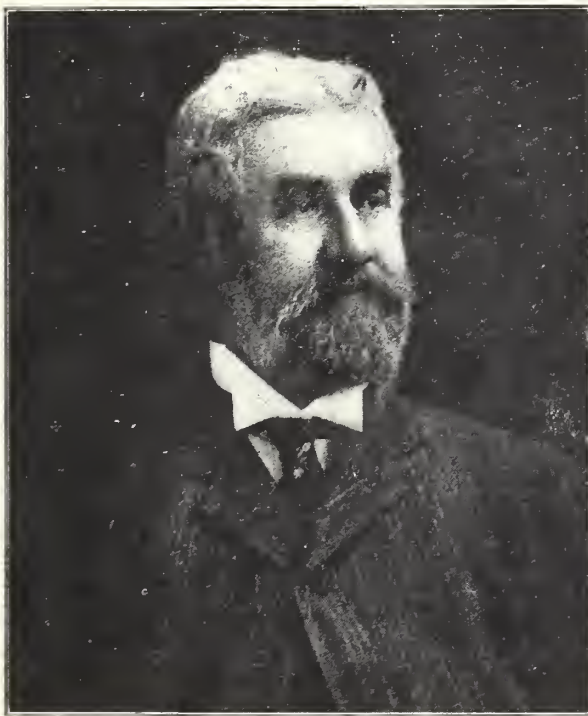
The history of Hood's Texas Brigade after Gaines's Mill was the history of the Army of Northern Virginia. No correct history of that great army could be written without recounting the deeds of the men of the Texas Brigade who won with it the fame which will never die, and no commander was more trusted by that great soldier, Gen. Robert E. Lee, than John B. Hood.

Maimed and shattered when the war was over, with one arm resected and one leg left on the field of Chickamauga, he lived and died in New Orleans, honored and beloved by all who knew him. As one who knew him intimately and admired his splendid courage and that of his gallant brigade, I offer this tribute to men whose conduct on every field was not excelled by any in the history of that war which has left its imprint upon the pages of history, of which the American people, whether they wore the gray or the blue, may be justly proud.

AUTHOR OF THE FOREGOING.

Responding to a request by the VETERAN for personal reminiscences, the author gave interesting data. He is Henry T. Douglas, of Virginia, and was a lieutenant of engineers and served in the early part of the war on the staff of Gen. John Bankhead Magruder, commanding the Army of the Peninsula. His comrades on the staff were Col. Andrew G. Dickinson, Maj. Henry Bryan, Lieut. Col. E. P. Turner, Capt. Willie Alston, George A. Magruder, Henry Pendleton, Maj. Eugene Pendleton, Maj. Allen Magruder, Capt. Hugh R. Standard, Maj. Benjamin Bloomfield, and for a time Maj. (afterwards Brigadier Generals) Brent, John M. Jones, and Cosby, Capt. I. M. St. John (afterwards Commissary General), and Capt. R. Kidder Meade. He was in the battle of Bethel.

In connection with the request he wrote: "After our army retired from the peninsula under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston (General Johnston's 'Narrative' refers to me as the en-



GEN. H. T. DOUGLAS.

gineer officer of General Magruder's staff, relative to the loss of intrenching tools, etc., which General Johnston had been accused of losing because of undue haste in removing his supplies—an unwarranted charge), I was detached from General Magruder's staff and assigned by Gen. Robert E. Lee to the construction of defenses at Chafin's Bluff, the right flank of the Army of Northern Virginia, on the north bank of the James River.

"After completing these defenses, and after the battle of Seven Pines, where General Johnston was dangerously wounded and General Lee assumed command of the Army of Northern Virginia, I was promoted captain of engineers and assigned by General Lee as chief engineer of the light division, the left flank of his army, commanded by Maj. Gen. Ambrose P. Hill. I served with General Hill during the Seven Days' Battle around Richmond. On General Hill's recommendation I was promoted major of engineers.

"When General Lee's army moved from east of and below Richmond, resulting in his campaign against Pope, a board of engineer officers was appointed by order of General Lee to prepare a plan for the defense of Richmond. The board, appointed by the Confederate Secretary of War, consisted of Col. William Proctor Smith, Lieutenant Colonel Collins, and Maj. H. T. Douglas, Corps of Engineers. The plan was prepared, and after it had received the approval of General Lee I was designated to construct the defenses. I was engaged on this work about one year, constructing what was known as the 'intermediate line,' which was occupied by our troops when General Grant commanded the Army of the Potomac. This line north of the James River extended from Chafin's Bluff northwestwardly around Richmond to the James River, resting on the north bank of the river on the property of Col. Joseph Carrington, above Richmond. It also extended south of the James River, from Drury's Bluff northwestwardly to the line of the Richmond and Danville Railroad.

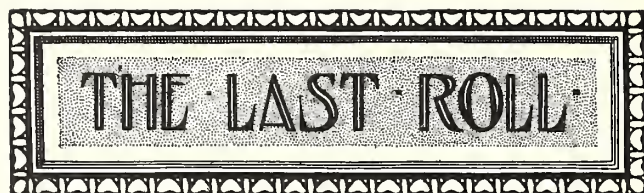
"While engaged on this defensive line I was promoted lieutenant colonel of engineers and assigned to the Trans-Mississippi Department with Gen. E. Kirby Smith, and was chief engineer of that department on General Smith's staff until the war closed. I was promoted colonel of engineers by order issued by General Smith after the Arkansas campaign against Steel, ending in the battle of Saline Ferry. I was paroled at Galveston, Tex., by Gen. Gordon Granger, U. S. A. This ended my career in the C. S. A.

"My comrades on Gen. Kirby Smith's staff were Brig. Gen. William R. Boggs, Col. Sam Anderson, Col. Thomas G. Rhett, Lieut. Col. Wright Schaumburg, Lieut. Col. Edward Cunningham, Maj. Paul B. Leeds, Maj. William A. Freret, Capt. John G. Meem, Captain Kirby, Maj. N. S. Hill, and others. Capt. Hugh T. Douglas was one of my assistants while serving with Gen. A. P. Hill. I served on the staff of Gen. Gustavus W. Smith when he commanded the Department of Virginia and North Carolina and while engaged in constructing the defense of Richmond.

"When the Spanish-American War began I was appointed by President McKinley a brigadier general of volunteers, U. S. A., and assigned to the 7th Army Corps, commanded by Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. I reported to General Lee at Jacksonville, Fla., and was assigned to the command of a brigade in the 2d division, commanded by Gen. Abram K. Arnold. We moved to Savannah, and from Savannah to Cuba, where we established Camp Columbia, below Havana, and where we remained, performing various duties until finally ordered home and disbanded. My brigade in Cuba consisted of the 4th Illinois (Colonel Swift), 9th Illinois (Colonel Campbell), 2d South Carolina (Colonel Jones). While in Cuba I served in the division commanded by Maj. Gen. Keifer."

General Douglas is a member of the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia, of the Isaac R. Trimble Camp, Baltimore, and the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York.

G. F. McCauley writes from Vinson, Okla.: "I wish to correct a mistake appearing in the December VETERAN which stated that I belonged to the 3d Regiment Missouri Cavalry. It was Dr. A. C. Bennett who served in that command, while I was a member of Company H, 44th Mississippi Infantry, Tucker's Brigade, Army of Tennessee. Dr. Bennett and I wrote to the VETERAN and sent in the same envelope, and our correspondence got mixed. I was captured at Nashville on December 16, 1864, and kept in Camp Douglas Prison."



"Yes, it is well! The evening shadows lengthen;
Home's golden gates show on our ravished sight;
And though the tender ties we strove to strengthen
Break one by one, at evening time 'tis light."

DECEASED MEMBERS OF ROBERT McLAIN CAMP, 1469, U. C. V.

[List furnished by Adj. J. P. May, of Quitman, Miss.]

P. P. Culpepper, C, 40th Alabama Infantry; W. E. Britton, I, 36th Alabama; W. O. Boney, B, 2d Kentucky Cavalry; T. J. Davis, K, 30th Virginia Infantry; A. A. Zachary, Roswell's Georgia Battery; Maj. S. H. Terrall, 37th Regiment; Reuben Taylor, K, 21st Alabama; R. J. Fletcher, Orr's South Carolina Rifles. The others belonged to Mississippi commands.

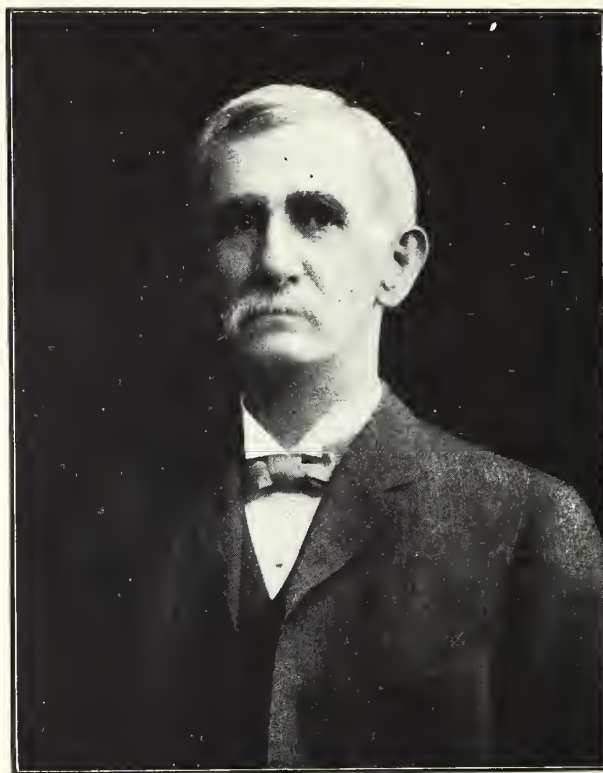
T. C. James, D, 14th; M. J. Snowden, B, 37th; J. C. Hargrove, A, 14th; Wesley Mayo, F, 37th; J. D. Stroud, G, 13th; G. B. McNeill, E, 37th; James Williams, E, 7th Battalion; Capt. C. C. Ferrill, B, 37th; R. C. Rogers, E, 8th; H. G. Priester, B, 8th; J. C. Watts, State Troops; Daniel Shotts, G, 13th; Nathan Herring, E, 37th; Ben W. Davis, C, 37th; W. W. McLeod, A, 14th; G. W. McRea, F, 37th; Steve Pool, E, 37th; W. T. King, D, 14th; James McGee, D, 37th; J. W. White, B, 37th; G. W. Ivey, D, 8th; J. S. Thompson, D, 14th; Joe Ivey, B, 37th; S. H. Robinson, D, 8th.

DEATHS IN CAMP JAMES ADAMS, AUSTIN, ARK.

Names of those who have died while members of Camp James Adams, No. 1036, since its organization, June 10, 1897, given by T. J. Young, Adjutant. [The dates of death of several are not given in the list.—ED.]

D. H. Jackson, 37th Ark. Inf.
F. M. Sims, Co. A, 5th Ark. Inf., Feb. 25, 1908.
B. F. Grammer, Co. B, 36th Ark. Inf.
W. J. Lawrence, Co. B, 2d N. C. Reserves, Nov. 11, 1907.
B. C. Powell, Co. F, 15th Tenn. Cav., March 19, 1898.
R. F. Thurman, Co. B, 10th Ark. Inf., June 25, 1905.
J. M. Gateley, Co. A, 47th Ark. Cav., Sept. 2, 1908.
Grandison Apple, Co. I, 25th Ark. Inf., March 22, 1907.
M. G. Apple, Co. K, 36th Ark. Inf., 1910.
Capt. D. W. Bizzell, Co. I, 3d Ark. Cav.
G. W. Bland, Co. B, 4th Ark. Inf.
J. R. Reed, Co. A, 10th Ark. Cav., Jan. 28, 1909.
W. J. Hall, Co. F, 14th Tenn. Cav.
S. P. Ballard, Co. I, 27th Tenn. Inf., August 31, 1900.
W. H. Harris, Co. B, S. C. Reserve Infantry.
W. J. Moyer, Co. B, 7th Ark. Inf.
G. W. Harkins, Co. A, 47th Ark. Cav.
W. A. Beaver, Co. B, 4th N. C. Inf.
Joseph Ringold, Co. D, 2d Tenn. Inf., Sept., 1899.
W. H. Carpenter, Co. E, Forrest's Regt. Tenn. Cav.
G. W. Warren, Co. I, 5th Ark. Inf.
C. C. Green, Co. C, 36th Ark. Inf., Dec. 30, 1906.
J. V. Choat, 17th S. C. Inf.
E. N. Davis, Co. K, 36th Ark. Inf., December, 1902.
A. N. R. Tygart, Co. F, 47th Ark. Cav.
Edwin Padgett, Co. D, 55th N. C. Inf., Nov. 16, 1907.
W. W. Brown, Co. A, 2d La. Inf., May 17, 1901.

John L. Haney, Co. B, 4th Ark. Inf.
C. T. Perry, Co. K, 47th Ark. Inf., 1904.
P. C. Pearson, Co. I, 6th Ala. Inf.
D. W. Lemay, Co. A, 17th Ark. Inf., July 22, 1907.
G. W. Ringold, Co. H, 7th Tenn. Inf., July 23, 1905.
T. L. Boyd, Co. H, 16th Miss. Inf., Jan. 1, 1899.
E. W. South, Co. E, 12th Ala. Inf.
J. A. Everett, Cobbell's Brigade, Sept. 2, 1908.
Capt. W. F. Gibson, Co. I, 8th Ark. Inf., May 25, 1907.
D. B. Locklar, 3d Ala. Inf.
D. J. Perry, 46th Tenn. Inf., Nov. 4, 1906.
Capt. J. G. Adams, Company I, 25th Arkansas Infantry, for whom this Camp was named, died January 2, 1903.



WILLIAM P. LAREW.

William Perrine Larew answered the last roll call October 6, 1910. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN was a regular and welcome visitor in his home, and the only request his family remember him to have made was that his name should appear in the "Last Roll." The VETERAN is grateful in compliance.

Mr. Larew was born in Mason County, Ky., July 28, 1843, and enlisted in the Confederate service at Maysville, Ky., September 9, 1863. He was with the command of Gen. John H. Morgan, and belonged to the 3d Kentucky (or Gano's) Regiment, later the 7th Kentucky, and he belonged to Company F, under Capt. N. A. Umber. He was first corporal and afterwards made sergeant, and was constantly on the firing line and in active service. He surrendered at Jacksonville, Ala., May 19, 1865.

Mr. Larew resided in Maysville until 1885, when he moved to St. Louis and engaged in the practice of law as long as his health would admit. He married Miss Lide S. Shackelford, of Mays Lick, Ky., and is survived by his wife and four children. A Southerner born and bred, he deservedly wore "that grand old name of gentleman." Only those who were fortu-

nate enough to get in close touch with him knew "that best portion of a good man's life—his little nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love." He never turned his back, but marched breast forward.

COL. THOMAS B. ROY.

Thomas Benton Roy died in Berlin, Germany, on November 20, 1910, aged seventy-two years. He was a native of Warren County, Va. In April, 1861, he enlisted in the Warren Rifles, which was afterwards Company B, 17th Virginia Infantry. At Manassas he was detailed as clerk in General Beauregard's office, and with that officer was transferred to the Western Army in February, 1862. At Shiloh he rode with the staff, though having no commission. Soon after General Hardee applied to Beauregard for a trained adjutant general, and young Roy was recommended and commissioned captain as assistant adjutant general and assigned to General Hardee's staff. His superior ability was immediately recognized, and he was speedily promoted to major and chief of staff. Later he was advanced to lieutenant colonel and then to colonel. Upon General Hood's accession to the command of the army Colonel Roy was offered the position of chief of General Hood's staff with the rank of brigadier general, but Colonel Roy preferred to remain with General Hardee. Upon one occasion he was bearer of important dispatches to the War Department. Arriving in Richmond, he was given an audience with the Chief Executive of the Confederacy, who naturally inquired concerning affairs of the Western Army. Colonel Roy's clear and succinct portrayal and intelligent understanding of the situation so impressed the Confederate President as to receive his commendation.

From a letter of Maj. George A. Williams, of New Orleans, the following is copied: "After the war he went to Selma, Ala., where, while editing the Selma Messenger, he qualified for the bar. He then married Sallie, the second daughter of General Hardee. He became junior partner in the law firm of Brooks, Haralson & Roy, and at once took high rank and became one of the leading lawyers of his State. The late Senator John T. Morgan said: 'I consider him the brightest of the young men at the Alabama bar.' His professional career was cut short on the threshold. A failure in the sense of hearing obliged him to forego his cherished ambition and condemned him to a life of inactivity. For the purpose of educating an adopted daughter, they removed to France and then to Germany, whence they never returned to America. Here was a man whose life was a beautiful outgrowth of our best traditions, a development of the cherished ideals of our fathers. He was a fluent writer, a brilliant conversationalist, and all his expressions were flavored with a chaste, even classic, humor. He was of judicial temperament, of charming personality, altogether an admirable, lovable man, of whom his family and people may well be proud."

Irving A. Buck, of Front Royal, Va., writes: "No braver or more accomplished soldier ever followed the Confederate or any other flag, and in his death has passed one of Warren County's most distinguished sons."

DR. LUMAN S. HANDLEY.

Rev. Luman S. Handley, D.D., pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, Birmingham, Ala., died suddenly of cardiac paralysis on November 26, 1910, at his home, in that city, aged seventy years. Dr. Handley had been a pastor in Birmingham thirty-six years, having served the First Church from 1876 to 1890 and the Central Church from 1890 to the time of his death. He had seen Presbyterianism in Birming-

ham grow from one Church in 1874 to eight Churches in 1910. He was born in Dallas County, Ala., September 29, 1840, graduated from the University of Mississippi in 1869, and from Columbia Theological Seminary in 1872. He was ordained by the Presbytery of Tuscaloosa in 1873, and was called to Birmingham in 1874. He served three and a half years as a private soldier in the 36th Alabama Regiment.

Last June the Central Church celebrated the thirty-sixth year of Dr. Handley's service in Birmingham, in which all denominations joined, showing the love and esteem in which he was held. Only a few hours before his death he baptized three infants. Truly "a great man is fallen in Israel." He had an injured hand from the battle of Chickamauga.

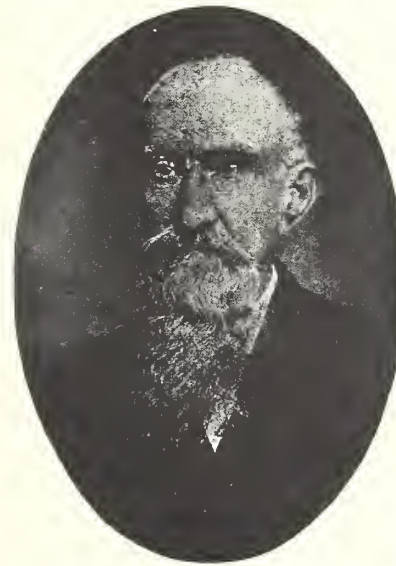
[Sketch by Rev. C. M. Hutton, of Fort Worth, Tex.]

CAPT. C. C. CATRON.

Comrade C. C. Catron, of Carthage, Mo., died at his home on Christmas day of 1910. He was a native of Lexington, Mo. On November 6, 1860, he and Miss Anna Shroyer—born the same day at Santa Fe Junction, June 30, 1837—were married. They celebrated their golden wedding anni-

versary on November 6, 1910. Besides his wife, he is survived by three daughters, two brothers, and a sister.

He enlisted with the Missouri State Guards, and served with them until the battle of Springfield, when he entered the regular Confederate service, and served under Joe Shelby. He distinguished himself on a number of occasions, and was twice wounded during the war. When it came to an end, in 1865, Mr. Catron was acting commissary of



CAPT. C. C. CATRON.

Shelby's Division with the rank of captain. Mr. Catron was with Marmaduke in 1863, when Missouri was entered and fighting occurred, and again with Shelby and Price in 1865, just before the close of the struggle.

Captain Catron had three brothers and a brother-in-law in the same company with him throughout the war, and all came through safely. Since 1895 he was Commander of the United Confederate Veterans Camp of Carthage, and gave time and money to the State Confederate Home and other similar institutions. He was for a time Adjutant General of the State organization.

The funeral services for Mr. Catron were conducted by Rev. W. C. Hill, pastor of the M. E. Church, South, of which he was a leading member for many years.

M. A. TRIMBLE.

M. A. Trimble, of Fayetteville, W. Va., died suddenly on November 27, 1910, of heart failure. He was born at Deepwater, W. Va., seventy-two years ago, and had practically spent his life in that community, removing to Fayetteville a

few years ago and engaging in business as one of the firm of Dickinson & Trimble. He served the Confederacy faithfully during the war, and since had been one of the best citizens of the State, scrupulously honest and obliging. He was a steadfast Church member and loyal in his political beliefs. His wife survives him.

JUDGE W. H. LESSING.

Judge W. H. Lessing, one of the most active of the Confederate veterans of Waco, Tex., died at Terrell, Tex., in February, 1910, at the age of sixty-six years. He had been ill for some time. The interment was at Waco. His wife, four sons, and a daughter survive him.

Judge Lessing went to Texas as a small boy, and for a long while had lived at Waco, where he had made many friends. He enlisted for the Confederacy at Austin during May, 1861, in Company B, 4th Texas Infantry, Hood's Brigade, and served valiantly until the surrender. He was terribly wounded in the battle of Sharpsburg, a bullet passing through his lungs; but he went back to his post as soon as he had recovered from his injuries.

LAST ROLL CALL OF CAMP LOMAX FOR 1910.

The following is the roll of the dead comrades of Camp Lomax, Montgomery, Ala., for the year 1910. Appropriate services were observed by the Camp at the December meeting:

Thomas Martin, Co. I, 14th Ala. Regt., February 27.
H. L. Gholson, Co. G, 6th Ala. Regt., April 6.
F. M. Folds, Macon Light Artillery, April 6.
Rev. N. M. Woods, Payne's Tennessee Cavalry, April 15.
S. H. Beasley, Co. D, 3rd Ala. Regt., April 15.
Thomas J. Graves, Co. F, 63rd Ala. Regt., June 10.
J. H. Truett, Co. C, 45th Ala. Regt., June 18.
L. A. Shaver, Sergt. Maj. 60th Ala. Regt., July —.
W. C. Oates, Col. 15th Ala. Regt., member of Congress and Governor of Alabama, September 9.
R. P. Grigg, Co. F, 60th Ala. Regt., September 19.
W. F. Ledyard, Co. A, 7th Ala. Cav., September 21.
Thomas C. Garrett, Lieut. Col. Navy, December 16.
These were highly esteemed comrades.
[Report by Rev. George E. Brewer, Chaplain Camp Lomax.]

DR. S. C. GHOLSON.

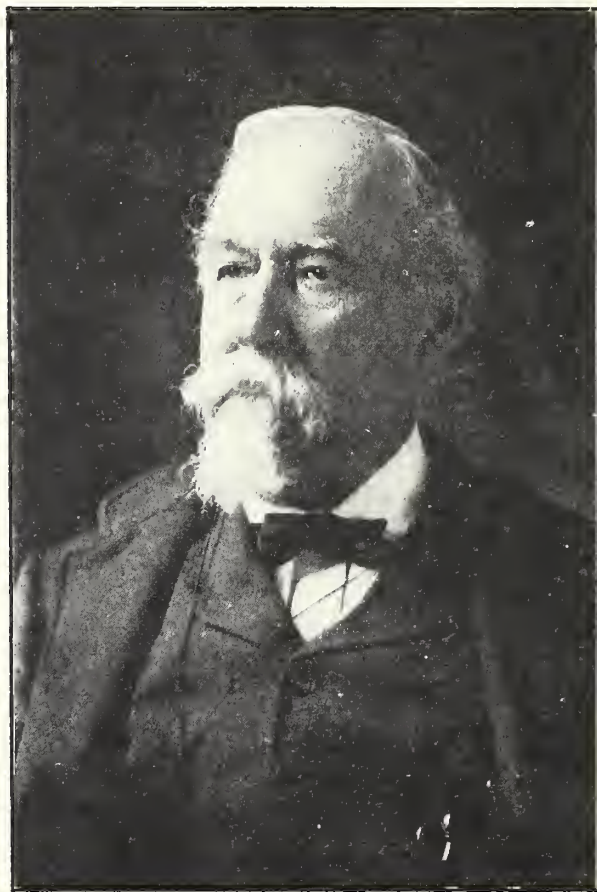
Dr. S. C. Gholson was born in Virginia in 1828; and died of paralysis in Holly Springs, Miss., in January, 1910, leaving a name honored and beloved by the community in which he had lived and labored through so many years.

After exceptionally fine educational advantages, he received in 1851 his medical degree at Hampden-Sidney College, Va. Beginning in 1852, he continued for two years his studies in Paris, France. He then opened an office in Cincinnati, Ohio, but in 1855 he came to Holly Springs, Miss., where he was married to Miss Mary Caruthers and located in the town. He soon rose to a leading place in his profession, winning by his urbane manner, combined with superior skill, the esteem and good will of all who met him.

In 1861, at the first call for volunteers, Dr. Gholson joined the Home Guards, and on reaching Pensacola, Fla., was made surgeon of the 9th Mississippi Regiment. A year later he had charge of military hospitals in Holly Springs. When these were removed, in response to a petition of citizens he was detailed to remain in Holly Springs, with meager remuneration, caring for the families of absent soldiers, there being no other physician in this town where only women, children, and helpless old men were left.

Retiring from active practice as old age approached, so unerring was his judgment that he was called into consultation in almost every critical case. The going of a man so good, so superior in all desirable endowments of mind and heart and action deserves more than a passing notice. His friends are found in different States, and all unite in holding his memory in veneration.

[From Mrs. Rosa B. Taylor, Holly Springs, Miss., who regrets delay of notice and states that "in every sense of the word he was a rare man."]



CAPT. JAMES HOUSTON JOHNSTON.

Captain Johnston was born in Savannah, Ga., November 14, 1831; and died there December 8, 1910. At the time of his death he was the oldest surviving member of the Georgia Hussars, having been for fifty-seven years on the rolls of that command. At the outbreak of the Civil War he attached himself to the Chatham Artillery, with which company he actively served until transferred to the signal corps. Throughout a long life he was a faithful Confederate.

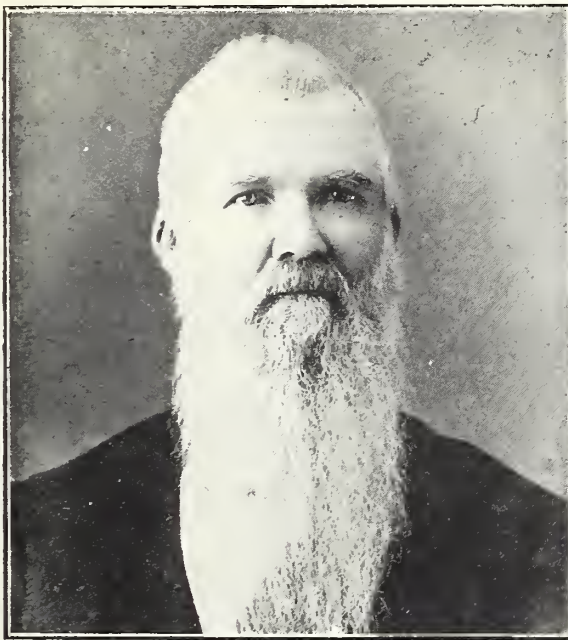
Well might the Savannah Morning News of December 9 say of him: "In the death of Capt. James H. Johnston Savannah loses one more old landmark. Few citizens of Savannah have been more intimately and prominently bound up with the social and business life of the city than he was. For two generations he was a familiar and honored member of all that was best in the various institutions of his home city, and for nearly fourscore years he was respected and loved. Captain Johnston was a gentleman of the South of the old school. This is a trite expression, but it means a good deal when it can be said truthfully and without reserve: 'No man need ask

for higher praise.' Sorrow caused by the passing away of such a man is tempered by the priceless legacy of a well-spent life and an honored name."

When Captain Johnston's death was announced, the flags of the City Hall, the Cotton Exchange, the Hussars Armory, the Chatham Artillery, and the Confederate Veterans' Hall were placed at half mast.

CAPT. W. S. ESKRIDGE.

Capt. William Scott Eskridge died at his home, near Charleston, Miss., on November 19, 1910. He had been a citizen of that community for more than fifty years. As a lawyer he took high rank, was a close student, and took great interest in the affairs of his State, having represented his county in the Legislature and had been a member of the State Constitutional Convention of 1890. He raised two companies for the Confederate service, and was ever loyal to the principles for which he fought. He was a strict Church member.



NAPOLEON P. BOWYER.

N. P. Bowyer, a native of Fayette County, Va. (now West Virginia), died in Lakeland, Fla., just before Christmas. He was born in August, 1832, and when eighteen years of age he crossed the plains to California. The four months' journey at that period was very much like soldiering in the war. He did not remain West a great while, but returned to his native county, and was soon elected sheriff. After serving out the term, he went West again, stopping in Texas, but returned to Virginia and promptly enlisted as a private in the 5th Virginia Cavalry. After a few months he was commissioned as lieutenant for valiant service. In 1862 his company was disbanded, and he then enlisted in the Jackson (N. C.) Rangers, being made second lieutenant of the company, which became G of the 10th Virginia Regiment. He was soon promoted to first lieutenant. He was in a hospital in Winchester after being wounded, and later, in 1864, his horse fell with him, and he suffered the fracture of a shoulder. Back in the service again, he had the good fortune "to bring in" forty-two prisoners single-handed. On the morning of April 9, 1865, he had in charge the remnant of the 10th Virginia Cavalry.

His men were still skirmishing when a courier notified them that the army had surrendered.

After the war Comrade Bowyer went again to Texas, where he remained until 1886, when he removed to Lakeland, Fla., where he became a prominent citizen, serving several terms as Mayor. He is survived by three sons and a daughter. His wife died some years before.

DEATHS IN THE PRAIRIE GROVE (ARK.) CAMP.

The Prairie Grove (Ark.) Camp, No. 384, lost the following members during 1910:

S. R. Crawford died on April 8 at the age of seventy-four years. He was born in Washington County, Ark., and served in Gen. Stand Watie's Cherokee Brigade. He was an honored member of Camp No. 384.

LaFayette Brewster was born in Sevier County, Tenn., in 1838; and died November 4. He enlisted in Company B, 34th Arkansas Regiment, in July, 1862, and served continuously in the same company and regiment until the final surrender. He was a good soldier and a Christian. His wife and nine children are left to mourn his passing. The funeral was conducted by the Camp.

J. H. Marlar was a native of Tennessee, but when a small child his father moved to Arkansas and settled in Crawford County, where Comrade Marlar grew to manhood. He enlisted in the Confederate army in 1861, and served faithfully, surrendering with twenty-two of his regiment in June, 1865. His death occurred on June 28. Surviving are his wife and three children. He was a charter member of Camp No. 384.

DECEASED MEMBERS OF ROBINSON SPRINGS CAMP, U. C. V., No. 396, GRAND VIEW, ALA.

[These have died since the organization, in 1893.]

Hall, Dr. Thomas D., 56th Ala. Cav., Dec. 27, 1894.

Yarbrough, L. J., 58th Ala. Cav., Aug. 28, 1895.

Jackson, C. M., General Gardner's staff, Aug. 11, 1897.

Smith, D. L., 40th Ala. Inf., Aug. 21, 1897.

Bibb, Peyton D., 30th Ala. Cav., Oct. 10, 1897.

Rowlin, Joseph T., 8th Ala. Cav., March 8, 1898.

Cobb, Calvin, October 2, 1898.

Zeigler, William, 3d Ala. Cav., Feb. 9, 1898.

Mitchell, Threet, January 1, 1900.

Myrick, Joseph B., 24th Ala. Inf., Jan. 20, 1900.

Graves, Thomas W., 53d Ala. Cav., July 6, 1900.

Dismukes, William H., 45th Ala. Inf., April 11, 1902.

Maull, J. Fox, Jeff Davis Art., Sept. 22, 1902.

Hughes, William S., C. S. Navy, March 6, 1903.

Rogers, Jonathan R., 58th Ala. Inf., Sept. 24, 1903.

Harris, William E., Carter's Va. Bat., Dec. 6, 1903.

Rives, John, 56th Ala. Cav., Dec. 13, 1903.

Faulk, W. R., April 2, 1904.

Hughes, William, Mechanical Dept., July 15, 1904.

Stead, T. A., August 10, 1905.

Robinson, Dr. Dudley, 3d Ala. Inf., Jan. 1, 1906.

Brown, George W., Semple's Ala. Bat., Sept. 10, 1906.

Henderson, J. W., 56th Ala. Cav., Dec. 4, 1906.

Moore, David J., 7th Ala. Cav., Oct. 31, 1907.

Spiers, A. W., November 5, 1907.

Avercheat, E. L., 1st Ala. Inf., Dec. 26, 1907.

Ross, John A., 24th Ala. Inf., April 7, 1908.

Jones, John E., 45th Ala. Inf., July 7, 1909.

Zeigler, W. H., 21st Ala. Inf., May 12, 1909.

Stamp, James B., 3d Ala. Inf., Dec. 10, 1910.

Capt. W. D. Whetstone writes while sending the above: "We have already raised \$350 for a memorial to the memory of the men who were in the war to members of this Camp."

FIRST FIGHT OF GUNBOATS WITH CAVALRY.

[Data from Regimental History of North Carolina.]

Col. W. H. Cheek, commander of the 9th North Carolina (the first cavalry), supplements General Barringer's sketch of the regiment, and, "first in order," he reports the attack of Company B upon gunboats on Roanoke River in the spring of 1862. The preservation of the railroad bridge at Weldon was of great importance, as it was the main link for supplies to the Army of Northern Virginia; so when the regiment was returning from Eastern North Carolina, Company B was detached for picket duty down the Roanoke, and especially to watch the approach of gunboats. Captain Whitaker, who owned a large plantation about thirty miles up the river, had gone to look after some important business, and Lieut. A. B. Andrews (now Colonel Andrews, First Vice President of the Southern Railway) very skillfully attacked three gunboats from the bluffs and other favorable points along the river, and so punished them that they abandoned the expedition at Hampton and returned to Plymouth. This attacking of gunboats by cavalry was "the first of the kind that happened in our army."

Lieutenant Andrews reported as follows to Colonel Cheek:

"On the morning of July 9, 1862, a courier from Mr. Burroughs came to my camp soon after sunrise with a note stating that three gunboats had passed Jamesville, supposed to be on their way to Weldon to destroy the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad bridge at that point, that bridge being on the main thoroughfare between General Lee's army and the South. [That was before the Piedmont road between Danville and Greensboro was built.] On reading the note I at once sounded 'boots and saddles,' and had my company of forty-three men mounted, rode down the river, saw the boats coming up, and waited until they had passed the wharf at Williamstown going up toward Weldon. There was great excitement in the town. I asked some of the citizens to pilot me up the river, with a view of attacking the gunboats from different points along the river, leaving two couriers at Williamston to report to me in case the boats should turn back and land at Williamston.

"Mr. S. W. Watts and a Mr. Williams went up the river with me. At Poplar Point, about ten miles from Williamston, I stationed Second Lieut. J. W. Peel with ten men dismounted, instructing him to fire upon the first boat, which was commanded by Lieutenant Flusser, of the United States navy, and as soon as he delivered his volley to at once remount his horses and report to me at Rainbow Banks, two miles below or east of Hamilton. Rainbow Banks was a bluff, afterwards fortified and called Fort Branch. I dismounted the men I had and arranged them along this bluff, taking position to the right of the company myself, and ordered the men not to fire until I had commenced firing my pistol, and then to fire as rapidly as possible. I waited until the front boat had gotten opposite me, and then commenced firing my pistol, and the forty-one men began firing, reloading, and firing again as rapidly as possible. Lieutenant Flusser was on deck, and I have never seen a man display more bravery than he did in command of this fleet. Finally the front boat passed up and opened its stern gun upon us, so that I was compelled to fall back, and then went to another point higher up the river.

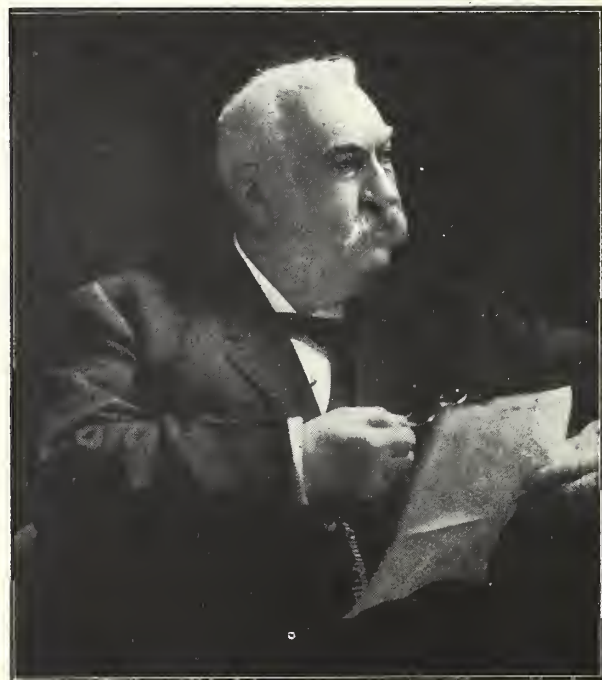
"The men had had no breakfast, and it was nearly one o'clock in the day. I went to a farmhouse near by and procured what provisions they had, giving the men something to eat, and then proceeded to Hamilton. On the outskirts of the town I was met by a good many citizens who were very much excited and begged me not to go into the town and asking me

to go around it, as Lieutenant Flusser had landed one hundred and twenty-five marines and two pieces of artillery, and they were satisfied that if I made an attack on them in the town of Hamilton they would destroy it.

"I waited until they started down the river again, and then undertook to harass them again at Rainbow Banks; but they placed a boat in position and shelled the banks until the other two had passed, which in turn commenced shelling the banks, so as to enable the first boat to pass. I attempted at other places to fire upon them; but they shelled the banks of the river all the way down, and it was impossible for us to get another opportunity to attack them. I followed them until about nine o'clock several miles below Williamston, then returned to Williamston.

"I did not have a man hurt and lost no property, except one relay horse which I had left in a stable at Hamilton and which they took. Lieutenant Peel and all the men displayed great coolness and bravery."

The Fayetteville Observer gave an extended account of the fight at Jack's Shop on September 22, 1863, in which the statement appears: "It was here, while cheering on his men, that the gallant Captain Andrews fell, shot through the lungs.



COL. A. B. ANDREWS.

No braver or better man has fallen during this war. He was universally beloved by all. His wound, which was at first thought mortal, now gives hopes of his recovery."

Colonel Cheek in his account of the fight, after naming the circumstances under which Captain Andrews was shot, concludes: "The Old Guard of Napoleon never on any field of battle more illustrated the effect of discipline and the power of cool courage than did the 1st North Carolina Cavalry in this engagement near Jack's Shop."

In an additional sketch of the 63d North Carolina, the 5th Cavalry, Paul B. Means, of Company F, states: "Fighting gunboats with cavalry took place several times in our war. The first instance was the attack by Lieutenant Andrews, of the 1st North Carolina Cavalry. Lieut. Thomas Ruffin captured a gunboat on the Cheraw with a part of his company

of the 55th North Carolina. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee fought gunboats with his cavalry at Kinnon's Landing, on the James, May 25, 1864, and Gen. N. B. Forrest did the same thing repeatedly—in fact, captured and disabled several boats."

GALLANT COL. A. B. ANDREWS.

Col. Alexander Boyd Andrews, son of William J. Andrews, was born in Franklin County, N. C., July 23, 1841. He enlisted in the 1st North Carolina Cavalry as second lieutenant of Company B in June, 1861. He still carries lead from a wound in the battle of Jack's Shop in September, 1863. He was married in September, 1869, to Miss Julia M., daughter of Col. William Johnston, of Charlotte.

Colonel Andrews enlisted early in the railroad business, and before his marriage he was Superintendent of the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad Company from 1867 to 1875. Next he was Superintendent of the North Carolina until 1888, then he was a Vice President of the Richmond and Danville Company until 1894, when he was called to the second vice presidency of the Southern Railway. A year later he was made First Vice President, a position that he still holds. Upon the unhappy death of Samuel Spencer his promotion to the head of the great system was tendered him, but he declined, being unwilling to undertake the increased responsibility.

Colonel Andrews is as easily approached as was Gen. Frank Cheatham in war times; and as he had been so long a loyal patron of the VETERAN, he was asked recently, through a comrade's solicitude, in regard to his affairs, and he said he had five children, and in grateful manner remarked that he had provided liberally for them. Then, taking from his pocket two much-worn silver dollars, he said: "These were given to me at the close of the war, and I have kept them, resolved that if the worst should come I could get one good meal." He is a Director in the Southern Railway Company, Vice President of the Citizens' National Bank at Raleigh, and president of various railway companies owned by the Southern, Director of the Sloss-Sheffield Steel Company, Vice President of the National World's Fair Commission and a member of the Committee on Awards, and a Trustee of the University of North Carolina. The work in which Colonel Andrews has doubtless taken greatest personal interest is that of the North Carolina Soldiers' Home since its organization, in 1891.

SEVERE EXPERIENCES AT GETTYSBURG.

BY WILLIAM PAUL, WILDWOOD, FLA.

The 48th Georgia Regiment was in line of battle, fronting Gettysburg, and we were ordered forward. The first line of Federals was behind breastworks made of rails, from which we soon drove them under a heavy fire to that noted rock fence. By the time we reached the rock fence all the officers in Company I, "Wilson's Tigers," had been killed or wounded. We had seventy-three men when the fight began, and only three men escaped without a bullet piercing their bodies. I was a corporal, and led the company to within twenty yards of the rock fence, when I was shot down, and the few remaining fell back.

I remained on the battlefield fourteen days, unable to move or help myself, lying between two corn rows smeared with my own blood, until I was sunburned from head to foot, my clothes having been torn off, and two of the wounds had become fly-blown. After this we were removed from the battlefield to Baltimore, and there lay on a street for several hours. Some pitied and others reviled us. The most charitable act done for me was by a fine-looking lady, dressed in black, who gave me a fine comb, and I was not long in making my head

more comfortable. If that lady is alive, I would like to send her a nice Florida present.

I was finally moved to Chester Hospital, where I had to plead with the doctors to prevent amputation of my leg. It had so decayed that the bone and leaders were visible. After a long spell of typhoid fever, I was moved to Point Lookout Prison, where I was detained for about seventeen months before being exchanged. Then a thirty days' furlough was given me. After leaving Richmond, it took the thirty days to reach home, as I was going around Sherman's army to Augusta, Ga.

I am now old, seventy-seven years of age, living at Wildwood, Fla., and have a warm place in my heart for all the old boys who wore the gray.

PRODIGIOUS RAILROAD WORK AT LYNCHBURG.

The gigantic task of building a low-grade double-track line through the rugged hill country on which the city of Lynchburg, Va., rests and across the ravines which surround it has just been completed by the Southern Railway Company.

The extent of this improvement will be realized when it is understood that there has been an entire change of line for seven miles from Winesap, north of the city, to Durmid, on the south, the most important construction features being the following: A tunnel 1,300 feet long under Rivermont, a suburb of Lynchburg; a tunnel 120 feet long under Park Avenue; a steel bridge 1,860 feet long and 150 feet high over the James River; steel viaducts 600 feet long and 115 feet high over Harris Creek, 1,000 feet long and 135 feet high over Blackwater Creek, and 500 feet long and eighty feet high over Fishing Creek; a concrete viaduct 700 feet long, carrying Fifth Street over the railroad yards in West Lynchburg; a concrete viaduct 150 feet long, carrying the Lynchburg water supply; a steel viaduct 150 feet long, carrying spur track of the Norfolk and Western Railroad; and a concrete bridge eighty feet long, carrying Twelfth Street. This great work has been under way four and a half years.

The old line now in use crosses the James River at the foot of the hills and passes through a very restricted section on the east side of the city. The bridge over the James is at a very low level. By the use of the new line, which runs through the western part of the city on a much higher plane than the heavy grades north and south of Lynchburg, which are now such an obstacle to through traffic, trains will pass through the city on a grade forty feet per mile or less.

All the through passenger trains of the Southern will be run over the new line, and all through freight will also go over it. The local freight terminals now in use will be maintained, and local passenger trains will use the old line and stop at the present passenger station, this being in accordance with the wishes of the people of Lynchburg.



GOVERNMENT ROAD UP MISSIONARY RIDGE.

MILTON H. SMITH.

A MAN OF DEEDS, NOT WORDS—RETROSPECT OF RAILROAD
ACHIEVEMENTS.

Milton Hannibal Smith, a pretty big name for a baby, since his parents gave him that name when he was born in Chautauqua County, N. Y., September 12, 1836, is better known now as he signs himself, M. H. Smith, President of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad.

Mr. Smith's parents were most estimable people. His father, a progressive farmer, was greatly interested in farming and improving the poor ways farmers ever had of making the soil yield its best, and then in finding easier and more economical ways of taking care of what the soil produced.

Following the bent of most people that far East and Mr. Greeley's well-known advice, the elder Mr. Smith moved with his family of several sons and daughters to Illinois. This was some sixty years ago. Wheat was the principal crop, and how to harvest it soon engaged the inventive mind of the head of the family. The mower and reaper and harvester that made Mr. McCormick's name famous and his family very rich were also worked out by the elder Mr. Smith; but Mr. McCormick patented the machines, while Mr. Smith merely worked those he made on his own place, and never thought of getting rich off his fellow-man. However, this article deals with M. H. Smith, son of his father, who came South at an early age.

Mr. M. H. Smith, having soon fretted at farm life, went out to try something more stirring. He liked the tick of a telegraph instrument, and, going into an office, he stayed long enough to become an expert operator. Being of an inquiring mind, with a progressive disposition, he discovered that the best use to make of his ability as a telegraph operator was to add the further accomplishment of train dispatching. His mind being receptive and analytical, this came easy.

McComb had come South and built the Mississippi Central, and Mr. Smith found a job at Holly Springs on that road. He soon learned to handle trains, became agent, dispatcher, and factotum for his part of the road. He had handled the trains at that important point so well that when Donelson fell and Shiloh gave all that and this country to the Federals Mr. Smith, remaining at his post, was given yet more important duties to perform, with headquarters at Jackson. Handling these duties with the same ability he had always displayed (or rather showed evidence of, for Milton Smith never displays), he was made master of transportation for all the government roads and trains then operated in the captured territory.

The end of the war came, and the reputation he made did not fade away with the last battle's smoke, but rather rolled on to the attention of Albert Fink, then General Manager of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad and the pioneer of everything great in railway construction, operation, and traffic. Van Alsten was General Freight Agent of the road. Mr. Smith was appointed Assistant General Freight Agent, and thus he began his first service on the railroad he was to make one of the famous systems of the country, and it in time responding has paid him in turn, and has made him the one great captain of all those in the South.

Van Alsten was a man of parts himself; so when the Star Union (a forerunner of railway consolidation), a big freight line, was organized by the trunk lines in the late sixties, Van Alsten became General Manager, and Mr. Smith became General Freight Agent of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad.

During many trials and vicissitudes through which the Louisville & Nashville Railroad had to take its course Albert Fink

and Milton Smith steered the old road to success. The financiers began to take notice, to buy the stock, and work their ways; the politician took notice also, and undertook to use the great force, both of money and men, for their gain; but those two men "sat in the boat," or rather "on the rail," and brought the fortunes of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad on and up till the values were increased twentyfold.

Mr. Fink was called to New York to organize and put in force and effect the freight bureau of the trunk lines of the country, of which he was made commissioner. The now great systems of the country were the result. Mr. Smith had his hands and brains filled with the immense traffic he had built up for the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, and now had to fight to hold and fight harder to build yet more. How successfully he managed all this is well known to most men who keep up with railroad doings, for the stock value of the company, which he had found worth ten cents on the dollar, was doubled by stock dividend and then run up twofold in value on every market in the world.

About this time a rich man, a power in Kentucky politics, with his eye on the United States Senate, bought, with his friends, a control of the stock and made himself President of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. Withal the road prospered in spite of them. M. H. Smith was in charge of the traffic, the money-getting department of the road.

Then another war came, the war of pestilence and disease, ravaging the whole South and threatening to destroy all the territory through which the Louisville & Nashville operated, and the Louisville & Nashville along with it. It was 1878. Yellow fever broke out everywhere. Quarantines were established at almost every important point in the South, especially along the Louisville & Nashville system, cutting the road into a hundred parts. Each community cared only for itself, with a hand against all the rest. Nashville and Louisville alone opened their arms to all refugees. Most cities, after fumigating both trains and passengers four miles south of them, let the trains run through twenty-five miles per hour. Montgomery, Ala., established the shotgun quarantine, and forbade any train from the South to come within that city's limits. In vain appeals came from Mobile, Pensacola, and New Orleans, and the inhabitants of the intermediate territory that they be permitted to send their well away from the perils of the fever.

The traffic of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad was blocked at Montgomery. Mr. Smith went before the City Council and pleaded with them, showing the inhumanity of it all; but Montgomery's Council was panicked, and sought only to protect Montgomery with her shotgun quarantine. "All right," said Mr. Smith; "if you want quarantine, I'll give you quarantine." He diverted the southern travel over other routes to points of safety from fever. He ordered that no train should go into Montgomery from any direction. In five days Montgomery did not have a bite to eat. Appeals were made that they would starve. "All right," said Mr. Smith; "let the trains from the South come through." Even then Montgomery refused. A delegation had gone to Louisville to lay the case before the president, who, being more politician than railroad man, ordered that trains north of Montgomery should go into Montgomery with supplies.

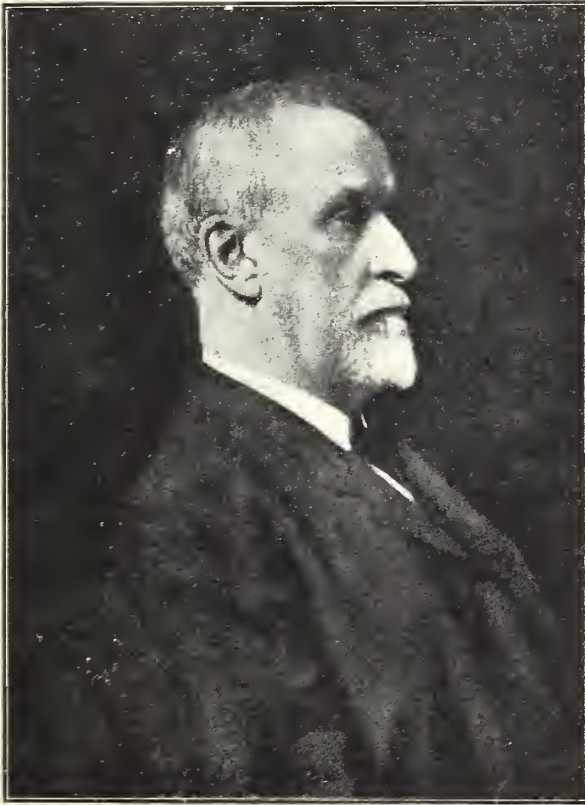
Mr. Smith left the service of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. The Associated Press sent out the news: "Milton Smith has resigned." Next day the Baltimore & Ohio, the Pennsylvania, and Mr. Gould had offered high places to Mr. Smith. He went with the Baltimore & Ohio as General Freight

Agent, with headquarters at Baltimore, for three years, then with the Pennsylvania, taking charge of all that great system's business west of the Alleghanies."

Mr. Smith was called back to the Louisville & Nashville in 1882 and made Vice President and General Manager of the entire system. He immediately began the upbuilding of the South where touched by the Louisville & Nashville Railroad.

The hard times of 1890 and the panic of 1891 were only war again in another shape. The Louisville & Nashville barely escaped disaster. Mr. Smith went to New York and showed the directors that the road was all right if they would only keep the wolves away. They asked him to do so, and made him President that he might better succeed. He began by threatening to throw a whole bank full of wolfish brokers out of their own tenth floor windows if they continued war on the Louisville & Nashville.

It has not always been smooth sailing since. The politician who waxes fat on office he gains by fighting the corporations put all sorts of barriers in the way of the Louisville & Nashville, because Mr. Smith was bigger than the best of them. North of him, south of him, all about him to ride into office over the golden rails of the Louisville & Nashville was the aim. Many a tilt was had and many a patriot (?) bit the dust.



M. H. SMITH, PRESIDENT LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE RAILROAD.

In M. H. Smith the Louisville & Nashville had a champion ever ready for every battle's gage. He defeated those who made a target of the Louisville & Nashville or attempted to take its traffic. All he asked was to be let alone; and when not so let, he fought whatever fight was necessary to protect the Louisville & Nashville. He made a lot of enemies, which was not the least of his virtues. Men hated him because they could not down him, yet he fought only the battles of the Louisville & Nashville. He had no fights of his own.

For thirty years it went on. Some went up and some went down, but the Louisville & Nashville goes on forever. Wherever there is a public fund or quasi-public money, there also is a gang to loot. To fight the looters is not the least of a master's labors if he will protect the property put in his hands.

Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Florida, Georgia—all show the results of this man's endeavor. He built roads into all of these States to develop their resources and their industries—the coal of Kentucky, the minerals of Tennessee and Alabama, the timber of all the States, agriculture, commerce—and traffic everywhere was promoted.

For forty years he held for Nashville that milling-in-transit rate against which every city North and South has fought and that built up the great mill and grain industry here. For all that time he has maintained the integrity of the "like condition" rate that gave Nashville the Cumberland River, wet or dry, as a rate maker. Through all the courts till fame has hung about the case because of all these innovations the case has been fought and sustained. The people profited.

The profit of the public the Louisville & Nashville shared in—that has been the theory of this man. Without prosperity of the people along the line of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad there could be no profit for the Louisville & Nashville. Yet there were people who believed the oft-repeated spiel of the impecunious promoter of evil and distrust, and joined in the cry against the "octopus," that "octopus" which gathered ten States of the Union in its benign fold and from each tentacle sent out the life-giving juices that brought prosperity to all, even in spite of the perfidious protests of many who profited. Here is one instance of Mr. Smith's action.

In 1898 all the South experienced a severe winter. In Tennessee we had not had the like of cold weather for years. The Cumberland River was frozen from shore to shore. There was a great deal of suffering from all classes. In the midst of it the coal supply became exhausted, and rich and poor alike felt the pain and pinch of cold. The coal mines of Tennessee could not supply the towns and cities near Nashville. The supply was exhausted, not a dealer had a ton of coal, and there were few cellars that were not empty. Brother shared with brother, friend with friend, and neighbor with neighbor. The extreme cold continuing, the coal mines got into trouble; pipes and pumps froze up, and it was impossible to get coal from any Tennessee mine. The local roads were therefore utterly unable to bring any relief. An appeal was made to the Louisville & Nashville Railroad—to M. H. Smith. In an hour he had ordered all the coal along the line diverted to Tennessee towns and that the coal stocks of some of the towns in Kentucky be reshipped to Tennessee. This continued, for the extreme cold continued, till the Kentucky towns ran short and protested. Mr. Smith brought coal from Louisville all the way to Nashville—coal, too, some of which had gone from this vicinity. No extra freight charge was made, so that the price was not increased, although men came with scuttles and offered a dollar a scuttle.

So fraught with suffering and impending destruction was this coal famine that men—good men, honest men, rich men—climbed on the cars as they passed through East Nashville and took the coal before it reached the dealer, for fear their order would not be filled in time to save their families from suffering. The Louisville & Nashville sent a great many cars of coal to Nashville from their own supply, whole car loads of which were never accounted for, that coal having been taken without leave, license, or pay by men who said their wives and children were suffering and they must have fuel.

Nashville has forgotten that peril, that month of suffering, barely escaping disaster and death, numerous deaths. Yet it was only twelve years ago that Mr. Smith came to Nashville and found the conditions so deplorable that he actually made himself the coal agent for all South Kentucky and Tennessee, as well as master of transportation of the commodity alone that could warm. It was an emergency that only a master hand could meet. He met it and went away without a word to or from anybody then or since. And this is the first record doubtless ever made of this really very onerous, wonderful, and humane personal achievement. Virtue truly is its own reward—real, true, sure-enough virtue. This man likes to do things like that. He hunts difficult problems. He loves to solve what other men halt at; to him reward comes with the success of his endeavors. And he never refers to his work.

In his prime Mr. Smith went constantly over the line of the road. He visited all the cities and all the towns along the road. He acquainted himself with each business of material importance to the road or the community. He made the acquaintance of the owners and managers of industries and familiarized himself with their needs and their endeavors. He helped the struggling, he built higher the prosperous, and he developed new industries wherever tangible product was discovered, after helping most materially to discover. To no man in all the States through which the road runs do the people owe so much. Yet he does not stop to be paid or praised, nor will he. He takes for himself the rule he lays down for his employees: "No man deserves any credit for doing his duty." With that as a slogan he strides through his busy, eventful, historical life, regardless alike of condemnation or commendation. Only those who have been privileged to keep close have been allowed to know the good he has done, the charity in thought and act, the gentleness of the apparently arrogant man. He has made successful a whole host of men, and he is prouder of that work than all his victories. He found them young, inexperienced, untaught, undeveloped; he has made men of them; but he will not claim any credit for it.

He has created big, brainy men, men of affairs, men who, following the master, have discovered and developed yet newer territory in other sections or, remaining with the old line, now occupy positions of influence, affluence, and worth. It is said that the Louisville & Nashville Railroad has been the university from which has graduated the traffic men and managers for half the country, and that M. H. Smith was the head master. He has been the character to emulate, his the style to copy, his ways the lines to work on, to accomplish.

Withal Mr. Smith arrogates nothing to himself, nor assumes superiority; he only asserts his power to act as he sees best. He lets it go at that and fights it out on that line, though it has taken all the summer of his eventful, active, enviable, historical life, linked alike with the history of the Old South with its changed conditions to upbuild which he has given half a century of earnest, strenuous, successful endeavor.

The characteristics of a great man are always an interesting study. It enables lesser men to ape the greater and modest men to see their own possibilities. It develops the dormant capacities of young and untried men. But who is to tell of what a great man is capable or what made him great? Mr. Smith's power is his firmness of conviction and intense-ness of purpose. His mind is analytical and his determination unwavering. Once he sees the way, he follows it; nothing, nobody can divert him. "We have determined the way; let's take no by-paths," he sometimes says, which lets one know his head is set and that he will not waste time on other plans.

THE L. & N. RAILROAD COMPANY.

GROWTH OF THE GREAT SYSTEM UNDER ONE MANAGEMENT.

The original capital stock of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad was \$3,000,000, authorized March, 1850; the contemplated mileage, 185 (Louisville to Nashville).

The authorized capital stock to-day is \$150,000,000, with 5,000 miles of road in thirteen States.

When M. H. Smith went into the service of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, besides the main line from Louisville to Nashville there was a branch to Bardstown, Ky., some 17 miles long, another to Lebanon, Ky., 37½ miles, and another from Bowling Green, Ky., to the Tennessee State line, about 50 miles, a total of 290 miles, which cost about \$10,000,000. The cost of the 5,000 miles now owned by the company has been \$128,000,000. The road employs 40,000 men.

More than five hundred millions of money have been distributed by the Louisville & Nashville Railroad to the people and employees along its line. Besides this direct contribution to the citizens (for a man is still a citizen even if he is a railroad employee), the policy of M. H. Smith has ever been to develop the industries along the line of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, to build branch roads to timber, to coal, to iron ore, to limestone, to phosphate, to people, and be instrumental in the upbuilding of the country. The country is the South, since the endeavors and success of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad have been in Southern territory alone. Since M. H. Smith pitched his tent in Mississippi in 1859, he has held his hand to the plow and never turned his face toward any other section of the country than out over this Southland. Appeals and proffer after proffer have been made to take him away, but he has not gone. The East and the West have brought out a number of eminent and able men, who have successfully handled the properties they have acquired or had placed in their hands, and contributed to the upbuilding of the countries through which their respective roads have been built. M. H. Smith stands preëminent, the one great organizer, developer, and operator in the South. September 12 of this year (1911) he rounds out his seventy-five years of life, as eventful, successful, honorable, and enviable as ever man lived. Probably his greatest and most valuable asset was the possession of a will to do right, regardless of the enemies he might make.

If ever there was a many-sided man, we have him here. Mr. Smith's long and extensive commercial experience has made him familiar with all the likely happenings in a business life. Little there is that has not come up in his long life full of contemplation of such varied affairs. In all the labors of the railroad man, from him who rolls freight on the platform to him who arranges to float millions of money on the sea of railroad venture, he has tried his hand, long schooled in the university of practical and applied commerce, engineering, law, mechanics, and industrial endeavor; he is at the same time a railroad manager, a commercial traveler and merchant, an engineer, lawyer, a mechanic, and a financier, ready and able to meet the best of them at their own game or his with a full assurance that an abundant and varied knowledge has given him such ability that within himself he can solve whatever problems that may under any and all conditions confront him or demand his decisions. Once he was asked why he did not answer a certain business letter he had received. His reply was: "I couldn't." So he did not try. The useless he is too wise to bother about.

THE SOLID SOUTH OF BUSINESS.

SOUTHERN COMMERCIAL CONGRESS TO MEET IN ATLANTA.

Gov. Joseph M. Brown, of Georgia, has invited President Taft to be present, and he is joined in the invitation by the following Governors and Governors-elect: Gov. Braxton B. Comer and Gov.-elect Emmett O'Neal, of Alabama; Gov. George W. Donaghey, of Arkansas; Gov. Albert W. Gilchrist, of Florida; Gov. Augustus E. Wilson, of Kentucky; Gov. Jared Y. Sanders, of Louisiana; Gov. Austin L. Crothers, of Maryland; Gov. Edmond F. Noel, of Mississippi; Gov. Herbert S. Hadley, of Missouri; Gov. W. W. Kitchin, of North Carolina; Gov. Charles N. Haskell and Gov.-elect Lee Cruce, of Oklahoma; Gov. Martin F. Ansel and Gov.-elect Cole L. Blease, of South Carolina; Gov. Malcolm R. Patterson and Gov.-elect B. W. Hooper, of Tennessee; Gov. Thomas M. Campbell and Gov.-elect Oscar Branch Colquitt, of Texas; Gov. William Hodges Mann, of Virginia; Gov. William F. Glascock, of West Virginia.

Gov. Brown urges the importance of a large attendance:

"This invitation, Mr. President, is neither formal nor perfunctory, for we are not unmindful of your friendship for the South, which is evidenced not only by your public utterances, but by your official acts and appointments. Your part in the construction of the Panama Canal will be recorded by history as one of the most important triumphs of constructive statesmanship, and this work will have a far-reaching effect upon the prosperity of the South and the development of its industries.

"It is fitting that you should be present as a counselor and friend at this great gathering of representative Southern men, called for the purpose of devising ways and means for the up-building of these States, the development of their resources, and the encouragement of all that will advance civilization within our borders.

"We are aware that the demands of public business upon you are heavy; but we are persuaded that this invitation will receive serious and favorable consideration when you remember that it is impossible to build up the South without making the country greater, and your presence and counsel will add immensely to the success of our efforts."

COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

All Southerners will be gratified that the great organization which is proving its faith by its works and is genuinely patriotic has selected to its most important commissioners Dr. Clarence J. Owens, of Alabama, Commander in Chief of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans. His appointment means much to the undertaking, as it will induce the coöperation of the best people throughout the South.

REPRESENTATIVE TENNESSEAN.

Mr. Leland Hume, of Nashville, General Manager of the Cumberland Telephone & Telegraph Company, is engaged to speak for the State of Tennessee before the Congress. The notice sent out from Washington in regard to it states:

"Mr. Hume has had connection with business affairs since his early manhood. His speech before the Southern Commercial Congress will be to the topic, 'The Solid South of Business.' Equally distinguished men from each of the other Southern States will speak on the same topic, thus bringing together the latest authoritative word regarding the business status of each State in the South. Each of these speeches will later be used for national distribution.

"Mr. Hume is descended from the early settlers of Nashville, his ancestors having gone there from Edinburgh, Scot-

land, in 1800. His father was a wholesale merchant in Nashville for forty years, up to the time of his retirement from business five years ago. Mr. Hume was educated at Vanderbilt University, worked for his father for five years, and then entered the service of the Cumberland Telephone & Telegraph Company, and has now been twenty-five years associated with that company. At the age of twenty-two he was elected treasurer of the company, at the age of twenty-seven its secretary and assistant general manager, and is now general manager. He married at twenty-four Miss Louise Trenholm, of Charleston, S. C., a niece of Hon. George A. Trenholm, Secretary of the Confederate States Treasury.

"Mr. Hume was the first President of the Nashville Board of Trade, which body was brought together seven years ago by uniting the various commercial organizations of the city."

THE SURGEON GENERAL, S. P. MOORE, MONUMENT.

It is to be erected in Richmond, Va., under the auspices of the Association of Medical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederacy.

The monument is to consist of four parts: A base of three steps of Richmond gray granite, a round pedestal of white marble, smooth but not polished, a bronze statue of Surgeon General Moore on top of a pedestal, a bronze group of a female nurse and a wounded soldier, at foot of pedestal.

The Surgeon General is represented as having received some report, and is now reflecting as to what indorsement or order to write on it, showing him in executive capacity. He is clothed in the military uniform of his rank in the Confederate States army. The pedestal has a countersunk panel with appropriate inscription. At the top is a band of laurel as a tribute to his worth and the efficiency of the medical department, below is a band of thirteen stars, linked with a conventional representation of the battle flag, making a very ornamental as well as appropriate design. The group in front at the base of the pedestal is a nurse ministering to a wounded soldier, and is designed as a tribute to the Women of the Confederacy.

On one side of the column (or pedestal) is the great seal of the Confederate States.

On the opposite side is the battle flag, surrounded by a sunburst, indicating the glory of the flag and the soldiers who valorously fought under it.

As far as may be practicable the materials of construction will be indigenous to the Southern States.

It is promised informally that the city of Richmond will furnish the foundation and base of the monument and will give an appropriate site upon which to erect it, and the State Assembly may make an appropriation.

[The foregoing is from Dr. Samuel E. Lewis, Chairman General Committee Association Medical Officers Army and Navy of the Confederacy.]

A MOST GENEROUS OFFER OF THREE BOOKS.

Elbert William Robinson Ewing, a native of the South, and who is doing a peculiar and splendid work helping to place our section aright on the pages of American history, is highly appreciated by a large circle of VETERAN readers through his "Northern Rebellion and Southern Secession." Except a few copies now owned by the VETERAN, this work cannot now be bought. Since the publication of this highly interesting work the author has given to the public two other books, both printed in clear type and bound in neat cloth. Of these newer books, one is a history of the greatest Amer-

ican judicial determination, the famous Dred Scott case, and deals in a masterly way with the questions therein which involved the powers of the Federal government, the fight over which finally gave rise to secession. The latest work takes up the most bitter fight since the war, drawing intensely interesting pictures of the men and their methods, which involved some of the most vital relations since the war between the Federal government and the States—the Hayes-Tilden election and trial.

1. "*Northern Rebellion and Southern Secession*" needs no additional comment, but here are representative instances of what is thought of the others.

2. "*Legal and Historical Status of the Dred Scott Decision.*" It should be widely read, and should make the University and the whole State proud of its author.—*Professor Dabney, History Department, University of Virginia.*

Mr. Ewing analyzes carefully, reasons closely, and in his study of the case has evidently overlooked no material fact. . . . If any one chapter is more deserving of attention than another, it is that one, perhaps, in which the author attacks the generally accepted theory that, in passing on the question of the constitutionality of the Missouri Compromise, the court went out of its way, and pronounced what is known as *obiter dictum*. James Bryce and Woodrow Wilson and others of ability almost as conspicuous hold this view, but Mr. Ewing throws down the gauntlet to them, and, drawing his arguments from many sources, demonstrates in a masterly and convincing manner their error.—*Washington (D. C.) Herald.*

See Judge Pearce's opinion in November (1910) *VETERAN*.

I regard this book as a very valuable contribution to our political history.—*J. H. Hinemon, Pres. Henderson College.*

I wish to thank the author for giving to the literature of the South such a valuable contribution.—*Mildred L. Rutherford, author and teacher.*

3. "*Law and History of the Hayes-Tilden Contest.*"

The book displays a close and careful study of the great judicial and political contest. The legal status and powers of the electoral commission are gone into, and the whole battle for place is laid bare in a dramatic and vivid way.—*Record-Herald, Chicago.*

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"THE SWORD IN THE MOUNTAINS."

Alice MacGowan, who has written so much and so naturally of the mountain dwellers of our beautiful Southland, has just published through Putnam's a great Civil War story under the above title. Realizing that too many tales dealing with the great conflict have been written from a prejudiced view-point, Miss MacGowan has made her story wonderfully impartial. This may be accounted for by the facts that Alice MacGowan was born in Ohio, brought up in Tennessee; and while her father was an officer in the Army of the Cumberland, the fathers of almost all of her associates and her dearest friends of childhood days were on the other side in that struggle. Colonel MacGowan was editor of the *Chattanooga Times* for more than twenty years, and thirty years editor in Chattanooga.

"The Sword in the Mountains" deals with the siege and battles about Chattanooga, and perhaps no more picturesque

war material was offered during the conflict of '63. Chickamauga, which is the great battle piece of the book, came very near being a drawn engagement, the advantage resting on one side and the victory on the other. The valor shown on that terrible field was American—not confined to North or South. Pap Thomas, the rock of Chickamauga, who saved the battered remnants of the day for the Federals, was himself a Virginian. Abraham Lincoln's Confederate brother-in-law, General Helm, was killed on the field of Chickamauga. Altogether the author could not have selected a battle in whose heroic fighting both sides could have felt such equal pride. Her description of the battle, while historically accurate, is extremely picturesque, and survivors who know how the fighting went will find nothing to offend and much to charm them in her presentation.

The same judicious intention to represent both sides is shown in the placing of her characters. The hero of the story, Champ Seacrest, an East Tennessee boy, who had gone West, is a young Confederate cavalryman, coming in with the Texas Rangers. But Champ Seacrest's father, Vespasian Seacrest, almost an equally important character in the story, is a mountaineer living on Walden's Ridge, north of Chattanooga, and an ardent Unionist. The boy had run away from home and gone with kin to Texas. The girl he loved still remained with his father on Walden's Ridge, and she too is profoundly attached to the Union, and helped Vespasian to get men through to join the Union army. Champ is cast out by his father in a moment of passion, and Delora, the girl, holds with the old man; yet the hearts of both follow the dashing young gray-clad cavalryman, who rides with the 8th Texas Rangers, forming sometimes a part of Wheeler's "Ragged and Reckless," sometimes with Forrest or another.

The loving touches with which the war-time life in its old-fashioned Southern elegance is delineated, as in the home of the Winchesters at Chattanooga, will be especially appreciated by those who remember those times. The scene in which Champ is taken for a spy in Mrs. Judge Winchester's house, the death-bed marriage between Evelyn Winchester, the lovely young Southern girl, and a young Federal officer who has fallen desperately in love with her—these are things most of us could parallel in our personal experiences or in the stories that have come down to us.

A romance is not expected to weigh ethical questions or set forth the right or wrong of a situation, and "The Sword in the Mountains" makes no attempt to argue the case for either side. The reception of the news of Lincoln's assassination in Chattanooga, the midnight court-martial, the various skirmishes and rescues are all parallel from events in history, though no one character or incident is taken exactly as it stood. But the description of the burning of the Federal wagon train in Sequatchie Valley that was to sustain the besieged town when Wheeler's desperate band undertook what even Forrest thought they could not do, the figure of its gallant leader, with a mere touch of Braxton Bragg's personality, is accurate.

In the preface Miss MacGowan expresses some little fear that her lack of prejudice may end by pleasing neither side, yet it would be a captious critic indeed who would wish to import even a touch of bitterness into a book which celebrates so enthusiastically the valor of Americans, the courage we draw from a common ancestry, and which we must all hope to bring to bear upon a common destiny.

While the book does not portray that astute knowledge of military matters that the veterans expect, it will entertain those who are unfamiliar with them, and it is intensely thrilling.

ABOUT REUNIONS WITH THE GRAY AND BLUE.

Comrade J. M. Arnold, a conservative veteran, who has held the rank of Brigadier General in the U. C. V. Association, writes from Covington, Ky.: "I notice in the papers that the G. A. R. at their last Reunion held in Atlantic City passed a resolution to invite the U. C. V. Association to meet with them in joint reunion. From principle I am unalterably opposed to any joint reunion with that Association. The late Charles A. Dana, who was Assistant Secretary of War under Mr. Lincoln and afterwards editor of the New York Sun, personally advocated a reunion of the two associations to be held in New York on July 4, 1896. Gen. John B. Gordon, then our Commander in Chief, signified a willingness to do so. The Grand Army of the Republic through their Commander in Chief declined. Later on at our Reunion at Birmingham a resolution was passed inviting the G. A. R. to join with us in a reunion. That was submitted to their Commander in Chief, who, I believe, was Walker, and offensively declined, he stating that he would be willing if we would not wear our gray uniforms or bring our old battle flags. If this matter is submitted to our Reunion to be held at Little Rock next year, I hope to see it unanimously voted down."

[The VETERAN has not favored these joint reunions since the G. A. R. Commander was so ugly in declining the Dana proposition in 1896. But let us remember that his was an individual ugliness. At Atlantic City there was much of respect and fraternal feeling shown Confederates, and the day is coming when a "corporal's guard," the last of both sides, will "fall on sleep," and in those days there will be but two questions: Was he faithful to his convictions? and did he treat civilians right? Villianous deportment of soldiers should be diligently considered in all matters where the spirit of conservatism is a factor. A gentleman in the war days should now be so esteemed. Let that be the test rather than professed friendship now. Deeds of vandalism committed in the sixties should not be excused now.]

YOUR FAMILIES SHOULD BE ENLISTED.

A well-written letter from South Carolina states: "I am writing to ask that you discontinue the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to my grandfather, who died December 8, 1910. He enjoyed your book very much, for he was an old soldier eighty-five years of age."

The sad thing about this is that the family was not interested sufficiently to send even a brief sketch, and the fact is published for the benefit of venerable comrades in the hope that they will enlist their children and grandchildren at least to the extent of having some account sent for publication. The VETERAN is splendidly bound in many public and private libraries, so that years and years ahead the posterity of these grandchildren will seek sadly but in vain for a record of their ancestors who endured faithfully to the end for a principle as high as human conception. Teach your children that "a land without monuments" is indeed "a land without memories," and monuments by these records are far more durable than granite or bronze. It is useless to speculate about the durability of these VETERAN records; but to all human reason it may be presumed that, while the foundations of man endure, these records will be preserved. Tell your posterity to the last generation of your deeds and urge them to help sustain a record that means so much for the exaltation of character and is so helpful in many ways to those who deserve whatever of merit there is in what you and your comrades did in the sixties to maintain principles inculcated by patriotism—yea, by every consideration embodied in the Christian religion.

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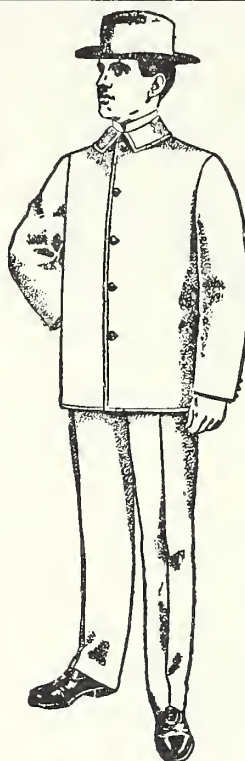
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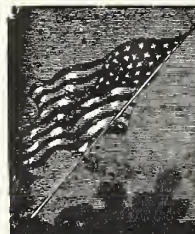
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Hardy Rhyne, of Cartersville, Ga., makes inquiry of Andrew Hardy, who joined the Confederate army in 1861, and served in Captain Newton's company from Fayette County, Ala. He was last heard from after leaving the hospital at Richmond, and was then starting to rejoin his company, which was on its way to Yorktown.

Mr. Milton Bragg, of Harrison, W. Va., who served in Company F, 60th Virginia Regiment, would like to learn something of Lieut. James Caskey Cabell, of his company, and of Sergeant Smith, of Mississippi, and Allen Carpenter, of Louisiana, the last two of whom were at Camp Morton, Ind. Any other comrades who remember "Little Bragg" of Company F will confer a pleasure by writing to him as above.

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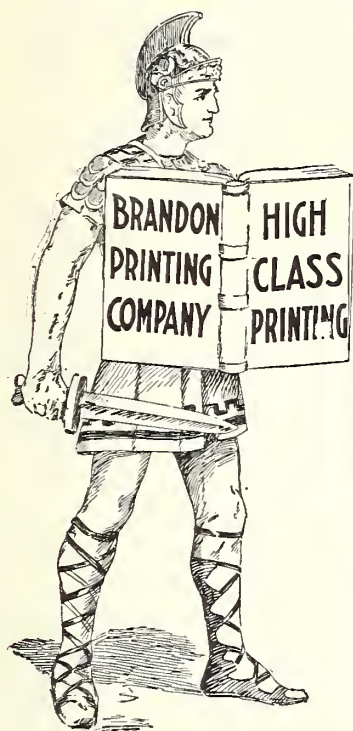
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R. C. Lipsey, of Lexington, Miss., wants to get the names of those who belonged to the "University Grays," a company of the 11th Mississippi Regiment, which company was enlisted at Oxford, Miss., and made up of students from almost every Southern State.

George C. Pendleton, of Temple, Tex., writes that the widow of L. B. Joyce, who served in Lee Phillips's company, Brooks's Regiment, Arkansas Infantry, would like to hear from his old comrades who can testify as to his service for the Confederacy, as he needs a pension.

R. F. Vaughan, of Fairview, Ky., needs the following numbers of the **VETERAN** to complete his file, and will appreciate hearing from those who can supply them, stating condition and price asked: 1893, January, February, March, April, May, July; 1894, January, December; 1895, April.

Mrs. H. M. Earle, of Benton, Ark. (formerly Miss Henrietta N. Brockman, of Greenville, S. C.), wishes to find the banner she presented to her brother's company, "The Brockman Guards," Company B, 13th Regiment, S. C. V., at Lightwood Knot Springs, near Columbia, S. C., August, 1861. Any information will be gratefully received and highly appreciated.

Mrs. M. Powell, 1704 Beach Street, Houston, Tex., wishes to prove her husband's war record, and asks that any surviving comrades will kindly write to her what they remember of Frank M. Powell, who belonged to Company C, 6th Mississippi Cavalry. He surrendered at Citronelle, Ala., May 4, 1865, and was paroled at Gainesville on the 12th of May. His residence had been West Point, Miss.



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A. J. Hord, of Dalton, Ga., asks that any surviving members of Company K, 19th Tennessee Volunteer Infantry, of Company H, 3d Consolidated Tennessee Infantry, will kindly write to him.

Capt. John E. Roller, of Harrisonburg, Va., wishes the number of Trotwood Magazine for October, 1906. This was before the consolidation with the Taylor Magazine. Any who can furnish this will oblige by writing to him direct.

Mrs. H. S. Maddox, of Trion, Ga., will appreciate hearing from surviving comrades of her husband, Henry S. Maddox, who was sergeant of Company B, of the 3d Louisiana, known as the "Crescent Blues," and commanded by Capt. McG. Goodwin. She needs information of his service in order to secure a pension.

J. R. Paddison, of Mount Airy, N. C., wishes to hear from some surviving comrades of his brother, E. W. Paddison, who was living in Florida when the war opened and volunteered in a Florida regiment and served through the war in a Western regiment. He returned to Memphis, Tenn., after the war closed, and died in that city some years afterwards.

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Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important. Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application. The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted. The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR.
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1911.

No. 3. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM
 } PROPRIETOR

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In these tables of contents there are many omissions of short articles as important as the list published. Many contributors whose articles are in type are asked to indulge patience. These papers will appear as soon as practicable.

PRICES OF U. D. C. BADGES.

Mrs. V. F. McSherry, President General U. D. C., sends the following notice from Mrs. L. H. Raines, Chairman Insignia Committee:

"All U. D. C. badges are now made of solid gold and all of the same size, the only difference being that one has a bar. All have safety catches. Orders must come from presidents



MEMBERSHIP SUPREME COURT UNITED STATES

Top row: Willis Van Devanter (Indiana, 1859), Wyoming; Horace H. Lurton (Kentucky, 1844), Tennessee; Chas. E. Hughes (1862), New York; Jos. R. Lamar (1857), Georgia.

Bottom row: Oliver W. Holmes (1841), Massachusetts; J. M. Harlan (1833), Kentucky; Edw. D. White (1845), Chief Justice, Louisiana; Jos. McKenna (1843), California; Wm. R. Day (1849), Ohio. [First picture of entire Court made in fifteen years.]

The ages show the range from 78 to 49, Harlan being the oldest and Hughes the youngest. Salary of Chief Justice, \$13,000; other members, \$12,500.

Two of the Justices, Lurton and Day, were of the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals in the famous libel suit against the Editor of the VETERAN, which court decided in his favor. [Republished because of inferior print in February.]

of Chapters. No badges will be sent to individuals. Personal checks will be returned. Send by money order, with fifteen cents added for registry fee. Otherwise badge will be sent by express."

In connection with this the President General states: "We have had such a time about the prices of the badges that we thought best to have all of pure gold. Inferior pins were sold a little cheaper."

ALABAMA DIVISION, U. D. C.

BY MRS. LETITIA DOWDELL ROSS, PRESIDENT ALABAMA
DIVISION, U. D. C., AUBURN, ALA.

Dear Daughters: May the year 1911, which marks the fiftieth anniversary of the birth of the Southern Confederacy in the old capitol at Montgomery, bring to you not only precious memories of the historic past, of which you are justly proud, but may this important anniversary arouse in the heart of every Daughter a renewed interest in and loyalty to the Confederacy, and may the pledges made to the great and praiseworthy work of the Alabama Division, U. D. C., be remembered and redeemed!

In Montgomery in the historic capitol on February 18, under the auspices of his Excellency, Gov. Emmet O'Neal, and of all the patriotic organizations located in the capital city, the fiftieth anniversary of the inauguration of Jefferson Davis, the first and only President of the Confederate States, was celebrated with fitting ceremonies. [Report of event in April issue of the VETERAN.]

The Historian of the Alabama Division, Mrs. Alberta Taylor, of Huntsville, hoping to awaken an interest and to stimulate the Chapters to greater zeal in historical research, "offered a medal for the best poem, essay, or Confederate war reminiscence to be written by a member of the Alabama Division and sent in by March 15, 1911. These must be typewritten and sent to the Division Historian in good time to reach the judges, who will be selected by the President. These productions will be judged on their literary merit, and will be published later at the discretion of the historical committee."

The Historian has gotten out a most attractive and helpful yearbook which she is sending to the Chapters. A nominal charge of ten cents is made for this booklet in order to partially defray the expense of printing.

A scholarship at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., which includes tuition valued at \$150, with the additional amount of \$350 for maintenance contributed by the U. D. C., is offered to the Alabama Division for the year 1911-12 by the General Division, U. D. C. All applicants for this scholarship must be at least seventeen years of age, must be able to pass the entrance examination, must be a lineal descendant of a Confederate veteran, and must be indorsed by the President of the Alabama Division and by Mrs. C. C. Thach, Chairman of the Committee on Education of the Division, and must file her application with these indorsements and with her certificates or diplomas with Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, Chairman of the Committee on Education of the General U. D. C., 31 Meeting Street, Charleston, S. C., not later than April 1. Send by March 15 all applications with Confederate record to your President for the official indorsement of Mrs. Thach and herself, and she will forward all data to the Chairman, Miss Poppenheim. A list of the places at which examinations are to be held by the board of Vassar College will be published in all papers about March 1, and the examination will be held in June.

Send to the Vassar College Entrance Examination Board, Substation 84, New York, for blank application.

Your President requests each Chapter to have an entertainment before May for the endowed scholarship fund.

ABOUT A GENERAL FOR THE U. S. ARMY.

The following is an exact copy of an editorial in Harper's Weekly dated Saturday, January 17, 1863:

"Have we a general among us? They say at Washington that we have some thirty-eight to forty major generals and nearly three hundred brigadiers, and now the question is, have

we one man who can fairly be called a first-class general in the proper meaning of the term?

"Before this war broke out it was the prevailing opinion in military circles, more or less inspired by General Scott, that 'Bob Lee,' now commander in chief of the Rebel army, was the ablest strategist in our service. He had been chief of staff to the conqueror of Mexico. Next to him Albert S. Johnston, who commanded our expedition to Utah and was killed on the battlefield of Shiloh, was understood to rank in point of military capacity. But it was doubted by General Scott whether either of these two men or any other officer in the service was capable of maneuvering 50,000 men."



MONUMENT AT CLINTON, S. C.

The Stephen D. Lee Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, dedicated a Confederate monument at Clinton, S. C., January 19, 1911. Not observable in the picture, there is carved on the base of the monument: "Lest We Forget." The cost of the monument was \$1,600. [Picture received from Mrs. R. Z. Wright.]

NORTH CAROLINA MONUMENTS.

A communication of over a year ago turns up which refers to the "preposterous misstatement" in the VETERAN concerning a report of monuments in North Carolina. It is on page 507 of the October issue for 1909. This was just after what was regarded as a fatal illness of the Editor.

The President of the U. D. C. Division wrote the Observer as follows: "In an editorial in the Observer of to-day my attention was called to the very great error made in the VET-

ERAN regarding the number of monuments to Confederate soldiers in North Carolina—monuments erected to the privates, not to individual officers. In the report of the Historian of the North Carolina Division, U. D. C., for 1909 is given a list of monuments erected to soldiers in the State, and even this is imperfect, but it shows that they have been erected at the following places: Raleigh, 3; Washington, 2; Fayetteville, 2; Asheville, 3; and one each at those other towns, Charlotte, Newbern, Edenton, Lumberton, Wilmington, Shelby, Tarboro, Greenville, with funds being raised for second; one in Concord, Pittsboro, Winston-Salem, Weldon, Statesville, Thomasville, Wadesboro, Red Springs, Lexington, Newton, Goldsboro, Kinston, Chicora, Salisbury, Oxford, Columbus, Franklin. Besides these, Reidsville, Monroe, Lenoir, and Henderson have given out the contracts for theirs, and will unveil this spring. Lincolnton has a memorial hall and High Point a hospital as monuments to the Confederate soldiers in their counties. Tarboro is raising money for a fountain in that town in memory of our 'First at Bethel,' Henry L. Wyatt, and there is not a Chapter of the U. D. C. in North Carolina that is not working to erect a monument where they have none. * * * Soon every county will have a monument to speak in stone and bronze to coming generations of the grandest of the grand, the Confederate veterans of the Old North State."

Since the foregoing progress has been made and several monuments have been completed, there is a degree of chagrin in this criticism. It is late to mention it now, except to point a moral. North Carolina is the only State in which a veteran has been reported as using his influence against the publication. His name is not recalled. But it is grievous that any man who wore the gray is not endeavoring to help the VETERAN rather than injure it. An official complaint is made from his Camp for the return of an article on the Sherman controversy of last year of which this office knows nothing.

COMMENT UPON CHARACTER OF JOHN BROWN.

The Chicago Continent of January 19, 1911, under the heading, "A Lamentably Poor Sort of Hero," says: "There is a good deal of justice in the hot protest which Col. Henry Watterson makes in his article in the North American Review against the glorification of old John Brown, of Ossawatimie, as a national hero. It is a perilous matter for any American citizen to heroize Brown before his boys, for Brown was practically everything that a modern American citizen should not want his sons to be. Even Brown's religion was a sorry type, full of vengeance and vacant of love, and his citizenship was vastly more undesirable than that of most of the anarchists who are so abominated by the populace to-day. The sentimentality which has made a patriotic martyr out of this very vicious murderer is but a cheap imitation of really sound and virile patriotism."

COMMENT BY MRS. T. B. G. BALTIMORE.

In confirmation of Colonel Learnard's interesting article on "John Brown, of Kansas," in the February VETERAN, page 58, I would like to quote the words of one of Brown's own relatives living in New York State. In conversation with an English friend of mine regarding a recently published eulogium of the man in question she said: "The author is, I hear, a well-meaning young lady; but she does not know what she is talking about when she writes such twaddle. If people want to know what John Brown was, they should come to those who knew him and are related to him, as I am. He was a cold-blooded villain, a murderer, and a thief. He killed inno-

cent people and sent the proceeds of his raids to his family." Much more she added, giving instances of his atrocities; but the above amply suffices to confirm the absolute correctness of Colonel Learnard's point of view.

LET THE "CONQUERED BANNER" WAVE.

PLEA BY COL. "JIM" ANDERSON, COMMANDER G. A. R. POST.

Why furl it and fold it and put it away,
The banner that proudly waved over the gray?
It has not a blemish, it shows not a stain,
Though it waved over fields where thousands were slain.
O, why should we furl it and put it away?
It's loved and respected by the blue and the gray.

They fought for a cause they thought was just,
And this banner they loved was trailed in the dust.
Their fight was lost and their hopes are dead,
And another flag waves proud o'er their head;
But still in their memory, without boast or brag,
Wound around their hearts is this bonnie blue flag.

So unfurl that banner; don't lay it away.
There is but one country—it's both blue and gray—
Just one united land for us all,
Each willing and ready to answer the call;
But no land on earth, no history can say
That braver men lived than those of the gray.

Don't furl it and fold it and put it away.
Let our sons and daughters gaze on it and say:
"Twill live on forever in story and song.
Brave men fought for it; they may have been wrong;
But they fought for it gladly, heroes and brave,
And the bonnie blue flag waves over their grave."

So unfurl the old banner; let it float in the air;
Let all the old veterans salute it up there.
Though their cause it was lost, they were men tried and true,
And they loved their old banner so bonnie and blue.
Now here's to old Dixie, the land of the brave:
"All hail to the bonnie blue flag; let it wave!"

[Colonel Anderson, Commander of the Wilcox Post, G. A. R., Springfield, Mass., and an honorary member of the A. P. Hill Camp at Petersburg, Va., read the foregoing poem at a banquet served in his honor in Petersburg.]

A PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE WAR.

The American Review of Reviews Company is very anxious to secure, either by purchase or loan, the use of Confederate photographs to illustrate their "Photographic History of the Civil War," and request is made of our people to coöperate in this work that the South and its armies may have adequate representation. While there were not a great many pictures made within Confederate lines, and doubtless the larger part of these were destroyed, still there may be some in old collections that would be of value in this history, and VETERAN readers are asked to send what they can to the editors of this "Photographic History of the Civil War," at 13 Astor Place, New York City. They will appreciate such material, will give it the best of care, and where desired will make suitable compensation, in addition to giving due credit to the senders of pictures. They wish especially scenes of camp and battle, Confederate fortifications, and other works.

It will be of interest to know that Mr. Robert Lanier, son of our Sidney Lanier, is connected with this work, and in correspondence with him he makes a special plea for pictures that will properly represent the Southern soldier.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

VARIOUS VIEWS OF THE VETERAN.

Do not take it? If not, why not? Please consider it.

There is hardly a problem more difficult to solve than to understand why it is that loyal Southern people do not universally become interested in this publication. For a few years the founder philosophized that as he was not of much consequence, many prominent people looked upon the venture with misgivings as to its merit and permanence. Seven years passed, however, and many of that class began to investigate and diligently sought all the back numbers. It was about that long before librarians, even that of the Congress at Washington and various others at the North, realized that they should complete their series. Seven years more elapsed, and many of this class became enlisted. Some of the later patrons, with the free aid of its columns, procured complete editions, although at double or more than the original cost. Now twice seven and more than half of another period of seven years have elapsed, and a multitude of the founder's friends, people of affluence, accept complimentary copies, and would spend the cost of several years' subscription to cordially entertain him. Why don't they volunteer the great (?) outlay of \$1 for a year, or even expend the larger sum of \$2.50 for three years, or \$5, and send it to some friend, the two subscriptions for three years each? Do they wait to be solicited by their friend the proprietor? For eighteen and one-fourth years he has refrained from that, but it is not from lack of solicitude. He has many friends of the millionaire class who well know of his work, people who realize that he has done more gratuitous service for the integrity of Southern people and their motives in their soul-trying period than any other man who has lived. He has done more to procure information between men who fought in the war together, and has helped more women to get data in regard to their husband's war records than any other, save possibly the War Records Department at Washington. His work has been satisfactory to the most ultra Southerners, while at the same time he has made friends of those who were on "the other side" in war. Then the VETERAN has recorded in its "Last Roll" more of personal history than any other periodical in existence.

What is the trouble? Don't imagine that the VETERAN is published solely for the soldier element. It is for every Southern sympathizer.

Do you think you ought to take it under these circumstances? Many Southerners take it for the good it is doing. The time is fast approaching when it cannot be sustained by the Confederate soldier element. Don't be so patriotic (?) as to decide that the war ought to be forgotten. A multitude of Union veterans commend and have paid for it unstintedly for years.

Of three millionaire brothers, all friends of the Editor and all Confederate soldiers, neither has ever taken the VETERAN; yet one of them on one occasion, before it was established, took a roll of large bills from his pocket and urged the writer to share them. One of the most distinguished of Confederate officers, a rich man for whom the VETERAN has done much, has never subscribed for a copy. When such men die, the VETERAN writes of them as though they deserved the space.

This inconsistent condition of things will exist to the end with many. But is it fair? Is it patriotic? Is it right?

Think of what might be accomplished by universal, steadfast coöperation! The VETERAN ought to be twice as large and in every way much better, and a revolution would occur if this plea for coöperation were effective. The hypercritical may condemn this kind of plea because other publications do not make it. Remember, there is no other high-class periodical in the world of its kind. Its leading patrons are doomed—as the fate of man—and a sacred duty compels the warning. It merits the patronage and good will of every man and woman who reveres memories of the Confederacy.

WHAT A SINGULAR RESPONSIBILITY!

A grandchild sends a picture of 1862, the only one the family has, and a very nice sketch in childish language, and asks publication of the notice, with request that the author's name be given at the bottom and that the manuscript and picture be returned. Also that the copy of the VETERAN be sent with the price "in it." All of this is in good taste. The sketch is on three long sheets of paper. Where it is announced that the comrade went to the war, the language is: "Now some of you may think he did not care but very little for his young wife and babies, to go away and leave them alone. I can assure you that he loved them devotedly, but still he was true to his native country." Again she writes: "Last December, the fourth day of the month, in the year 1910, just as the beautiful sun was sinking in the far west, this dear and noble man was taken sick, . . . and on the fourth of December my precious grandfather fell asleep and God came and claimed him as his own."

All honor to the child who sends the sketch; but is this not a matter of concern sufficient to enlist adult members of the family? This space is given to show the unreasonable tax put upon the VETERAN. The sole picture should be held above price; and yet the dear grandchild is given the custody of it, the VETERAN is asked to care for it, incur the expense of having engraving made—all to honor a worthy comrade; yet of whom nothing is known by the editor. Do the parents feel willing to have so much done for them for nothing?

Another "Last Roll" sketch comes in the same mail, much more briefly written, and with a check for \$10 to pay for engraving and extra copies. The writer states, too, that the family will continue the subscription on and on.

All sketches for the "Last Roll" should be brief and clearly written, special attention being given to the war record. Please do not send clippings from local papers, which always give much that is of local interest only. Have the sketch carefully prepared, and typewritten if practicable. If picture is to be used, remit \$2 to cover cost of engraving.

ABOUT MISSING OR INJURED COPIES.—Every patron is requested to remember this plea: Copies of the VETERAN occasionally miscarry, and in the bindery error occurs in folding so the copy is imperfect. In the spirit not only of justice, but of sincere gratitude, request is made not to send remittance for such copies. Write a postal simply to say that the issue for month of — is missing or defective. You may add one or many names for sample copies. Unstinted liberality has been exhibited by the VETERAN to all patrons, and such course must continue. Comrades are more to blame as a class, perhaps, than in anything else in not seeing that their sons take it.

The Index for 1910 is now ready, and will be furnished on application, with two cents for postage inclosed.

THE NAME FOR OUR GREAT WAR.

[A recent discussion upon the best name for our "great war," as styled years ago by the VETERAN, in the House of Representatives at Washington contains some pathetic features. Mr. Bartlett, of Georgia, proposed to amend the judicial code bill by substituting the phrase "Civil War" for that of "The Rebellion." A quotation of the record states:]

"What is to be accomplished by that?" inquired General Keifer, who was an officer in both the Civil War and the Spanish-American War.

"Good feeling; that is all," interjected Representative Mann, of Illinois, "but that is worth something."

"The gentleman from Ohio," said Mr. Bartlett, displaying considerable feeling, "is a representative of the people who fought on the other side, and we have got far enough away from that era in our history not to use the word 'rebellion.'"

"It is used in the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution," cried General Keifer.

"Yes," retorted Mr. Bartlett; "but that amendment was enacted right after the war, when sectional animosity was rife."

General Keifer remarked in a bored tone that he did not see anything to be gained by the amendment.

"In the legislation we have had for years there has been no reference to the War of the Rebellion," declared Mr. Bartlett.

"That is what it was," General Keifer persisted.

"I am a son of a Confederate officer," replied Mr. Bartlett. "We differ as to whether it was a rebellion. It was no more a rebellion than was the Revolutionary War."

"You called it a rebellion then," said General Keifer.

"Well," said Mr. Bartlett, "it has been long enough after the cessation of hostilities to join in that spirit that now pervades the whole American people to endeavor to forget the animosities created by that struggle. It is not the part of a generous foe on the victorious side to suggest that the words used during the heat of the bloody conflict should be kept up. I am actuated solely by sentiment in offering the amendment."

General Keifer said that he did not propose to be lectured by Mr. Bartlett, and that if a lecture was intended it came fifty years too late. Then the General told how considerate he had always been to Confederates and how he had many descendants of Confederates in his command during the Spanish-American War. He concluded by indicating that he loved everybody south of Mason and Dixon's line.

Then Mr. Bartlett, almost overcome by his emotions, denied that he intended his remarks as a lecture. He had no intention of lecturing. If he had been so inclined, respect for the gentleman would have prevented him from doing so.

Mr. Keifer: "Mr. Speaker, I understand the gentleman is kind-hearted and a good friend, and I suppose I was to blame for asking him a question. I did it in good faith, and I have no feeling toward him."

So the amendment substituting "Civil War" for "War for the Suppression of the Rebellion" was adopted by a unanimous vote, and the House proceeded with the reading of the bill.

The Mobile Register in commenting upon this subject states: "Really it makes but little difference what the war is called. It was a great and glorious struggle and a credit to the fighters on both sides. Parenthetically it may be remarked that it was neither a civil war nor a rebellion. Alexander Stephens adopted the phrase the 'War between the States' for it; but this was for lack of a better, since the war was not between the States, but between two governments that happened to be composed of States. The nearest to a correct

title is the 'War of Secession' or the 'War of Separation,' but neither title achieved popular acceptance. Some have it that, as we have had one war that is known solely by date, we can have another, and they call this one the 'War of 1861-65.' There is much and a growing use of this title these later days. Perhaps, however, it would be well to remove any lingering feeling of hurt by bestowing upon it officially the distinction that by its greatness it deserves and by common practice has long been bestowed, and let it be known now and for all time as 'the War' with a capital W."

The VETERAN years ago designated it as "The Great War." While it could be easily designated as the "War of the Sixties" (not '61 to '65), suppose we accept Civil War, since the lawmakers in Washington so designated it "by unanimous vote." In the Senate before his death that ever-faithful Southerner, E. W. Carmack, procured acquiescence in the term "Civil War."

GEN. JOHN M. BRIGHT'S VIVID MEMORY.—Hon. John M. Bright, of Fayetteville, Tenn., where he was born January 20, 1817, continues marvelously clear in his mental faculties. In connection with the spirited and acrimonious controversy in political matters in Tennessee, he gave some interesting reminiscences to the Nashville Banner. Although having just celebrated his ninety-fourth birthday, the General's memory is clear and wonderfully accurate. Asked for reminiscences on past senatorial contests in Tennessee, he said: "When I was a boy, in 1829 I went down to Nashville by horseback, the rapid transit of the time, accompanied by my uncle, Col. John H. Morgan. We put up at the Nashville Inn. That was just about eighty-two years ago, and I was a lad of twelve. My curiosity was aroused. About the Inn and on the street corners I heard heated discussions and arguments about Grundy and Foster. It was Grundy and Foster everywhere. 'What have Grundy and Foster done?' I asked my uncle. 'They are candidates for the United States Senate,' was the reply. It was then that I conceived my first idea of political warfare, and as time wore on I came within two votes of being United States Senator myself." * * *

[General Bright sends to the VETERAN a pamphlet that he has written about "The Trial and Crucifixion of Jesus Christ."]

GORDON AND HANCOCK'S FORCES AT SPOTTSYLVANIA, VA.—J. M. Lewis, of Macon, Ga., writes: "Will you please give me the information or procure it for me? On May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania C. H., when General Hancock broke the Confederate lines, General Gordon made a countercharge and retook most of the works that had been captured by General Hancock's forces. General Gordon reported that he would have retaken all of the lost ground, but his line was too short. Now I would like to know what Confederate brigades occupied that ground before Hancock's charge."

E. C. Miller, of Hinesville, Liberty County, Ga., desires information of the service rendered the Confederate States by Maj. E. W. Solomons, of Screven County, Ga., who was major of commissary in Gen. George P. Harrison's brigade of Georgia troops. This information is given to assist an old and needy widow in securing a pension. Major Solomons was an old man, but entered the service during the first of the war, and afterwards served in government positions. [The Confederate "War Records" as published by the United States government report "Edward Solomons" with the rank indicated above in Georgia State Troops in 1861 and disbanded in 1862.]

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL INSTITUTE.

DESIGN SELECTED FOR BUILDING AT RICHMOND.

On Monday, January 23, the Executive Committee of the Confederate Memorial Association met at the office of Lieut. Gov. J. Taylor Ellyson and settled the question of building for the long-talked-of "Battle Abbey."

Bissell & Sinkler, of Philadelphia, secured the first prize, which is the contract for the design and the supervision of the construction. The second prize of \$400 goes to Hewitt & Brown, of Minneapolis, while the other prizes of \$200 each are awarded to Averill & Adams, of Washington, Wilder & White, of New York, Dennison & Hiron, also of New York.

The Executive Committee, it may be recalled, is composed of Gen. Robert White, of Wheeling, W. Va. (chairman), Lieut. Gov. J. Taylor Ellyson (president of the association), Judge George L. Christian, Col. Thomas Kenan, of Raleigh, N. C., and Col. J. M. Hickey, of Washington, D. C.

Sixty designs were submitted by as many architects. A jury of award was composed of Mr. Ellyson, W. C. Noland, the professional adviser, and James Knox Taylor, supervising architect of the United States Treasury Department. The Executive Committee unanimously adopted the report of the jury, and made its awards in accordance therewith. Members of the Executive Committee nor of the jury of award knew the authorship of any of the designs. After action by the committee, Mayor D. C. Richardson for the first time made known the names and addresses of the competitors. The committee was well pleased with the work of the jury of award, and believes the selection will be satisfactory to the public.

The committee made formal request of the R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, United Confederate Veterans, to allow its collection of portraits of Confederate leaders, now hanging in its hall, to be placed in the building at such time in the future as suits the pleasure of Lee Camp. Besides, if Lee Camp desires it, arrangements will be made in the building for a permanent meeting place.

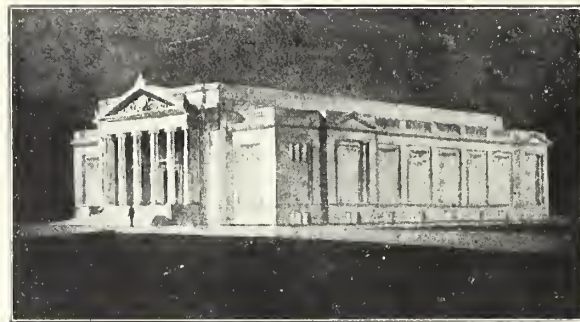
A member of the firm of Bissell & Sinkler will confer in Richmond with the Executive Committee as to details.

The Times-Dispatch states:

"The Confederate Memorial Institute is to be a repository and exhibition building for Confederate relics, paintings, and sculpture, with records and all procurable data relating to the Confederate States. It is to be on the order of a museum and art gallery combined, and is to serve, both interior and exterior, as a memorial building for the placing of commemorative tablets and statues.

"The design by Bissell & Sinkler is of a dignified, monumental character. The construction is to be fireproof throughout and faced with Southern granite up to the floor line and with Southern marble above that line. The plan shows a Doric building fronting sixty-nine feet, one hundred and sixty-nine feet deep, and fifty feet high. A broad flight of steps leads to the front portico, whose roof is supported by massive columns. Mural decorations appear on the outside. A flat roof will afford a walking space for visitors. While the structure is of only one story, there will be no fewer than sixteen galleries, each devoted to special collections from a Southern State. These are grouped around one general hall, forming the main place of exhibit. The building is estimated to cost \$150,000, exclusive of mural decorations, light fixtures, and furnishings.

"Wide latitude was given by the committee to competing architects, and competitors were left to work out the problem in the way that seemed to them best.



DESIGN FOR CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL INSTITUTE.

"The plot of ground on which the Memorial Institute is to be erected has a frontage of three hundred and seventy-nine feet on the Boulevard, between Grove and Hanover Avenues, and extends back seven hundred and thirty feet. The building will face approximately east. The ground is deeded by Lee Camp, which has a right in the Soldiers' Home property until March 3, 1914, with the concurrence and approval of the State by act of Legislature. The main entrance front is to face the Boulevard, and is to be at least one hundred feet back from the street line. The grade line will be sufficiently elevated to allow a gradual descending grade from the building in all directions, the descent to the boulevard being about three feet.

"The junior member of the successful competitor is a son of the late Dr. Wharton Sinkler, a former South Carolinian, who lived in Philadelphia for many years prior to his death, last year. It is a coincidence that the grandfather of Architect Sinkler and the father of William Churchill Noland, the professional adviser, were officers on the same ship of the old U. S. navy in the years before the War between the States."

QUESTION RAISED ABOUT TITLE TO THE LAND.

[Extracts from Richmond Evening Journal of February 6.]

It leaked out to-day that the collateral heirs of the late Channing M. Robinson, who sold the Soldiers' Home tract of land to R. E. Lee Camp, are considering the advisability of bringing suit against the commonwealth with the idea of recovering the property or its money equivalent on account of the alleged violation of the provisions of the original deed of transfer. As yet the matter has not gotten into the courts, but lawyers are looking into the case.

The story of the Soldiers' Home tract is a long and complicated one with many legal ramifications. It harks back to the early eighties, when the boulevard was a mere county road and values in that part of the city were low.

About 1880 the idea of establishing the Soldiers' Home was discussed among Confederate veterans; and as funds were scarce in those days, a greatly successful bazaar was held.

In 1884 Channing M. Robinson, who died in January, 1893, conveyed the land—then about thirty-five acres—to Lee Camp. The consideration was about \$14,000, a very reasonable figure, everybody thought. It is understood that the document sets forth that the land is to be used for a Soldiers' Home and for the maintenance of such an institution. In the early nineties part of the land was sold.

Richmond was then in the throes of its first West End boom, and a number of citizens bought lots parceled off from the Soldiers' Home property. When the bottom dropped out of the boom at Richmond, as elsewhere, these grantees refused to meet their deferred payments, taking the ground that the sale of the land to them was a violation of the provisions of the

Robinson deed. Suit was brought to enforce the specific performance of the contracts of sale, and the purchasers lost. The lower court held that the sale of the lots was necessary in order to supply funds for the maintenance of the Home, and that therefore the provisions of the trust had not been violated. Evidently the Supreme Court of Virginia took the same view, since it refused an appeal. Thus it came to pass that the purchasers were compelled to pay for lots then regarded almost worthless, but which now are very valuable.

In March, 1892, representatives of Lee Camp entered into negotiations with the Virginia Legislature to take over the property. The proposition was to give the commonwealth a reversionary interest in the property. The General Assembly readily accepted the offer, and the property is to go to the State in March, 1914. The last Legislature readily consented to give a liberal slice of the land as a site for the Confederate Memorial Institute. This gift was effected through an act approved March 3, 1910.

Channing M. Robinson left no children. He was survived by his widow, who since has passed away; but they are survived by collateral heirs.

The report in conclusion states: "Lieutenant Governor Ellyson, President of the Confederate Memorial Association, when told about the plans of the Robinson heirs to-day, received it with absolute calmness, and said: 'There is little or nothing I can say or need to say. I feel perfectly certain that the title we get from the State will prove a good one, and we shall go straight ahead with our plans for the building of the Memorial Institute. If suit is brought, we shall, of course, employ lawyers, and it will be for them, not me, to do the talking.'"

A word in personal tribute. Confederates and their friends should never fail to honor the memory of Norman V. Randolph, who took the lead and largely the responsibility of procuring this great property for the Lee Camp and the Confederate cause.

A GREAT DAY FOR AN OLD CONFEDERATE.

BY REV. J. H. McNEILLY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

It was my privilege recently to take part in dedicating a magnificent monument to the zeal and devotion of a grand old soldier of the cross, who was also a faithful, brave soldier of the South in her war for her rights. That monument is the splendid edifice of the First Presbyterian Church of Chattanooga, of which the Rev. Dr. J. W. Bachman has been pastor for thirty-seven years.

On the 18th day of December, 1910, the congregation set apart this beautiful and costly house of worship to the service of God. It is the enduring memorial of his untiring and unselfish labors for their good and of their love and loyalty to him as a minister of their Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Dr. Bachman was a gallant cavalry officer who often had command of his regiment in fierce engagements, and who never shirked duty nor danger. During his long pastorate in Chattanooga he has been pastor for the whole community. In times of distress, epidemics, calamities he has gone everywhere, to all classes, administering help and comfort. In the pulpit he has been the courageous witness for truth and righteousness. On his seventieth birthday he received such an ovation as is seldom seen. Protestants, Catholics, Jews, Elks, Masons, fishing clubs, railroad orders, benevolent orders, veterans of the Confederacy, Daughters of the Confederacy, laboring men, merchants, bankers, lawyers, doctors came bringing gifts of love and admiration. But when his people wished to testify their appreciation by a large increase in his

salary, he refused it. Genial, generous, warm-hearted, wise, sincere, he knows how to get into everybody's confidence. Student, preacher, pastor, veteran Confederate traveler, fisherman, boy with the boys, though more than seventy years "young," he is one of that company to which Sir Samuel Baker dedicates a book of adventure, "all boys between eight and eighty." He is still active Chaplain of N. B. Forrest Camp.

But let me get to the dedication. When the growth of the church required a larger building, Dr. Bachman put in the vestibule of the old one a drawing by a great architect showing the plans of a splendid structure. He labeled this drawing "An Old Man's Dream," and the people determined to make the dream a reality. And it was that reality which we set apart for God's service. It is the glorious crown of Dr. Bachman's labors.

The exercises of the day were conducted mainly by Dr. Bachman's three preacher brothers, one of whom was in his regiment, and his son-in-law, each of whom preached at different hours; and the sermons were equal to the occasion. Two other ministers took part by virtue of long intimacy with the pastor: Dr. T. H. McCallie, of Chattanooga, a former pastor of the church, and Dr. J. H. McNeilly, of Nashville. The venerable Dr. James Park, of Knoxville, was expected, but his great age (eighty-nine) prevented his coming. These are all bound to Dr. Bachman by the warmest ties of personal affection.

When the dedication sermon had been delivered, the various committees made their reports, showing that \$150,000 had been raised by the congregation and that not a cent of debt remained. Then in solemn form the building was delivered to the trustees and solemnly dedicated to the worship of Almighty God for proclaiming the gospel of his Son.

It is impossible for me to describe this great edifice with its perfect appointments, severe in simplicity yet grand in its proportions—its main auditorium to seat 1,000 persons, with its dome seventy feet above the floor, its multitude of lights, its great organ, the cozy lecture room, the wonderfully convenient Sunday school room, the pastor's study, the parlors, and kitchen—all that is needed in the equipment of the modern church.

Though the rain came down in torrents, the great auditorium was packed. The preaching by the three brothers morning, afternoon, and night was of the highest order. It is a remarkable brotherhood, consisting of Drs. Nathan, John W., J. Lynn, and Robert L. Bachman, all great and successful ministers. The son-in-law, Rev. C. R. Hyde, dedicated the Sunday school room with a fine sermon. Dr. McCallie offered the prayer of dedication, and Dr. McNeilly offered the opening prayer and administered the communion.

The pastoral records of nearly all the participants is of long service—Drs. Lynn and Robert L. Bachman fifteen years in the same Churches, Dr. J. W. Bachman thirty-seven years in Chattanooga, Dr. McCallie in Churches in Chattanooga thirty-eight years, Dr. Park in Knoxville forty years, Dr. McNeilly in Nashville forty years, and Dr. Nathan Bachman an evangelist for thirty-four years. The old style of Presbyterian preacher stayed long in the place now occupied by the new.

Many pages are in type, several of which were intended for this issue of the VETERAN, but circumstances make it best to hold them over. Correspondents may be assured of the purpose to treat each as fairly as possible.

CONFEDERATES WHO WENT TO BRAZIL.

An interesting letter comes from Mr. Grover G. Pyles, of Santa Barbara, Brazil, who writes of the Southern families who left the States after the surrender and went to Brazil in search of new homes, feeling that there could be no more happiness in the old homes under the changed conditions. Most of the Confederate veterans who went out are now dead, but Mr. Pyles mentions a few now living in that section—viz., Dr. Robert Norris, H. Clay Norris, Lieut. Joseph Whitaker, N. B. McAlpine, George Worthrop, John Weissinger, Joseph Minchin, J. Partridge, William McCann, William Pyles, Ezekiel B. Pyles. He says of these men that they have contributed greatly to the progress of agriculture in that country, and the municipality of Santa Barbara, in the State of Sao Paulo, is classified first in agriculture.

Comrade Pyles adds: "The Confederate veteran has been a power in peace, even as he helped to make the Confederate army one of the most invincible that ever faced the foe."

CONFEDERATES GOING BACK TO MASSACHUSETTS.—James Anderson, of the E. K. Wilcox Post, Springfield, Mass., has returned from another visit to Petersburg, Va., where he was the guest of the A. P. Hill Camp, U. C. V., and with them helped celebrate Robert E. Lee's birthday. It was the twelfth time that Mr. Anderson joined the Petersburg veterans in celebrating the birthday of the great Southern hero. He says it was impossible for him to accept all the hospitable invitations that were given him for dinners and receptions. The visit of the Hill Camp to Springfield, Mr. Anderson says, is a thing that the people of Petersburg seem never to tire of talking about. Lee's birthday was celebrated with a parade in the morning and a banquet in the evening. Mr. Anderson was the speaker at the banquet. He entertained the Southern veterans with his account of their visit to Springfield. The Springfield Republican states that a number of the A. P. Hill Camp of Veterans are going to Springfield of their own initiative to help celebrate the next Independence Day.

NEW CAMP OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS IN TENNESSEE.—Report comes from Paris, Tenn., of a new Camp of Veterans at that place named in honor of Joe Kendall. The following is the list of officers: Ex-Gov. James D. Porter, who was adjutant general to Gen. B. F. Cheatham, Commander; Dr. Sam H. Caldwell, A. H. Lankford, W. D. Poyner, W. P. Erwin, Lieutenant Commanders; Sam A. Miller, Adjutant; W. P. Bumpass, Quartermaster; D. D. Brisendine, Commissary; Dr. J. P. Mathewson, Surgeon; Rev. P. P. Pullen, Chaplain; R. P. Diggs, Treasurer; J. J. Lowry, Sergeant Major; George H. Wynns, Officer of the Day; G. W. Swor, Color Sergeant; N. P. Rhoads, Color Guard; W. E. Bandy, Second Color Guard; W. D. Hendricks, Vidette.

INQUIRY OF STARNES'S FOURTH TENNESSEE CAVALRY.

Lieut. G. A. Pursley was a member of Captain Davis's company in Starnes's 4th Tennessee Cavalry. He resigned because of continued ill health. His widow, Mrs. A. E. Pursley, desires to communicate with his comrades who can tell of his service. Her address is Bradford Avenue, Waverly Place, Nashville, Tenn.

The Mississippi Division, U. D. C., has for sale a special edition of the "Kuklux Klan" for the benefit of the Confederate monument at Beauvoir. Advertisement of this will be found in this number of the *VETERAN*. Orders will be appreciated. The price is very small and the cause is most worthy. Send orders to Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, West Point, Miss., Historian of the Division.

THE FIRST CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

Amite County, one of the oldest counties in Mississippi, sent about one thousand of her noblest sons to the Confederate army. In honor of them there stands in the town of Liberty a Confederate monument with the names of three hundred and fifty boys who, with unfaltering courage and devotion amid the shock of battle, went to their unmarked graves with the songs of their country on their lips. No names shine with more resplendent luster upon the pages of American history than those written across the sides of this weather-beaten slab. The devotion that is felt for this monument is characteristic of a people who have always been true to every cause to which they owed allegiance; not because of its sculptural workmanship, but because it is a stone of memory erected by loving hands under trying circumstances. It was built in 1871 during the régime of the carpetbag and scalawag. About one hundred and twenty of the thousand soldiers who enlisted in Amite County, Ark., still living and eighty-seven widows meet at this monument annually and hold memorial services in reverence to their dead comrades and loved ones.

E. A. Causey, of Liberty, who sends the data for this notice, writes: "As we look upon the little band of maimed and weather-beaten heroes and see how sacred they hold this little monument, it makes me feel that we Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy do not appreciate their patriotism as we should, and we should strive to make their Reunions a success in every particular, for in a few years their happy meetings on earth will be ended."

To say that this was the first Confederate monument erected may be misleading. Bolivar, Tenn., claims to have the first.



FIRST CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, LIBERTY, MISS.

Without referring to dates, the impression prevails that the Bolivar monument was erected several years before this one at Liberty. The *VETERAN* would like data about monuments erected previous to 1875. This Liberty monument was certainly a fine credit to its people by its erection at that time. The granite foundation is eight feet square and four feet high. It is five feet square at the base, and tapers gracefully to the top. Cannons are carved at the four corners.

D. H. Chapman, 211 Boylston Avenue N., Seattle, Wash., requests that any surviving members of Company B ("Red River Rebels"), Capt. James A. Wise, kindly write to him.

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING JANUARY 1, 1911.

Receipts.

Mrs. John J. Crawford, Director for New York, \$100. Contributed by New York Chapter, No. 103, U. D. C., New York.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$99.01. Contributed by John C. Calhoun Chapter, No. 945, U. D. C., Clemson College, \$4; Dick Anderson Chapter, No. 75, U. D. C., Sumter, \$5; Hartsville Chapter, U. D. C., \$5.

Sale of seals: Charleston Chapter, No. 4, U. D. C., Charleston, S. C., \$26; Wade Hampton Chapter, No. 29, U. D. C., Columbia, S. C., \$5; John C. Calhoun Chapter, No. 945, U. D. C., Clemson College, S. C., \$5.20; Arthur Manigault Chapter, No. 63, U. D. C., Georgetown, S. C., \$5; Lancaster Chapter, No. 462, U. D. C., Lancaster, S. C., \$5.50; Dick Anderson Chapter, No. 75, U. D. C., Sumter, S. C., \$6.15.

Schools: Courtenay School, Charleston, S. C., \$6.50; James Island School, \$5.60; Dillon School, \$1; Cheraw Public School, \$11.80; Mullins Graded School, \$2.86; Greer Schools, \$4.40.

Mrs. John W. Clapp, Director for Tennessee, \$61. Contributed by R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 9, U. D. C., Peryear, Tenn., \$10; John Sutherland Chapter, No. 1019, U. D. C., Ripley, Tenn., \$5; George W. Gordon Chapter, No. 461, U. D. C., Waverly, Tenn., \$2; Confederate Historical Association, Memphis, Tenn., \$5.

Sale of seals: C. M. Goodlett Chapter, No. 362, U. D. C., Clarksville, Tenn., \$7; Franklin Chapter, No. 14; U. D. C., Franklin, Tenn., \$2; Zollicoffer-Fulton Chapter, No. 16, U. D. C., Fayetteville, Tenn., \$2; John Lauderdale Chapter, No. 356, U. D. C., Dyersburg, Tenn., \$2; Forrest Chapter, No. 206, U. D. C., Brownsville, Tenn., \$2.50; John C. Vaughn Chapter, No. 1244, U. D. C., Sweetwater, Tenn., \$5; George W. Gordon Chapter, No. 461, U. D. C., Waverly, Tenn., \$1; Mrs. Alex B. White, Paris, Tenn., \$17.50.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, \$2.50. Contributed by Greensville Chapter, No. 1247, U. D. C., Emporia. A. S. Johnston Camp, No. 654, U. C. V., Baird, Tex., \$5.

Interest credited on deposits January 1, 1911, \$185.61.

Amount on hand at last report, \$20,010.87.

Total to be accounted for, \$20,463.99.

Expenses.

H. A. Herbert, telegraphic expenses in reporting contract with sculptor to Little Rock Convention, \$5.64.

American Surety Company of New York, premium on Treasurer's bond for year 1911, \$62.50.

Balance on hand February 1, 1911, \$20,395.85.

WALLACE STREATER, *Treasurer*.

PHILADELPHIA, THE CITY OF "BROTHERLY LOVE."

INCIDENTS OF A D. A. R. ELECTION OF REGENT.

The annual election of officers in a D. A. R. Chapter took place, as is its usual custom, in the historic Statehouse, Independence Hall, Philadelphia, Wednesday, the 1st of February, that being the first Wednesday in the month. This Chapter in its early days was very active indeed, having built a clubhouse in Manila for our army, and prior to that restored the council chamber and banquet hall in the Statehouse to their early beauty, the passing years having sadly impaired the substantial condition of these rooms in colonial times. For this service this particular Chapter has the privilege of holding certain functions in these historic rooms.

For some time past the interest in this Chapter of several hundred members has seemed very faint indeed, since at the regular monthly meetings often it was not possible to count a

quorum of twenty-five, and the difficulty of the nominating committee in finding members for candidates to the various offices was at such a pass that the annual election was merely the ratification of names, one for each office, put on by the committee—really an appointment—and usually the same set of officers that had held one or the other of the offices during a number of years. This seemed to the broad-minded members of the society too one-sided for the health of the Chapter. So last spring a resolution was passed recommending two names for every office, then there would be at least a choice between two more or less well-known members.

The old members, from the Regent down, had their names on the ballot, and a charming woman of a historic Maryland family consented to head the list as Regent on the new list of members to compete for office with those of the past many terms. There was absolutely nothing to be said adverse to the new candidate for Regent. But the friends of the administration hit upon this: "She is a Daughter of the Confederacy."

This charming Southern woman, resident of Philadelphia and its suburbs during more than thirty years, heard this frightful (?) accusation, and with the spirit of her race and people she asked the privilege of the floor before the Chapter went into election. It being granted her, she stepped forward upon the rostrum in that old banquet hall in Independence Hall, and this is in substance what she said in far better language than I have at my command: "I have heard it rumored that many have said that I am not eligible to the office of Regent of the Chapter because I am a Daughter of the Confederacy. This is a great surprise to me. I thought that was a dead issue. The objects of the U. D. C. Association are memorial, historical, benevolent, social, and educational; to collect and preserve material for a true history of the War between the States; to care for the surviving veterans of that war and to provide for those dependent upon them, as our veterans have no pension from the government, as the Union soldiers have. My brother was President General of the Sons of the Revolution, and the Board of Managers met at his home in Maryland, my old home. All around are souvenirs of those days of the Civil War, memorials sadly dear to all of us. They did not in any way antagonize the Sons of the Revolution, for they felt, as I thought all would feel, that these things represented a long dead issue. They say I am not a Philadelphian. That seems strange to me. My husband was born in Philadelphia, and he has lived here all of his life. All of his associations, social or business, are in Philadelphia, where his business is located. I have lived in Philadelphia for the past thirty years and more, and I always think of myself as a Philadelphian. Your Recording Secretary has just eulogized a past State Regent of Pennsylvania, a noble woman of great ability. When she came to Philadelphia to organize a D. A. R. Chapter here, she came to my mother-in-law and asked her to help her organize the Chapter and be its first Regent. She was in sympathy, of course, but asked me to be Regent instead of her. I asked a friend to be Regent. She proposed a third name, who accepted, and was the first Regent of this Chapter, and a most efficient one. My friend I had asked to be Regent became Registrar, and I was Treasurer, the first the Chapter had, and I retained the office satisfactorily to the Chapter a number of terms. The Chapter was organized in my house. If I am not eligible to the office of Regent of this Chapter, then no woman in the South is eligible to membership in the society."

And the Chapter elected the old officers that tricked the members with the old, worn-out politician's phrase.

BATTLE OF FISHING CREEK—"ZOLLIE TREE."

GEN. BENNETT H. YOUNG, IN LOUISVILLE TIMES.

The battle of Fishing Creek was fought by Gens. George B. Crittenden and Felix K. Zollicoffer, Confederates, against the Federal forces by Gen. George H. Thomas. The day went sorely against the Confederates. General Zollicoffer was killed early in the action. He was one of the most brilliant and beloved men in Tennessee. He was a member of Congress for two terms, and was a forceful writer and an eloquent orator. At the time of his unfortunate demise his wife had been dead several years, leaving him the sole protector of six little girls.

The troops engaged on the Confederate side were largely from Tennessee, with the 15th Mississippi and the 16th Alabama Regiments.

General Zollicoffer fell under a large oak tree on the land of a Mr. Logan, near what is now called Nancy post office. This oak tree still retains its vigor and strength, and bears barrels of acorns.

About one hundred and fifty Confederates were killed, and most of them were buried in a mound seventy-five feet from the Zollicoffer oak. The tree has borne General Zollicoffer's name since the day of the battle.

Three-quarters of a mile away from the Zollicoffer oak and the graves of the Confederates is a national cemetery, where eight hundred Federals were interred. Each year people in the neighborhood decorate these graves. * * *

The land on the south side of the Zollicoffer oak is owned by William Burton, Esq., whose father was a Southern sympathizer. Mr. Burton and his big-hearted wife felt kindly disposed to the memory of the Confederate soldiers who there died for the Southland. In 1892 a little girl was deposited by the stork in the log cabin of the Burtons. Somewhere in a paper they saw the name Dorothy, and the father and mother thought it would be nice to have a Dorothy, and so they named her, their only child.

When Dorothy was nine years old she heard the bands playing at the National Cemetery, and saw the neighbors go by on horseback and in vehicles, carrying great lots of flowers. She had been told ghost stories about the graves across her father's fence, and the superstitious grannies in the neighborhood spoke of men clad in gray who walked through the forest at night and fired their guns as they did many years before, and how these phantom men marched and countermarched at night and fought over the battle again, and then at dawn went back into their graves under the shadow of the great oak where their general had died. The little girl would play upon the mound in the forest where she was told dead soldiers slept, and imagined she could hear the voices of those long-buried warriors speaking to each other in the silence of the gloomy, dark forest. In her gentle heart came the thought that if the soldiers in the big cemetery had flowers on their graves, why should not her neighbor soldiers in the woods over her father's fence have some on theirs? And the dear little soul hunted under the trees for wild flowers, and bare-footed waded the brook at the bottom of the hill and gathered ferns that luxuriated on its banks, and from the garden of her mother she plucked roses, hollyhocks, and honeysuckles and carried them by the armful and arranged them on the mound where her dead friends slept. She had often listened to the story of the death of the Confederate chieftain under the big oak where she and the squirrels found so many acorns, and with her deft childish hands she made wreaths and tied them around the Zollicoffer oak; and month after month in the

spring and summer time she kept the graves and the big tree decorated with these memorials of her devotion to the stranger dead, some of whose graves were in her father's pasture and some in the cornfield on the slope westward from her father's home.

One day a soldier and a lady and gentleman friend of his drove up to the Burton homestead and asked to be shown the Zollicoffer oak and the mound where Zollicoffer's men were buried. In a little while under the big oak, sitting on a log, these strangers drew from the little mountain girl and her parents the story of the decorations which for months she had placed on the hallowed spot. They saw the withered flowers and the faded wreaths. They kissed the little child and filled her hands with bright silver coins, and promised her that some day they would come again and build a monument to her dead heroes, and out in the forest find where each Confederate was buried, and bring his dust and lay it in the mound where the majority of their comrades had so long slept in one unmarked grave.

The soldier, the friend of her soldiers, told her he would send her to school, give her an education, and make her a school-teacher, so she could care for herself and her father and mother when they became too old to work.

In Louisville in 1905 there was a great Confederate Reunion. The little girl and her father were sent for, money was forwarded to provide the little girl with city clothing, and she and her father took a peep into the wide, wide world and saw the renowned leaders of her forgotten dead. She heard the music of many bands playing the airs to which her soldiers had marched, and felt the earth tremble with the tread of thousands of men who had fought as her dead friends fought, and she listened with rapture to the shouts of those survivors who, forty years before, had marched with the warriors who now slept in a forest near her home, and who, when the story of her sweet devotion to their comrades was told, rent the air with their shouts and acclaim.

Those who had brought her away from her home to let her feast her eyes on this strange sight and wondrous scenes of the great city begged her to remain and secure an education, but it was not so to be. In her heart had sprung up a love for a mountain lad who had been her playmate and helped her gather flowers and arrange wreaths for the lonely soldiers' graves and the great oak where this Confederate hero died,



THE GREAT OAK, THE "ZOLLIE TREE," WHERE ZOLLICOFFER DIED.

and to her marriage was dearer than learning, and Dorothy Burton made life's bargain to love and cherish Walter Hudson.

After a while a little girl baby came to bless the home of the youthful pair. The father and mother had eschewed family lines for Dorothy's name, and why should she not do the same? And, remembering the great oak which they called Zollicoffer Oak, there came into her mind the thought of a name for her baby, connecting in some way with the sad, pathetic history of the majestic tree that stood where the Confederate chief fell and which she loved with a great love and which had now become a part of her very self; so she declared her baby must be called Zollie Hudson.

Good neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. V. K. Logan, saw the little mother at Nancy post office, and inquired what name had been given the stranger. When told it was Zollie, after the big oak, they said: "Don't stop there; call her Zollie Tree Hudson." And thus it was.

The child and her parents, who had watched the graves, on October 22, 1910, saw all their dreams and visions realized, and amidst a great host of Kentuckians and distinguished Confederates, with two daughters of General Zollicoffer, now brilliant and honored women, she witnessed the unveiling of a magnificent monument to Zollicoffer and his men; and when



DOROTHY BURTON HUDSON AND HER CHILD, "ZOLLIE TREE."

the mother, with Zollie Tree in her arms and the arms of General Zollicoffer's daughter around her waist, was presented to five thousand Kentucky men and women as the heroine of Zollicoffer Park, there came into her heart a joy that words could not measure and made her love more than ever her soldier friends who rested beside the rail fence that divided her home from the forest where they and General Zollicoffer died amid the dampness and darkness of the Sunday morning long, long ago.

[It is clear to those best informed that the author of the foregoing, not named even incidentally, is the man who provided young Dorothy Burton with "city clothes" and gave her and her father the trip to Louisville and who offered to educate her. It was not expected to devote more space to this subject so soon; but the story is too pathetic to lose, and the

grand oak by which General Zollicoffer fell is given with the story. The park of one acre, including the Zollicoffer monument, and the soldier mound referred to, now marked by a marble tablet, are just back of the man standing by the tree. —EDITOR CONFEDERATE VETERAN.]

APPOMATTOX.

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE, POET LAUREATE U. C. V. ASSOCIATION.

(Read at the Lee birthday celebration at Goodwyn Institute, Memphis, January 19, 1911.)

Here closed the scene. The grim march of the years
Broke with a sudden halt, and men stood still
And questioned each of each with gaunt-eyed fears
If this were his, their peerless leader's will.

And then a silence lay o'er all the land,
Like that which comes when all the day is done.
'Twas passing strange to miss that strong command
Within the camp before the set of sun.

Had he forgot? Their chieftain, who had led
Through four long years to victory or death?
Had he forgot these who had fought and bled?
Nay! Sooner God forgot to give them breath.

Ah! Stood they there to answer man to man,
The victor and the vanquished, there alone.
Apart from all within that narrow span,
In that white vista fame had made her own.

Apart from all the armies that had thrilled
A listening world with clash of might with right,
It was the victor's eyes that softly filled;
The vanquished spoke as spake a royal knight.

And then the great heart of the leader broke—
Broke with his anguish for his vanquished South,
And that dim twilight of defeat awoke
Within the hush that cooled the cannon's mouth.

And then a tumult rose like that hoarse cry
That hails to victory resting on its sheaf;
'Twas but from ragged legions trooping by—
The conquered Southland's farewell to her chief.

And so they passed upon that April day,
With his last message thrilling through the band,
To warm again their hearthstones, cold and gray,
To till again their wasted, blood-stained land.

But who shall say they failed? From every field
Denial of the fiat thrives and lives
With that rich bounty of abundant yield,
The largess that a peaceful country gives.

No menial shoulder to the wheel was bared,
No craven soul out of the dark to cry,
And through the flames of Reconstruction fared
Unscathed the flower of truth that cannot die.

Ay! Who shall say they failed? Tribunals pause
To do them honor, both the small and great,
And in the courts where speak the highest laws
Decree confirms their ancient rights of State.

Do they forget? O, poet, when you seek
A hero song for ages yet to be,
Above the star pricked by fame's highest peak
Find there the star of Lee.

HOMAGE TO "DIXIE."

BY JOHN L. KIRBY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

In a recent issue of the *VETERAN* Mr. C. B. Haley gave an interesting account of the signal honors paid the soul-stirring strains of "Dixie" on two occasions, when he was present, in Canada and in Mexico. This calls to mind an instance of loving, enthusiastic tribute to the imperishable song of the South in our sister republic of France. At the unveiling of the Confederate monument at Oxford, Miss., on Decoration Day a few years ago the Hon. Charles Scott made an eloquent address, which I have since preserved with no slight degree of pride in both the incident and the orator. He said:

"Go where you will within the confines of the civilized world and the memory of Southern valor and chivalry is esteemed.

"It was my good fortune to see this fact strikingly exemplified during the past season. One night in the early part of October I was seated, with my wife and daughter, in the rotunda of the Grand Hotel at Paris, one of the stateliest and handsomest hotels in all the world. It was brilliantly illuminated, of course, with electricity; but something like one thousand incandescent lights were, on ordinary occasions, always held in reserve. This rotunda with the adjoining café and dining hall constitute one immense room with a seating capacity, I imagine, for fifteen hundred persons. Every available space was occupied. The scene was a most brilliant and striking one. The fragrance of rare flowers, mingling with delicate Parisian perfume; the handsome toilettes; the costly and sparkling gems worn by queenly women, but almost dimmed by the radiant luster of their starlike eyes; the commanding presence of brave men, soldiers, diplomats, and civilians from all parts of the world; the soft tones of the inspiring music and the gorgeous colors in the background—all combined instinctively to recall the historic ball at Brussels on eve of battle between Wellington and Napoleon, when, Byron tells us,

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell."

"Entranced with the brilliant and beautiful scene, we enjoyed the full, sweet tones of the inspiring music, as the splendid band rendered many artistic and popular airs. These included a number of national anthems, among them those of Germany, Great Britain, and the United States. And then rang out the 'Marseillaise,' the national hymn of the great French Republic. The crowd enjoyed all, but gave no audible or visible signs of approval.

"Finally, my fellow-citizens, the quick, glad tones of 'Dixie' filled the air. Instantly every reserve light was flashed on; and as the joyous, exhilarating strains grew louder and louder, filling the vast hall and reaching from the lofty dome, there was spontaneous applause, deafening and prolonged. Before realizing it, I found myself on my feet, with tears in my eyes, scarcely able to restrain my emotions; and if you, my fellow-Mississippians, had been there, we would have startled the astonished ear of Paris for once, at least, with that wild, weird, exhilarating cry known to all men as the 'Rebel yell.'

"This ovation to 'Dixie' was not an accident. The air was rendered once again during our stay at the Grand Hotel. Again the reserve lights flashed on in its honor, and the applause followed, a distinction that was not accorded any other

national anthem among them all. Why, you ask, is 'Dixie' so honored in the far-off land of the French lilies? No one in the hotel could tell me; but the cause is not far to seek. It is the involuntary homage paid by the civilized world, now that we are better understood, to the memory of the Old South, once radiant with all 'the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome.' Her record, my countrymen, merits these unusual honors, and is one in which we may well take pride. The ability of her statesmen, the genius of her military leaders, the courage of her soldiers, and the devotion of her women have long ago attracted the attention and challenged the admiration of all mankind."

CHAPERON FOR LITTLE ROCK REUNION.

Juliette Churchill Hankins is the daughter of Gen. Thomas J. Churchill, the gallant and well-remembered Confederate officer, who was the pride of his soldiers, a granddaughter of Senator A. H. Sevier, and a niece of Mrs. Luke P. Blackburn, of Kentucky. Mrs. Hankins is an active member of the



MRS. MASTERS MILTON HANKINS.

Daughters of the Confederacy, and was chaperon for the Arkansas Division at the Reunion in 1904, which met at Nashville. She is one of the noted Churchill beauties, is most brilliant and attractive, a popular society favorite, and one who will reflect credit on the occasion. She is one of those who have done much to make the South famous for the charm and elegance of her women. A native of the State, Arkansas is proud to have her as the representative of the beauty, grace, and hospitality of her women.

Sponsors and maids whose pictures are to be used in the May issue should be sent in promptly.

SENTIMENT OF A UNION VETERAN.

BY PRIVATE THAYER, PRIVATE 51ST INDIANA VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

About a year ago I first saw a copy of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN in our State Library in Indianapolis. I became interested in the magazine and subscribed for it. I now renew. The VETERAN is to be commended for its success in keeping the present generation correctly informed on the causes that precipitated our Civil War, the enduring loyalty of the Confederate armies, and their splendid achievements. It is good too to read of the effective and successful work being done by the Daughters of the Confederacy, as set forth in the VETERAN, to erect throughout the Southland memorials and monuments to perpetuate the fame of their Spartan soldiers.

As surely as "truth crushed to earth shall rise again" will those who record historic truths and who perpetuate the memory of heroes in blocks of stone be classed among such immortals as Jefferson Davis and the great souls who led the armies of the Confederacy to victory on many a stubborn battlefield in defense of the people of the seceding States in the rights that were theirs under the Constitution—rights that would have been denied them had they remained in the Union. Surely it was a cause for which it was a great honor to fight and fail than not to fight at all.

I have been a member of George H. Thomas Post, No. 17, G. A. R., of Indianapolis. It is the most prominent Post in Indiana, having a membership of about three hundred. Benjamin Harrison and many other noted officers of the Union army, now dead, were members. Capt. William A. Ketcham, a member of the Thomas Post, introduced the resolution in the recent national G. A. R. Encampment at Atlantic City to have Lee's statue removed from the Hall of Fame at Washington and the profile of Jefferson Davis removed from the battle ship Mississippi. I rejoice for my country, and especially do I rejoice with the people of the South, that the National Encampment had the patriotism to turn down this measure. It confirms that open rebellion is not treason; it is the right of a free people to war against despotism.

I was present when the Ketcham resolution was acted on in the Post, but became disgusted with a class of G. A. R. comrades who persistently schemed to induce the G. A. R. to indorse measures denouncing the people of the South, all this in face of the fact that during the history of our country our government has never once had occasion to inflict the death penalty for treason. During our great Civil War neither the North nor the South developed a traitor in the sense that Benedict Arnold proved himself a traitor. I applied for and received an honorable discharge from the order. I regretted the necessity that moved me to such action, for I have ever entertained a profound regard and affection for my comrades of the Union army. All who receive the baptism of fire in battle are close akin.

I was born seventy-five years ago in Pickensville, Pickens County, S. C., and my mother, Harriet Caroline Osborne, was born and brought up in the same locality, while her mother was born in Virginia. In view of this statement, if I am asked how I happened to serve in the Union army against my native State, I answer: I and two of my brothers believed that the war was to be prosecuted by the Lincoln administration to preserve the Constitution and the Union as bequeathed to posterity by our fathers. Believing this, we volunteered into the Union army and served full terms, and all three were on the firing line in a number of the hardest fought battles. The Union was saved, but the Constitution got so badly disfigured that old Tom Jefferson wouldn't know his own child.

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WHAT OTHER NORTHERNERS THINK.

In a spirit of "friendly criticism" R. I. Holcombe, a subscriber to the VETERAN, writes from St. Paul, Minn.:

"I like the VETERAN very much and greatly enjoy reading every article. Of course as a former Union soldier I don't indorse many of the sentiments expressed, but I 'don't have to' in order to be thoroughly interested. Some of the articles remind me of the scoldings we used to get during the war in Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia from the ladies and other noncombatants, and even from prisoners. There was a strenuously expressed declaration that the Confederacy was sure to succeed, and now I note that many of its defenders are stoutly asserting that in effect it did succeed. The Yankees were licked in every battle; and when the Confederates retreated, it was because they were worn out and exhausted from pounding the poor, miserable Union troops.

"Bully for the old unreconstructed Reb! Like Artemus Ward's kangaroo, he is 'an amoosin' cuss.' He was 'amoosin' during the war; he is funnier now. But while many articles in the VETERAN are worthless as history, many others are truthful, unexaggerated, and really valuable. The grains of wheat are recompense for the chaff, and the VETERAN is altogether of real service in the preservation of American history."

Mr. Holcombe would like to have a sketch of the Holcombe Legion, a South Carolina Confederate organization during the war. He served three years and a half in the Federal army, but is of complete Southern lineage, and had many kinsmen in the Confederate service. He has never been able to learn anything of the Holcombe Legion save from the incomplete references in the official records of the Civil War. The VETERAN would like to know something of this organization.

TRIBUTE TO THE FLAG AND TO LEE.

BY MRS. MARY FAIRFAX CHILDS, NEW YORK CHAPTER, U. D. C.
Our country's flag, we honor it, fair emblem of the free;
Long, long in triumph may it wave, ensign of liberty;
And should we e'er claim alien lands as cycles onward move,
Beneath her sway let them be blessed with justice, peace, and love.

This to the flag a tribute we most heartily accord;
But to the old Confederates—ah, how they love the word!—
There was a little banner once they flaunted to the world,
Which in a cause at countless cost was torn and stained and furled.

'Twas torn by bullet and by shell darting through the air;
'Twas stained by fall of daring men who left their lifeblood there;
'Twas furled by tender, trembling hands, as wrap our dead we might
To lay them with a throbbing heart beyond all mortal sight.

But as night brings out the stars, so conflict's maddening call
Brought to the fore heroic men that stood like Jackson's wall,
And who, when adverse fates of war forbade them victory greet,
With gracious dignity have shown the grandeur of defeat.

And noble chieftain, Robert Lee, our bright and guiding star,
Who blazed with purity upon the horizon of war—
If our fair Southern land had borne no son save only thee,
Her brow would still be crowned with wreath of immortality.

HOTEL ST. GEORGE, BROOKLYN, N. Y., January 19.

[This poem was written for a former occasion of celebrating the birthday of Gen. R. E. Lee.—EDITOR.]

DEED OF MONUMENT TO SONS OF VETERANS.

A meeting of Camp 752, Lafayette County (Miss.) Veterans, U. C. V., was held at Oxford on Thanksgiving day. The Camp with a large attendance marched to the Methodist church, where they attended divine services, returning thence to the courthouse to partake of a bountiful and elegant dinner prepared and served by Mesdames R. L. Stephens, W. M. Woodward, and Fannie Mayfield. There was delightful music, also well-filled tables. After dinner a smoker was tendered to the veterans by their Commander, J. L. Shinault, during which the old fellows in reminiscences became young again.

The Camp convened in regular annual session for the transaction of ordinary business and the election of new officers. All the officers were unanimously reelected, from Commander down. After the transaction of the regular business, the Camp formally conveyed to the local Camp of Sons the beautiful Confederate monument erected by this Camp to the memory of their departed comrades. Col. J. L. Shinault, Commander of the Camp, delivered a deed of conveyance to the monument to the Sons of Veterans with appropriate commendation, and other suitable addresses were made. In accepting the deed of conveyance made to his Camp the Commander of the Camp of Sons of Veterans, Hon. W. P. Shinault, paid worthy tribute to the Confederate soldier. H. T. Smith, Esq., Superintendent of Education, paid eloquent tribute to the record of the Confederacy.

Subscriptions were then called for to the fund being raised to erect a monument to the mothers of the Confederacy by the Mississippi Division of the United Confederate Veterans, and a liberal sum was contributed.

The deed of conveyance from the members of Lafayette County Camp, No. 752, United Confederate Veterans, of Oxford, Miss., transfers, conveys, and warrants unto the L. Q. C. Lamar Camp, No. 220, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, of Oxford, Miss., the Confederate monument now standing at the south gate of the County Courthouse on the Public Square in Oxford, Lafayette County, Miss., and erected by said Camp of Confederate Veterans to the memory of their departed comrades in arms, "to have and to hold the same for themselves, their successors, and our lineal descendants free from encumbrances, in fee simple forever."

William Percy Shinault, Commander of the Sons Camp, read officially: "For and in behalf of Camp L. Q. C. Lamar, No. 220, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, of Oxford, Miss., I, Commandant of said Camp, do hereby accept the foregoing deed and monument conveyed thereby in trust for the purpose therein mentioned."

BRAVE GEORGE BARNHART ZIMPELMAN.

TRIBUTE BY JOHN M. CLAIBORNE, ADJUTANT AND HISTORIAN
TERRY'S TEXAS RANGERS.

George Barnhart Zimpelman, a native German, came to Texas when a child. He enlisted in July, 1861, in Company D, Terry's Texas Rangers (8th Texas Cavalry), was sworn into the C. S. A. service on September 5, 1861, and served from October, 1861, to May, 1865, through more than four hundred battles and skirmishes.

I have often been asked who was the best soldier in the Rangers; and though I never mentioned a name, that of Zimpelman would come to mind as a fighter. Although a private, it was his fault. He was often selected as a leader for dernier resorts and forlorn hopes. Many instances are given in my diary kept during the war wherein I noted the name of Zimpelman. He was wounded twice in one battle, and subsequently twice, one of which maimed him for life,

yet he remained to the end of the war. On December 17, 1861, in the battle of Woodsonville, Ky., having emptied his gun and pistol, he chased and roped a Yank with his caburn. Again, when on a raid in the rear of Rosecrans's army in 1863, the enemy came too near the brow of a hill, Zimpelman, Polk the bugler, and Jones the ensign bearer charged an entire regiment and put them to flight. He was at all times conspicuous; but I particularly refer in my diary to Farmington, Tenn., Bardstown, Ky., Chickamauga, Ga., and others. Zimpelman had perhaps more horses killed and wounded than any other man. George B. Zimpelman shines no less as a citizen than as a soldier. Poor in purse but rich in energy, a bonhomie in his intercourse.

He was early sought for the then difficult and dangerous place of sheriff of the capital city of Austin, Travis County, Tex., during the days of carpetbagger reconstruction, and to him belongs the credit in the prevention of bloodshed and a holocaust in 1874 when Governor Coke was inaugurated.

In nature, true, warm, and generous, modest for a man of his record, genial in intercourse—in morals he reaches the zenith—brave, generous, and deserving of highest laurels. If there is a special paradise for true soldiers, Zimpelman will be an archangel at death.

The pioneers of Texas, whose coming antedates the year 1846, are rapidly joining the great majority. George B. Zimpelman was born in Bavaria July 24, 1832. His father, John Jacob Zimpelman, was an influential citizen, and his mother, Valentine Hochdoeffer, was a granddaughter of a general under the Emperor. Much had been published in Germany about the new republic of Texas, and young George Zimpelman, having caught its spirit, decided to make his way thither; and he came to Texas in 1845, locating on the Colorado River, where he purchased a plantation. In 1856 he located on a plantation near Austin, where he pursued stock-raising and agriculture until the breaking out of the Civil War. Upon the first call to arms, in 1861, he volunteered in the defense of his country, joining Terry's Texas Rangers. * * *



GEORGE B. ZIMPELMAN AND WIFE.

Mr. Zimpelman married Sarah C. Matthews, daughter of Thomas Matthews, of Essex County, Va. The Matthews family were notable in the colonization of Virginia, Samuel Matthews being one of the Colonial Governors, and all of the family taking part in the history-making of that State.

George B. Zimpelman died on the 1st of January, 1908, survived by two sons, Thomas and Lee Zimpelman, and one daughter, Mrs. Moritz O. Kopperl, of Galveston. Mr. Kopperl is a namesake of his father, who was one of the most prominent and useful men of Galveston.

CAPT. W. P. SNOWDEN.

The VETERAN for December contained an interesting sketch of Capt. William Penn Snowden, a native of Tennessee, whose family moved to Mississippi when he was a lad of five years. His death occurred at Aberdeen on October 8, 1910.



CAPT. W. P. SNOWDEN.

only a short while, leaving one daughter, now Mrs. Dr. Crease, of Bakersfield, Cal. In 1875 he married Miss Mollie Bush, his "guiding spirit" for eighteen years, when he was left again alone. Two daughters had blessed this union, who are now Mrs. J. S. Cavett and Mrs. A. McIntosh, of Noxubee County, Miss. His surviving wife was Mrs. Will Hodges, who was his loving helpmeet and a fond mother to his orphan children. He was esteemed by all who knew him, and leaves a good name.

CAMP CHASE.

About four miles from Columbus, Ohio, is a place where brooding peace seems eternally to dwell, a place of green fields and shading forests; yet on this spot was once Camp Chase Prison, in which want and suffering held high revel.

In 1861 General McClellan was ordered to send his prisoners to Ohio. Regarding the jails as insecure, Gov. William Dennison ordered the erection of barracks on some land which the government leased, these barracks forming what was known as Camp Chase. This was for privates and noncommissioned officers, the officers being carried to Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie.

The first prisoners in Camp Chase were from the 23d Virginia Regiment, who were captured in the Kanawha Valley; but these prisoners, more fortunate than most, were soon exchanged. More rapidly took their places, however, and in 1863 there were eight thousand Confederates held in confinement in this one prison. In 1863 three women, a mother and two daughters eighteen and sixteen years of age, who were brought from Nashville, Tenn., were held prisoners in Camp

Chase. These ladies had been very active in giving information to leaders and in aiding Confederate soldiers.

The lease of the land, which was held by the government, continued till April, 1879, when the place was purchased by government authority and held as a Confederate cemetery, as two thousand three hundred Southern soldiers were buried there. While Rutherford B. Hayes was Governor of Ohio, the cemetery was put in good order and a man was employed to take care of it; but Governor Bishop refused to allow this expenditure of twenty-five dollars a year, and the cemetery was allowed to grow up in weeds and underbrush. When Senator Foraker was made Governor, he called the attention of the government to the neglected condition of the graveyard, and an appropriation was made to put it in order and maintain it. A substantial stone wall has taken the place of the wooden fence which had surrounded the cemetery, which fence was built of the planks from the old barracks when they were torn down after the war.

IN OLD CAMP CHASE.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

(To the memory of the brave Confederates who are buried in the Camp Chase Cemetery, at Columbus, Ohio.)

They sleep afar where they sighed for home—

Those chevaliers in gray;

They camp beneath the starlit dome

In a spot so far away.

For them no more the bugle call,

For them no more the drum;

Where rose the guarded prison wall

The silences are dumb.

The sunbeams fall upon their camp,

Unguarded now and still;

For them no more the sentry's tramp,

No more the iron will;

With thoughts of Southland dear to them,

They bravely bore their lot;

Love's hand hath formed their diadem,

Which ne'er will be forgot.

The boy who wore with pride his gray

Beside the veteran died.

No mother's hand with gentle sway

Could stem the dark'ning tide;

And when the wild delirium came

To rob life of its bliss,

They yearned amid the fever's flame

To feel a sister's kiss.

Far from the battle's fiery strife,

Held by the captive's thrall,

Each yielded up a hero's life—

Aye, gladly gave his all.

In dreams they saw a banner wave

Amid the golden stars,

And prayed that puissant hand would save

The banner of the bars.

Though in the Northland now they sleep

In silence through the hours,

Each year beneath the spangled deep

Their graves are decked with flowers.

The South remembers every one,

Though they lie far away,

And love recrowns each gallant son

In old Camp Chase to-day.

MAJ. JOSEPH W. ANDERSON, A VIRGINIAN.

In the spring of 1905 correspondence was had with relatives of Maj. Joseph W. Anderson, of Virginia, and interesting data sent with photograph, and the long delay is regretted.

Joseph W. Anderson, son of John T. and Cassandra M. Anderson, was born in Fincastle, Va., December 19, 1836. He graduated at the University of Virginia in 1859, and was married very soon afterwards to Susan W., daughter of Dr. J. M. Morris, of Louisa County, Va. Although he was educated for a lawyer, that profession was not congenial to his taste, while he was fond of the military spirit and imbued with the chivalrous sentiment of military life.

In 1861 he entered the Confederate service as captain of an infantry company in his native State, and served gallantly under Gens. J. E. Johnston and Beauregard. Upon the recommendation of General Beauregard he was transferred to the artillery service. During the spring of 1862 he served under Gen. E. Kirby Smith in Kentucky and Tennessee. In this service he was conspicuous in leading a gallant charge at Tazewell, Tenn. In December, 1862, he was ordered to Vicksburg with his artillery. Immediately upon his arrival he went into a fight December 29, and gave the enemy some parting shots. In January he was promoted to major and to chief of artillery to Stevenson's Division.

On May 16, 1863, was fought that sanguinary battle of Baker's Creek, about midway between Jackson and Vicksburg. After five hours of conflict, an infantry charge was ordered, and in it Major Anderson volunteered to lead the 40th Georgia. The lines of the enemy were broken temporarily, but the gallant Virginian fell mortally wounded. His friends were forced to leave him on the field. Later he was found by Surgeon Van Dyke, of Georgia, who removed him to the field hospital; but he had suffered so great loss of blood that he expired during the night. The Surgeon spoke words of praise to Major Anderson for his gallant service, and he replied: "I am prepared to die. I am resigned to my fate."

A sister-in-law writes of him: "A nobler, more unselfish man never lived." His father was in Mississippi at the time, but no coffin could be procured, so his body was simply wrapped in a blanket. In November, 1863, Colonel Anderson, accompanied by a servant, Albert, who had been with Major Anderson from the time of the battle of Bull Run, went to Mississippi and took the body to the grand old home in Botetourt County, Va., and buried it in the Fincastle Cemetery, where a simple stone marks the grave.

MAJ. JOHN WILLIAM JOHNSTON.

[Joseph R. Anderson, of Lee, Va., President V. M. I. Alumni Association, kindly sends extracts from the University (Virginia) Memorial, published by Rev. J. L. Johnson.

At the time of the John Brown raid the Mounted Rifles in Botetourt County, Va., was organized, with William W. Boyd as captain. Joseph W. Anderson was afterwards captain, and subsequently chief of artillery of Stevenson's Division, and was killed at Baker's Creek, May 16, 1863. Before the secession of Virginia the company was reorganized with officers as follows: Captain, Joseph W. Anderson; Lieutenants, Philip Peters, John W. Johnston, Henry C. Douthat.



MAJ. JOSEPH W. ANDERSON.

Before the expiration of the company's first year's service Captain Anderson obtained an order from the War Department, upon the recommendation of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, commanding the Army of Northern Virginia, which authorized him to change his arm of the service from infantry to mounted artillery. "This excellent officer, supported by worthy and gallant lieutenants and one hundred and fifty men, a majority of whom had passed through the first year in active service, the others having been recruited by Lieutenant Johnston early in 1862, reported at Camp Lee (Richmond) in the latter part of January, 1862," to be organized, drilled, and equipped as an artillery company. "In general orders Captain Anderson was placed in charge of the camp of instruction," and later "special orders were issued authorizing Captain Anderson to run a battery of six brass guns." "The battery being now entitled to four lieutenants, two first and two second, William P. Douthat was elected junior second, and Lieutenants Johnston and H. C. Douthat were advanced.

"The Tredegar Iron Works had nearly completed their armament, and Captain Anderson, his officers, and men were in high spirits." When the Department issued an order for this battery (it being in the most forward state of preparation of all the batteries at Camp Lee) to move at once, regardless of outfit, to East Tennessee, where an active campaign was soon to be waged with such material and resources as were at hand there, it fell to the lot of Anderson's Battery to go. It was a sad day to officers and men to leave behind them guns which were nearly ready to be issued to them; but they keenly appreciated the compliment of being chosen as the first battery sufficiently advanced in instruction to leave the camp.

At Knoxville on reporting to Gen. E. Kirby Smith in April, 1862, the battery was furnished with iron guns, which were replaced at Chattanooga in December, 1862, by six brass pieces from the Tredegar Works, Richmond.

Lieutenant Johnston served with his battery throughout the spring and summer campaign of 1862. He was engaged in the battle of Tazewell, or Waldron's Ridge, August 6, and served during the investment of Cumberland Gap, August and September. After the evacuation of Cumberland Gap, he accompanied his battery, attached to Barton's Brigade, Stevenson's Division, through Kentucky to Frankfort and back again through Cumberland Gap to Lenoir's Station. Thence his battery was ordered to Murfreesboro, and from there in December, 1862, to Vicksburg, and arrived during the battle of Chickasaw Bayou, December 27 and 28, and was soon gallantly engaged. The enemy was repulsed, and the battery went into camp at Vicksburg.

On January 28, 1863, the appointment of Captain Anderson as chief of artillery of Stevenson's Division was announced in general orders. Lieut. Philip Peters took command of the battery, and Lieutenant Johnston was promoted to junior first lieutenant. On March 18, 1863, Lieutenant Johnston was announced in general orders as captain of Anderson's Battery, which was afterwards known as the "Botetourt Artillery." Captain Anderson having been promoted to major of artillery and Lieutenant Peters having declined promotion and retaining his original rank, both Major Anderson and Captain Johnston took rank from January 28, 1863.

On October 28, 1863, the battery broke camp at Warrenton and marched with Tracy's Alabama Brigade to reinforce General Bowen below Vicksburg. "Captain Johnston, who had been detached on court-martial duty, left Vicksburg on the evening of April 30, and after riding all night reached and crossed Bayou Pierre at daybreak May 1," and in a very few

minutes the battle of Bayou Pierre, or Port Gibson, began. Very soon an order came to send two guns to the left to operate with Green's Missourians. * * * The battle raged with fury, the enemy being found in overwhelming force, having six divisions at least, of which four were actively engaged, with a number of inferior batteries of rifle and other guns. Our largest force engaged at any time during the day were three brigades, less than four thousand five hundred men. Yet our gallant troops held their line and the men fought on with dogged pertinacity and devotion worthy of a better fate." * * *

It was here that the noble General Tracy was killed. Captain Johnston lost in killed Lieutenants Peters and William P. Douthat and Orderly David Leips and two privates. The total loss of the Botetourt Artillery in this battle in killed, wounded, and captured was about forty-five officers and men, fifty-three horses, and four guns. Late in the day Captain Johnston was disabled.

In the battle of Baker's Creek, in which Maj. Joseph W. Anderson, chief of artillery, was mortally wounded while both he and Captain Johnston were trying to re-form Barton's regiments, the latter behaved with great gallantry. After this battle Captain Johnston was promoted to chief of artillery, vice Anderson, killed. The Botetourt Artillery, being weakened by losses before and during the siege of Vicksburg, was transferred to Western Virginia. Major Johnston remained South and went in command of a battalion of artillery until the surrender of April, 1865.



MAJ. JOHN W. JOHNSTON.

John William Johnston, second son of John Nash Johnston and Eliza Ogilvie Bell, was born at Pattonsburg, Botetourt County, Va., July 6, 1839. Losing his father while yet a child, he became the chief support of his widowed mother and her younger children. His education he received from the local schools and at Hon. J. W. Brockenborough's excellent law

school at Lexington. Only twenty-two when Virginia seceded, he at once volunteered and entered the Confederate service as second lieutenant in the company of which his friend, Joseph W. Anderson, was captain. His military record: May 16, 1861, second lieutenant 28th Virginia Infantry, C. S. A. December, 1861, first lieutenant Anderson's Battery Light Artillery. January, 1863, captain Botetourt Artillery (formerly Anderson's Battery). July, 1863, captain and inspector general of artillery on Maj. Gen. C. L. Stevenson's staff March, 1864, major of artillery, commanding Johnston's Battalion Light Artillery.

He was engaged at First Manassas, Tazewell, Tennessee, siege of Cumberland Gap, Port Gibson, or Bayou Pierre (wounded here), Baker's Creek, siege of Vicksburg, Dalton, Ga. (wounded), Tilton, Resaca (Minie ball in thigh), Columbia, Tenn., Franklin, Nashville, and Salisbury, N. C. Being on detached duty, he surrendered at this latter place two days after the surrender of his kinsman, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

He was a gallant and accomplished officer, with much personal magnetism and a record for courage and determination, loved alike by his men and his fellow-officers. In reports he was frequently mentioned for gallant conduct.

After the surrender he returned to his native county, and there engaged in the practice of law, a profession in which he achieved marked success. He married Miss Elizabeth Alexander, of Moorefield, W. Va., a woman lovely and beloved. She died in 1889, having borne him six children: Mary, Eloise, Anne, John, Walter, and Elizabeth. Mary, the eldest, is the author of "Prisoners of Hope," "To Have and to Hold," "Lewis Rand," etc. [We understand that she will publish this spring a novel the action of which takes place between the secession of Virginia and the battle of Chancellorsville. Its title will be "The Long Roll," and it is dedicated to the memory of her father and of her kinsman, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.]

Major Johnston served several years in the Virginia Legislature. Later he became interested in various internal improvement enterprises. He was President of the James River Kanawha Canal Company, then of the Buchanan and Clifton Forge Railway Company, then Vice President and General Manager of the Richmond and Danville Extension Company, then President of the Georgia Pacific Railroad Company. His business interests calling him to Alabama, he removed with his family to Birmingham, where he resided for a number of years. This period was followed by a residence of six years in New York, after which he and his daughters returned to Virginia, making their home in Richmond.

His health somewhat failing, Major Johnston retired during the last several years of his life from active business interests. To the last, however, he kept his strong understanding, his keen, broad, and unfailing interest in all that concerned his country and humanity. He was a very lovable man, upright, strong, simple, and sincere. He died on the 25th of May, 1905, after a short illness, and was buried in Hollywood, at Richmond. The inscription on the stone at his head reads: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." His interest in Confederate matters was ever constant and warm.

General Stephenson in his report of the Baker's Creek battle mentions Maj. J. W. Anderson (see sketch herewith) as "Gallantly falling in full discharge of his duties" and Capt. J. W. Johnston as fighting his battery "to the last extremity," and he mentions Captain Johnston in the siege of Vicksburg while inspector of light artillery "for valuable service rendered."

HONORING THE MOTHERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

[Extracts from letter of E. W. Blanchard, Greenwood, Miss.]

Let us at the Reunion of Confederate Veterans in Little Rock have the mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts of war times for our sponsors and maids of honor. They suffered more than we did at the front in the sixties. Our mothers, sisters, wives, and sweethearts were at home taking care of everything and urging their loved ones to remain at the front in defense of homes and firesides. Had it not been for the true womanhood of our Southland, the men would not have remained in the army.

Many old veterans, good and true, will not attend our Reunions because everything is given over to the younger people. The old soldiers are pushed to the rear. I heard a veteran say he would not attend another of our Reunions because at our last Reunion in New Orleans a young staff officer to one of the generals displayed himself on horseback, and he knew that the father of that young man was at home during the four years of the war stealing cotton, horses, cattle, and actually robbing the wives of Confederate soldiers who were in the army. God bless the old women! Let us make them our sponsors and maids of honor.

Let the sons and daughters of veterans attend, for they will have to keep up the organizations in a few more years.

Nothing would be grander than to see our headquarters carriages in the parade with the dear old ladies seated in them. As an old veteran I would like to be one of the special escort to walk by the side of the carriage conveying those dear old ladies who went through the war from 1861 to 1865.

[Comrade Blanchard is correct in his idea to honor the old women above all others at our Reunions, for that manifestly sacred duty is too often neglected; but a more conservative spirit is necessary. While Camps, Brigade and Division organizations elect Commanders who pursue a different course, the manifest injustice is unavoidable. The veterans have this power, but the work must be done at home—before the Reunions. Our many sacred duties in maintaining the organizations require that we do the best we can, yet stand together until "taps."]

TRIALS WITH GEN. JOHN H. MORGAN.

[A chapter from the "Memoirs" of John Allan Wyeth, M.D., LL.D., with Gen. John H. Morgan's cavalry in 1862-63.]

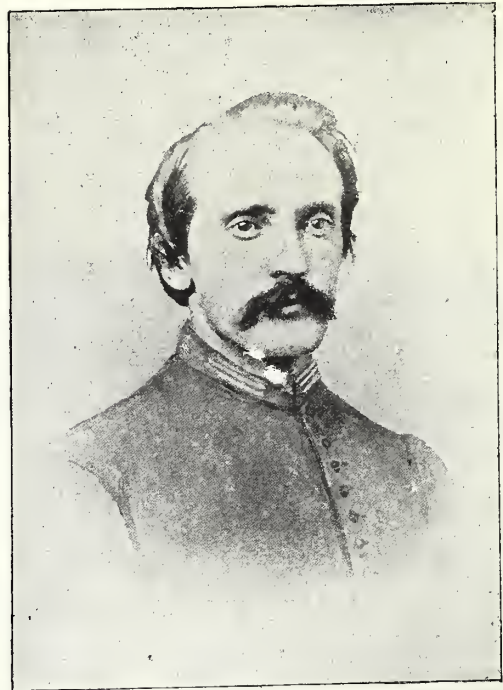
In the late summer of 1862 a squadron of Morgan's Kentucky cavalry in command of Maj. Basil W. Duke marched into Guntersville, Ala., my native town. They left at our home in my mother's care Lieut. Frank Brady, who had suffered an injury to one knee in a skirmish a day or two before at Whitesburg Landing, on the Tennessee River.

Of Irish extraction, born and reared near Georgetown, in the blue grass region, Brady was at this time about twenty-five years of age, of athletic build, graceful carriage, handsome features, possessing withal an attractive personality. To other charms was added a well-trained voice, and he sang with feeling and expression many of the popular songs of that day. Among these I still recall "Lorena," "Bonnie Mary of Argyll," and "Johnny Has Gone for a Soldier."

As I was then seventeen years old, full of the military spirit and anxious to go to the war, it was no wonder I took a great liking to Lieutenant Brady; and I can picture him now after the lapse of forty-eight years as in his neat and well-fitting uniform, his handsome face partly shaded by a broad-brimmed black felt hat, one side of which was fastened to the crown by a silver crescent, with saber and pistol swinging from his belt, he sat his horse, my boyish ideal of a cavalryman.

When in the middle of December he left to rejoin his command at Murfreesboro, my parents gave their consent for me to go with him to "take a look at the army." My military outfit for this campaign was a small, short-barreled "five-shooter" (about twenty-two caliber), a toy practice pistol, scarcely effective at the distance of a few feet, and then only if the bullet struck a vital spot.

We reached Murfreesboro on December 23, 1862. Morgan's command was then assembled at Alexandria, Tenn., and the next day Brady reported there for duty and was assigned to Quirk's Scouts. During his absence a reorganization had taken place. Morgan's famous "Old Squadron" had grown into two small brigades of about seventeen hundred and fifty each. Some of the survivors of the veteran companies had been distributed among the regiments as officers, while the remainder, about fifty in all, were organized into a company to act as scouts or videttes to obtain information concerning the enemy and in the main to move in advance.



CAPT. TOM QUIRK.

Of this company Tom Quirk, a dare-devil "Blue Grass" Irishman, was made captain. I was told that he had kept a candy store in Lexington; but with the inherited courage and love of adventure of his race he couldn't stay behind a counter when he could get behind a gun. So he "shut up shop," volunteered in Morgan's original squadron, and soon attracted attention by his tireless activity and indifference to danger. His bravery was unquestioned, but he did not possess other qualities which make a capable and successful leader. A blue coat to him was like a red flag to a mad bull, and he went at it on all occasions without regard to anything or anybody. None the less every man in his company liked him and followed him without hesitation. I emphasize "followed" because this wild Irishman never let any one get ahead of him in going into a fight, and he didn't know how to quit and retire gracefully.

When we reached Alexandria, the camp was in a stir. John H. Morgan, who had made the brilliant capture of a large

Federal command at Hartsville a short while before, had just been made a brigadier general, and a week earlier had been married to Miss Ready, of Murfreesboro, was now under orders to move to the rear of Rosecrans's army and destroy his communications by tearing up the Louisville & Nashville Railroad in Kentucky. The troops had just heard this great news; and as nearly the entire command was made of Kentuckians, they were wild with enthusiasm to visit their homes or get as near them as possible. As I had not yet "seen the army," I asked Lieutenant Brady to let me go along, and to my delight he assented. I joined the scouts as an independent, and away we marched on the famous Christmas raid. My small stature and boyish appearance led to my baptism by my comrades as "Little Johnnie," and each member of the company, from the captain and Lieutenants Gardner and Brady down even to "old cussin' Hutch," Billy Miller, and the "Badger," seemed to think it his special duty to look out for me. As for myself, I never felt bigger. On Fanny, my beautiful and spirited little thoroughbred mare, the equal of anything in that or any other command, and with a five-shooter pistol in my pocket, I felt an importance I had never before attained.

Morgan's men were in high feather, and they were a fine lot of fighters—none better. They fell short of their full usefulness, however, as did practically all our Western mounted troops, by the absence of that strict discipline, without which no men ever make the best of soldiers. Two demi-brigades were formed, one under Col. Basil W. Duke, and the other under Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge, about thirty-five hundred in all. Morgan reported thirty-one hundred with guns and seven pieces of artillery. The unarmed men were soon furnished by the enemy with all they required. Early on December 22 we started on what turned out to be an exciting experience and one of the most trying of my life, always excepting my Camp Morton Prison sojourn. Neither men nor horses on that wild sweep through Kentucky were spared until we reached Liberty, Tenn., not far from our starting point, fifteen days later; but notwithstanding the cold and fatigue and loss of sleep, I would not have missed it for any consideration. There was something contagious in the spirit, the "élan" of Morgan's troopers I never met with in other commands in which I became a "veteran." Their enthusiasm was an epidemic which spared no one, not even the "independent scout." They idolized John H. Morgan, who at the successful termination of this expedition reached the zenith of his glory. Later he lost confidence in the ability of General Bragg, chafed under the restraint placed upon him by the disciple of West Point, and in direct disregard of the orders of the commander in chief crossed the Ohio and destroyed himself and his splendid command in the ill-starred Indiana raid in July, 1863.

Late in the day the scouts forded the Cumberland River not far from Carthage, Tenn., and a few miles farther on bivouacked for the night. This was my first experience in sleeping on the ground in the open air in winter. As it was not very cold, with an abundant supply of wood which had been cut and corded long enough to become well seasoned (seemingly for our use), we made great fires, and Lieutenant Brady and I "snuggled up" between our oilcloths and blankets, with our saddles for pillows, and slept the sleep of the weary. On the 23d we rode all day at good speed, camped again under the sky, and the next day, Christmas eve, just at dark, were in sight of Glasgow, the county seat of Barren County, Ky.

I recall here an incident of disrespect to a staff officer which impressed me with the great lack of discipline in this com-

mand, or at least in Quirk's Scouts. Our place was in advance of the main column from one to four miles, and the men always felt a resentment when any other troops were allowed to go to the front. One great advantage of this position was that by being first on the ground we got the choice of the fat of the land; and when we struck a town at night and could stop, we took possession of the livery stables for our horses and the hotel beds for ourselves before the main column swarmed in. Moreover, we didn't neglect the stores, the proprietors of which, uninformed of our approach, had not had time to close their doors or remove their goods. General Morgan had one brother, a major, on his staff who was not popular, at least so it seemed with Quirk's men. As we were entering the suburbs of Glasgow just at dark this brother in brilliant staff uniform, escorted by a squadron, dashed up behind us at a gallop, evidently bent on reaching town first and securing for himself and the General and staff the best quarters available. As they rode through us one of our company shouted at the top of his voice, "No danger ahead, boys; Charlton Morgan's going to the front," which remark, although not justified (for this same officer had been wounded at Shiloh), was applauded by a loud laugh on the part of the scouts which met with no reprimand.

The diagnosis of no danger, however, was not correct, for just as this squadron reached one corner of the Public Square several companies of the 2d Michigan Cavalry [Company C, Captain Darrow in command, supported by Companies L, M, and H, 2d Michigan Cavalry, p. 148, "Official Records," Volume XX.], with no idea that Morgan's men were in that part of the world, rode into sight across the square. Both sides fired at close range. One Federal was killed and two wounded, and a Confederate captain and one soldier were mortally and one lieutenant slightly wounded. Captain Quirk hurried us in the direction of the firing, and we arrived in time to profit by the success of the fray. Frank Brady took charge of the captain and adjutant of this regiment, who was one of some twenty prisoners taken, and gave me the captain's bridle and saddle. This saddle was a McClellan tree with brass mountings, padded cover, thick felt saddle blanket, with breast strap, crupper, a water-proof roll and six buckled leathers for holding a forage sack, blankets, and oilcloth secure. The bridle was not the least valuable item of this acquisition; and as I viewed Fanny in her royal outfit by the light of the early Christmas morning of 1862, I thought and still think she was the prettiest thing I ever saw on four legs. She and I went with this saddle through many scenes of trial and danger; and when my hour of disaster came (and it never came until I had lost my spirited, intelligent, and almost human Fanny), I hid it in the hollow of a large tree on the north side of Walden's Ridge with the Michigan captain's name still inscribed thereon. Several of the captured Yankees had Christmas turkeys strapped to their saddles, preparing for a feast which we enjoyed. We slept in beds that night, and our horses were under shelter.

On the 25th we started North at daybreak on the Munfordsville Turnpike, and stopped an hour at noon to feed and wait for the main column to come up. The sun was shining and the temperature unusually warm for Christmas day in this section. General Morgan had overtaken us earlier in the forenoon and rode some distance with our company, which gave me an excellent opportunity of seeing the famous cavalryman. He was in appearance an ideal soldier, with light blue or gray eyes and a strikingly handsome face partly concealed by a brown or sandy mustache and imperial. He impressed me

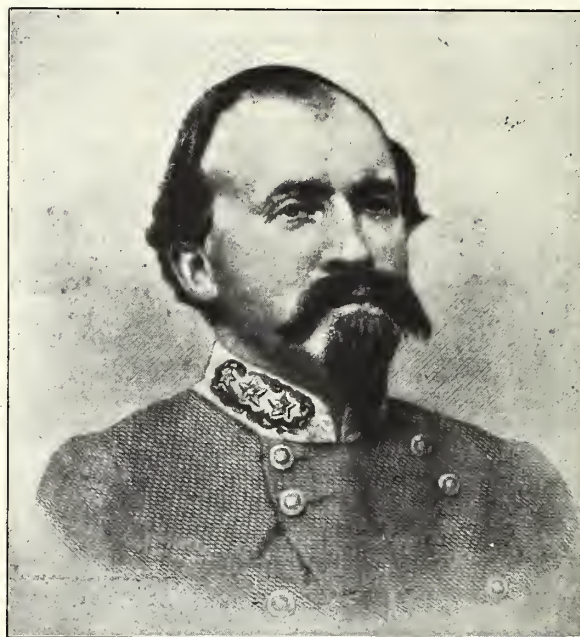
as being above the average in size, and, as usual with Southerners [John H. Morgan was born at Huntsville, Ala., and reared in Lexington, Ky.], was at home on horseback. Another observation at this time made a lasting impression on my mind and one not altogether favorable, as my mother had brought me up to believe that even mere moderate drinking was objectionable—namely, an interchange of those courtesies between our captain and our general, which legend ascribes to the Governors of North and South Carolina. I do not mention this now in any sense of disrespect or as in the least a reflection on this brave and noble man; but I am writing facts, and state exactly what I saw. Every one knows (or can know) that General Morgan never drank to excess. He was too great a soldier and too conscientious a commander to endanger by his own conduct the lives of the men he loved better than his own.

When the head of the column came up and halted to feed, we mounted and rode on. As we approached a small settlement known as "Bear Wallow" one of the videttes came tearing back at full speed and shouted out as he drew near: "Yankees thick as hell up the road." We were quickly told to "load and cap" our guns, and then rode briskly forward to a rise in the road, and there some four or five hundred yards in front of us in a line of battle which extended a hundred yards or more on either side of and across the pike were at least two hundred mounted men in blue. ["War Records," Volume XX., Part I., p. 151. Two companies of the 4th and 5th Indiana Cavalry under Col. Isaac P. Gray.] There was another company we did not see then, but saw later to our sorrow, for they were in ambush on the side of the road along which our Irish captain was to lead us in a charge. These were the first real live fighting Yankees I had seen, and they made a very fine appearance.

As we reached this point Captain Quirk yelled out, "Charge em, d—'em," and down the pike we fifty rode at full tilt. As we started on this reckless ride, I went with the crowd with my small five-shooter in one hand all ready for slaughter, when one of the men, seeing the absolute uselessness of such a weapon, advised me to drop out. In reply to a remonstrance he handed me his gun, a long-barreled Austrian rifle, saying: "Then you'd better take this, as I have two army sixes." All this occurred in a few seconds as we were galloping in columns of four toward the Federals. Our warlike approach did not seem to disconcert the men in blue, who were now in plain view, horses aligned and carbines ready and glinting in the Christmas sunlight. Their attitude evidently had made an impression on our captain; for when about two hundred yards from them, as we reached a slight depression in the road, he halted us, called off horse holders, and ordered us to dismount and advance on foot. As we reached the top of the rise the forty-odd of us bent over, and, advancing in a lane which had a high worm fence on either side, the Federal line blazed away at us, and such a whizzing of bullets I had never before heard. Their line, not over a hundred yards away, was fully two hundred yards in length; and as their fire converged upon our small group in the roadway, the effect may be imagined. We crouched as low as we could, took refuge in the fence corners, and began firing.

The most surprising feature of this affair was that I was not so scared as I expected to be, certainly not half so much so as in a bushwhacking episode, where there was no danger as compared to this. I rested my big gun on a rail, and through a crack in the fence took deliberate aim at one of the Yankees, who from his having a sword in his hand I took to be an

officer, and fired. To my disgust he didn't tumble from his horse. As my comrade had given me his gun without including the cartridge belt, this shot ended my part of the fight.



GEN. JOHN H. MORGAN.

However, had I had a bushel of ammunition, it would have been of no use now, for before I could have rammed a charge in this muzzle-loader for another round we were treated to a rude surprise.

Company C, 5th Indiana Cavalry, which had been hidden from view in a hollow to our right, charged up to within a few yards of the road, right abreast of our position, and gave us a volley at almost muzzle range. One of our men, "Old Hutch" by nickname, was shot in the hand, and announced the fact with a loud oath, and our doughty captain received two scalp wounds and was not in the best of humor. At this fusillade the horse holders and horses stampeded to the rear, and, to add to the seriousness of our predicament, the Yankees in front charged down on us, and then a miniature Waterloo, "sauve qui peut," took place. Five of our company, the "Badger" among them, foolishly took refuge in a dwelling near the roadside and were captured. The rest of us scrambled over the opposite fence and made strides for a black-jack or scrub oak thicket, which seemed to me a long way off, but really wasn't. The run for this copse was expedited by the pot shots from the Hoosier cavalrymen, who never let up on us until we had disappeared from view in the tangled thicket. Just as I reached the edge and turned to see if we were being closely followed I encountered Captain Quirk, bareheaded, his face streaked with blood running from two scalp wounds. The part which had no blood on it was almost as red with anger, and he was swearing like a trooper at his own men for running like cowards, seemingly unmindful that there was such a thing in the world of humor as an "Irish bull." Fortunately for us the Yankees stopped; for had they pressed us closely, few could have escaped. Forrest's rudely expressed maxim that "the time to whip the enemy was when you had him running" if carried out here would have landed Quirk's company, their doughty captain, and one "independent scout" in a Northern military prison.

We hurried through the brush in the direction of our ad-

vancing column, recovered our horses, and as the advance guard arrived formed with them, and this time made a sure-enough charge. The enemy broke, and in the pursuit Tom Quirk, off in front as usual, got close enough to one of the hindmost Hoosiers and killed him with his pistol. Two others surrendered. [Colonel Gray, p. 151, Volume XX., "Official Records," reports the Confederate loss as "nine killed and, as near as I can ascertain, twenty-two wounded and five prisoners." The last item is correct; but none were killed and only two wounded. His own loss he reports as "one killed and two captured."] The excitement being over, we marched on toward the Green River crossing, near which we overhauled a huge sutler's wagon, the contents of which were unceremoniously appropriated even to a box of women's shoes, which the boys gallantly distributed to the houses on the line of march. That night we camped in the woods a few miles from Upton Station, on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad.

In the early morning of December 26 it began to drizzle; and as we struck the railroad at Upton, we saw several Union soldiers walking along the track, each with his gun on his shoulder. Under orders, we spurred our horses rapidly forward. Captain Quirk, pistol in hand, shouted to them to surrender, at the same time firing over their heads. Before any one else could shoot the men threw up their hands.

Here General Morgan overhauled the scouts, and I witnessed a very interesting incident. Attached to the General's staff was a telegraph operator, an attractive, quick-witted, clever young man, apparently about twenty-five years old, named Ellsworth, better known in the command as "Lightning." He acquired this sobriquet when on a former occasion, having tapped a wire and interposed his instrument (which, being a pocket affair, did not always give the most perfect satisfaction), its wobbling and uncertain "tick" aroused the suspicion of the operator he was calling. "Who are you, and what's the matter with your office?" came over the wire, and

quick as a flash Ellsworth broke in and replied, "O. K., lightning," which meant: "Go ahead; storm and lightning here interfering." This restored confidence, and Ellsworth got all the information his general wanted, and also got his nickname.

Some one climbed a telegraph pole, fastened two strands of wire to the line on each side of the insulation, and as soon as Ellsworth attached the other ends of these to his instrument the line was cut and he was in the circuit. I sat on the end of a crosstie within a few feet of General Morgan and heard him dictate messages to be sent to General Boyle in Louisville and to other places, making inquiries as to the disposition of the Federal forces in Kentucky and telling some awful stories in regard to the large size of his own command and its movements. There came at this time among other dispatches over the wire the information that a train bearing some artillery and ammunition was on its way to Munfordville, and had already passed Nolin, the station just north of Upton. Morgan immediately ordered Quirk to go and be ready to obstruct the track as soon as the train should pass. Unfortunately the wary engineer saw us in time, reversed his drivers, and escaped before we could get to the track with our fence rails. I saw two pieces of artillery on a flat car, and there were some six or eight other cars in the train. The few shots we fired were a poor consolation for missing a valuable capture. Toward noon and while we were near Upton we heard cannonading at Bacon Creek Bridge stockade, which, after a gallant resistance, was reduced and the bridge destroyed.

Our company took up its march toward Nolin, where there was another bridge guarded by a stockade. Before we reached there the garrison had surrendered to a detachment under Colonel Duke, and the bridge was burned. By night the weather had cleared, and we camped in the open a few miles from Elizabethtown. This place we captured after a slight resistance. The garrison, some eight companies of an Illinois regiment, six hundred and fifty-two men and officers, surrendered about 10 A.M. As we approached the town our company was well in the lead. The Federal commander had marched his troops half a mile or so in the direction of our advance and deployed them upon a hill in an open field. They were marching in double file across the brow of the hill, and to my untutored gaze there seemed to be no end of them. It turned out that there were not quite seven hundred in this "mighty army." The wily Col. H. S. Smith was repeating the performance of that King of France "who marched his army up the hill and then marched down again," for as soon as the head of the column was out of our sight it went around by the other side and again paraded across for our benefit. Our captain ventured too near for his safety, and received a fusillade which came very near his undoing; but with his Irish luck he lived through this and many other dangerous and thrilling experiences to die of consumption in the "piping times of peace."

As General Morgan and the whole command came up the scouts brought up a flag of truce and a message from the Federal commander to General Morgan demanding his unconditional surrender. Morgan sent back word that if he did not surrender himself and men in thirty minutes he would attack. The answer was a refusal. Meanwhile the Union force had retired into the town and taken refuge in a group of brick houses on either side of the street near the railroad station. Knowing from the escape of the train at Upton and the cannonading at Bacon Creek and Nolin that we were coming, they had prepared these houses for defense by loopholing the walls. To have assaulted such a stronghold would



JOHN ALLAN WYETH. THE BOY THAT HE WAS.

have been folly. So our wise general surrounded the town to prevent escape, brought up his guns, and after half an hour's notice to the citizens to get out of range the cannonade began. I was just behind our battery and was fascinated by the regularity with which the pieces were manned and the accuracy of aim. It was more astonishing to be able to see a cannon ball in flight. I noticed later the same demonstration at Chickamauga and at Cottonport Crossing in 1863. Being right behind the gun as it was fired and looking in the line of projection, it was easy to recognize a hazy, bluish streak or tail which seemed to be chasing the missile. I could plainly see great holes knocked in the walls, and soon a soldier here and there would run out of the houses, evidently looking for a safer place. At last a white flag was waved from a window, the firing ceased, and the ever-ready Quirk had us mount and dash first into the town. I recall distinctly the loopholed walls on either side as we galloped by, and hoped the men inside knew the surrender had been made. Otherwise they could have riddled us. There seemed to be a strong Southern sentiment in Elizabethtown, and we were royally entertained in private houses. We stayed there that day (December 27) and for the night, and Lieutenant Brady and I doubled up in a feather bed.

Continued in April Veteran.

SKETCHES OF PRISON LIFE.—PART I.

BY REV. C. M. HUTTON, FORT WORTH.

I have been requested to give some of my four months' experiences in Yankee prisons. As surgeons and chaplains were noncombatants, some may ask why they were subject to capture. I had no explanation of this till I was informed by Judge Ould, our commissioner for the exchange of prisoners, as he and his adjutant, Major Hatch, were conveying me to Petersburg from City Point, Va., where I had just been unconditionally released. He said: "At the beginning of the war it was understood that surgeons and chaplains would not be held. But one of our surgeons was captured while armed, and was held. Our side retaliated by holding all surgeons. The Yankees then held all chaplains in retaliation, and then we held their chaplains. All this grew out of that surgeon's mistaking his duty."

Permit me first to introduce myself as the chaplain of the 36th Alabama Infantry, Gen. H. D. Clayton commander of brigade. I assumed duty when our regiment was located on Dauphin Way, four miles west of Mobile, in October, 1861, and remained in service till the surrender. We were transferred in 1863 to Tennessee, and served there till a short time before the close of the war, and were near Mobile again when the surrender came.

My imprisonment was in July, August, and September, 1863, at Nashville, and the following October in Washington City. I was kindly treated at both these prisons. I have always been thankful that an overruling Providence threw me into good hands and into places of usefulness, even though a prisoner. If all our soldiers had so fared, more pleasant memories between the two sections would now be entertained of the terrible times that "tried men's souls."

I have a most pleasant memory of Dr. T. G. Hickman, of Vandalia, Ill., the surgeon in charge of the prison hospital at Nashville. His uniform kindness for three months greatly endeared him to me. He sought and obtained my release from Gen. R. S. Granger, commandant of the post, who applied to General Rosecrans in my behalf. Our command was in active service in Tennessee. We were first encamped at Tulla-

homa, but soon moved to Wartrace, our line extending by Hoover's Gap. The night before my capture was spent in a stubble field where were shocks of wheat. These were of some protection from the ground made muddy by a hard rain, and we expected an engagement at any time. Next morning our soldiers were shivering from the cold rain, when the booming of cannon began, and I heard exploding shells for the first time. I soon learned that there was no danger in them when the explosion occurred overhead, for the fragments went forward. I sought breakfast at a small residence in the rear. The whites had vacated it, leaving a few negroes in charge. After a short meal, I ordered coffee for the suffering soldiers, and took two large pots to them. Very soon the Yankees were about cutting off and capturing the entire regiment. A rapid retreat was ordered, and the rushing men began throwing away their blankets. As I was mounted, I called them to bring their blankets to me. Very soon I had more than my arms could hold. One man said: "Get down quickly and we will spread them all upon the horse." When the horse was about the size of an elephant, I told them that was as many as I could stride. It must have been an amusing spectacle I presented in riding off with my load.

We were glad when the command, "Halt!" was given. The fatigued men dropped upon the ground to rest, dropping guns pell-mell. Colonel Woodruff ordered all gun caps removed. Despite this order, one gun was neglected. A loaded wagon came along, and Colonel Woodruff called out: "Take up those guns!" A soldier requested another man to hand him his gun. The cap had not been removed, and a jutting rock pulled the hammer back and fired the gun into a group of soldiers. One cried out: "O my leg!" It proved to be Private Allen, of Company B, whom I met since the war as a physician of Rockdale, Tex. His thigh bone was broken. It was at the gate of Mr. Huffman's residence, near Normandy, a railroad station. He was carried into the house and his limb was immediately amputated by our surgeon, Dr. Herndon.

As Allen was recovering from the effects of chloroform he begged me to remain with him. I hesitated, knowing we were on the move and to remain meant capture. Dr. Herndon assured me they would not hold me and that I was the most suitable man to stay, especially as Mr. Huffman's family consisted entirely of ladies and he was a very old man. Private Joe Park agreed to stay with me. The first thing I did was to bury Allen's leg—a sad duty. Within two days the Yankees were almost upon us, so Joe Park left just in time to escape.

Two weeks later Allen had rallied sufficiently for me to leave for my command. I took Mr. Huffman along to testify to the Federal officer in command that he heard the surgeon address me as chaplain. This availed nothing. I had not brought a blanket or any other necessary articles, and I was at once sent to Tullahoma under heavy guard. Soon I was taken to the depot, where stood a train bound for Nashville. I was put aboard and at first in a box car crammed full of standing prisoners. Seats were impossible, for we were as close as sardines in a box. The lieutenant, observing my badge (a Maltese cross), said: "I'll give you a better place." I willingly accepted, yet felt I was no more worthy than any other of the men I left. The "better place" was a car with only one other fellow-prisoner, introducing himself as Dr. Lloyd, a surgeon. Not much sleep came to my eyes as I lay without a blanket upon the filthy floor at the heels of a horse, constantly fearing that he might hurt me. I recalled what Paul said: "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content."

Next morning our train stopped just before pulling into the station at Nashville. When a little boy came up to see the prisoners, Lloyd asked: "Buddy, can't you bring us some breakfast?" "Yes," he said, "if you are Rebels." We told him we were. He soon came with a nice, warm breakfast which we ate with relish. Lloyd said: "Let's write a note of thanks, but I haven't anything to write on." I readily assented and handed him a small company book that Captain Carpenter, of Company B, had intrusted to my care at Hoover's Gap. After writing the note, Lloyd inadvertently placed the little book in his own pocket. This escaped my attention also, but it was directed as a link in a wise, overruling providence to prepare the way for a place of usefulness to which I was led in about twenty-four hours.

In the confusion of falling into line with my fellow-prisoners I lost sight of Lloyd. We were marched to the penitentiary. I found citizen-prisoners there who were imprisoned for their sympathies being with the South. Among these was an intelligent lawyer who advised me to apply to the provost marshal for release. I took his advice. Before word came from the provost marshal I thought of that company book Lloyd had forgotten to return to me. I asked some fellow-prisoners if they knew a prisoner named Dr. Lloyd who came with us yesterday. One man replied: "Yes, but he is not a doctor, but is a private who on the eve of capture jerked on a surgeon's uniform, so as to have an easy time." He also told me that I could find him at the prison hospital, claiming to be a surgeon. While in the penitentiary a prisoner of the 36th Alabama told me of Bunch's being there dressed in the uniform of a Yankee captain who had been a spy among us and whom Colonel Woodruff, judging from his soldierly bearing, had made our color bearer. In another article I shall have more to say of Bunch and the so-called "Dr." Lloyd.

To be continued.

MONUMENT AT POINT LOOKOUT, MD.

[From the Baltimore Sun Correspondent, Washington.]

A large masonry monument is to be erected at Point Lookout, Md., by the United States government in memory of 3,384 Confederate soldiers and sailors who died in Northern prisons during the war and are buried in that vicinity.

A contract for the construction of the monument has been let by the War Department; but it could not be built without authority from Congress, as the Foraker act, passed in 1906, providing for the marking of the graves of Confederates who died in Northern prisons, directed the War Department to erect over every such grave a white marble headstone.

This work has been in progress during the past four years under the direction of former Governor Oates, of Alabama, whom the President appointed commissioner for that purpose. Governor Oates died last October, and since that time former Senator James H. Berry, of Arkansas, has been in charge of the work. In executing the law General Oates and General Berry have found in several places, among them Point Lookout, that the remains of Confederates had been removed from the places of original burial, and in the reinterment the identity of the remains had been lost, making it difficult to erect separate headstones. * * *

Point Lookout is at the southern extremity of the peninsula separating the Potomac River from Chesapeake Bay. A large prison camp was maintained there during the war, and many Confederate soldiers and sailors died there. A prison cemetery was established near the camp, where 3,384 were buried. Some years after the close of the war a small tract of land

was acquired by the State of Maryland at some distance from the original place of interment. There the remains of the Confederate dead were reinterred and a small monument built to their memory. The transfer of the remains was carried on under such conditions that General Berry believes it practically impossible to erect the small marble tablets with any assurance that they would indicate the resting places of the Confederates in whose memory they were to be erected.

In a letter received by Senator Warren from Secretary of War Dickinson the statement is made that in view of the uncertainty of identification the proper authorities of Maryland refuse to permit the establishment of the small marble markers, but are willing to permit the erection of a central monument containing tablets upon which the names of the individual Confederates can be inscribed. A contract has therefore been let for the construction at Point Lookout of a central mass of masonry of suitable form on which are to be placed bronze tablets containing the names of the dead. The monument is to be completed by September, 1911.

To grant legislative authority for this work Senator Warren reported to the Senate a joint resolution, which was passed, granting authority to erect the monument and extending the Foraker act for two more years. Otherwise its provisions would expire February 26, 1911.

General Berry reports that 14,617 separate headstones have been placed over the graves of Confederate soldiers under the Foraker act, while the monuments to 4,400 more at Oakwood Cemetery, Chicago, and to 3,384 at Point Lookout will bring the total to 22,401 by next September, leaving only a few hundred more graves to be marked.

STAMPEDE OF FEDERAL CAVALRY.

BY PRIVATE W. C. DODSON, ATLANTA, GA.

During the siege of Atlanta in 1864, and before General Sherman started on his memorable "march to the sea," he made a determined effort to break the Confederate communications by sending out a gigantic force of about nine thousand cavalymen, well mounted, well armed and equipped, under Generals Stoneman, Garrard, and McCook. His object was to destroy the West Point and Macon Railroads, Hood's only means of supplying his army, and to liberate the thirty thousand Federal prisoners confined in Andersonville. Had this raid been successful, the campaign, if not the war, would have ended at Atlanta.

Wheeler's Cavalry defeated, completely foiled, and routed this immense aggregation, killing, wounding, and capturing as many as Wheeler had engaged. Among the captures were Major General Stoneman by Iverson's Division and over half of his command of about two thousand men. It was the result of a sharp engagement in Jones County, Ga., near Sunshine Church. Several hundred of Stoneman's men escaped, Iverson having to use all of his force to round up and guard what he had captured, leaving practically none to spare for pursuit. However, a small force from Breckinridge's Kentucky Brigade pursued and captured about three hundred of the fugitives near "Jug Tavern," now Winder, Ga.

Of those who finally escaped no reliable information was ever had until the receipt of the following interesting letter to Judge Richard Johnson from Comrade J. W. Turk.

The battle of Waterloo was lost by the failure of a grand charge of three thousand or four thousand heavy cavalry encountering a sunken road, and it is related in history that about half of this force filled the sunken road, and the rear columns rode over the carcasses of the men and horses. It is

a remarkable coincidence that Comrade Turk describes a similar catastrophe as happening to a part of General Stoneman's men in their wild stampede to escape capture.

COMRADE TURK'S ACCOUNT OF THE RESULT OF THE STAMPEDE.

Dear Dick: Yours just received requesting a sketch of the battle of Sunshine Church. I did not participate in the battle. I was detailed from the Army of Northern Virginia and sent to Georgia, my home State, to buy horses for the Confederate government for cavalry and artillery purposes. I was riding along looking for horses for sale eight or ten miles west of Milledgeville, when I distinctly and very unexpectedly heard field artillery. I banished all thought of my mission and put out as fast as my horse would carry me in the direction to ascertain the meaning of the cannonading. The only weapon I had with me was my fine cavalry pistol. My idea was to serve as courier. After riding fifteen or twenty miles, my horse almost exhausted, I rode right into Iverson's command.

The battle had ceased, and I was told that Stoneman had surrendered near what is now known as Round Oak. Just at that time General Iverson was informed that one of Stoneman's regiments had stampeded. Iverson did not have men enough to make pursuit. He was busy rounding up the rest of Stoneman's command. Seeing that the fighting was over and no courier was needed, I, with several citizens, put out after the fleeing regiment, though not with any hope of catching them on their wild stampede. They made no effort to follow any road or path, but going east they ran over bushes, rail fences, and gullies.

After going about two miles, we came to a gulley in a pine thicket, about eight feet deep and twelve or fifteen wide, in which there were many horses and men, nearly all of which seemed to be dead. Those in front had filled the gulley, and the others passed over the gulley on the men and horses that filled it. One or two men and horses were killed in crossing a small branch on a pole bridge something like two miles beyond the big gulley mentioned.

The first three or four miles of the stampede the men seemed to have bunched pretty well, making a roadway about thirty feet wide. It was almost as clear of bushes, weeds, and everything of that kind as a regular public road. Even the ground rails of fences were torn from their places, and one could scarcely tell that there had ever been a fence there except by the fences on either side of the newly made road.

I was about to forget to state that the clothes of the men and the hide of the horses that filled the gulley already mentioned were badly torn by the shoes of the horses as they passed over them, the flesh of both being considerably mangled. I suppose there were twelve or fifteen horses piled in the gulley and half as many men.

After about four miles of this wild and reckless riding, the trail became wider and wider and more dim. Here the stampede crossed a large public road, where I left the trail and took the public road back to where I started from that morning.

I spent the afternoon and until nine or ten o'clock at night sending word to young ladies in the neighborhood and to two or three young boys to meet me at a designated point the next morning and we would take a horseback ride over the battlefield and trail of the stampeded Federals. The battlefield was a novel sight to the girls. The floor of Sunshine Church was almost covered with wounded soldiers. Horses, guns, pistols, and the like were to be seen all around, with now and then a dead soldier. When we reached the gulley that had been filled with men and horses, the awful sight caused nearly all

of the girls to shed tears, and one or two almost collapsed. We followed the trail to where I left it the day before and farther on for about five miles. The stampede took the second public road to Eatonton, where about two hundred of them stopped in the woods that night. They made their way back to Sherman's army.

When General Sherman's army passed through this section several persons living here recognized several men who were with General Stoneman in the battle of Sunshine Church. These Yanks inquired particularly about Joe Funderbeck. Joe was at home on furlough, and his mother and sisters persuaded him to put on one of his mother's dresses as a disguise. Stoneman's men detected his disguise and captured him as a spy, and took him on the wild stampede to Eatonton to hang him; but Joe slipped away in the night. Joe says all his dress was torn off of him except the collar, and his own clothes were badly torn on the wild ride.

HOW WASHINGTON UNVEILS A STATUE.

GEN. VON STEUBEN AFTER A CENTURY—THE JACKSON STATUE

BY HARVEY D. JACOB.

The snow had been falling continuously for twenty-four hours when the day for the dedication ceremonies of the statue to Gen. Von Steuben (or Styben, as my German friends would say) came. The unveiling of a statue in Washington is quite an event, and something more than a mere foot of snow and ice is necessary to a postponement thereof; for on such occasions those of the nationality of which the hero to be honored is one come from their distant homes to take part in the exercises, and elaborate arrangements which cannot easily be broken into are made.

Gen. Von Steuben was a Prussian, born in Magdeburg November 15, 1730. He served in the army of Frederick the Great, being appointed one of his aids-de-camp. In this position he made the most of his opportunities, and became so thoroughly efficient in the training and management of troops that St. Germain, the French Minister of War at the time, picked him out as the right man to introduce into the American army the discipline and training of which it stood in great need. Steuben was induced to meet him and Franklin in Paris in 1777, and consented to aid the American cause.

He landed at Portsmouth, N. H., in December, 1777, and, offering his services as a volunteer, was assigned to the army at Valley Forge, which at that time was in a deplorable state. He met at first with some opposition; but his skill and activity were soon appreciated, and in May, 1778, upon the recommendation of Washington, he was appointed inspector general of the Continental army with the rank of major general. Under his instruction the American forces gained the confidence and efficiency that marked their victory in the battle of Monmouth, June 28, 1778, in which battle he greatly distinguished himself.

During the winter of 1778-79 he wrote his "Regulations for the Order and Discipline of the Troops of the United States," which were adopted and ordered printed by Congress. His most valuable services in command of troops were rendered at the siege of Yorktown and in opposing the raids of Benedict Arnold in Virginia just prior to that siege.

At the close of the war he received grants of land from several States and later a tardy pension from Congress. The closing years of his life were spent on the grant of land made by the State of New York, now known as Steubenville, where, surrounded by a few faithful friends, he devoted himself to agriculture and scientific pursuits until his death, on November 28, 1794.

And so that the memory of such a contributor to our American liberty might be forever fresh in the minds of succeeding generations the Congress of the United States on February 27, 1903, appropriated \$50,000 for this statue, to be expended under the direction of a commission. As a result of a competition participated in by six sculptors, the commission selected the model submitted by Albert Jaegers, an American of German parentage. The sculptor thus describes his work:

"In the statue the general appears standing on an eminence inspecting the great maneuvers of 1778. He is heavily cloaked to endure the hardships of the rigorous winter campaign at Valley Forge. The sash is reminiscent of his service on the staff of Frederick the Great. His hand lightly at rest on the hilt of his sword, he is following with keen interest the unfolding movements of the troops.

"The group 'Military Instruction' represents Steuben's life work, the work for which this nation honors and remembers him—the drilling and training of the American army. An experienced warrior is shown instructing a youth in the use of the sword.

"In the second group, 'Commemoration,' America is teaching youth to honor the memory of her heroes. A foreign branch is grafted into the tree of her national life. She welds to her heart the foreigner who has cast his life and fortune with the weal and woe of her people, embodying the idea of unity and fraternity of all nationalities under the guidance of a great republic."

And on this the day on which Washington as the representative of the United States seeks to do him honor we have in our midst thousands of those of his home land who have come to aid in the unveiling and celebration. From early daylight hundreds of white-coated veterans of the street-cleaning department have been shoveling and hauling off the snow around the northwest corner of Lafayette Square, temporarily covered with a seating arrangement for those who have been fortunate enough to receive invitations, and an equally adequate standing area for all others who desire to be present.

Promptly at 1:30 the music of the marine band started, and at 2 P.M. the opening song by the Northeastern Singers' Association, a chorus of a thousand voices, was heard. Then followed the formal opening of the exercises by the presiding officer, the Hon. Jacob McGavock Dickinson, an invocation by the Rev. Steck, and addresses by the Hon. Richard Bartholdt, M.C., Dr. Charles J. Hexamer, and the German Ambassador, Count J. H. Von Bernstorff. And then as the band triumphantly played the "Star-Spangled Banner" "our young lady," as the Secretary of War termed her, Miss Helen Taft, drew the cord holding together the two large American flags, which as they unfurled forever opened to the view of the thousands who will pass that way the bronze likeness of another of those foreign gentlemen who did so much toward the gaining of that of which we have been the proud possessors since the time of George Washington—freedom and liberty—while over and above the cheers of the thousands present in the distance could be heard the salute by Battery E, 3d Field Artillery. Following the unveiling was an address by the President and then the benediction.

Despite the fact that the weather was anything but pleasant, Washington was never better represented than on this occasion. In the main stand, directly in front of the statue, were the President, Mrs. Taft, and Miss Helen Taft, the Secretary of War, the foreign ambassadors and diplomats, the families of the Supreme Court, and many other notables. In the stands

to the right and left were seated people of almost every walk and station of life, while immediately in front were the thousand or more singers and many others standing, and the sidewalks, streets, and windows of neighboring houses were taxed to their capacity. Around the monument stood the representatives of the various stages of military life, from the Continental soldier to the present one. At the base of the statue were placed the floral offerings of the various German-American societies, daintily tied with streamers of red, white, and blue, and red, black, and white, the national colors of the two countries, the seating stands also being profusely decorated in a like manner. At the conclusion of the exercises an immense parade, participated in by the United States cavalry, artillery, and infantry, marine corps, and the representatives of the German and German-American societies from over the entire country, was witnessed.

CENTRAL FIGURE, ANDREW JACKSON, MUST REMAIN.

As before stated, the Von Steuben statue is situated on the northwest corner of Lafayette Square, the only park in Washington that has out its "standing room only" sign; for there now rests on each corner of this square a statue to the memory of some celebrated Revolutionary War hero—Rochambeau, Lafayette, Kosciusko, and Von Steuben—while in the center, sitting upon a rearing steed, is a likeness of the hero of the battle of New Orleans, Andrew Jackson, concerning which a few words may be said, inasmuch as the talk of removal of this statue has occasioned considerable comment.

Lafayette Square, it is generally known, is situated directly across Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House. Some say that this monument should be removed, as no statue should be placed therein save that of the father of our country, Washington. They forget when they make this assertion that there stand in the same square the aforementioned statues to our foreign heroes. Others say that because the rest of the statues in the park are of foreigners Jackson is out of place and should be removed, forgetting that he was there first and has the right of prior possession. Still others say that the statue should be removed because the "art is bad," and therefore unfit to represent such a hero as he of the battle of New Orleans. Knowing nothing of art, the last contention appears the strongest; but even if true, possibly art wasn't developed to the fantastic tastes of Washington's chronic critics at the time this statue was erected; and if it was "art" at the time of its creation, it should be kept standing to illustrate the "great development" of our race in this respect, if no better reason could be found. Who would dare picture Adam in a Prince Albert or Eve in a hobble skirt? The truth is that in Washington City many people have aught to do but amuse themselves, and their opinions are rarely taken seriously.

Andrew Jackson was the President of the United States. In Washington's time there was not the political strife which confronted Jackson. When Washington was President, the country had just marched victoriously from the Revolutionary War, and it was the "all-pull-together spirit," of peace and harmony, that characterized his administration. But enough of that. Suffice it that Jackson was the President of the United States, and back in the fifties Congress authorized the erection of this monument to his memory. On the 8th of January, 1853, the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans, it was dedicated in much the same manner as is detailed above. There has grown up about the statue a sentiment that must be respected. It has taken hold on the minds of the public, and any effort to remove it will and should result in failure. It has stood there many years now, and the upstanding horse

is bolted down to stay. Should Jackson himself be able to speak, no doubt he would say as did Roderick Dhu: "Come one, come all; this rock shall fly ere I budge an inch."

When Theodore Roosevelt left the White House upon the termination of his term of office, one of his last acts was to have cut into the pedestal of this statue Jackson's well-remembered toast: "Our Federal Union—it must be preserved."

But enough has been said. Let me conclude. Tell your children and your children's children that the old statue cast from cannon taken by Jackson in his campaigns is to-day standing in the center of Lafayette Square; say to them that when they come to Washington it will still be standing there, and any effort in Congress to remove it will but result in a change in the name of the park from Lafayette to Jackson. The statue to our grand old Southern hero, whose last recorded words were, "May my enemies find peace! may the liberties of my country endure forever!" will not be disturbed, but shall stand until time is no more.

CROSSING RIVER UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

BY R. T. MOCKBEE, MEMPHIS, TENN.

Some forty-five years ago I was with a party of twelve or fifteen making our way, in accordance with instructions given by General Heth, through swamps, fields, and byways up and along the Appomattox River. We were members of the 14th Tennessee Regiment who had scaped from the lines to the right of Petersburg after a last desperate attempt to retake the works that had been captured by Grant's assaulting columns on April 2. The river was at flood stage, and we were seeking some means of crossing its turbid waters and thus put a barrier between us and the pursuing enemy, who were scouring the country and gathering in the fugitive Confederates who were making their way to Amelia C. H., where General Lee had given orders for us to assemble.

Our party had traveled some ten or twelve miles up the river, and at dusk on April 2 bivouacked on a hill overlooking the river. At early dawn we resumed our march, and about sunrise we were delighted to find ourselves on a much-traveled road leading toward the river. As we hurriedly came in sight of the river we perceived the ends of the bridge on each side of it, the flood having carried away all the center. We were greatly disappointed over this, but found about a hundred fellow-fugitives gathered just above the bridge, awaiting their turn to be put across in a small bateau, or skiff, with a carrying capacity of about six men at each trip. As we reached the crowd at the landing place and the boat was returning for another load of anxiously awaiting passengers a young cavalryman, holding his horse near the water's edge, called out that he had a seat in the boat for the next trip, and that if any one wanted to get across quickly he would let him swim his horse across. Being very anxious to "get over quick," I accepted the offer and divested myself of jacket, empty haversack, blanket, gun and cartridge box, and mounted the Virginia cavalryman's fine young mare. I rode in on the edge of the broken bridge and out into the raging flood, horse and rider going out of sight as we went off the bridge end. We came up all right and the noble animal made for the other shore, swimming "like a duck," as her owner had said she could. We landed safely, but had scarcely touched the bank when I heard the voice of the cavalryman calling: "Tennessee, O Tennessee! Wait there. Don't take my horse." And it just dawned on my mind, and I suppose on the mind of my young Virginia comrade, the great risk he took in intrusting his fine animal to a stranger whose leading desire at that time was to make speed, that desire being very much in-

creased by the sound of guns toward Petersburg, which seemed to be getting nearer every moment.

My young friend soon landed, and I turned his horse over to him, which he mounted and went on toward Amelia C. H. If he survived the war, which ended a very few days afterwards, and is still living, I should like to hear from him. In the lapse of years his name and the command to which he belonged have been forgotten, but he evidently was a true soldier and gentleman.

RANK ATTAINED BY HINCHIE P. MABRY.

S. B. Barron, of Rusk, Tex., refers to the statement by Comrade George T. Todd on page 37 of the January *VETERAN* that "Brig. Gen. H. P. Mabry is buried at Jefferson, Tex.," on which he comments: "H. P. Mabry was not a brigadier general. He was colonel of the 3rd Texas Cavalry, the regiment in which I served. He commanded a brigade in Gen. Wirt Adams's cavalry for a year or more in the latter part of the war, but there were no promotions in the regiment that would naturally have followed his promotion. Jiles S. Rogers, lieutenant colonel, as such commanded the regiment until the close. Besides, the official records fail to show that Mabry was ever appointed brigadier general. Colonel Mabry was a good officer and a very brave man, one of the bravest of the brave."

There was not in the Confederate army, perhaps, a man who commanded a brigade as long as Colonel Mabry without promotion. He is even put in the list of brigadiers in the United States government list of general officers, but there seems to be no report of his being commissioned as such. As Comrade Barron states, he must have been an excellent officer in every respect. Maj. J. P. Strange, assistant adjutant general to General Forrest, in an official order returning Colonel Mabry to his regiment in March, 1865, and directing that the regiments of his commands report for assignment to Brigadier General Ross for duty, states: "In relieving him from the command of his brigade the major general commanding desires to express his entire satisfaction with the manner in which Colonel Mabry has discharged the duties of his position while under his command."

Comrade Barron's criticisms are consistent with army rules, but Confederates have made a deplorable departure in the U. C. V. organizations, inasmuch as it will be impossible for readers of modern publications, and of the *VETERAN* most of all, to discriminate between officers in the war and in the U. C. V. For this regret is expressed. The circumstances made it next to impossible to avoid it. There is a wide difference between generals and colonels in battle and in the social organizations. It seems a pity that young readers cannot discriminate between the officers of the two periods. The United States government records may be helpful, as the Confederates supplied much but not all of their records. Many were destroyed.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PRIVATE AND OFFICER IN BATTLE.

Maj. R. H. Dudley, of Nashville, who had served as a private and then as commander of a regiment, has long intended to write of the difference between the responsibility of service with a gun and that of the care of a regiment. The *VETERAN* would like to hear from others on this subject. Ill health and business cares have caused his good intentions to be deferred; but these causes are removed now. His health is better; he has retired from active business and spends the winters in fishing about his country home at Stuart, Fla., where he enjoyed fishing with Joseph Jefferson and Grover Cleveland in those waters during their later years.

THE ATLANTA SPIRIT IN OKLAHOMA.

PRESIDENT OKLAHOMA U. D. C. TO LITTLE ROCK CONVENTION.

Madam President and United Daughters of the Confederacy: It gives me untold pleasure to come before you as a duly accredited representative of

"A beautiful land of sun and flowers
And summer the whole year long;
I come from a land where the golden hours
Roll by to the mocking bird's song;
Where the cotton blooms 'neath the Southern sun,
Where the vintage hangs thick on the vine,
A land whose story is just begun,
This wonderful land of mine"—

Oklahoma—with a State area of 70,057 square miles and a population of 1,750,000 people; whose capital city boasts 68,800 citizens acquired in its twenty-one years of existence, with an area of 17 square miles, 186 miles of storm and sanitary sewers, 108 miles of asphalt paved streets, 85 miles of electric street railway, a public school system maintaining 21 ward schools and 300 teachers, and a handsome, prosperous church building on every other corner.

I say it gives me great pleasure to bring you greetings from this wonderful land of ours, and let me hasten to assure you that we are not proudest of the aforementioned commercial conditions, but rather of that wonderful citizenship made possible by the blending of the North and the South, the East and the West, the product of which is Oklahoma.

And here in this cosmopolitan land flourishes our own beloved organization, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, with over a thousand members and — chapters, whose main thought and work are toward the completion of a home for the disabled Confederate veterans and their wives and widows in the State. To our past President, Mrs. W. T. Culbertson, is



MRS. W. R. CLEMENT, PRESIDENT OKLAHOMA DIVISION.

due much praise for her untiring efforts in this work. She gave much of her time during the past year to soliciting funds with the financial agent of the home, Mr. W. F. Gilmer, who is also one of the authors of a bill passed by the last Legislature making available an appropriation of \$20,000 for the

maintenance of a Confederate home, our part of the contract being the erection of a building to cost at least \$20,000 and not less than twenty acres of ground. The acreage was presented to us by one of our own "daughters," Mrs. Lutie Hailey Walcott, and the Home is fast nearing completion, beautifully situated in the suburbs of Ardmore.

During the two months of my office just past it has been my duty and pleasure to have visited thirty-three towns and traversed over 2,000 miles in an effort to comfortably house for the winter and all time the fifty-four of our own Confederate people who have made application for our care and protection in their declining days. From you older States, who can hardly remember the time when you did not glory in your Confederate homes, let me bespeak a kindly, considerate thought for the new State that so early in its existence is giving its best efforts for the care of the survivors of that brave army whom we instinctively revere and honor.

The Oklahoma Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, is by no means idle. At the State Convention held in Oklahoma City in June, 1910, many delegates reported many lines of work. The custodian of crosses reported 101 crosses having been bestowed during last year. Our memorial days are very generally observed by fitting ceremonies. We have what we term an auxiliary director, a State officer whose duty it is to organize the children of the Confederacy. Our historian prepares a monthly program for each Chapter, which in some cases is supplemented by a special historical course. Many Chapters are placing pictures of Southern heroes in our public schools. This means more to the children of our Western State than you may imagine at first thought. When you know that we are not "typically Southern," you may better appreciate the fact that two of our newest, finest school buildings recently completed in Oklahoma City bear, through our efforts, the proud names of Robert E. Lee and Joe Wheeler, and handsome steel engravings of these heroes of ours hang therein.

Our donations to the several monument funds have been somewhat curtailed this year owing to urgent home needs. We are taking up through an educational committee a line of work new to us, offering medals for best essays.

Another work we have in mind is the establishment of a "relic room in the capitol" building soon to be erected, in which we are assured of the cooperation of the Capitol Commissioners.

Still another work in view is petitioning the Legislature to set aside a certain tract of land in the southwestern part of the State where four Confederate generals were quartered, making it a historical spot for a State park.

We are also asked to furnish a Confederate flag that saw real service during the sixties for reproduction in the second edition of the "Oklahoma History," to be compiled soon. This flag must necessarily come from the old Indian Territory side of the State, as the western portion is probably not in possession of such mementoes.

Pardon me for making report of future work instead of that already accomplished; it is typical of the Western folk.

I feel that Oklahoma Division is in active, prosperous condition, much of which is due to its efficient corps of State officers. Would that I had time to tell you wherein each excels! These, with the rank and file, stand ready to do what comes to hand for the good of the cause we espouse, for the glory of the heritage that is ours, believing that such devotion, loyalty, and faithfulness are the things worth while.

THE LAST ROLL

MISS MARTHA O'BRYAN.

[Rev. J. H. McNeilly, in Nashville Banner.]

The death of Miss Martha O'Bryan removes from this earthly life one of the truest, noblest, gentlest women I have ever known. Her whole life was devoted to ministering to others. For many years as a teacher of girls she wielded an influence in building character which has made many homes in the South abodes of culture, refinement, purity, and happiness. Association with her and her elder sister in their school was itself an instrument of the higher education. She was a devoted Christian, and the story of her life can be summed up in the description of her Master's activity: "She went about doing good." But she was an illustration beautiful and touching of one of the grandest traits of woman's character—devotion to the memory of a hero who had plighted his troth to her in the stormy days of our Civil War and who gave his life as a sacrifice on the altar of his country. For nearly fifty years she had been faithful to the noble man who was enthroned in the heart of the beautiful young girl.

Capt. John Yates Beall at the beginning of the war was a youth of fine family, a zealous member of the Episcopal Church, owning a large estate in the beautiful valley of Virginia. When Virginia called her sons to defend her against invasion, he at once answered her call and enlisted as a private in a regiment that was part of the immortal "Stonewall Brigade." In October, 1861, he was desperately wounded. He came South in the following winter seeking restoration to health. In Georgia he met at the house of a friend Miss Martha O'Bryan, a maid from Tennessee, who was a refugee. She was remarkable for her beauty, her wit, her vivacity, and her culture. It was "love at first sight" with both of them, and they were engaged to be married.

Returning to Richmond, the young man was commissioned as master in the navy, with the rank of captain. He had spent some time before this in Iowa and in Canada gathering information and forming plans for rescuing the Confederate prisoners on Johnson's Island. With two little boats, the Raven and the Swan, he, with a few bold spirits, engaged in privateering on Chesapeake Bay; and he was so successful that the Federal government sent out a large expedition of infantry, cavalry, and artillery with gunboats, and succeeded in capturing him. He was exchanged in May, 1864.

Then it was he undertook to carry out his plan of rescuing the prisoners on Johnson's Island. He expected to capture the United States war steamer Michigan, which guarded the island, and use her to free the Confederates. He had succeeded in capturing two lake passenger steamers, and was confident of his ability to take the war vessel, when his crew practically mutinied, being deterred by the dangers of the enterprise. But he was confident that he would have succeeded if his associates had been true to him. The story of what he actually accomplished reveals a character of utmost daring, of cool judgment, and of patriotic devotion.

Then for a time he, with a few Confederates, watched the military trains near Buffalo, N. Y., which carried prisoners. His purpose was to capture the trains and release the prison-

ers. He was unsuccessful in this, and was captured in December, 1864, as he was on a train going to Canada. The Federal government had strained every nerve to take him. He was tried as a spy. His doom was sealed from the beginning. He was refused every right that even a guilty criminal may claim; and though he indignantly repudiated the charge of being a spy, and could have shown that he was a regular officer in the Confederate service, engaged in legitimate military operations, he was convicted on February 8, 1865, and was hanged on Governor's Island on February 24, 1865.

The testimony of all who saw him during his imprisonment, friends and enemies alike, was that he bore himself with the calm courage of a Christian and the courtesy of a gentleman. In the estimation of all unprejudiced persons his execution was a military murder. His humble faith in Jesus Christ deeply impressed the gospel ministers who attended him.

One of his last acts was to send his prayer book to his betrothed. His letters to her before his capture breathe the tenderest love. And it was her love which was an inspiration to him in all of his daring exploits as well as his faith in Christ, a support and comfort to him in the dark days when he knew that he was to be the victim of malignant hatred.

And she was worthy of his confidence. Her love through all the years had known neither change nor abatement. She did not give herself up to idle and useless repining, but with courage she took up life's duties, determined to live worthy of the noble soul to whom she had given her heart. For fifty years she went forward in the path of duty, looking forward to a meeting with her beloved in the presence of that Saviour whom they both loved supremely.

THEODORE LINDSAY THURMAN.

Died at his home, near Charlottesville, Va., on November 27, 1910, Mr. T. L. Thurman, aged almost seventy-six years. At the beginning of the war, in April, 1861, he volunteered in the "Albemarle Light Horse," afterwards Company K, 2d Virginia Cavalry, in which he served faithfully throughout the war, participating in most of the battles of the Army of Northern Virginia, under General Lee. Returning home after the surrender, he took up his farm life, and was widely known and respected throughout his life as a most useful citizen and an upright and honorable man. He was noted especially for his devoted service to his Church, of which he was the oldest officer and member, and for his hospitality as a neighbor.

GEORGE R. MINOR.

Died very suddenly at his home, six miles from Charlottesville, Va., on November 9, 1910, Mr. George R. Minor, aged almost seventy-two years. He volunteered for the war in April, 1861, as a private in the Albemarle Light Horse, which became Company K, 2d Virginia Cavalry, in which he served faithfully till the surrender at Appomattox in April, 1865, and bore a gallant part in all the great battles of the Army of Northern Virginia, under General Lee. At the close of the war he returned to his home and married Miss Sally M. Carr, of Charleston, W. Va. The rest of his life was spent in the care of his farm, the bringing up of his large and interesting family, and in the service of his Church, of which he was a devoted member and officer for over forty years.

He was a man of fine natural ability, a strong and vigorous thinker, a public-spirited citizen, a genial and most hospitable neighbor, a true and loyal friend, and for years an active and useful magistrate. Of him it has been well said that he was a Virginia gentleman without fear and without reproach. Six

sons and four daughters survive him, whose richest legacy is an honored, untarnished name. He deserves record here.

[These two sketches are by William W. Minor, of Charlottesville. It is a coincidence, as stated, that both Thurman and Minor were seventy and over, both served as privates in the same company, both farmers and Church officials to the end, and both notice for the Last Roll come in the same inclosure, both having died in November, 1910.]

C. H. LEACHE.

Worthy as a soldier, Christian, Mason, husband, father, and friend was Mr. C. H. Leache, of Pulaski, Va. He was struck by a switch engine in the Norfolk and Western yards December 9, 1910, and died that afternoon. The funeral services were conducted at Christ's Episcopal Church by the Rev. J. W. Canty Johnson, rector of St. John's Church, Roanoke. A large concourse of relatives and friends were present. The remains were escorted from the house by members of the Pythagoras Lodge, No. 238, A. F. and A. M., of which the deceased was a member. The interment at Oakwood Cemetery was with Masonic honors. Floral tributes testified eloquently to the esteem in which the deceased was held. Members of the James Breathed Camp draped his grave with Confederate flags.

Charles Hunton Leache, a son of Dr. Jesse Willett Leache and Jane Roberts Hunton, was born March 12, 1837, at "Wood Park," near New Baltimore, Fauquier County, Va. He was married in 1865 to Miss Hortensia Tyler, of Prince William County, Va. They went to Pulaski County in 1880, first living at Radford Furnace, where he was book-keeper and manager. At Pulaski City he was with the Bertha Mineral Company for some time, and then with the Pulaski Iron Company, having the management of the company store for the past fifteen years. He was senior warden of Christ Episcopal Church.

Comrade Leache is survived by his wife and five children: Julia and Charles Hunton Leache, Mrs. A. H. Gemmell, of Pulaski, Mrs. J. B. Baskerville, of Roanoke, and Mrs. W. Carson Downs, of

Baltimore, Md. He is also survived by six grandchildren, a sister (Miss Sallie Leache, of Norfolk, Va.), and two brothers (N. W. Leache, of this county, and Eugene Leache, of Texas).

He was a member of the famous Black Horse Troop, 4th Virginia Cavalry, which was organized July 4, 1857. Comrade Leache was often detailed for special perilous duty. In 1859, while yet a trooper before the war began, he and eleven

other members acted as escort to Mrs. John Brown when she went from Harper's Ferry to Charlestown to take leave of her fanatical husband before his execution. On another occasion, in 1861, he was one of the soldiers detailed to meet at Stone Bridge a like Federal escort with the Prince of Wales (afterwards Edward VII.), relieve the Federals, and escort the Prince to Manassas for a view of our army.

He was sent often as a scout far into the enemy's lines, and on one occasion with one other, after an all-night ride, they called at a friendly home for breakfast. The young ladies volunteered to watch their horses while they ate. Before they finished, their faithful guards reported that they were being surrounded by Federal cavalry. Rushing to their horses, they made a dash, shooting as they ran. Dropping their empty guns, they continued the fight with pistols and sabers until they made their escape.

He was with his company and regiment in their every engagement until his capture in 1863. He was in prison at Fort Delaware and Point Lookout.

He seemed never to be wanting in the Christian graces. He was quiet and pure in all the walks of life, broad in scope and feeling toward those who differed with him in belief. He was a regular attendant on the services in the churches. As husband and father he was kind and affectionate. He was hastening to the station to see his invalid wife off on a train when the fatal accident occurred. As a Mason he was thoroughly esteemed. He was a gentleman under all circumstances.

[Sketch from a comrade and friend, J. B. P.]

COL. A. S. VANDEVENTER.

Col. Alex Spottswood Vandeventer, son of William and Martha Clark Vandeventer, was born in Lee County, Va., in November, 1844; and died at his home, in Fayetteville, Ark., April 26, 1910.

At the outbreak of the war, in 1861, Colonel Vandeventer raised a company in his native county, was elected captain, and then helped to organize the 50th Virginia Infantry. This was at Camp Jackson, Wytheville, Va. A. W. Reynolds (afterwards brigadier general) was its first colonel. [The regiment evidently escaped from Donelson with General Floyd.—Ed.] The regiment was with Gen. John B. Floyd in his West Virginia campaign and at Fort Donelson. After the battle of Fort Donelson the regiment was recruited and reorganized at Camp Jackson. Capt. Thomas Poage, of Pulaski, was elected colonel and Capt. A. S. Vandeventer lieutenant colonel.

In a battle near Suffolk, Va., under Gen. Roger A. Pryor, Colonel Poage was killed, and Lieutenant Colonel Vandeventer was promoted colonel of the regiment at the age of nineteen years. The regiment was transferred to the Army of Northern Virginia, and participated in the great battle of Chancellorsville, in which Colonel Vandeventer commanded a brigade on the second day. He was captured with E. M. Johnson's division at the bloody angle, Spottsylvania C. H., May 12, 1864, and was confined at Fort Delaware. He was one of the six hundred Confederate officers placed under the fire of our guns in Charleston Harbor. He was included in an exchange of some of the prisoners.

He returned to his home, his regiment being still in prison, for a brief visit. Soon he was given permission by Gen. John C. Breckinridge to raise a squadron of boys under military age and scout in front of Breckinridge's command in Southwest Virginia. He had many thrilling experiences. His regiment remained prisoners until the close of the war.

Colonel Vandeventer went West in 1865, and stopped off at Nebraska City, Nebr., where he became acquainted with and



C. H. LEACHE.

married Miss Mollie Patton, a Southern girl from Missouri. In 1866 they went to Fayetteville, Ark., where four children blessed their home. Willie, the eldest daughter, teaches expression in the Arkansas University at Fayetteville, James is in California, Edward is editor of the Salt Lake Daily Telegraph, and Geraldine is Mrs. Ralston, of St. Louis.

Colonel Vandeventer was a lawyer, and ranked as among the best in Northwest Arkansas, and was in the highest sense a gentleman.

[Sketch from T. J. Vandeventer, of Memphis, Tex.]

B. S. LOVELACE.

B. S. Lovelace was born at Mifflin, Henderson County, Tenn., in July, 1839, and was educated in the common schools of his section. In the great war of the sixties he served as first lieutenant in a company of the 51st Tennessee Regiment, and took part in many such battles as Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain, Perryville, Ky., and in the battles between Dalton and Atlanta. He lost a leg at Peachtree Creek.

He was married and in 1883 went to Fannin County, Tex., where he served four years as magistrate and four years as court collector, giving satisfaction in the discharge of his duties. His death occurred on January 1, 1911, of pneumonia, and he was buried by his comrades in the cemetery at Bonham. He had been long a consistent member of the Church, and died in the hope of the hereafter.

AZA POWELL GOMER.

[A sketch of Capt. A. P. Gomer was published in the VETERAN several months ago, but its substance is given again with a vivid likeness.]

Captain Gomer was a native of Nansemond County, Va., born in October, 1835. He died in Suffolk in December, 1909. He was educated in an "old field school;" but was a student at Roanoke College, Salem, Va., at the beginning of the war, when he returned home and enlisted in Company F, of the 3d Virginia Infantry, and was made a sergeant.

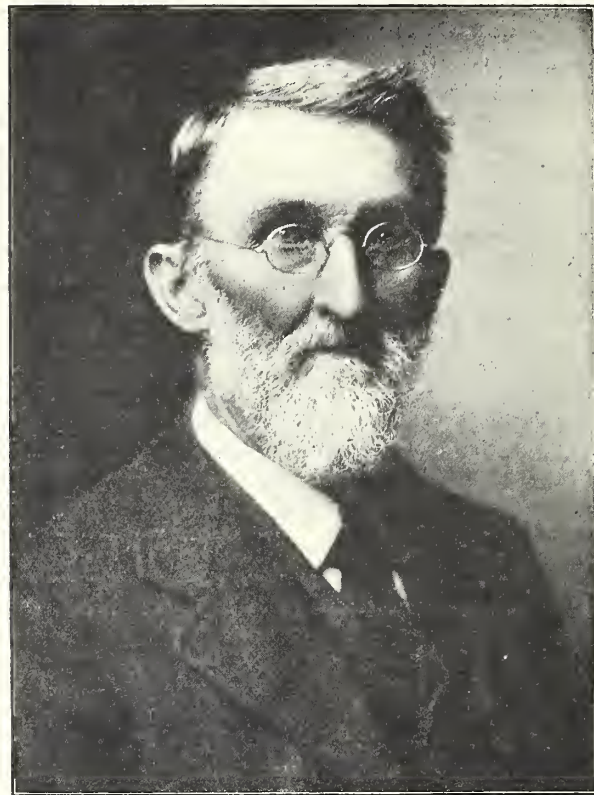
He served in the Peninsular campaign under General Magruder, was in several engagements around Yorktown, and in every battle with his command to Gettysburg, where he was wounded, losing a leg. He was held a prisoner for nine months, during which time he, with six others, was condemned to be hanged in retaliation for some Federal spies in Tennessee; but the sentence was not executed, and he was further imprisoned at Point Lookout. He was exchanged and appointed by the Secretary of War to post duty, in which he continued until the surrender.

LIEUT. CHARLES H. KING.

Charles Hayes King, fourth son of Col. James M. and Martha Batey King, was born October 8, 1835, near Murfreesboro, Tenn., where he resided throughout his entire life. His death occurred on July 1, 1910.

The war record of Charles H. King deserves more than passing mention as a type of that heroic spirit which placed no

limits on the sacrifice for principle. He cast his lot with the people of a kindred faith and wrought with undaunted devotion to the end of his dying day. At the age of twenty-six he enlisted in the State service at Nashville, Tenn., as lieutenant.



CHARLES H. KING.

On the first Monday in April, 1861, Company I, 1st Tennessee Infantry, that became famous in the Confederacy, was organized at Murfreesboro with the following officers: Captain, Wm. Ledbetter; Lieutenants, Hardy Murfree, Fred James, and Charles H. King. While serving in the State militia this company was stationed in East Tennessee. Soon, however, the State seceded and the regiment was sworn into the Confederate service and sent to Northwestern Virginia under command of Colonel Maney, Anderson's Brigade, where it fought in the battles of Cheat Mountain, Bath, Sewell Mountain, Brady's Gate, Romney, Va., and at Hancock, Md. The regiment returned through East Tennessee and went to Corinth, Miss., reaching there just in time for the battle of Shiloh, April 6, 1862. After this battle they dropped back to Tupelo, Miss., where, owing to many casualties, the company and regiment were organized.

Charles King was again offered a lieutenantancy and also a colonelcy in another regiment, but he declined both, preferring to fight in the ranks of the 1st Tennessee Regiment. As evidence of his bravery, he was chosen for very hazardous undertakings. On one occasion, during the battle of Murfreesboro, he was selected with nine others to penetrate the Federal lines from different points and bring to headquarters desired information. The ten men thus chosen were Jim Anderson, Billy and Jim Beasley, Alf McClean, Kurg House, Tobe James, Charles H. King, Ike Nance, Fount Neal, and Robert Rucker. All prepared to go, expecting never to return, but just on the eve of starting the necessity for the under-



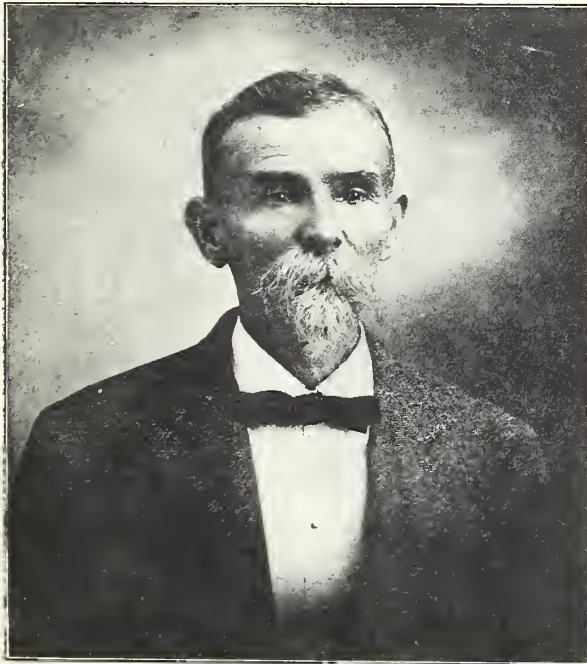
A. P. GOMER.

taking was removed and the order countermanded. Unflinching and fearless, Charles King was ever at the post of duty. He was conspicuous in the battle of Perryville, October 8, 1862, and was wounded in the left forearm.

The command returned to Tullahoma, Tenn., and advanced on Shelbyville and thence to Murfreesboro, and Comrade King was in line of battle at Murfreesboro (Stone's River) December 30 and 31, 1862, and January 1, 1863. They retreated to Shelbyville, and while the regiment was there on provost duty, near the close of 1863, he was detached and transferred to the signal corps of the Western Army, Captain Otey commanding. In this capacity he served until the end of the war, and surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., April 30, 1865.

At the close of the war, impoverished but not dispirited, Charles King returned to his home and engaged in farming as soon as he could gain possession of his land, which had been confiscated and was held by the government for two years after the close of hostilities, and this occupation he followed until his death. He cherished to the end his prized relics and vivid memories of that heroic struggle in which grim glory waved her crimson wand above the land of Lee.

He was married July 18, 1866, to Miss Anne Wood, and of this union nine children were born, as follows: Dr. James M., Jeannette M., Mrs. Mary King Floyd, George W., Patti Batey, Charles H., Jr. (deceased), Anna M., Dr. Joseph E. [named for General Johnston], and Sparks Richardson King.



RICHARD HARDY TUTT.

R. H. Tutt was born August 8, 1842, in Shelby County, Tex.; and died January 14, 1911, in Longview, Tex. He enlisted at Henderson, Tex., at the firing of the first guns, together with R. D. Plunkett, of Little Rock, who ran away from home to go into the army, and Philip Pegues, of Longview. They served in the 19th Texas most of the war west of the Mississippi, and were in almost every battle with their regiment, surrendering with it at Hempstead, Tex.

After the struggle ended, Comrade Tutt returned to his old home at Danville, near Kilgore, Gregg County, and engaged in merchandising and farming. He continued in these avoca-

tions for many years, and then moved to Longview. He married in 1868 Miss Cordelia Eliza Jane Warlick. Her death occurred fourteen years ago, since which time he had lived for others, caring for relatives as well as his own family.

Richard Hardy Tutt was a firm believer in Christianity. He valued his word, and it was more than life to him. He took the oath of total abstinence years ago; and when urged to take whisky in his last sickness, he said: "I have given my word that I would not drink."

He was a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church, and said on his deathbed: "If there is a heaven, I know I will get there." His quiet and serious manner, his earnest and simple ways won for him general love and respect. He was one of God's noblest works—an honest man.

SAMUEL H. MOBBERLY.

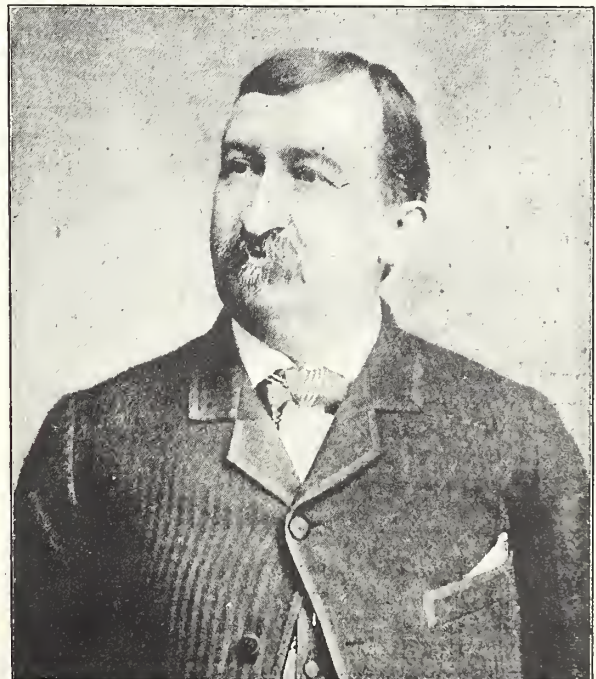
Sam H. Mobberly fell asleep Thursday, December 15, 1910, in the Mobberly Hotel, Longview, Tex. His life was a daily sermon to his fellow-men.

Comrade Mobberly was of an old and honored Kentucky family. He was of a class ready to die in harness, but never turn back to the foe. He was born in Daviess County, Ky., September 10, 1842, and was never ill until his last sickness.

At the first news of the strife between the States he hurried to the nearest recruiting station and enlisted at Russellville in the 1st Kentucky Infantry under Col. (afterwards Gen.) Ben Harden Helms. No man was more faithful to the Southern cause than Samuel H. Mobberly from the beginning to the surrender. He was a consistent member of the Baptist Church; and when the end came, he said: "I am ready."

Five years after the war he married Miss L. R. Bennett, of Madison Station, Miss., forming a happy union for forty years. He is survived by her and their four children. The funeral was largely attended. The last sad rites were performed by his brother Masons.

[From sketch by the U. C. V. committee of John Gregg Camp, Longview, Tex., as also those of R. H. Tutt and A. A. Womack. The Womack sketch is on page 132.]



SAMUEL H. MOBBERLY.

ALBERT ALONZO WOMACK.

A. A. Womack was born in Hernando, Miss., February 29, 1844; and died in Longview, Tex., December 14, 1910. While in infancy he was taken by his parents to Texas, where he spent the rest of his life, except the four long years spent in the Confederate army.

When war was declared between the States, Comrade Womack enlisted in the 3d Texas Infantry, and was in the army to the last. In the battle of Pleasant Hill, La., he was taken prisoner, sent to New Orleans, and confined for a whole year, when exchanged. He reënlisted and served until the surrender. Not permitted to write to his people during his long imprisonment, they thought him dead. Like tens of thousands of his comrades, he did his duty, and he did it well.

Immediately after the war he located at Bryan, Tex., and married Miss Louisa Proctor, whose death soon followed, when he moved to Marshall and thence to Longview in 1871, and engaged in successful business enterprises until the day of his death. In 1874 Comrade Womack married Miss Eliza Harris Flewellen, who survives him, together with one daughter, Miss Kate.

He was a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church to the end, and during a business career of nearly forty years he was noted for his uprightness in all transactions, and he was a steadfast friend.

[From sketch by the U. C. V. committee of John Gregg Camp, Longview, Tex.]



ALBERT A. WOMACK.

W. P. M. SCOTT.

On the night of May 16, 1909, William Poston Monroe Scott answered his last earthly roll call. On February 12, 1864, as an eighteen-year-old boy he volunteered in the Confederate army, that of Northern Virginia, in Capt. William Lowry's battery of artillery, Maj. William McLaughlin's battalion, General Early's corps.

In April before he died he called some of his loved ones around him and said: "I am proud that I was even a private in the Army of Northern Virginia, and my honored commanders and comrades resting and sleeping in the precincts of this beautiful mother earth I hope some bright day to see in the house of many mansions, where only soldiers in the most exalted sense meet and greet each other, and where forever we can walk the golden streets of our Heavenly Father's home."

As a soldier he was ever true to the end. He left five sons to follow the example of this humble private, beloved citizen, and noble father.

[By Miss Elizabeth Scott, only daughter of Comrade Scott.]

CHARLES JAMES HUME.

Charles J. Hume, whose death occurred at Edwards, Miss., on September 2, was born near that place in 1838. He was the son of Robert and Nancy Hume, of Culpeper C. H., Va., who had removed to Mississippi. His forefathers came from Scotland. Charles Hume served with Company I, of the 28th Mississippi Regiment, Starks's Cavalry, and of his company less than six are now alive. He was twice wounded during

the war. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Rosa Ann Moore, of Brandon, Miss., two sons, and three daughters.

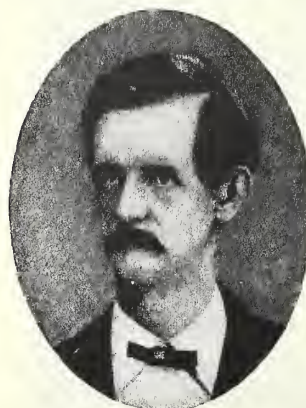
COL. TOMLINSON FORT.

The name of Col. Tomlinson Fort, of Chattanooga, in the Last Roll will sadden many people, for he was well known beyond the area of the local press, which contained an elaborate account of his career at the time of his death, December 14, 1910. The Chattanooga Times had more than a column editorial in regard to him. It stated:

"The sudden death of Col. Tomlinson Fort was a profound shock to the community and occasioned widespread sorrow throughout the city. He had been engaged actively in his business and in attending to the duties he had imposed upon himself for the welfare of the public with his wonted spirit and energy up to the moment of his death. The news spread in an inconceivably short time to all parts of the city, and before the body had been taken to his home the entire city was mourning the loss of a genuine friend and a foremost citizen.

"Colonel Fort came to this city from Georgia shortly after the Civil War, having fought with distinguished courage on the side of the South. He identified himself at once with the life and fortunes of the then struggling village, strong even at that day in his faith that it would ultimately become a great and prosperous city. He was a man of peculiarly methodical business habits, careful and painstaking to the minutest details. He acquired a profitable legal practice, especially in the care of estates and the management of intricate cases in equity. He was conservative and safe in all his business transactions. Connected as he was in various ways, public and private, with Chattanooga for the past forty-five years, the story of his life furnishes many side lights of the city he loved and to whose interest he was genuinely devoted.

"Colonel Fort was a man of peculiar individuality, following his own well-considered ways and counsels at all times. He



COL. TOMLINSON FORT.

had strong convictions upon all subjects, and never hesitated to express them with open frankness, as if indifferent to consequences. So far was this true that he had become in the community a privileged character, at liberty to say what he pleased, all the time retaining the respect and esteem of those who differed with him most violently. He earned this right because of his lack of bitterness, the honesty of his opinion, and the purity of his purpose.

"He was a most useful citizen, counseling caution, and at all times fighting extravagance in public legislation and graft and corrupt practices. He employed no arts in carrying out his plans, but was always the 'plain, blunt man,' honest and faithful to his own conscientious scruples.

"He was particularly devoted to children, and at the time of his death he was planning to give pleasure to many a childish heart; and probably the last public act he performed was to attend a meeting of the trustees of the Associated Charities, of which he was a member and in which work he was profoundly interested. His sympathies and his means went generously to the worthy poor and needy, as every institution for charity and philanthropy in Chattanooga will fully

attest. He gave liberally to the cause of religion, recognizing the tremendous upbuilding force of religious organizations. His charities were well distributed and unostentatiously bestowed.

"He held several offices in the city government. He was Mayor in the seventies. Later as a member of the school board during the early days he loaned his personal credit to keep the schools going, and thereby helped to create a peculiarly strong and wholesome public sentiment in behalf of Chattanooga schools. As a member of the Board of Public Works he accomplished much that was good in perfecting a system of honest labor and rigid accounting.

"One of Colonel Fort's most admirable traits was his devotion to the old Confederate soldier and his reverence for the cause for which he fought. He was a loyal American citizen, but he would never admit that what he and his comrades fought for was wrong. He was one of the main supporters of the N. B. Forrest Camp of Chattanooga, and his purse, his time, and his best effort were ever directed to sustaining the institution and aiding indigent old soldiers who were in need of bounty. That beautiful part of his character gives him a tender place in the heart of every old soldier of either army and places his name high in the roster of those who loved their fellow-men and believed in undying principles. He was an admirer of the brave Federal soldier, and among his last speeches was one delivered at a meeting of the G. A. R. in Indiana, in which there breathed the spirit of independence, of self-respecting regard for his own record and opinions, but of conciliation and esteem for those against whom he had fought."



LIEUT. JOHN FORT, COL. TOMLINSON FORT, DR. GEORGE FORT.

Colonel Fort was averse to having his picture made. The first in this paper is from an old photograph made in 1876. The group is from her "Confederate picture" in a family history by their sister, Miss Fort. These brothers were in the Confederate service: Lieut. John Fort, of the 1st Georgia

Regulars, Col. Tomlinson Fort, of the same regiment, and Dr. George Fort, surgeon of the 28th Georgia Regiment.

Colonel Fort was born April 26, 1839, a son of Dr. Tomlinson and Martha Low Fort. Dr. Fort was an eminent physician, and copies of his "Family Doctor," a volume of much benefit in early settlement days, is still treasured in cases of sickness. Dr. Fort served in the Legislature of Georgia for several terms and in Congress from 1828 to 1830. As President of the Central Bank of Georgia he financed largely the building of the Western and Atlantic Railroad. The mother of Colonel Fort was a woman of many extraordinary qualities. The Editor of the VETERAN treasures the memory of a visit at her home, in Macon, Ga., on her eighty-second birthday. On those anniversaries her children had been lavish with their gifts, but she had been exacting for that day in asking them to give her only such things as she could give to the poor.

Away back in 1838 Dr. Fort, realizing that Chattanooga would be the eastern terminus of the Western and Atlantic Railroad, bought much land in that vicinity. Colonel Fort located there soon after the war, and for forty-five years he was active and unstinted in the development of the place. The writer bought the Chattanooga Times in 1876, and during the several years that he owned and edited that paper Colonel Fort was the most prolific "booster" in the city. This was in an eminently practical way. He was more prolific of news than a group of reporters on the many, many evenings that he called at the Times office.

Colonel Fort was at a law school when the war began, but he left school at once to go with the 1st Georgia Regulars. He was severely wounded at Malvern Hill and again at Second Manassas. He had been promoted to captain, and late in the war was frequently in command of his regiment.

The funeral of Colonel Fort was an event of extraordinary public interest. The service was conducted by Rev. J. W. Bachman at the family residence, a simple tribute to the many excellent characteristics of the man. The remains were sent to Milledgeville, the old capital of Georgia and the childhood home of Dr. Fort's children. The procession from the residence to the railway station was conducted under the chief of police as marshal. The procession was headed by the police department ahead of the hearse. Next in line were the Confederates, then the Masons, and these organizations were followed by the fire department and carriages. Colonel Fort never wore his Confederate uniform on public occasions, and the veterans wore civilian clothes, retaining merely their badges. The ten active and twenty-eight honorary pallbearers composed the leading and most eminent men of the city. The surviving members of Colonel Fort's family are three sisters (Miss Kate Fort and Mrs. Frances F. Brown, of Chattanooga, and Mrs. Sarah F. Milton, of Knoxville) and one brother (Col. John P. Fort, of Mt. Airy, N. C.). A nephew, George F. Milton, is a leading newspaper editor and proprietor in Chattanooga and Knoxville.

MAJ. J. W. RATCHFORD.

James Wylie Ratchford was born on February 24, 1840, in York District, near Yorkville, S. C.; and died at his home, in Paint Rock, Concho County, Tex., on December 3, 1910.

His ancestry was of that noble race which has given to the world so many of the best and sturdiest type of men, the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. The ancestors of both sides of the house go back to the Covenanters of Scotland, thence to the North of Ireland, and thence to America. The family has been in America since about the middle of the eighteenth century, having settled in what is now the State of South Caro-

lina while it was still a part of the province of Mecklenburg, during the early part of the reign of George III.

His military record began as a cadet of the North Carolina Military Institute, from whence he went at the beginning of the Confederate war as aid to Col. (afterwards Gen.) D. H. Hill with the rank of lieutenant. He took part in the battle of Bethel, and was wounded in that fight, being probably the first man in the Confederate army to be wounded in battle. He was in all the battles and campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia during the first two years of the war, or until the first days of July, 1863, having been promoted early in the war to the position of major and assistant adjutant general of the command of Gen. D. H. Hill. He was again wounded in the battle of Seven Pines, or Fair Oaks. He never missed a battle or a march in which his command was engaged.

About July 1, 1863, General Hill and staff were transferred to the department commanded by Gen. Braxton Bragg, Army of Tennessee, and arrived in time for the preliminary movements of the battle of Chickamauga, in which he took part.

Shortly after the battle of Chickamauga General Hill and staff were ordered to report to Richmond for duty, and soon after that Major Ratchford was ordered back to the Army of Tennessee, having meanwhile been at home on furlough for a month. After General Hood took command of the Army of Tennessee, Major Ratchford was assigned to the staff of Gen. S. D. Lee, in which position he remained until the close, although serving temporarily again with General Hill.

He was wounded in the leg on the retreat from Nashville. He was three times wounded in battle, but never so disabled as to be unfit for duty, and having never missed a battle except those of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, which were fought while he was at home on furlough.

From the close of the war he remained at his home in South Carolina trying to recuperate the shattered condition of things until 1867, when he moved to Texas, where the remainder of his life was spent. In Concho County he became identified with the people, and there he lived and died. He was clerk of the county and district for two years and county surveyor for a number of terms, and for a while was a teacher in the public schools. He took part in public movements looking to the betterment of conditions. He was for many years an officer of the Masonic fraternity, and was always counted a faithful and efficient public servant. He was from his boyhood a member and later a ruling elder of the Presbyterian Church, having been twice a commissioner to its General Assembly. He was a man sorely tested many times, but always emerged as pure gold. For years he was a great sufferer, but never complained, expressing resignation to God's will.

[From sketch by George R. Ratchford, Grassy Meadows, W. Va.]

C. W. BELL.

The VETERAN notes with sorrow the passing at St. Petersburg, Fla., of C. W. Bell, who was Adjutant of Camp Zollicoffer there, and also acted as the VETERAN's representative. His death occurred on December 4, at the age of sixty-six years. He served with the artillery in the C. S. A., and made a valiant soldier. He was, too, a zealous comrade and a tireless worker in the interest of his Camp, U. C. V., a noble and useful man.

CHURCHILL.—William A. Churchill died at Front Royal, Va., on November 22, 1910, aged sixty-six years. He was a gallant soldier of Company E, 7th Regiment Virginia Cavalry, and an honored member and Sergeant Major of William Richardson Camp, U. C. V.

GEORGE W. STEWART.

George W. Stewart was born in Nashville, Tenn., November 6, 1842; and died in the city of his birth March 2, 1910. He was an active, successful, and useful man, and was well known in business. He was a member of the firm of Stewart & Bruckner. He was not only a member of Camp No. 35, U. C. V., and Frank Cheatham Bivouac, but was also an active member of Company B, Confederate Veterans, perhaps the most noted company of veterans in existence.

A committee from Company B, in resolutions made of record on the company journal and sent to the family, mentions him as "a valuable and highly esteemed member and a good citizen, also a devoted husband, father, and a faithful friend."



GEORGE W. STEWART.

Comrade Stewart was a member of Hugh L. McClung's battery, 1st Tennessee Light Artillery, having enlisted in 1861. He was in the battles of Fishing Creek, Shiloh, Corinth, Iuka, Missionary Ridge, and on to Nashville. In the latter he was captured and kept in Camp Douglas prison to the close of the war.

High tribute is paid to George Stewart's career by his comrade, Melville M. Barnes, who wrote: "There were times when the odds were greatly against us, the men were falling thick and fast, when it looked like death; destruction was in the air, yet he, with others of the company, stood to the guns. In such ordeals George Stewart was ever cheerful under the most trying circumstances. Our brass-rifled cannon were engraved by order of the Confederate Congress 'Nashville' and 'Shiloh' for efficient services rendered in the battle of Shiloh."

Comrade Stewart was ever faithful to the cause, being active in all the duties of his Camp and company, and a constant reader of the VETERAN from the beginning.

CHARLES U. RICHARDSON.

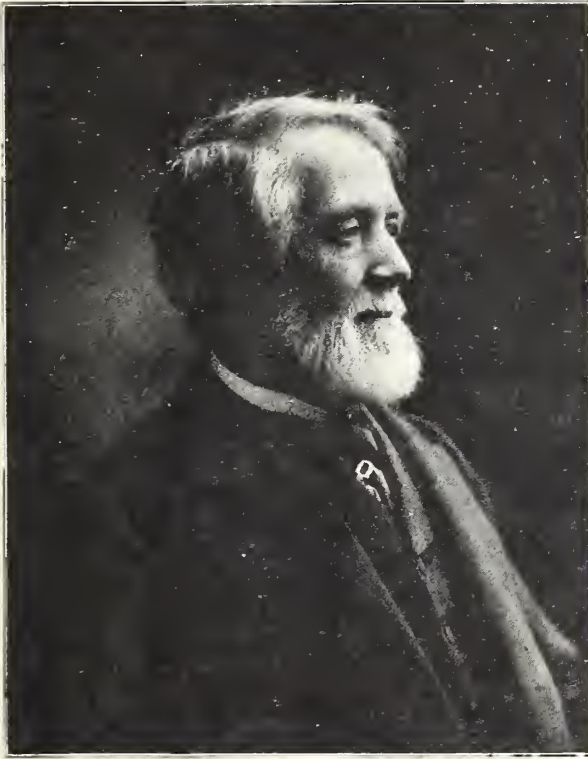
C. U. Richardson died at Broken Bow, Nebr., on December 3, 1910, aged sixty-seven years. In April, 1861, he enlisted in the Warren Rifles, afterwards Company B, 17th Virginia Regiment, and served with conspicuous bravery for a year, when, being incapacitated for infantry duty from a wound, he secured a transfer to Company E, 7th Virginia Cavalry, in which he maintained the reputation for gallantry so well earned in his former command. For his intelligence, coolness, and daring he was by his brigade commander, Gen. William E. Jones, detailed as orderly, in which capacity he was frequently intrusted with orders properly belonging to a staff officer. In 1871 he moved to Nebraska, and his fellow-citizens showed their appreciation of his sterling worth by electing him for two terms (the limit allowed by law) sheriff of the strong Republican county of Custer.

[Sketch by Maj. Irving A. Buck, of Front Royal, Va.]

COL. MINOR MERIWETHER.

This distinguished gentleman of the Old South had reached his fourscore and four years when he laid his burden down.

He was born in Christian County, Ky., and was educated as a civil engineer. When the great war began, he enlisted to serve in the engineering corps, and served under several commanders. He was with Gen. Sterling Price, Gen. Leonidas Polk, then Gen. W. W. Loring, and later with President Davis,



COL. MINOR MERIWETHER.

performing much intricate and valuable service. He was married in the fifties to the gifted and beautiful Elizabeth Avery, who has written many interesting and forceful books: "Master of the Red Leaf," "Black and White," "The Ku Klux Klan," "My First and Last Love." ("The Sowing of the Swords; or, The Soul of the Sixties" is a recent volume, of which much will be said in the VETERAN.)

After the war, Colonel Meriwether located in Memphis, where he practiced until the yellow fever epidemic, when he moved to St. Louis. He resumed practice there, and continued until a short while before his death. He was successful in his last suit before a St. Louis court, in which case there were four hundred and ninety-nine defendants.

He was a devoted Confederate, and in his dying message to the St. Louis Camp he sent words of cheer with the request that the Camp attend his funeral in a body.

Mr. Lee Meriwether, the only surviving son, is a noted citizen of St. Louis. A prominent lawyer like his father, he has been active in other ways. He is the author of several books and is a much-traveled man. He went through Europe much like a tramp, learning the inner life of the peasantry.

In the August (1910) VETERAN, page 385, Col. M. R. Tunno, of Savannah, Ga., paid Colonel Meriwether a fine personal tribute, which was very soon after Colonel Meriwether's death.

MOORE.—Charles T. Moore died at Front Royal, Va., after a lingering illness. He was a native of Greenbrier County,

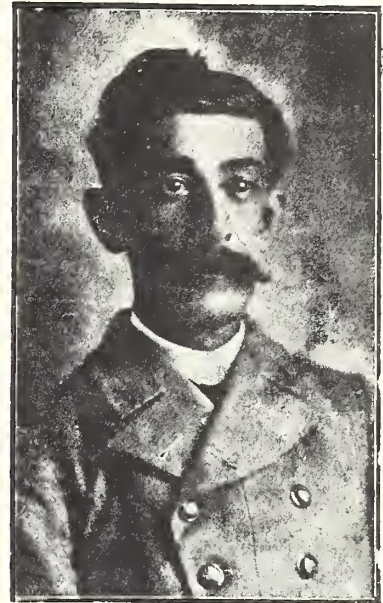
W. Va. He enlisted early in the war, and served with distinction in Stonewall Jackson's command. His pallbearers were from William Richardson Camp, U. C. V.

DR. WILLIAM A. KNAPP.

The community of Lake Charles, La., lost a valued citizen in the death of Dr. William Alfred Knapp, which occurred in the latter part of 1910, after a short illness of pneumonia. He was a splendid type of the Southern gentleman, and under a slightly abrupt manner had the most kindly of natures, kind and loving in his family, kind and loyal in his friendships, a good citizen in every sense of the word. He was to the last true to the cause for which he had fought, and was buried in uniform of Confederate gray with the beloved flag about him.

Dr. William A. Knapp was born sixty-three years ago in New Orleans, his parents having come from France several

years before to make their home in Louisiana. As a youth he studied pharmacy, and was practicing under Dr. Brown in Baton Rouge when the war broke out, and he enlisted as a private under Capt. J. W. Jones in Ogden's Cavalry Battalion. During the four years of war Dr. Knapp served the Confederacy, and at the conclusion of his service he located in Clinton, La., where he married Miss Elizabeth D'Armond. Three children—Fred, Lillian, and Ethel—were born to them, and some twenty-five years since the



DR. W. A. KNAPP.

family removed to Lake Charles, which had since been their family home. Dr. Knapp engaged in the drug business there at first for himself and later with Mathieu's Drug Store.

In 1892 Dr. Knapp organized Calcasieu Camp, No. 62, U. C. V., and was its Commander from that time. In 1899 he organized the Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of which he was an honorary member. He was an enthusiastic worker for the perpetuation of the organizations. Notwithstanding his love for the Old South, he was very popular with G. A. R. veterans, and those residing in Lake Charles were present at the funeral services. Dr. Knapp belonged to the Knights of Pythias, Masons, Odd Fellows, and Elks, and these lodges, together with the Confederate organizations, largely attended the services.

The VETERAN had no more loyal and helpful friend than Dr. Knapp from its first issue, and in his passing the founder feels the loss of a friend indeed. With the years increases the list of the good friends who will be known again only "when the roll is called up yonder."

DEATHS IN CAMP PELHAM, U. C. V.

Camp Pelham, No. 258, U. C. V., Anniston, Ala., lost the following members during 1910:

R. S. Wilson, Company A, 1st Confederate, died January 9.
A. A. Reed, Company C, 3d Alabama, died February 15.

J. T. Green, Company I, 18th Alabama, died April 10.
 R. M. Snider, Company D, 4th Georgia, died April 20.
 W. M. Rhodes, Company E, 31st Alabama, died April 30.
 T. M. Hickey, Company C, 37th Tennessee, died August 8.
 D. M. Murphy Company C, 55th Alabama, died September 1.

DEATHS IN CAMP JOHN H. MORGAN, COMMERCE, GA.

List of deceased veterans, members of Camp John H. Morgan, No. 1330, who have died since its organization, in 1901, just ten years ago:

W. B. Power, Co. K, 6th Ga. Regt. Inf.; 1904. Was first Commander of our Camp, and was true to the last. Capt. E. P. Eberhart, served in the artillery; 1905. W. T. Nunn; 1908. Rev. W. T. M. Brock, Co. E, 34th Ga. Regt.; 1910. R. S. Eidson, 8th Ga. Regt.; November, 1908. W. C. Farabee; 1904. W. French Lord; 1904. Dr. W. B. Jackson, Lumpkins's Artillery; 1905. J. Efford Massey, Co. E, 37th Ga. Regt.; August 24, 1910. Dr. J. M. Burns; November, 1908. William Thomas Harber; 1903. W. D. Power; 1904. James C. Wade, Co. B, 3d Ga. Bat. Sharpshooters; 1904. A. Harrison Hix; 1908. D. Starrett McWhirter, Co. H, Cobb's Legion; 1907. Charles Fleeman, Co. G, 16th Ga. Bat.; 1907. Rev. Dr. Nelson, former chaplain of Camp; 1908. P. H. Wright, Co. D, 11th Ga. Regt. State Troops; 1901. L. O. Tolbert, Co. C, Cobb's Legion; 1904. W. M. Allen; 1906. H. W. Wilson, Co. C, 18th Ga. Regt.; 1908. J. B. Hix; 1907. Charley T. Nash, Co. C, Cobb's Legion; January, 1910. W. M. Smith, Co. C, 23d Ga. Regt.; 1906. T. H. Self; 1910. A. J. Sanders; 1910. Benjamin F. Merciers; 1907. W. F. Langston, Co. C, 35th Ga. Regt.; 1907. R. W. Howington; February 1908. John Z. Cooper; March 8, 1908. James M. Sailors; 1906. Martin Eberhart; 1910.

Thus one by one our comrades are answering the last roll call, and we sincerely trust are bivouacking on that bright celestial shore beside the river of life to rest from all their labors.

[Sent "fraternally" by G. L. Carson, Sr., Adjutant John H. Morgan Camp, No. 1330, U. C. V., Commerce, Ga.]

COL. E. L. RUSSELL.

Edward Lafayette Russell was born in Franklin County, Ala., August 19, 1845, a son of George Daniel and Emily (Stovall) Russell. He worked on a farm until February, 1862, when he enlisted to serve the Confederate States government in the 41st Mississippi Regiment. Beginning as a private, even young as he was, by his gallantry he was soon made ensign of the regiment. His heroic quality was demonstrated conspicuously in the battle of Franklin, an account of which is portrayed vividly in the history of that battle by Col. R. W. Banks and which is vividly described in the *VETERAN*, Volume X., pages 502 and 503.

When the great war was over, he returned to farm life. Still, his ambition was to be promoted to greater successes than were possible then on the farm. With a fair woman who had faith in him he was all the more ambitious. He was admitted to the bar in 1871. In 1876 he had become Vice President and General Counsel of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, and he was practically in charge of that great property from that time until his death, which occurred in Washington late in January, 1911. The funeral was one of great note, too elaborate for detailed report herein at present. It was largely attended by army comrades and railroad men, from presidents to the humblest men along the tracks.

Fairfax Harrison, President of the Chicago, Indianapolis, and Louisville Railroad Company and a director of the Mobile

and Ohio Railroad, paid the following tribute: "Colonel Russell was the highest type of American citizen, eloquent in the forum as well as gallant on the tented field. In the army he learned discipline, and all his life he practiced and demanded it; yet his relation with his employees of every grade was an inspiration to all responsible railway managers. Perhaps his most marked characteristics were courage, loyalty, and diplomacy. Long before many corporation officers deemed it ex-



COL. EDWARD LAFAYETTE RUSSELL.

pedient to placate the public he applied in his relations to his own great business the doctrine of 'the public be pleased,' and with convincing success. He courted public opinion, because he deemed a railway officer to be a servant of the people as much as any one elected by their suffrages. That he was right, the success of his business career was ample demonstration. Yet he was in the highest sense a trustee for those who had committed their property to his charge. With vigorous views on all questions of policy, when sometimes other opinions prevailed in council, he carried out the agreed plans with such conspicuous loyalty that no man ever knew that he had not himself first advocated that particular policy. All who knew him and worked with him loved him. At the end of ten years of intimate business contact, during which friendship grew and blossomed, I am much affected by the sense of my personal loss in his death."

Mr. Hugh G. Barclay (of Mobile), of the L. & N. Railroad, began a tribute under the heading, "God's Ways Are Strange:"

"O, strange that he whose life so rich

In deeds of virgin gold,
 Whose smile enshrined in mem'ry's niche
 Of people young and old;

Whose tender heart and tireless brain
 Still sought for wounds to heal;
 Who never spoke sharp words to pain,
 Was ever kind and leal—

Yes, strange that such a royal soul,
 With life's best work undone,
 In sight of hope's long-cherished goal,
 And hope's full race unrun."

Should such a Thanatopsis grim
Bequeath to us, who know
That heaven's foresight must be dim
To deal us such a blow
In taking him, this peerless one,
When worthless lives are left!
But hark! God's righteous will be done,
E'en though the world's bereft."

MAJ. JAMES H. AKIN.

Maj. James H. Akin, of Williamson County, Tenn., born near Thompsons Station August 12, 1832, was the son of Samuel W. Akin, of South Carolina, born in 1788, and a grandson of Rev. John Akin, also a native of South Carolina, born in 1761 of Scotch ancestry, who was a Revolutionary soldier. He engaged in the ministry at an early age, and became a pioneer preacher in Tennessee. He married the widow of Robert Howe, a comrade who was killed in one of the battles of the Revolution, and of their seven children was S. W. Akin, who married Millie Biffle. Maj. James Akin was the youngest of their nine children and the last of that generation. He married Marinda Cecil, a native of Indiana, in 1859.

Upon the outbreak of the Civil War James Akin organized Company E, 9th Battalion Tennessee Cavalry. The command was in the surrender of Fort Donelson. The men were exchanged in 1862, and the command was reorganized at Jackson, Miss., when Captain Akin was made major, and from May, 1863, he commanded the battalion to the end of the war. His wife died in 1867, and in 1881 he married Mrs. Sophia (Burnett) Kirnan, having returned to the vicinity of his birth, where he resided for the remainder of his life. In 1893, losing his second wife, who had borne to him three children, he married Lena, a daughter of Dr. Oden, and to this union there were three children, one of whom survives.

Major Akin served as Tax Collector of Maury County and as magistrate. Later he served several terms in the Legislature as Floterial Representative from Maury, Williamson, also Giles and Lewis Counties. His regular business was farming, and he owned about two-thirds of a section of land in one of the richest farm belts of the State. His death occurred January 21, 1911. The burial was at Franklin, Tenn., the Starnes and McEwen Camps officiating.

A. F. EATON.

A. F. Eaton, whose death occurred in Memphis, Tenn., December 28, 1910, was born in 1837, near Lynchburg, Lincoln County (now Moore), Tenn. He enlisted in Col. Pete Turner's regiment, organized as the 1st Tennessee and which went to Virginia before Tennessee seceded. This regiment was designated as the "First Tennessee Regiment, Provisional Army." Comrade Eaton served as first lieutenant of his company until so badly disabled by wounds that he was compelled to leave the service. His home was at Tullahoma, Tenn.

JAMES POLK EPPS.

J. P. Epps was born in Bedford County, Tenn., a son of Peter Irby Epps and Abigail (Allen) Epps. His mother died when he was five years of age. From early youth he lived near Rienzi, Miss. He enlisted in Forrest's Cavalry at six-

teen years of age, and served the last two years of the war. Later he worked on the farm and clerked in stores at Booneville, Miss., and Bethel Springs, Tenn. He engaged in merchandising at the latter place, and did a prosperous business for more than thirty years. In the spring of 1910 he moved to Corinth, Miss., where he died December 31, 1910, aged sixty-four years. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church at Bethel Springs, Tenn. A wife and five children survive him.

J. P. FRANCIS.

John P. Francis was born in Franklin County, Tenn., December 8, 1841; and died at Artesia, N. Mex., January 18, 1911. He enlisted in the Confederate army in the year 1861 as a member of Company I, 41st Tennessee Regiment Infantry. When his regiment was ordered to Fort Donelson in February, 1862, he was left at Russellville, Ky., on detachment duty. He followed on in a few days to rejoin his regiment; but upon arriving at Dover, near Fort Donelson, he learned that the Confederate forces had surrendered. He therefore turned back, went to his home in Franklin County, and shortly afterwards went to Corinth, Miss., and rejoined the army, being assigned to duty in Company K, 17th Tennessee Regiment.

After the exchange of his command in the autumn of 1862, he rejoined his company in January, 1863, at Port Hudson, La. He was in the night engagement between the Confederate land forces and the United States fleet under Admiral Farragut in March, 1863, when the United States battle ship Mississippi was burned and Lieutenant (Admiral) Dewey was captured by the Confederate forces. He was in the campaign from Dalton to Atlanta in 1864, and participated in all of the engagements of his regiment. He went with Hood into Tennessee in the autumn of 1864, and was in the battles of Franklin and Nashville, Tenn. Being captured in the latter engagement, he was sent North to prison, first at Chicago, Ill., and then at Point Lookout, Md., and was released on parole from the latter prison in July, 1865. He was a brave and courageous soldier, and calm and deliberate under fire.

At the close of the war he returned to his home, in Franklin County, and in 1868 was married to Miss Eleanor J. Elliott and settled near Winchester, Tenn., where he lived until the autumn of 1909, when he gave up farming and went to Artesia, N. Mex., in search of health. He is survived by his wife, four sons, and three daughters, to whom he has left the heritage of an upright Christian life.

C. HORACE GALLAHER.

Mr. C. H. Gallaher, of Charlestown, W. Va., died January 29, 1911, after a brief illness, aged seventy-three years. Mr. Gallaher served in Company G, 2d Virginia Infantry, gallantly throughout the great war. He was a son of the late H. N. Gallaher and the last of five brothers. His wife preceded him to the grave but a few months ago. Mr. Gallaher leaves one daughter (Mrs. Arthur Davenport, of Charlestown) and two sons (Mr. Wallace Gallaher, of Richmond, and Mr. Shannon Gallaher, of Philadelphia). Funeral in Presbyterian church.

SAMUEL W. FRIZZELL.

Bob Gaston Camp, of Frankston, Tex., lost one of its leading members in the death of First Lieut. S. W. Frizzell on September 23, 1910. He enlisted for the Confederacy from his home in Kentucky early in 1861 as a member of the 3d Kentucky Cavalry, and for the last two years of the war he was with General Forrest. He was a man loved and respected by all. He was in his sixty-ninth year. His wife survives him, and is living at Frankston; while his daughter, Mrs. Glasscock, is in Washington, D. C., and the son, Prof. L. T. Frizzell, at Groveton, Tex.



MAJ. J. H. AKIN.

PICKETT'S MEN AT GETTYSBURG.

[Excerpt from an address on Gettysburg by Maj. F. M. Burrows, delivered at a meeting of the R. E. Lee Camp of Fort Worth, Tex., September 25, 1910.]

On yonder hill sat Pickett, bold and intrepid, on his fearless charger, regardless of the fast-flying shot and shell, with his heart filled with love and pride for his men, who were facing him— * * *

Brave and valiant were Pickett's men, who knew no duty but to obey their general, awaiting with fast-beating hearts the order to advance. When the order to charge was given and that body of invincibles responded to their general's command, a yell rent the air that carried terror to the hearts of those opposing; then there went to the altar of duty the noblest men that ever faced a cannon. Cannon, indeed! There were

Cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them, and cannon galore,
And not one shelter from their brazen roar.
Nothing but to face them, nothing but to charge them,
Nothing but to chase them, and nothing but to take them.
Face them, charge them, chase them, take them

was the slogan of the boys in gray.

With numbers against them, numbers to the right of them,
Numbers to the left of them,
Numbers in front of them, and numbers galore,
Defeated them on that fateful day of long ago.

FRATERNAL WORDS BY A UNION VETERAN.

When in the year 1865 the last Confederate surrendered, between most of the brave men on both sides the war ended. Most of the effort made since to perpetuate the animosities of the war has come from post-bellum soldiers, the men who stayed at home anathematizing "Jeff Davis" as a traitor and execrating "old Abe Lincoln" as a tyrant. The veterans of the war have always set the example of reconciliation. They were ready at once to "forgive and forget."

The generous Union soldier believes that there was equal sincerity and equal courage on both sides. On both sides the highest attributes of a military people were undeniably demonstrated. No magnanimous Union soldier demands that the Southern people shall level the graves of their heroic dead and eliminate from their memories the reminiscences of the battlefield, the camp, the hospital, and the death chamber with which many of their kindred have been immemorably associated. Their right to erect monuments to perpetuate the memory of their bravery he does not impugn.

The soldier in blue does not challenge the fame of those whose valor and skill made them the idols of the Southern armies. The fame of Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Stuart, the Hills, and the Johnstons is just as much a part of the national heritage as is the fame of Grant, Thomas, Sheridan, Sherman, and Custer.

Ex-Confederates are all our heroes. The story of that "steady, stern, magnificent, heroic, and hopeless charge" of Pickett's men at Gettysburg, and the story of the firm, stubborn, and brave defense of Chickamauga by Thomas's men equally inflame my imagination. There was American valor in both of these glorious achievements. The man who cannot see the glory of those deeds has a chilled heart and withered faculties. In the name of our dead, for the sake of the living, and in the interest of our common country, they want the most cordial fraternity established; they want a complete reunion of sundered ties.

We must live together on this continent; and the judgment and conscience of most of the soldiers in blue is that we should repudiate every lingering animosity. Unless we do this, it is idle to affirm and boast that we are one in name and one in purpose.

I carry two wounds made by Confederate bullets, but if it were possible to have the two ex-Confederates who fired the bullets here to-night, I know I could embrace them as brothers. These are my sentiments as an ex-Union soldier. Yet I must not be understood as surrendering any judgment as to where the responsibility for the war lies or as relinquishing any conviction of right and duty or as abandoning any principle in which I believe. But these questions have been discussed and settled. There is no profit in reminding each other of them. Our hearts yearn for concord and the burial of old grievances. Obliterate the old scars, cure the old wounds. That is the duty resting upon us on both sides.

There is nothing new in this creed. It is only an echo and an amplification of what General Grant said a few years after the end of the war, "Let us have peace," meaning thereby an abiding and all pervading peace. These have been justly pronounced the grandest words that ever fell from the lips of a victorious soldier.

I make this prediction: Never again will this nation be subjected to such another baptism of fire as it received from the Civil War. Never again will brother Americans meet in battle shock, fighting each other. Never again will the flowers of your Southern fields be dyed with the blood of your own brave men, shed by the hands of your Northern brethren. That perfect fraternity of spirit which we long for between blue and gray will exist between their descendants and assure the future against such an unhappy occurrence.

BIG SNOWBALL FIGHT AT JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

BY CAPT. FRANK BATTLE, PALMYRA, TENN.

In the winter of 1863 I was a prisoner on Johnson's Island. About three thousand prisoners were kept there. They were very restless and anxious for exchange. We were living on half rations, and the outlook was indeed gloomy. There was a deep snow on the ground and the ice was about two and a half inches thick. It was so cold that water thrown from the second story of the prison would be ice when it reached the ground.

Some one proposed a snowball fight, and small parties would engage in the sport; then all the prisoners organized, and six blocks, or wards, proposed to fight the other six. The first six blocks contained all the general officers except one, and he was not allowed to command in his department. A lad from Florida, I think, commanded in his stead.

Major General Trimble and Brigadier General Beal, of Missouri, Archer, of Texas, and Jeff Thompson, from Missouri, were in District No. 1. No. 2 had a colonel to command them. It took some time to get our regiments or brigades in fighting trim. Some of us had been out of the business so long that we were a little rusty; but when the war whoop was sounded and we had fairly gotten into the fight, we made the "fur" fly, and we felt that we were at our old business again. The fight lasted about two hours, and wounded men were lying around thick. I was wounded in several places and taken prisoner, but was exchanged on the field.

The fight was declared a draw, both sides being exhausted from hard fighting, and a truce was made to last until the next big snow. Our friends in blue took much interest in the fight and viewed it from the parapets of the prison.

ERRORS IN SKETCH OF PRESIDENT M. H. SMITH.

The distinguished career of Mr. Milton H. Smith, President of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company, as shown in the February *VETERAN* pleased many people. The greatest surprise to any one doubtless was to the eminent citizen who was the subject of the article. The *VETERAN* prides in its enterprise to give the first sketch of the life work of a man who has been a forceful character in the commerce of the South for forty years. The data was procured by the most careful and most painstaking inquiry from the best sources conceivable. It seems a pity not to have had Mr. Smith's personal examination of the paper; but in the absence of that, an interview with him afterwards was the only way to get it absolutely accurate. Happily that interview has been had; and while several errors occurred, the response shows such an exquisite refinement of sentiment about accepting credit at the expense of others that it is well worth the space to make the corrections. Besides, there is disclosed in these corrections some valuable history. The interview shows him to be punctilious as to the exact truth. He was not born in Chautauqua County, N. Y., but in Windham (township), Green County, N. Y. He disclaims that his father had to do with manufacturing harvesting machinery. The paper simply states that those principles were worked out by his father.

On other points he says: "McComb did not build the Mississippi Central Railroad. The Mississippi Central proper, extending from Canton, Miss., to Grand Junction, Tenn., was promoted and constructed by people living along the line, Walter Goodman, of Holly Springs, being president; and associated with him were numerous enterprising citizens, among others Gen. A. M. West, Mr. Joseph Davis, brother of Jefferson Davis, Torrence, Pigue, Vaiden, and others. That portion extending from Grand Junction, Tenn., to Jackson, Tenn., was built under the corporate name of Mississippi Central and Tennessee Railroad, promoted by citizens along the line headed by Gen. R. P. Neely, of Bolivar, Tenn., the two corporations being consolidated and the line opened through for operation late in 1859. McComb and associates did not acquire control until ten or twelve years thereafter."

Mr. Smith disclaims that he was ever master of transportation for all government roads operated in captured territory, and that his headquarters were ever at Jackson, Tenn.; also that, according to his recollections, the roads entering Jackson—namely, the Mobile & Ohio and the Mississippi Central—were not operated after the battle of Shiloh north of the Memphis & Charleston Road until after the close of the war.

He was never assistant freight agent under F. S. Van Alstine, and Mr. Van Alstine was never general manager of the Star Union Line.

He states that the "rich man" referred to never owned any large amount of the stock of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company. The majority of the stock at that time was owned by the municipalities and counties along the line, who elected him president. He denies the incident described as having occurred with the City Council of Montgomery, and says that at the period described there was never any attempt by any one representing the railroads to prevent supplies from going into Montgomery.

He disclaims that after his resignation as General Freight Agent of the Louisville & Nashville Road, the Baltimore & Ohio, the Pennsylvania, and Mr. Gould offered him employment [yet he was engaged for the two former systems], and that he never threatened to throw brokers or any one else out

of their windows. This note was a pleasantry on the "money changers."

The gravest error in the report was in giving the authorized capital of the L. & N. Road at \$150,000,000, when it should have been \$60,000,000, all the greater credit to the marvelous achievements of the management of the system; yet that large sum was meant to include stocks and bonds.

In conclusion, Mr. Smith says: "I suppose there is no use trying to modify the exaggerated general statements of the work I have done as a traffic and executive official of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company. Similar duties are performed by similar officials of most of the other roads in the country. In giving me personally credit for the very large increase in the transportation facilities created by the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company, those who have furnished the necessary capital are not given credit due; and the controlling fact, that the increase in facilities, with corresponding increase in traffic results, could not have been accomplished except through the rapid growth of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce in the territory served by the company, is not given due consideration."

A study of the foregoing quotation will show as persistent a purpose to give others credit without accepting any for self as was ever penned, and this is evidently a leading principle in this busy man's life, and it shows too why he has never been known to get in the limelight that would give to him personal honor.

In illustration of his characteristics, the Editor mentions having seen him frequently in cities traversed by the Louisville & Nashville Railroad walking the streets alone as little observed as if one of the humblest employees of the great system that he directs.

FATALITIES IN MAINE REGIMENTS.

Maj. John M. Gould, Secretary of the Maine Regiment Association, has compiled some interesting data in regard to the fatalities in certain regiments. It seems that "the regiment" is a consolidation of the 1st, 10th, and 29th. He sends the *VETERAN* statistics from which the following is quoted: "In February, 1889, our directory of the regiment contained the names and post office addresses of 1,107 comrades. On that date a life insurance expert calculated that there were 1,526 survivors of the 2,500 grand aggregate, leaving 420 members unaccounted for. Since 1889 seventy-six names have been added to the directory, but four hundred and sixty-two have been erased; hence there are now upon the mailing list seven hundred and twenty-one names of members, many of whom are probably dead."

In a list of twenty-eight of his comrades eight are over sixty, nineteen over seventy, and one eighty-six years old. The average age is over seventy-two years. Of the one hundred and twenty-nine officers in the three regiments, thirty-nine are yet living.

GREAT-HEARTED FRIENDSHIP.—Supplemental to the sketch of Col. E. L. Russell, page 136 of this issue, mention is made of his will. His home and a goodly sum from life insurance were given his daughter, and the remainder of the estate is given to Mrs. Russell—apparently a fair division. *VETERAN* readers are not enough interested in this matter to justify this additional publication. They will, however, be interested in the great-hearted event that Mr. R. V. Taylor, who succeeds to Col. Russell's position as Vice President of the Mobile & Ohio Railroad, who held a mortgage of \$23,000 on Col. Russell's home, according to the *Mobile Register*, handed Miss Russell a receipt in full, freeing it absolutely of incumbrance.

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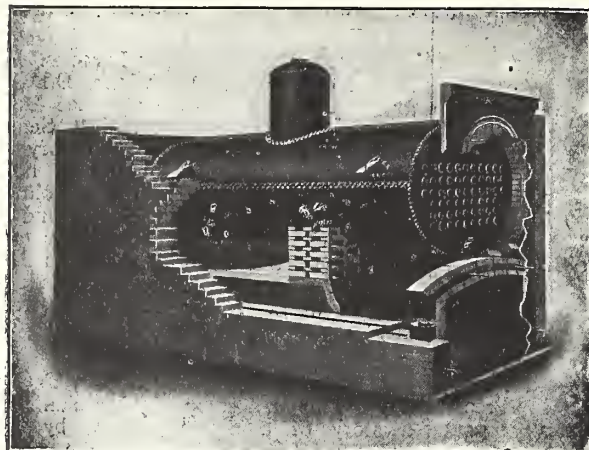
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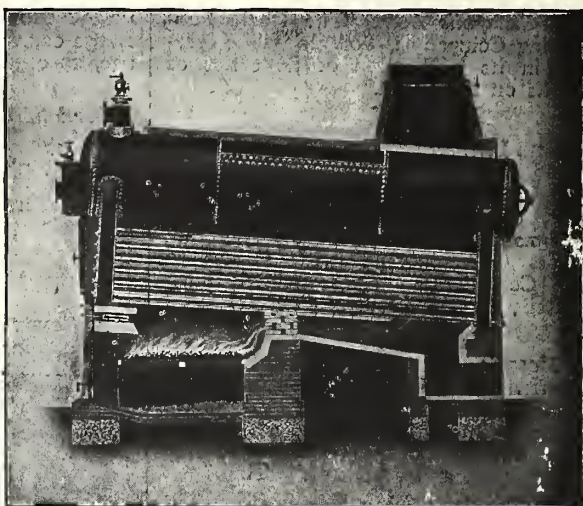
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NINETEENTH YEAR **APRIL, 1911** NUMBER FOUR

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A. Wood, of Rio Grande, Tex., would be glad to hear from any of his old comrades of Hart's Battery, Stuart's Horse Artillery, A. N. V.

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Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month before it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The civil war was too long ago to be called the late war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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Vol. XIX.

NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1911.

No. 4. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM
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REUNION ISSUE FOR MAY—SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

Advertisements in that fine issue will be inserted for little more than actual cost for the space. Summer resorts, schools, and the like are especially solicited to advertise in this issue. Copy must be sent in promptly if insertion be secured.

Coöperation for an increase of circulation is important. Comrades know people who would thank them for calling their attention to the VETERAN and who would become regular readers. Sample copies would be sent for the asking. They know that death is certain, and realize the importance of working while it is day. They ought to face the certainty that their families will not continue an interest in it unless they are made familiar with its importance while "father" or "grandfather" lives. This neglect often occurs.

There is a personal appeal in this issue for coöperation with the owner of the VETERAN in a tribute to Col. Richard Owen, who was commandant at the Camp Morton Prison, Indianapolis, in 1862. If you favor coöperating in that laudable undertaking, please write at once commending it, and that you will join in the tribute to Colonel Owen by sending one dollar, if not more. If you are thinking about it, and yet hesitate, a postal card on the subject would be appreciated. It is very desirable that every subscriber who sympathizes with the Editor do this at once. General response to this plea, which is unlike anything in our history for half a century, would create a profound impression upon the younger people of this generation. Please read the sketch and appeal carefully. It is not satisfactorily expressed, but it is all true.

A special to the VETERAN from Little Rock states:

"Prospective visitors to the great Confederate Veterans Reunion, May 15-18, Little Rock will have no fear but that there will be accommodations provided to house comfortably and feed all who may come, whether Veterans, Sons of Veterans, or other visitors. It is estimated that fully 50,000 people will visit the city during the Reunion, and the special committee (among the forty-eight committees) charged with the duty of providing eating and sleeping accommodations will be prepared to handle a larger number if necessary.

Gen. G. W. Gordon, Commander in Chief, has visited Little Rock, and reports a most promising outlook.

CONSTRUCTION OF ARLINGTON MONUMENT.

BY MRS. VIRGINIA FAULKNER M'SHERRY, PRES. GEN. U. D. C.

Knowing the interest taken all over the South in the sculptor (Sir Moses Ezekiel) selected for the Arlington monument, I send for publication in the VETERAN his answer to my letter telling him the decision of the convention held at Little Rock, in which he fulfills all their requirements and manifests unusual interest in the work. I feel sure it will gratify the U. D. C. to know that the model selected will be such that \$50,000 will be well spent; and when the monument is completed, it will do honor to the men who wore the gray and to the great organization working for it.

Let this letter be an inspiration to the Chapters and Divisions to continue their work, that this monument may be completed in the lifetime of Colonel Herbert, Chairman of the Arlington Executive Committee, and the great sculptor. Both are veterans in years as well as in experience.

M. EZEKIEL'S LETTER TO MRS. MCSHERRY.

TORRE DI BELISARIO, ROME, February 2, 1911.

Dear Madam: Your very kind letter has given me a great pleasure, and I am especially glad that the Daughters of the Confederacy have insisted on our monument for Arlington costing \$50,000, as with this addition of \$15,000 I will be enabled to make my monument very much more imposing, larger, and more elaborate than I otherwise could have done, and I made at once another model in that sense, which I think now will take all of the \$50,000 to pay for the work itself. I have already made my working design and models so complete that my ideas and my work can be carried out faithfully to completion from them.

I am working on our monument every day till dusk, and I have given up every other commission in order to devote myself exclusively to this work, which occupies my thoughts all the time. I do not receive any visitors in my studio, as I do not want to be disturbed; nor do I want my work seen and discussed before it is completed. * * *

I hope that I shall do justice to the faith placed in me and my ability. I am devoting myself to a subject that I have more at heart than any work I have ever done before.

[A sketch of the sculptor, M. Ezekiel, appeared in the VETERAN for July, 1910, page 347.]

VIRGINIANS AROUSED ABOUT FALSE HISTORY.

The Roanoke Times of recent date says:

"Roanoke College may as well face the facts. Its professor of history has made a bad mistake in using the Elson history and having it put into the hands of the students. It contains infamous and slanderous falsehoods against the section of the Union in which we live, the people from whom a large proportion of our people are descended, and the cause for which the fathers and grandfathers of the present generation risked or gave their lives and for which some men yet living made sacrifice of their own blood. The college cannot afford to be identified in the public mind with such teaching or doctrine or with condoning or excusing them.

"Let us face the facts as they are as concerning the present policy and conduct of the college. Judge W. W. Moffett has and merits large influence and following in the State. He has resigned as trustee of the college and has withdrawn his daughter as a student. The Rev. Dr. J. A. Anderson, presiding elder of the great M. E. Church, South, of this district, in another matter has filed his protest and recited a grievance against the management and conduct of the school which is likely to find general approval. The Confederate veterans have submitted their courteous and kindly remonstrance against the Elson history—just the kind of utterance that might have been expected from real men who are gentle and considerate citizens in time of peace, but in war were not at all gentle. Now the women have come into it, the daughters of the fighting men, Daughters of the Confederacy. They are a force to be reckoned with. They make public sentiment in this country, and in the last analysis are the final and conclusive power.

"Considering these facts, it seems to us, looking at it from the standpoint of the ordinary citizen and the man in the street, that Roanoke College should repudiate and condemn the Elson history as emphatically and thoroughly as possible. For our part, we would like to see a fire kindled on the campus and every copy of the book formally and carefully committed to the flames, with the full and unanimous approval of the faculty. Then we would like to see the college purge itself of the last suspicion of being a place wherein it was taught that the soldiers of the Confederacy fought in a 'Slaveholders' Rebellion,' that John Brown was a man of high character and purposes, and that the decent plantation owners and farmers of the South organized harems from their female slaves with their wives as presidents, and could establish itself as an institution controlled by its trusted faculty and not by any one professor or a congregation of boys."

PROTEST BY BALTIMORE DAUGHTERS.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Maryland Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the Board of Managers of the Baltimore Chapter, U. D. C., was held at the home of Mrs. D. Giraud Wright to take action on the use of Elson's history in schools and colleges North and South.

The following resolution, offered by Mrs. D. Giraud Wright, Honorary President of the Division and Chapter, and seconded by Mrs. Thomas Baxter Gresham, was unanimously adopted:

"Whereas it has been brought to the knowledge of the Maryland Division, U. D. C., through a list published in the Salem (Va.) Times-Register March 9, 1911, that a book known as Elson's 'History of the United States' is in use, not only through the North, but in schools, colleges, and universities in a number of Southern States, including Maryland, said list purporting to emanate from the Macmillan Company, publishers of the book; and whereas this abominable publication

contains gross calumnies against the South and her institutions and misrepresentations of the causes that led to the War between the States; and whereas in this so-called history the sacred family relations of our people are attacked and falsified in language impossible to quote here, and the very honor of our fathers and mothers grossly impugned; therefore

"Resolved, That the Maryland Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy registers an indignant protest in the name of truth and justice against the use of Elson's so-called history in any of the schools, colleges, and universities of our land, and calls on all Confederate veterans to aid the Daughters of the Confederacy in stamping out this vile publication and all similar ones, to the end that the youth of the country no longer be taught as facts untruths which are slanders on the fair fame of the South, her institutions, and her people."

Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer, the President of the Maryland Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, was requested to obtain lists of the histories in use in the schools and colleges throughout Maryland. As it was noted in the Salem Times-Register that this history is used in the Western Maryland College, a resolution was passed to investigate this statement, and if found true to send a demand to this college to discontinue the use of that history.

Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer writes: "I have read paragraphs taken from Elson's history which made my blood boil. Among other things, the war is called 'The Slaveholders' War,' and the relations of our people in regard to the slaves are falsified in a language unfit for print. I will make a desperate fight against its use in this section. It is in use in more than one hundred colleges and schools throughout the United States, South as well as North, including State universities of North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Oklahoma, Georgia, West Virginia, and Texas; Davidson College, Trinity College, Wilmington University, Central University, Western Maryland College, and others. These facts are from the publishers.

Special credit is due to Judge W. W. Moffett, of Roanoke, and to the Roanoke Times for the bold exposure of this curse. The wonder is that it ever secured any footing in the South; and, according to the testimony, the study of this book should be discontinued if it requires the immediate suspension of every school in which it has been placed. It is high time that no history should be admitted into any school of the South until every sentence and word has been carefully scrutinized by competent and faithful Southern men, and the teacher who would commend such a book should be dismissed and advised that another climate would be conducive to his health.

ORATOR FOR LITTLE ROCK REUNION.

Gen. George W. Gordon, Commander in Chief of the U. C. V., has appointed Rev. R. C. Cave, of St. Louis, as orator of the occasion, the address to be delivered on the afternoon of the first day.

Dr. Cave delivered the oration at the dedication of the soldiers' and sailors' monument in Richmond May 30, 1894, which was a subject of national concern. It was so near the Reconstruction period that the Northern press was severe in its comment. His theme will evidently be similar on this occasion, sustained by authorities that cannot be questioned. Dr. Cave is a brother of Rev. R. Lin Cave, Chaplain General U. C. V.

The addresses by this orator upon this theme and the vindication of the South will be brought out in a book from the Publishing House of the Methodist Church, South, about the time of the Reunion. It will be supplied by the VETERAN at one dollar, postpaid.

LADIES' MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION, NEW ORLEANS.

The Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association of New Orleans, La., held its annual meeting March 15, 1911, and re-elected Mrs. W. J. Behan as President, with the same officers to serve another year. This old Memorial Association was organized in 1861 as a Soldiers' Aid Society, and in May, 1866, it was reorganized as a Memorial Association.

The beautiful monument to the Confederate dead in Greenwood Cemetery was erected through the efforts of this association, and it was dedicated in 1874. Through this association efforts are being made to establish June 3 as universal Memorial Day for the South. The States of Louisiana, Mississippi, and Tennessee have already adopted that day by legislative enactment, and no doubt other States will follow in line.

The resolution to make June 3 universal Memorial Day for the South was originally offered by the U. C. V. in convention assembled in Birmingham April, 1894, and it was subsequently indorsed with great enthusiasm by the Tennessee Division, U. C. V., at the Houston convention in May, 1895. It was presented to the U. C. V. convention in Dallas in 1902 by the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association of New Orleans, La.

THE SHILOH MONUMENT.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER B. WHITE, DIRECTOR GENERAL OF THE ASSOCIATION, U. D. C.

Daughters of the Confederacy and Friends of the South:

Shiloh was one of the most momentous battles fought for the cause of the Confederacy, and one of the greatest of all times. "In no engagement of the War between the States was the military genius of the Southern commander in the selection of the battle ground and in the disposition and handling of the troops nor the bravery and endurance of the Southern soldiers more signally displayed." To realize the importance and significance of this battle and the need of a handsome monument there to tell future generations of the valor and devotion of Southern soldiers and the unsurpassed generalship of Albert Sidney Johnston and Braxton Bragg, I ask that at the April meetings of the Chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy the Presidents have a comprehensive program on Shiloh and use the questions on Shiloh sent to the Chapters. That all members of the Chapters may see and get the benefit of these questions, I ask the Chapter Presidents to publish them in their local newspapers.

The Shiloh monument will be erected not to one man nor to one command, but to all Confederate soldiers, the only monument having the distinction of being a monument to the entire South. It will be placed in Shiloh National Military Park, where it will be surrounded by hundreds of beautiful Federal monuments, and to compare with them and to tell worthily the story of the men in gray our Shiloh monument must be very handsome. Nothing less should satisfy you, nothing less is worthy of those noble Southern men who lie on that battlefield in long, crowded trenches. It is due them for their devotion to duty, their hard work and suffering, the sacrifice of their lives in vain, apparently forgotten. The story of their valor must be told in granite and bronze, and I ask every one who had a relative or loved one in that great battle to send me at least one dollar for this monument fund. Just one dollar from every one of you, and what a beautiful, splendid monument we could soon have. Help us.

PLEA FOR IT BY MRS. VAL C. GILES, AUSTIN, TEX.

To the Noble Survivors of the Battle of Shiloh and Friends:

To me has been assigned the privilege as well as the task of

acting as State Chairman of the Shiloh Monument Committee for the Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy. Mrs. Valery E. Austin, of Galveston, is Director for Texas.

I want a personal letter from every Confederate soldier who participated in this grand battle, giving some incident pertaining to or a description of the battle as he saw it. From these letters I shall make my report to the Texas Division at their next convention at Houston, Tex. These letters will be filed with the archives of the Daughters of the Confederacy in their Confederate Museum in the Capitol at Austin, perpetuating for all time the names of the actual participants.

My thoughts turn to that grand chieftain, the peerless Albert Sidney Johnston, who led the brave Confederates to victory during the first day's battle and gave his life blood at Shiloh in defense of his country. The Chapter to which I belong has the honor of bearing his illustrious name, given it by our first Chapter President, Mrs. Bendette E. Tobin, whose memory will be revered through all time.

To the Daughters of the Confederacy are bequeathed the honor and the determination to erect a monument to the memory of those brave Confederate soldiers who fell on Shiloh's gory field. Ten thousand soldiers lie buried in shallow trenches where they and their brave leader fell. This monument will be placed in Shiloh National Military Park, and should eclipse any monument erected there to the Federal side, since this one is for all the South, as it will be erected to all Confederate soldiers. It is the only monument that will have this distinction. Ten thousand dollars has already been raised by the loyal Daughters. This is one-third of the amount which the women of the South aspire to raise.

Now that our charge, the Confederate Woman's Home, the pride of the Texas Division, has been adopted by the State of Texas, we will have more time and money to devote to other purposes. I therefore ask every Chapter of the Division to send me promptly a contribution, however small.

The able committee given me by our State President, Mrs. A. R. Howard, is composed of the following: Mrs. J. M. Gibson, Vice Chairman, Houston; Mrs. L. J. Storey, Austin; Mrs. Mary Hunt Affleck, Brenham; Mrs. Forrest T. Morgan, Austin; Mrs. E. M. Kirtley, Terrell; Mrs. D. H. Caswell, Austin; Mrs. J. H. Askew, Austin; Mrs. J. D. Fields, Manor; Mrs. J. D. Covert, Fort Worth; Mrs. R. J. Hill, Palacios; Mrs. J. R. Elliott, Palacios.

It is suggested by Mrs. Alexander B. White, Director General of the Shiloh Monument Committee, that the April literary meeting be made Shiloh's day. Mrs. Valery Austin, Texas Director, suggests that we do likewise, and make it a memorable event in the history of the Texas Division.

All friends interested in this great work are earnestly requested to send their contributions as early as possible to me or any member of my committee, who will forward it. Each contributor will receive a receipt. The list will be published.

SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. M'KINNEY, TREASURER.

Newnan Chapter, Newnan, Ga.....	\$ 5 00
Oglethorpe Chapter, Lexington, Ga.....	1 00
J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, Commerce, Ga.....	1 00
Mrs. E. H. T. Arnold, Covington, Ky. (personal).....	5 00
Enmonia Roberts Chapter, Lebanon, Ky.....	5 00
Dixie Chapter, Tacoma, Wash.....	2 00
Robert E. Lee Chapter, Fairmont, W. Va.....	25 00
Total in hands of Treasurer.....	\$8,890.86

HONOR TO MEMORY OF A PRISON OFFICER.

PROPOSED TRIBUTE TO COL. RICHARD OWEN, COMMANDANT
OF PRISON AT CAMP MORTON, 1862.

After the inaugurating of a tribute to Sam Davis, which brought forth substantial results from every State in the Union, the Editor of the *VETERAN* now submits reasons for patriots in every part of the country joining in doing honor to the memory of Col. Richard Owen, who commanded the Camp Morton Prison, Indianapolis, in the early months of 1862.

This worthy object was proposed in the *VETERAN* for May, 1907; but it was not taken up then, as the Sam Davis monument was not completed, and the question of securing property for the Jefferson Davis Home memorial at Fairview, Ky., made it necessary to delay action. The latter enterprise is not yet achieved; but this Owen memorial was anxiously considered, and an invitation by the women of Indiana to attend the dedication of a bronze bust to the memory of Robert Dale Owen at Indianapolis induced attendance and, without longer delay, the making of a formal request for a place to erect a memorial tablet to Col. Richard Owen, who was a brother of Robert Dale Owen.

After an interview with Governor Marshall, an explanatory circular was distributed in both houses of the legislature.

THE LETTER SUBMITTED TO THE INDIANA LEGISLATURE.

S. A. Cunningham, of Nashville, Tenn., visited Indianapolis in the hope of supplying a modest but enduring memorial to Col. Richard Owen, who was commandant of the prison at Camp Morton in the early months of 1862. Through all these intervening years a spirit of gratitude to Colonel Owen for constant courtesy and kindness has continued, and no word of complaint has been heard from any one of the four thousand Confederates, mainly those who were surrendered at Fort Donelson on February 16, 1862.

The prisoners had suffered so much from cold and hunger that a profound sense of gratitude was manifested for the kindness and respect shown them by the commandant, "Colonel Owen." His given name was not known. For much of two weeks after imprisonment in Camp Morton the prisoners would eat the entire day's rations immediately. There was no murmur at this, for all realized that the authorities were unprepared to supply the needs of so many on so brief notice. Ere long a liberal supply was issued, and as long as Colonel Owen was in charge of the prison there was unvaried expression of gratitude for his kindness. Many fellow-prisoners were in the City Hospital, and Colonel Owen allowed their mess-mates and close friends to visit their sick in groups of six to ten, with only one or two guards under a sergeant. Expression of sentiment was prevalent that if any prisoner should seek to escape through Colonel Owen's kindness he would be punished by his fellow-prisoners.

Thirty years after release from Camp Morton the personal petitioner, who seeks for himself and his few surviving fellow-prisoners opportunity to pay tribute to Colonel Owen, while in Chicago observed the law sign of Ernest Dale Owen, and called upon him to ascertain what he might of Colonel Owen, knowing nothing whatever of him or the distinguished family, of which he was a most worthy member. He was surprised to learn that just before the war Colonel Owen was a teacher in a military school at Nashville, Tenn., with Gen. Bushrod Johnson, who, though a Northern man, became a distinguished major general in the Confederate army. The same school was conducted later by Gen. E. Kirby Smith, whom Gen. E. R.

S. Canby designated as "the soul of honor" upon the occasion of his turning over to the United States the gold that had been intrusted to him for Confederate purposes—to furnish transportation for President Davis to some other country, but not turned over at the time Gen. Kirby Smith surrendered the Trans-Mississippi Department.

The career of Col. Richard Owen merits the desire of his fellow-men, North and South, to do him honor. In the *American Geologist* for September, 1890, W. N. Winchell, of Minneapolis, Minn., gives an interesting sketch of him, in which he states that he was born in Scotland January 6, 1810; and in March, 1890, having passed his eightieth birthday, he died through accidental poisoning. He was the youngest brother of David Dale and Robert Dale Owen, and his four-score years had been devoted to deeds of usefulness. Like his distinguished father and brother, he was conspicuous for deeds of helpfulness to his fellow-men. He engaged early as a teacher, but through the solicitation of his brother, Robert Dale Owen, a member of Congress, he was appointed captain in the Mexican War, serving in the army nearly a year and a half. Later he engaged in surveying northwest territory with his brother, David Dale Owen. In 1849 he associated with Col. Thornton Johnson in the Western Military Institute in Kentucky, which later on became a department in the Nashville (Tenn.) University. In an address to the ladies of the Mount Vernon Association, Nashville (published in pamphlet at the time), delivered in "Honor to the Illustrious Dead," he indicated his fear of the war that came. He soon sold his interests in Nashville and returned to Indiana. In 1860 he succeeded his brother as State Geologist of Indiana.

Early in the great war he was appointed lieutenant colonel of the 15th Indiana Volunteers, and was later promoted to colonel of the 60th Indiana Regiment. After serving as commandant of Camp Morton Prison for several months, he was ordered to Kentucky with his regiment, and the command was captured at Munfordsville. General Buckner went into the field where his regiment was guarded, thanked him for kindness to prisoners at Camp Morton, and gave him unconditional liberty.

Colonel Owen was one of the most active officers of the United States army. The "Records" report creditable deportment of him at Cheat Mountain, W. Va., in the Kentucky Campaigns, at Arkansas Post, and at Vicksburg.

The tribute sought to be paid to Colonel Owen by the prisoners who were under his charge was conceived by the writer, who is founder of the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*, a magazine of Nashville, which has for many years represented officially every general Confederate organization in existence. He proposed this tribute in 1907, and it had the hearty concurrence of many friends without a known disapproval. Cooperation of proper authorities whereby this tribute of Confederate prisoners to the memory of Col. Richard Owen in Camp Morton may be worthily placed in the capital of Indiana is gratefully sought.

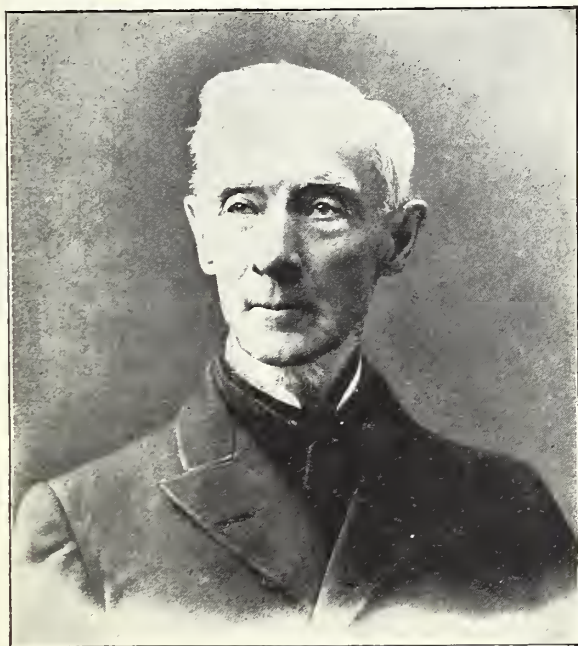
The Governor selected Hon. William W. Spencer, an active member of the lower house, who had gone to school to Col. Richard Owen, to prepare a bill, which was submitted, and passed both houses by unanimous vote. The bill reads as follows: "Be it resolved by the House of Representatives, the Senate concurring therein, that the Governor of this State be authorized to permit the surviving Confederate prisoners who were confined in Camp Morton during the War between the States to erect a tablet to the memory of Col. Richard Owen for the kindness shown said Confederate prisoners, and

that the Governor be authorized to designate the spot where said tablet shall be placed, either in the Statehouse, on the grounds of the Statehouse, or on the soldiers' monument in the city of Indianapolis."

The memorial inscription suggested is as follows: "Tribute to Col. Richard Owen for kindness to Confederate prisoners in Camp Morton, 1862. While faithful to every duty as an officer of the United States army, Colonel Owen secured the gratitude of Confederate prisoners as enduring as time. Contributed in 1911 by surviving prisoners and their friends."

The inscription opens the way for a multitude to cooperate in this unique evidence of gratitude and patriotism. The promoter undertakes this project alone. He does not know that a single fellow-prisoner will join him, but he undertakes it and asks for the cooperation of his friends as they would favor him personally. He will ask Governor Marshall to delay the selection of the place for the tablet until July, in the hope that a liberality of response will justify the selection of a very prominent place, and the memorial be one of credit to all who approve its production.

Mr. Spencer wrote on March 11: "The resolution I introduced the day you were in the legislature passed the House and the Senate without a dissenting vote. I inclose you a copy of the resolution. Governor Marshall at the present time, accompanied by his wife, is taking a vacation of about two weeks in the Southland, and on his return he and I will investigate as to which is the proper place for you to erect the tablet. I wish again to express my gratification in knowing that you appreciate Colonel Owen in the same manner as



COL. RICHARD OWEN.

he was appreciated by the students in college, and I also want to thank you for the magnanimous and grateful spirit which you have shown in your undertaking. I call it your undertaking, because you took the initiative and made it possible."

The purpose of this project is to honor Col. Richard Owen and demonstrate with the best, if not the only, instance of real merit that ever may be given, the feeling of Confederates to a foe who was magnanimous and considerate, even in the war period. The offer to place a "memorial tablet" was

modest, the Editor being resolved if wholly unaided to supply testimony of the prisoners' appreciation of Colonel Owen's kindness to them.

After correspondence with all fellow-prisoners that he could hear from, he concludes, as so nearly all of them are dead, to solicit contributions from "prisoners and their friends. This will open the way for a multitude in the South and some in the North who may contribute to this distinctive object.

The VETERAN will accept contributions until July 1, 1911, publishing the list of contributors. Whatever is done must be done promptly. Small amounts, not less than one dollar, will be most acceptable. Those who feel solicitude for this object may exalt the spirit of its purpose by calling the attention of friends. Don't forget that of the four thousand mentioned the whereabouts hardly of one in each thousand is known. No more fitting "peace monument" could be erected on this continent. Prompt notice of amount that will be contributed by July 1 would enable the promoter to indicate to Governor Marshall the character of memorial, thereby enabling him to indicate the location.

CONFEDERATES AND THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

The Fort Worth Grays of Texas, members of the R. E. Lee Camp at that place, volunteered their service to Comrade J. M. Dickinson, Secretary of War, "for duty as United States soldiers on the Mexican border or in any other capacity as volunteers in the present crisis." In reply the Secretary states:

"I note with pleasure that this offer is unconditional, no limit for services being fixed. I am happy to say that there is no reason known to me for anticipating that our country will in the near future become involved in hostilities with any other country. We are at peace with all the world. Our record in the movements looking toward the maintenance of peace with other nations and the adjustment of international differences by arbitration and similar methods, rather than resort to arms, is based upon a fixed policy that will not, I believe, be departed from. For us to become involved in war there would have to be some unjustifiable wrong perpetrated upon us by another nation. Even in such an event, the probabilities are that under the provisions of The Hague treaty for the good offices of other signatories there would be no war unless such act should be followed by a refusal upon the part of that nation to submit our differences to an impartial tribunal for settlement. The attitude of the President in regard to peace and peace movements is such that he will not permit, so far as he can prevent, our government to become involved in hostilities with any other government. * * *

"It is, nevertheless, gratifying to have this manifestation of patriotism from Confederate veterans. This, however, was not needed to convince me that the United States would have no more loyal supporters than the people of the South in any crisis involving the welfare of our common country."

"You gave an illustration to the world of the long and constant sacrifice that the people of the South were willing to make in sustaining a cause to which they gave their support. No adversities and no losses availed to make them willing to abandon their cause. The sacrifice of life and property was made without stint or reserve, and the end came only with complete exhaustion of resources. This will stand as an illustrious example to the people of our country if a period of storm and stress should ever come, and will be pointed to to stimulate them to meet every adversity and not be constrained by pecuniary losses or disturbance of business or destruction of commerce to make a peace without honor."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

SOUTHERN COMMERCIAL CONGRESS COMMENDED.

The Southern Commercial Congress, which, in the outset, shows wise regard for its purposes by enlisting leading young men of the South, promises much more than mere commercial advancement. The recent meeting in Atlanta brought out more of the South's resources than have ever before been gathered and presented. There was but a single shadow on the proceedings, and that was a resolution that politics be not permitted in the proceedings. Ordinarily that precaution would be good, but the men composing that body are of too high a type for such restrictions to be mentioned. The spirit of its managers is too broad for any fear of narrowness in any sense. The South gives all-hail to the spirit so manifest in rebuilding her section, and her friends across the border will find her spirit of chivalry above that which would embarrass the most sensitive of our friends at the North who desire to cooperate.

Dr. Clarence J. Owens, Commander in Chief of the U. S. C. V., is the Commissioner of Agriculture for the Congress, and his Adjutant General, Bedford Forrest, may be engaged in that great enterprise.

It is so entirely in line for the VETERAN to cooperate with the Congress that the most unstinted support will be given it.

DUTIES OF SOUTHERNERS TO HISTORY.

A veteran who observes that many families who fail to renew subscription or even to give notice of the death of comrades, but let the VETERAN go on and on until notice is sent, and then refuse to pay, writes that he doesn't want that to occur in his case; and as his time will expire in May, he advises that the subscription be stopped then unless he renews, as he does not expect to live many more months.

This friend's letter is not only pathetic, but there is in it an explanation which evidently applies to many—viz., a hesitation to intimate to their families anything about death. When such is the case, would it not be fitting at least to discuss the VETERAN, opportunely commending it and advising that the children and children's children should continue to maintain the rectitude and motives of those who suffered and fought for their convictions? This suggestion is applicable to thousands, and the comrade to whom application is unavoidable owes it to the cause to discuss these matters in his family. Besides, they ought to interest other families in it also.

Every man who served the Confederacy should be diligent during his remaining days to instill these sentiments while he can. Have you, comrade, children and grandchildren in different parts of the country who are not familiar with the VETERAN? If so, and if you approve the suggestion, send addresses, and complimentary copies of the VETERAN will be sent. Remember that, although no other publication in existence is similar to it, and by persistent effort throughout its eighteen years, and more, the circulation for a long time has been kept greater than any other monthly in the South, and has never decreased, yet the outlook is gloomy. Don't be a laggard now in this any more than when a soldier.

Won't you, venerable comrade, take some action now? Send the names of your loved ones who may be in different places.

A "friend" whose loyalty has never been doubted said in reference to the VETERAN and the social part of life it records: "We can keep up with you, but you can't tell about us." He spoke for the thousands who read the publication regularly, and in an exultant spirit. That remark was strictly true.

Personal friends of the proprietor who seem greatly pleased with the VETERAN—friends who have much, many who seem not to realize the importance of their patronage and influence—go on and on, apparently unmindful of the great help they could in the aggregate render so easily.

A recent issue of the VETERAN contained a sketch of over a column in length and as fine an engraving as could be made of a well-to-do comrade who had long been a patron. This tribute cost the publication about \$12, including the expense of engraving. Promptly after the publication appeared an order for one extra copy, with twelve cents to pay for it (and postage), with instructions to discontinue the subscription. The family is large and all are well-to-do. Will not every patron make it a rule to commend the VETERAN to the young?

GEN. BENNETT H. YOUNG IS RECOVERING.

The dedication of the Jefferson Davis monument in New Orleans February 22, 1911, which is to be reported herein next month (the delay is regretted), was an occasion for Gen. Bennett H. Young to speak of Mr. Davis to a great audience.

In conversation with the writer on that occasion, he said: "If we live another year"—He avoided any significant manner in the remark, and from another comrade it would hardly have been remembered; but he has been steadily optimistic throughout many years of active life.

The next news from him was a dictated note from his nurse in the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, dated March 17: "This is the eighth day out from a serious operation. The doctors think I am mending. You can understand now some of my premonitions to you lately about a shortened life. I did not think it necessary to call a primary about coming to a hospital, so I did not even tell my wife and child. I'll be home after a while."

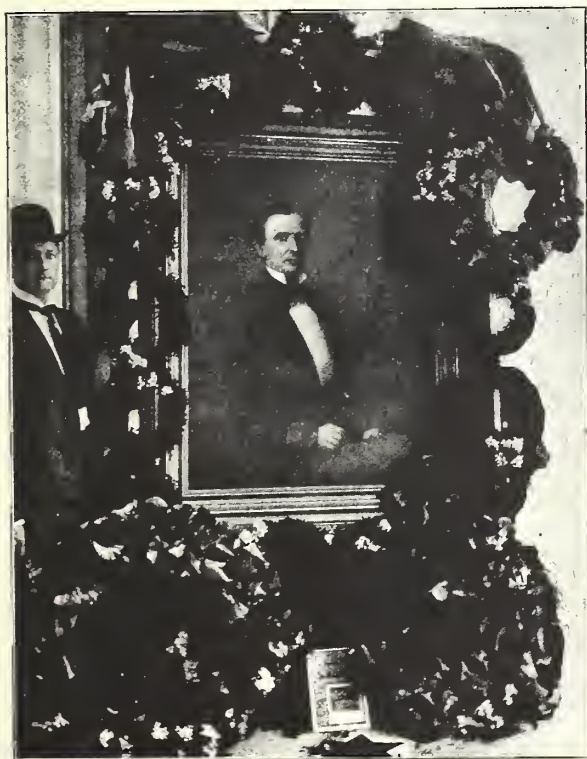
Replying to a telegram expressive of interest and sympathy March 19, he dictated this: "God has been very gracious to me in these days here, and one of the sweetest of all experiences has been the appreciative remembrance on the part of my friends. All is over but the shouting and the healing. We could arrange for the shouting right off, but nature will have to work out the healing problem. * * * My Father in heaven has brought to me many spiritual experiences and blessings which will be a great help to me on the last round of life's journey."

The poem, "Let the Conquered Banner Wave," which appeared on page 103 of the March VETERAN as a "plea by Col. Jim Anderson, of Springfield, Mass.," was credited to him as the author. This is an error, as shown by Mrs. Shelton Cheviss, Secretary of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Petersburg, Va. This poem was dedicated to that association in 1898 by the author, Fred A. Campbell, of Oakland, Cal., and was read to the Ladies' Association in the cemetery near the old Blandford Church. Mr. Campbell had several hundred copies printed for them, and the association, while appreciating that Colonel Anderson adopted it as his sentiment, is not willing that Mr. Campbell be deprived of his full credit. Colonel Anderson read the poem at the R. E. Lee birthday celebration, and the occasion was not in his honor, as stated, though most cordial were the hospitalities extended to him.

HALF CENTURY SINCE THE BIRTH OF THE C. S. A.

A delightfully remembered day to Confederates and their friends who were in Montgomery, Ala., on February 18, 1911, will be treasured through the remainder of their lives. Nature's benefaction was perfect, as fairer weather could hardly be conceived.

The grand old Capitol certainly did not look so well fifty years before when Jefferson Davis took the oath of office as President of the Confederate States of America. A splendid annex to the building was made a few years ago, and the great building is wonderfully preserved. The place where Mr. Davis stood is indicated by a star in the picture of the portrait, the location of the star being emphasized by a Confederate veteran. Dr. Thomas M. Owen stands by the portrait of Mr.



Davis, a fitting compliment to the occasion, as he has done, and is doing, much more than any other man for the perpetuation of our history in Alabama, if not in all Dixie.

Mrs. B. B. Ross, President of the Alabama Division, U. D. C., well deserves the gratitude of the Southern people for the next fifty years for her zeal in advocating and in making a success of this celebration in Montgomery on February 18, the fiftieth anniversary of the inauguration of President Jefferson Davis.

It may be seen that the portrait of Mr. Davis is decorated with wreaths. They are mainly from many Chapters in Alabama. (Mrs. E. W. Foster, of Nashville, Tenn., President of Chapter No. 1 in the great organization, ordered a wreath sent, but by some mishap it failed of delivery.) Mrs. Ross in presenting one for the State of Alabama, after so many Chapter wreaths had been placed, said:

"We meet to-day in simple loyalty and in answer to the best and purest dictates of our hearts. I believe I voice the hope and prayer of the womanhood of the South in saying that, as the years come and go, as generations pass on, as winter and

spring, summer and autumn succeed each other, the sentiments which animate us to-day shall be perpetuated, that the people of the South may ever continue to be loyal to the memories of those four terrible but glorious years, that they may ever be loyal to the splendid manhood of our heroic leaders and to the courage and devotion of our private soldiers. The people that fail to observe and keep sacred their historic anniversaries, that forget their heroic dead are already dead at heart.

"As the representative of the Daughters of the Confederacy in this great commonwealth, I bring this tribute of flowers and place it on the historic spot made sacred by the South's great chieftain and indomitable leader, whose public and private life was pure and incorruptible. He was a man among men, a leader of leaders, living without a stain, and dying without fear; a man whose life was an open book on whose white pages no blot could be found.

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world: 'This was a man.'"

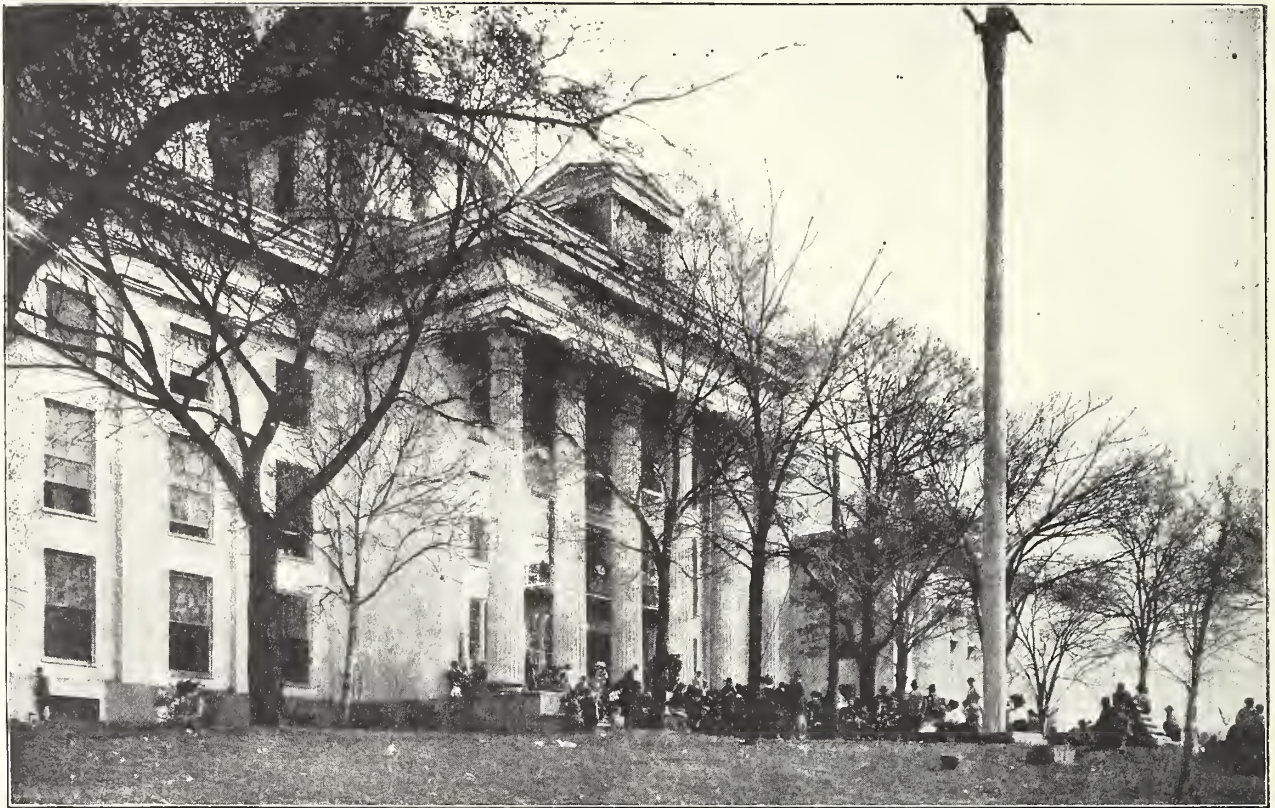
Present on the occasion were Gen. George P. Harrison, one of the youngest brigadiers in the Confederate army, and Gov. Emmet O'Neal, who took active part in the appropriate ceremonies. The Governor said: "It ought to be a pride with every man and every woman who loved the Confederacy and who desires that the motives of those who fought for it should not be misunderstood, to impress upon all the important fact that Jefferson Davis stood as the exponent of all the people of the South. It was a cruel shame and a burning disgrace that Federal authority subjected him to the cruelties and indignities under which he suffered for years after peace had come. Teach your children and your children's children that Mr. Davis suffered wrong and hardship when he was no more blamable than the most obscure soldier that bore a musket in the Confederate army. I am happy in the belief that time, which is the arbiter of men and nations, is correcting in the public mind of the North the misconceptions of Mr. Davis's life and character, and in the years to come his name and fame will grow brighter and brighter at home and abroad."

In the Advertiser's report of the event it states:

"Saturday marked the celebration of the semi-centennial of the formation of the Southern Confederacy and of the inauguration of President Davis. The celebration in Montgomery was therefore of double historical significance. The impressive ceremony of the placing of wreaths about the star which marks the spot upon which President Davis took the oath, by veterans and by the children and grandchildren of veterans, drew a large crowd to the Capitol grounds. They were there to pay tribute to the cause and to revere the memory of the man who suffered in its interests.

"The program for the day was under the direction of Dr. Thomas M. Owen, Director of the State Department of Archives and History, and a lengthy program was carried out.

"After an invocation by Rev. George E. Brewer, a member of Camp Lomax, Confederate Veterans, Dr. Owen said: 'Here fifty years ago Jefferson Davis, the proud leader of a proud people, took upon himself the leadership of a new nation. There is no more historic ground known than is to be found here. In your State Senate chamber the Confederacy had its beginning. There the Confederate Constitution was adopted and signed. There President Jefferson Davis and Vice President Alexander Stephens were elected. There Mr. Stephens took his oath of high office; and escorted by Hon. Howell Cobb, President of the Congress, and Judge W. P. Chilton,



THE CONFEDERATE CAPITOL ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.

Chairman of the Committee on Inauguration, Mr. Davis left the chamber and came to the spot where we now stand. Just fifty years ago at this hour he became head of a new republic."

The address of Governor O'Neal was most appropriate, and the extempore part was thrilling. He said in part:

"Half a century in the life of a country is considered a short period, yet between this day in 1861 and the present hour events have occurred which have not been equaled in thrilling interest and mighty results in the course of several of the centuries of recorded time. It is needless on this occasion and before this audience to make even the briefest summary of the causes which led to the great event whose semicentennial is now being observed. * * *

"The grand figure of the occasion that is now being so admirably observed was Jefferson Davis. When he stood here at the front of this building and took the oath which dedicated his mind, his heart, and if necessary his life to the cause of the new government, he was impressed with the mighty responsibility that rested upon his shoulders and knew that it was not an affair of a day or a month upon which he and those he represented were entering.

"By common consent the members of the provisional Congress who met in the Senate chamber of this Capitol turned to him as the man best fitted to lead in the mighty effort that all realized was before them. It is altogether a mistaken idea that he was in any sense of the word an extremist. Mr. Davis bore profound attachment to the Union, and it was like tearing his heartstrings when his sense of duty to his people and his loyalty to his own convictions led him to the conclusion that separation was imperative and right. When he had thus decided, there was no misgiving and no turning back, and there was no act of his from the beginning here to the close in 1865

which justified any of the contumely and wrong heaped upon him by the Federal authorities.

"Mr. Davis was splendidly equipped for the leadership which he did not seek. His predilections were toward the army, which he knew would have to be raised, and he would gladly and willingly have seen the duties of civil leadership placed upon other shoulders.

"Graduated from West Point in July, 1828, when only twenty years of age, he saw hard service on the extreme frontier, and participated in Indian conflicts, which were frequent and bloody. He suffered hardships then which were borne as they should have been by a soldier, patiently and uncomplainingly. After seven years of hard service, he lived in privacy in Mississippi, from which he was brought by his friends and neighbors to serve them in a public capacity. From then until the day of his death he was a man of marked intellectual and moral power. He resigned a seat in Congress to serve his country in the Mexican War, and bore a part which would have forever secured the love of his countrymen if he had even then again retired to the peace and quiet which he so much desired.

"His military capacity was demonstrated on the then far frontier by his conduct when quite a young man, and again on the plains of Mexico in more mature days. Although destiny pointed to him as the man to be placed in the forefront in 1861, yet it is not to be wondered at that he preferred a military command to the one which the unanimous voice of the representatives of the new nation assigned him.

"Naturally a student, Mr. Davis devoted a great deal of his time before entering upon public life to questions that agitated the country, and when he entered Congress, first as Representative and afterwards as Senator, the oldest and most experienced found in him a foeman worthy of their steel. If one

will examine the record while he was serving his State in Congress, it will be found that none of his associates surpassed him in knowledge of affairs, in clearness of statement, and in patriotic devotion to the common weal.

"As a member of the Cabinet of Mr. Pierce, in the capacity of Secretary of War, he adopted methods which almost revolutionized the management of the army, and instituted reforms of untold value to the service. It can be safely asserted that as Secretary of War no man ever surpassed Jefferson Davis in service that was beneficial to the army and nation at large. While he was serving in that position the work which necessitated the building of what is known as Cabin John Bridge near Washington was perfected; and as was the custom then, as is now, the name of the chief of the department under whose administration the work was performed was placed thereon in a conspicuous position. In the midst of war his name was removed from the place where justice and sense of propriety had originally placed it. If for nothing else, I am willing to pay tribute to former President Roosevelt for having made the order which restored the name of Jefferson Davis to the place on that piece of work from which it ought never to have been removed.

"When he took the oath of office as President of the Southern Confederacy, there was joy and gladness here and throughout all the States whose Chief Magistrate he had become. Of all the thousands here assembled, none knew so well as he did the great and bloody war that was to follow. He was not one of those who believed that it was to be a midsummer frolic, for he had been too long associated with the leaders on the other side not to know their feeling, and that their people would fight to the bitter end to prevent the dissolution of the Union.

"This is not an occasion which warrants a lengthy review of the four years of Mr. Davis's administration. Strange to say, from the time he entered upon his duties until his capture in Southeast Georgia he met with opposition as to the conduct of civil and military affairs. Some who did not possess his opportunity for knowing conditions, and who in most cases were influenced by vanity or wounded pride, sought to embarrass his plans, believing that their own were more likely to bring success. In the midst of difficulties of the most appalling kind he kept a clear head and a brave heart. His life was dedicated to the cause, and he pursued the course which his own judgment, aided by wise counselors, suggested.

"He had to shoulder the blame for lack of transportation when there was none to be had; for scarcity of food when it was difficult, if not impossible, to get a day's supply ahead; for scant clothing when there was no material at hand and no way of obtaining it. For whatever sins of omission or commission others were guilty, the blame fell upon his overburdened shoulders, and never did complaint fall from his lips. Literally, day by day for four years, he suffered for the Confederacy—oftentimes misunderstood and more frequently blamed for the faults of others. From beginning to end, however, he had the affection and confidence of the great bulk of those whom he served, and never in the darkest hour did he fail to have the support and advice of the immortal Robert E. Lee. The bond between them was as strong as adamant, and together they will ever live in the hearts of the people of the South. * * *

"This scene testifies to the feelings of those for whom he dared all and suffered all. What is expressed by your actions here to-day is typical of the feelings of Southern people everywhere; and if Mr. Davis were living, his great heart

would swell with pride and gratitude at the manifestation of the love of those who were dearer to him than all else besides.

"Montgomery people sought him out when he was living an obscure life at his Mississippi home, near the Gulf of Mexico, and brought him here to lay the corner stone of the Confederate monument which adorns this Capitol Hill. The heart of the people spoke in the demonstration which followed his appearance here; and if he had any doubt as to how the Southern people felt toward him, it was removed when he witnessed the joy and gladness which the people manifested alternately with shouts and tears. Wherever he went in any Southern State from that day on he witnessed the devotion of a people who loved him because he suffered for them. * * *

"Impartial history will do justice to his memory. With each receding year, when the passions engendered by the mighty conflict of the past have subsided, the purity of his motives, his earnest consecration to duty, and his lofty patriotism and greatness will stand out more clearly defined in the judgment of posterity.

"The storm of hatred, misrepresentation, and slander which swept the country after the close of the Civil War and which selected him as its conspicuous victim failed to affect his self-poise or bring from his lips one word of bitterness. Against him were hurled all the poisoned darts of slander and vituperation, but they fell harmless at his feet. Of him it may be said:

"Like some tall cliff that rears its awful head,

Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm;

Though round its base the rolling clouds may spread,

Eternal sunshine settles on its head.'

"Though he endured all the pangs of defeat, no conquering hero, fresh from triumph or wearing the laurels of victory, ever won so permanent an abiding place in the hearts and affections of his countrymen.

"He was our representative, typical of that magnificent civilization which commenced with Washington and ended with Lee. Brave in battle, with a polish, a culture, a deep learning and honesty of purpose and courage in action, typical of Southern civilization when in its flower, he was justly recognized as one who was born to command.

"If we of to-day can but display in all the arts of peace the same courage, devotion to principle, and patient fortitude which Mr. Davis and his compatriots showed during the long years of weary struggle against overwhelming numbers and resources, we will prove ourselves worthy of our descent from a race of men whose blood freely flowed at honor's call and never stained where it fell.

"We have no words of apology on our lips for him who bore so patiently and bravely the burdens and sorrows of his people. The day, my countrymen, will come when the name of Jefferson Davis will stand in history alongside that of Washington, side by side with Hampton and Sidney, and the other great names of those who fought for constitutional liberty and human rights.

"It has been said that those men who fought the battles of the South believed that they were right. I answer with the younger Lee that they not only believed but knew they were right. Their theories have been justified and sustained in the forum of reason, argument, and debate, and successfully defended by the greatest constitutional lawyers of our age.

"It should be to us to-day a source of congratulation that the right of local self-government and the preservation of the rights of the State for which these men struggled and fought are to-day recognized as essential to the perpetuity of free

government in this republic. The cause for which they contended did not perish."

Gen. George P. Harrison, who presented Governor O'Neal, mentioned the coincidence that from that point he presented his father, Gov. E. A. O'Neal, a quarter of a century before as predecessor to the gifted chief executive of Alabama. Gov. E. A. O'Neal commanded a brigade in the Confederate army.

[Social features, including Confederate ball, in May issue.]

MEETING OF BLUE AND GRAY AT MANASSAS.

Mr. S. H. Bascom (2d Ohio Infantry), of Chicago, is at the head of a movement looking toward the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the first battle of Bull Run. His idea is to have the surviving participants on both sides in the first battle of the great civil strife to gather on that celebrated field July 21, 1911, and form a national organization.

The Cincinnati Enquirer states: "The matter will be brought before the legislatures of the different States asking for an appropriation sufficient to defray the expenses of the reunion. Mr. M. C. Carney, 61st Ohio Infantry, New Lexington, Ohio; W. T. Ackerson, Rahway, N. J.; F. S. Wallace, Chattanooga, Tenn.; and others have written to Mr. Bascom favoring it.

Confederates will learn speedily in these latter days that the men who favor such measures are of the better class of Union veterans, and prompt attention to their requests promises good to the country.

JOHN BROWN A MURDERER.

BY ST. GEORGE TUCKER BROOKE, CHARLESTOWN, W. VA.

I send the VETERAN a copy of a letter from Mahala Doyle. Recently you added proof to the fact that Osawatimie Brown was a murderer in Kansas. The Virginia Magazine of History and Biography began in its April (1902) issue "The Brown Letters. Found in the Virginia State Library in 1901." The following letter is taken from the July (1902) number:

"MAHALA DOYLE TO JOHN BROWN.

"CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Nov. 20, 1859.

"John Brown—Sir: Although vengeance is not mine, I confess that I am gratified to hear that you were stopped in your fiendish career at Harper's Ferry, with the loss of your two sons. You can now appreciate my distress in Kansas, when you entered my house at midnight and arrested my husband and two boys, took them out of the yard and in cold blood shot them dead. This was in my hearing. You can't say you did it to free slaves; we had none and never expected to own one. You made me a disconsolate widow with helpless children. While I feel for your folly, I trust you will meet your just reward. O how it pained my heart to hear the dying groans of my husband and children.

"N. B.—My son, John Doyle, whose life I begged of you, is now grown up and very desirous to be at Charlestown on the day of your execution, that he might adjust the rope around your neck if Governor Wise would permit it. M. DOYLE."

My special incitement to write this letter to the VETERAN is a dispatch to a newspaper, a day or two ago, stating that the House of Representatives of Kansas considered a resolution to erect a statue of John Brown.

KANSAS WILL HONOR JOHN BROWN ANYHOW.

A Topeka special to the Kansas City Star March 4, 1911:

"J. W. Brown, Representative from Butler County, set the Kansas House by the ears to-day by an attack on John Brown when the bill appropriating \$2,800 to preserve the John Brown cabin at Osawatimie and keep up the park surrounding it came up for passage.

"The bill was passed by the Senate several days ago, and was up for final passage in the House. It passed by a good vote, the Democrats generally voting against it. When Representative Brown, who is a Democrat, was called, he voted 'no' and offered the following explanation of his vote: 'If John Brown had consummated his insurrection started at Harper's Ferry, I probably would have died in my youth. John Brown was never in a proper sense a resident of Kansas, nor was he 'Osawatimie Brown,' that appellation in early years having been applied to O. C. Brown, who founded the town of Osawatimie and gave it its name. He never engaged in any legitimate business or employment while here, nor did he aid in any way in the improvement or development of the country. With the instincts of an anarchist and the hand of an assassin, his career in Kansas was one of lawlessness and crime—the one indelible blot on the otherwise fair, free State record. No Kansan desires to appropriate money to perpetuate the name of a Booth, a Guiteau, or a Czolgosz. Neither will I consent to exalt the name of the first anarchist and rebel this country produced.'

"J. J. Veatch, of Washington County, a Republican, also voted against the bill, and offered the following explanation of his vote: 'I am a Republican, and I was a soldier for four years in the Union army. I admire a brave man who with sword in hand will lead his men through shot and shell to the cannon's mouth, but I despise a sneak and a bushwhacker. John Brown allowed his men to sharpen their swords and kill five unarmed men by cutting them to pieces in the presence of their wives and children, and therefore he was guilty of murder. I will not by any vote appropriate a single dollar to honor the memory of a man whom I believe a murderer.'

"As soon as the roll call was completed Davis, of Kiowa, moved that the attacks be expunged from the record, but the motion failed and the attacks stand."

NEW YORK DAYBOOK IN 1859.

Comrade D. C. Black, of Columbus, Ga., sends a clipping from the New York Daybook of 1859 in regard to a lecture at Cooper Institute upon John Brown's Kansas depredations. Pate had been sent with a United States marshal as his assistant to "put him down." The battle of Black Jack was fought. For some reason Pate sent a flag of truce which was accepted by Brown. They met near where Brown had a posse secreted, who made Pate a prisoner, regardless of honor.

Captain Pate verified the most horrid stories that have ever been told of Brown's method in murdering people in Kansas.

BRECKINRIDGE FLAG TO THE 20TH TENNESSEE.—In a personal letter to a friend Comrade James Archer Turpin, of Waterproof, La., writes: "I see in the last issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN that a committee of ladies has been appointed to find the flag presented to Col. Thomas B. Smith's regiment, the 20th Tennessee, in January, 1863, at Tullahoma, Tenn., by Gen. John C. Breckinridge. I was present when this flag was presented and heard the presentation speeches of General Breckinridge and his staff officer, Theo O'Hara. General Breckinridge said the flag was made by the hands of his wife, and in it was a portion of her wedding dress. It was a large, beautiful flag, as I recollect. Colonel Smith in receiving the flag presented to General Breckinridge the old flag which had been borne in many a battle and had been riddled with bullets, and he made a beautiful speech also in receiving the flag. I have kept up with General Smith ever since the war. What a sad fate was his!"

THE OLD BLANDFORD CHURCH AT PETERSBURG.

The Ladies' Memorial Association of Petersburg, Va., was organized in 1866, and the good they have done has made them well known throughout the Southern States. The ladies of this association obtained possession of old Blandford Church when only the walls and roof were intact. They decided to restore the interior and use it for a mortuary chapel and to carry out the idea of a memorial by requesting each Southern State to put in a window in memory of its dead, who lie in sight of the ivy-clad walls of this old church.

To the east of Petersburg stands this historic old church, a fitting sentinel over the graves of more than twenty thousand Confederate soldiers. In full view of the great battlefield around Petersburg, it stood in the line of fire during ten long months, close behind the Confederate intrenchment. Grant's bloody assault in June, 1864, and the fierce repulse of the Federal troops at the explosion of the Crater were near it, and in full view was the brilliant charge of General Gordon's gallant corps upon Fort Stedman, almost the last expiring struggle of the Confederacy.

Virginia and Missouri were the first States to respond to the appeal, and their example was quickly followed by the Washington Artillery of Louisiana.

Mrs. William Hume, Chairman for Tennessee, writes: "Tennessee has a larger number buried there than any other State. She gave 113,000 soldiers out of the 600,000 of the entire army. Is it a wonder, then, that her slain exceed in number those of other States buried around the old church? When this work of placing memorial windows is completed, the chapel will be the most beautiful antique in America. Confederate daughters of the men of that gallant army, can we afford to let other States do more than we? No! I answer for my sister workers. God helping, we will complete this loving duty during this year."

VISITING VIRGINIA BATTLEFIELD.

[R. J. Stoddard, in the Laurensville (S. C.) Herald.]

Two Confederate veterans and a son of one of them boarded the Seaboard train at Clinton in October to visit some of the battlefields in Virginia. A drive of twelve miles from Fredericksburg brought us to Spottsylvania C. H., near which place McGowan's Brigade, with others, fought for many long, weary hours in the Angle on May 12, 1864. This is where Grant tried in vain to turn General Lee's left wing. The breastworks are still standing, and the traverse points are plainly discernible. Many scars remain of that struggle.

The graves of some of our boys can still be found. One of these has a stone at the head marked "J. P.," and I feel sure that it is the grave of John Pearson, of Company E, 14th South Carolina Volunteers.

We traced the lines at Fredericksburg where Sumner, Hooker, and Franklin tried to break the lines of Longstreet and Jackson. The Marye house and surroundings show plainly the scars of the conflict. A portion of the stone wall that was occupied by Cobb's Brigade is still standing, and a stone placed near this wall marks the spot where General Cobb fell. The cottage is still there, and the door shutter can be seen through which the shell passed that is said to have struck him down. A national cemetery occupies the heights to the

right of the Marye house, extending to Hazel Run, where we were informed that over twelve thousand of the enemy's troops were buried.

Returning to Richmond, we went down to Seven Pines, passed over a portion of the Savage Station battlefields, crossed the Chickahominy at the grapevine bridge to Cold Harbor and Gains's Mill. Here the writer (a member of Captain Brown's company, E, 14th South Carolina Volunteers) first heard the zip, zip of the Minie balls June 27, 1862. Previous to this time, however, we had become somewhat accustomed to the booming cannon and bursting shell. The old mill was burned down later and rebuilt after the war, but it is now running. The morning after this battle Lieut. Col. W. D. Simpson, being in command of the 14th Regiment, Colonel McGowan having been wounded, walked over the field in our front and, returning to our lines, said: "O, the horrible sight out there in front! I believe I could walk all over two acres of ground, making every step on the dead body of an enemy." They were of Porter's Corps. In 1864 their bones lay bleaching on this field when we confronted Grant at this point.

We viewed the Crater at Petersburg. The line of the underground tunnel for about five hundred yards is easily traced; also the zigzag ditch used by our pickets to and from the rifle pits. After the explosion on July 30, 1864, a continual fusillade of shot and shell was kept on this part of our lines until they were broken on April 2, 1865. The cemetery around old Blandford Church shows the marks left on the grave-stones by shot and shell from Grant's batteries. Beautiful memorial windows have been placed in the church by most of the Southern States.

Old Fort Gregg still stands near the Jerusalem plank road toward Dinwiddie courthouse. Here on April 2, 1865, two hundred and fifty men commanded by Colonel Duncan, of Harris's Mississippi Brigade, and two hundred from the 14th South Carolina Volunteers repulsed the triple lines of the enemy, several thousand, three times and held the fort until our ammunition was exhausted. Then came surrender and prison life at Point Lookout.

The battlefield of Jones's Farm, the last place occupied by McGowan's Brigade as winter quarters, can still be located from the ramparts of this fort.



THE TENNESSEE WINDOW.

A ten-mile ride by rail brought us to City Point, where the winter quarters of Grant's adjutant general still stands, yet very much decayed. A fine view of the James and the mouth of the Appomattox Rivers can be had here.

Boarding the good boat Pocahontas on its way from Richmond, we caught glimpses of many historic localities: Fortress Monroe, Old Jamestown, and the place where the Merrimac created consternation among the enemy's fleet; also the old Randolph home, where, I was told, General Washington's courtship with Mary Randolph ended in disappointment to the General then and possibly regret to Mary later. He, however, found consolation with the charming widow Custis.

MONIES HELD AT CLOSE OF THE WAR.

BROOKLYN EAGLE ON R. T. WILSON.

When the Southern Confederacy fell, it fell. Like the one-horse shay, it went all to pieces, just as bubbles do when they burst. Well, when the Confederacy thus collapsed, it had money secured through its agents for cotton stored abroad. The cotton had run the blockade. The money ran the blockade back to the South, and it was received by the agent who had retransmitted it frequently to the Richmond government.

At the very last there was no Richmond government and no Confederacy. The last installment of money for cotton was received after the Confederate government had ceased to be. It could not be returned to a government that had ceased to exist and whose officers were fugitives. The agent who received that last installment did not feel like handing it over to the United States government. The latter did not know the agent existed. It could, therefore, make no claim on him.

He just retained the money. There were none to whom it belonged here and none who claimed it. The man kept it, came North, invested it, made more money with it, and became one of the richest and most influential business men in New York, dying a multi-millionaire, respected, unimpeachable, and allied through the marriages of his children with some of the most distinguished families in the United States and Great Britain. This ex-Confederate agent and subsequent metropolitan multi-millionaire became one of the most liberal supporters of charity, education, and religion. What he gave away a hundred times exceeded what events laid in his lap.

We incidentally announce the death of Richard T. Wilson, at 511 Fifth Avenue, Manhattan. And there were others who were alike fortunate.

DEGREES BY UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Readers of the VETERAN will be interested in the recent action of the board of trustees of the University of North Carolina in voting to confer the degree of A.B., as of their class, upon all students of the university who during the period from 1861 to 1865 withdrew to enter upon military or naval service in the Civil War. At the coming commencement, therefore, the degree will be conferred upon all who are found of those who left Chapel Hill to serve their country. Many of them died gallantly on the battlefield, more have since been called hence; but a number still remain, and the university hopes that these whom she delights to honor will all be present to receive their degrees.

The record of the University of North Carolina alumni in the war is a proud one. Of the 2,403 alumni of military age possibly alive in 1861—and many were without doubt dead—1,078 are known to have been in the Confederate service. Of the 1,331 matriculates between 1850 and 1861, 759, or fifty-six

per cent, were in the army or navy. The total number of those known to have died in service is 312. All of these figures are incomplete, and it is thought that the number in service was much greater.

It is very desirable that the university should communicate at once with those who are entitled to receive the degree, and readers of the VETERAN are earnestly requested to assist as much as possible. Information is desired of the present address if living, the record and date of death if dead, of the following, whose last address in possession of the University of North Carolina is also given. All communications should be addressed to J. G. de Rouillac Hamilton, Alumni Professor of History, who, in behalf of the university, assures those giving assistance of gratitude for their efforts.

CORRECTED LIST.

The University of North Carolina is unable to communicate with the following alumni for lack of their correct addresses. Will you be good enough to look over the list and assist us in locating them or obtaining some information in regard to them? Address all communications to J. G. de Rouillac Hamilton, Chapel Hill, N. C.

Class of 1861: Pleasant B. Clark, Jefferson, Tex.; Edward C. Easterling, Georgetown, S. C.

Class of 1862: Thomas J. Burke, Barbour County, Ala.; Isaac W. Clark, Coffeetown, Tex.; Thomas W. Hardeman, Matagorda, Tex.; Samuel Snow, 7 Wall Street, New York.

Class of 1863: S. Wallace Beery, Florence, Ga.; William A. Brown, Grenada, Miss.; G. Ferdinand Farrow, Memphis, Tenn.; Thomas J. Lanier, Quincy, Fla.; Josiah F. Mathews, Greenville, Tex.; John H. Parsons, Jefferson, Tex.; George H. Williamson, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Class of 1864: F. Edgeworth Eve, Appling, Ga.; Edwin H. Cobbs, Pittsylvania County, Va.; Henry A. Gordon, Person County, N. C.; Edward L. Jeffreys, Wake County, N. C.; James C. Jones, Madison Parish, La.; Augustus Powell, Coahoma, Miss.; William T. Riggs, De Soto Parish, La.; E. Douglas Sandford, Houston, Tex.; Thomas P. Savage, Nansemond County, Va.; Ambrose H. Sevier, Lowesville, Ark.; William M. Sneed, Memphis, Tenn.; Mungo T. Purnell, Grenada, Miss.

Class of 1865: Rev. William H. Call, Winton, N. C.; James P. Carson, Charleston, S. C.; A. Branson Howard, Bethany, N. C.; Richard H. Sims, Brunswick County, Va.; Washington Thomas, Washington, N. C.

Class of 1866: David H. Edwards, Green County, Ark.; George B. Simral, Woodville, Miss.; John W. Land, Whitakers, N. C.

Class of 1867: Onslow Regan, Robeson County, N. C.

Class of 1868: Colin W. Hawkins, Raleigh, N. C.; Charles E. Watson, Meridian, Miss.

Mr. Weed Marshall, of Mayfield, Mo., who went through the war in the Trans-Mississippi Department, wants to know the burial place of Col. Upton Hays, and if it is being properly cared for. He was in the fight at Newtonia when Colonel Hays was killed, but went on with the command, and will appreciate any information from surviving comrades as to his burial. Colonel Hays was an officer of Shelby's Brigade, 7th Regiment, and was succeeded by Col. David Shanks.

Mrs. T. P. Walton, of Slate Springs, Miss., desires to hear from some comrades of her husband, Thomas P. Walton, who served in Company E, 7th Kentucky Regiment. Response to this will be appreciated.

A CAVALRY COMPANY OF GIRLS.

BY W. G. ALLEN, DAYTON, TENN.

In the early summer of 1862 there were three companies stationed along the foot of Walden's Ridge, in Tennessee Valley, from Sale Creek to Emory Gap, drilling and doing picket duty, sometimes making scouts into Scott County to watch the enemy. One of these companies had been organized by Capt. W. T. Gass in August, 1861, another by Capt. Bert Lenty in April, 1862, and the third by Capt. W. T. Darwin in May, 1862. In the summer of 1862 some twenty young ladies of Rhea County agreed to meet at certain points in that county and go in squads to visit one of these companies, where some of them had fathers, brothers, or sweethearts. In a spirit of fun they organized a cavalry company by electing Miss Mary McDonald captain and Miss Jennie Hoyal, Miss O. J. Locke, Miss R. T. Thomison as lieutenants. The members of the company were Misses Kate Hoyal, Barbara F. Allen, Jane Keith, Mary Keith, Sallie Mitchell, Caroline McDonald, Jane Paine, Mary Robertson, Mary Paine, Mary Crawford, Anne Myers, Mary Ann McDonald, and Martha Early. This group would meet at certain places and make visits to the companies, taking knickknacks and such wearing apparel as the soldiers needed.



MISS BARBARA F. ALLEN.

After the Federals had occupied the valley in 1863, reducing the women and children to starvation, one John P. Walker came out of his hiding place and gathered about him deserters and army stragglers, organized a cavalry company, and attached it to the 5th Tennessee, known as Colonel Goon's "Hogback" Regiment of Cavalry. After robbing the citizens from the time General Rosecrans occupied Chattanooga in 1863 until April, 1864, Captain Walker concluded he would crush the "rebellion." So on the 5th of April, 1865, he ordered Lieut. W. B. Gothard to arrest each of these dangerous young ladies living north of Squire Thomison's, which was two miles south of Washington, and to be at that place by twelve o'clock on April 6. The same notice was given for those living southeast of Dunwoody's Mill, on Richland Creek, as well as those living north of Smith's Crossroads.

Lieutenant Gothard, with a mounted guard, marched seven of the young ladies afoot from Thomison's five miles to Smith's Crossroads, where six more of the girls were added, making thirteen. They were then marched to Bell's Landing, on the Tennessee River. It was dark and muddy, and the girls marched before a mounted guard through water and mud in the dark, often in mud over their shoe tops. When near Bell's Landing the squad of three from Dunwoody's joined them, and the sixteen were marched to Bell's Landing and held on the river bank until the old boat known as the "Chicken Thief" came. They were then ordered on board this boat, which was used by the government for shipping hay, hogs, and cattle, and what else could be found or taken from any one who was fortunate enough to have anything left. The old boat had no cabin, but there was a place called the

"dining room," and from this the table was moved out and the sixteen girls placed therein, with a guard at each door.

The girls were worn out. Some of them had walked ten or twelve miles, and none less than six. They were exhausted, and soon lay down in rows on the floor. On arriving at Chattanooga they were marched up Market Street to the corner of Seventh to the office of the provost marshal, named Brayton. General Steadman's adjutant, S. B. Moe, sent for the General, who came in and looked at the girls. After he heard Captain Walker's tale, he gave him a severe reprimand and directed his adjutant to take them to the Central House, have the best meal possible prepared for them, then take them back to the old boat and have Captain Wilds, who was in charge, carry them back to their starting place. After being refreshed by this meal, they went with Adjutant Moe to the boat, on which they had the same accommodations as before—no beds, no chairs, no guards. While waiting for the boat to start they heard that General Lee had surrendered. This was sad news to them, as many had relatives with Lee and Johnston.

General Steadman ordered Captain Walker to take the girls back to their homes, but he paid no attention to the order. The girls were glad he did not, and they got home as best they could. Not one of the girls was over twenty-two years of age, and most of them were sixteen and eighteen. They belonged to the best families of Rhea County, and had been reared by parents who took great pride in them. Forty-six years have passed since then, and with the passing of time all have crossed over the river except Mary McDonald, Mary Ann McDonald, and R. T. Thomison.

Barbara Frances Allen, a member of the company, had a father in prison, three brothers with General Lee, and one with Gen. J. E. Johnston. She was eighteen years old when she took the oath of allegiance.



MISS R. T. THOMISON.

Miss R. T. Thomison, third lieutenant of the company, had a brother wounded at Shiloh, a brother killed at Chickamauga, and another brother with General Lee. She was seventeen.

[This vivid description of conditions at the time should be known by the girls of this generation.]

WOMEN OF THE SOUTH TO BE HONORED.

BY COL. J. P. HICKMAN, NASHVILLE, CHAIRMAN FOR
TENNESSEE AND SECRETARY GENERAL COMMITTEE.

Monuments to the women of the South are to be erected in all of the Southern States. The State of Tennessee has appropriated \$6,000 for one on the Capitol grounds at Nashville, but it is desired to raise \$8,500 additional, and the following appeal has been issued to the people of Tennessee:

"In the War between the States the Confederate soldiers in bivouac, on the march, or in battle did not suffer more than did the women of the South. The whole South is dotted over with monuments commemorating the chivalry, the heroism, the sacrifice, and the devotion to duty of the Confederate soldier. Then why not build monuments to the women of the South, who were the mothers, daughters, wives, sisters, and sweethearts of those Confederate soldiers?"

"With this object in view, the United Confederate Veterans appointed a committee, consisting of one member from each of the Confederate States. This committee met in Atlanta, Ga., on December 29, 1909, and organized. It then determined that there should be built in the Capitol grounds of each of the seceding States (and elsewhere if desired) a monument to the women of the South, commemorating their love, their devotion, and their sacrifice for the South and for the Confederate soldier. This committee then selected for this monument a design by Miss Belle Kinney, of Nashville, Tenn. This design represents a wounded and dying Confederate soldier supported by Fame. Just as his spirit takes its flight to his God a typical Southern woman crowns the soldier with laurels, and it is then that Fame crowns the woman for her patriotism and devotion. The Legislature of Tennessee at its 1909 session provided a location on Capitol Hill for the monument and appropriated \$6,000 for the pedestal. The people of Tennessee are now called upon to raise \$8,500, and this, with the State's appropriation, will erect upon the Capitol Hill a typical, appropriate, and handsome monument to the women of the South.

"The Tennessee Division of Confederate Soldiers at their convention in Clarksville, Tenn., on October 13, 1909, appointed the following subcommittees to assist the chairman in raising this money:

"East Tennessee: John I. Cox, Bristol; John M. Brooks, Knoxville; F. A. Shotwell, Rogersville.

"Middle Tennessee: Baxter Smith, Leland Hume, J. R. Sadler, Nashville.

"West Tennessee: C. B. Simonton, Covington; J. N. Rainey, R. H. Lake, Memphis.

"The time has arrived when this money must be raised, and we call upon the people of Tennessee to subscribe to this worthy and noble object. Any subscription made to either of the subcommittees or the chairman will be properly credited, and the subscription will be published. We beg you to act without delay."

MEDALS FOR TRUE HISTORY IN TENNESSEE.

Mrs. Owen Walker, Historian of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., in a talk at a recent historical meeting of Nashville Chapter No. 1 on the importance of the study of Southern history and literature in our public schools outlined a plan by which she hopes to enlist a wide-spread and active interest in the subject both in all U. D. C. Chapters and in the schools. The plan is as follows:

Each Chapter is to offer an annual prize for the best essay written by any pupil of the public high schools in the county in

which the Chapter is located. Chapters are, of course, free to extend their offer to other counties where there are no U. D. C. Chapters if they so desire. This would be an excellent idea where there are a number of Chapters in one county and adjoining counties which have no Chapters.

The prize offered by each Chapter is to be a handsome set of books carefully chosen from the works of the best Southern authors. Thus each Chapter will be disseminating Southern history and literature, while stimulating an interest in its study.

The prize essays only are to be sent to the Division Historian, who will have them judged for a Division medal. The verdict as to the Division medal is to be announced at the annual convention of the Division; and if the writer is present, the medal will be awarded and the essay read before the convention.

The History Committee will select the subject for these essays and judges for the prize essays. Mrs. Walker also recommends that each Chapter form a strong History Committee, with its Historian as chairman, to examine supplementary and reference books on history in public school libraries and the children's department of public libraries in its own community and county, who shall recommend to the proper authorities the elimination of any books inculcating false history, and who shall further recommend to the same authorities a list of books on Southern history and literature suitable for use in such libraries. This list will be furnished to each Chapter Historian by the Division Historian after approval by the History Committee and the President of the Division. The best authorities will be consulted in making up the list.

In presenting her plan Mrs. Walker spoke of the lamentable fact that the Southern side of American history has been persistently ignored or falsified, and urged that the South should be given its proper historical status; that only true history be taught. She said that educators are paying more attention than formerly to the study of history and consider it of great value, and that the public schools now offer an excellent history course. She emphasized the assertion that history is no longer taught by text-books alone, but history and literature are carried along together, illustrating and supplementing each other in a way that greatly enhances the value and interest of both. She pointed out the ethical value of these studies, their influence on manners and morals, their power of inspiring high ideals, emphasizing the peculiar fitness of Southern history and literature for this purpose. She spoke with pride and gratitude of the recent impetus given the cause of general education in Tennessee.

"NEGRO FIELD HANDS DOOMED."—Under this heading the Vicksburg Herald tells a story of a cotton picker, and quotes an operator who regards it as "the real thing," and comments: "There have been so many like claims in the past, of 'machines that pick cotton at last,' that any repetition will be looked upon with distrust." This comment recalls a good story told the writer by Rev. M. B. DeWitt, one of the most efficient and beloved chaplains in the Army of Tennessee. A few years after the war, while Dr. DeWitt was pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Huntsville, Ala., the "trial of a sulky plow" was made in the vicinity. There was a large attendance to witness the test, which was very satisfactory. Two old da kies were in conference about it, and one asked the other: "Did you ever think it would come to dat?" "Yes," replied his companion; "I knowed dat when de white man had to plow he'd ride."

TRIALS WITH GEN. JOHN H. MORGAN.

[Concluding chapter from the "Memoirs" of John Allan Wyeth, M.D., LL.D., with Gen. John H. Morgan's cavalry in 1862-63. The other chapter was in the March issue.]

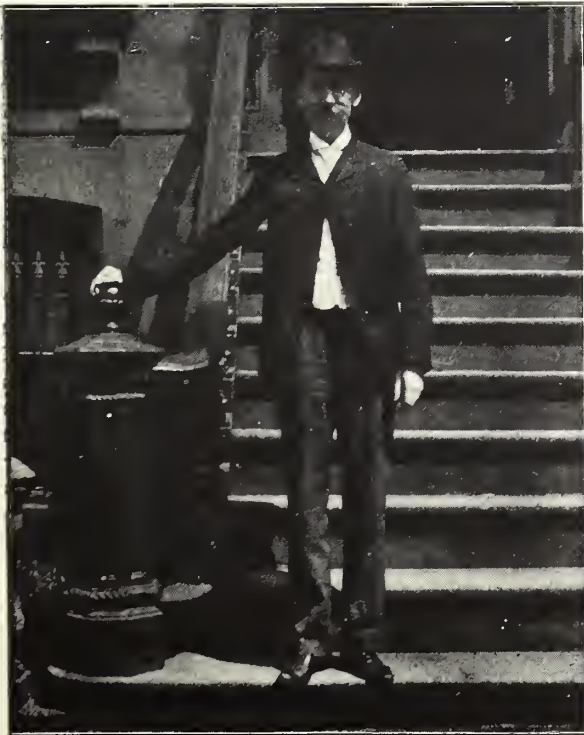
On December 28 we were up and away early, bound for the two great trestles on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad at Muldraugh's Hill, the destruction of which was the most important object of the expedition. They were each from sixty to seventy-five feet high, seemingly six or seven hundred feet in length, and constructed then entirely of wooden beams, or "bents," superimposed one upon another until the required height was reached. They were deemed of such importance that two strong wooden stockades or forts had been built, and were then garrisoned by an Indiana regiment (I think the 47th Infantry). Dividing his command, Morgan assailed both strongholds at the same time, the artillery doing most of the execution. In less than two hours the two garrisons of seven hundred men were prisoners. This was the second time that Morgan had captured this regiment, and he had Ellsworth take the wire and telegraph Governor Morton, of Indiana, that he would "thank him to send the oilcloths and overcoats next time and save him the trouble of making out paroles." I made two valuable acquisitions to my military outfit as my part of the booty: one a very serviceable oilcloth which did good duty for many a wet day and night, the other a splendid new Enfield rifle, with which gun the Union regiment had recently been equipped. It and its former owner were my first personal captures, and for the unwarlike and almost absurd features of this incident I relate it.

When our shells had made it too hot for the Hoosiers to stay inside the stockade, and before the formal surrender was made, some of them, hoping to escape, ran out and hid behind logs and in the underbrush of the near-by woods. When the white flag went up, General Morgan, who was with our company, led the way, all of us on foot, practically sliding down

the steep hillside. I was so close to him that once in the descent when my feet slipped from under me I nearly slid between his legs. The first thing I told my mother in describing the incidents of this trip was this, and I remember how proud I was to be so close to Morgan, at that time the most famous cavalry leader of the Western Army. When we reached the stockade, we were ordered to scour the woods for fugitives. About two or three hundred yards from the fort I came upon a stripling, who, hearing me approach, jumped up from behind the trunk of a fallen tree and held up one hand in token of surrender. As no one else was immediately at hand, I took his gun (Enfield) and accouterments. He seemed no older than myself, a good-looking lad with "peach-down cheeks" which had tears trickling over them. His crying quickly aroused my sympathy, and I tried to reassure him by saying: "Don't be afraid; nobody shall harm you. You'll be paroled now and can go home." At this he sobbed out: "I've got a good mother at home; and if I ever get back, I'll never leave her again." By this time my own feelings were getting the best of me; and when he mentioned his mother, the thought of my own (even to this day, though long ago dead), never long out of my mind, overwhelmed me, and I began to cry too, telling him that I had a good mother too and doing my best to comfort the poor fellow. All this occurred as we were walking side by side back to the stockade, my war spirit no little dampened, and the pride of my capture about lost in the sympathy for the captive. How often I have recalled to mind this "Comedy of Two Bloodthirsty Warriors!"

For the next few hours we were hard at work gathering wood, fence rails, lumber from the shanties which had sheltered the garrison, and anything combustible, which we piled about the bases of the trestle timbers, and it was dark when we began to light the fires. The destruction of this immense network of timber made the most brilliant display of fireworks I have ever seen. The wood was well seasoned and dry, for it had rained only once (and that a light drizzle which lasted a few hours) since we left Tennessee, and not for some time before. The flames climbed swiftly along the timbers, until every upright and crosspiece was blazing in outline, more vividly defined than if it had been strung with Chinese lanterns. When at last they were burned through, the flaming beams began to fall, and as the whole structure came down the heavens were brilliant with the column of sparks which shot skyward, "a pillar of fire by night" not unlike the display I since witnessed near the crater at Vesuvius.

Late in the night we reached Rolling Fork River, on the Bardstown Road, and there, tired and weary, we bivouacked until daybreak. Up to this time we had had a picnic, and sang with feeling and faith that gay chant of the mounted man, "If You Want to Have a Good Time, Join the Cavalry," but in more senses than one the clouds were gathering. The celestial storm held off for twenty-four hours, but the storm terrestrial broke early that morning, for a strong body of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, under the command of Col. John M. Harlan (later General and still later Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States) and officially reported by him as two thousand nine hundred effectives [his official report shows that he had in his own brigade at the time five regiments of infantry and Southwick's Battery. To these were added the 14th Kentucky Infantry and 12th Cavalry, "Official Records," Volume XX., Part I, pp. 137 and 138], came up with our rear guard and opened a brisk and very accurate fire with artillery. With the exception of some five hundred men, including Quirk's company and Cluke's Regi-



DR. JOHN ALLAN WYETH IN 1901.

(At his private hospital when the Editor was a patient.)

ment, which had been sent on a fruitless effort to destroy the railroad bridge over the Rolling Fork, and which was then several miles away, all of Morgan's command had crossed the river and were out of reach on the way to Bardstown. Colonel Duke, in the hope of holding the enemy at bay until Cluke could extricate himself quickly, recrossed to our side, took command, and with his wonted boldness assailed the advancing Federals. The attack was so savage and so vigorously sustained by this handful of men that Colonel Harlan hesitated to press his great advantage. Cluke, hearing the racket, hurried to the fight and lined up with Duke's troopers.

Despite this reinforcement, with a river right in our rear, the crossing of which was difficult, our position was precarious. We were all apprehensive that the "bluff" our colonel was putting up might be called and before the order which he had just given to cross as quickly as possible could be carried out. The greater portion of the men had been withdrawn under cover of an active skirmish line, when Colonel Duke was severely wounded and rendered immediately unconscious. He was only a few yards from our company and very near the bank of the river where the horses of the dismounted skirmishers were being held. A well-aimed shrapnel exploded right among the horses, killing several animals. A fragment struck Duke on the head, and he fell unconscious. I had no doubt that he had been instantly killed. With this disaster no time could be lost in getting away. Quirk and others of the scouts hurried to the fallen man, to whom every soldier in the command was devotedly attached. Our captain had the limp form placed astride the pommel of the saddle in which he was seated, and with one arm around his chest plunged into the river. Quirk and Duke were both small in size and of light weight, and the captain's horse, a powerful, large bay, carried his double load safely across. The water was not quite swimming deep, but in the deepest places came high enough on the saddle skirts to wet the feet and legs of those who did not ride on their knees. No horse ever forded a stream with more clean grit on his back than this noble thoroughbred carried on this occasion. The skirmishers came running in, mounted their horses, and every Confederate on the south bank hurried over.

Had the Federal commander pushed his advantage in this crisis and swept down on us with his greatly superior numbers, we must have lost heavily. As it was, we did not lose a man. A carriage was impressed, filled with soft bedding, and in this our unconscious colonel was placed and carried safely along with the command. [Gen. Basil W. Duke still survives at this date, December, 1910.] Our other wounded rode out on their horses.

The Federal colonel reports his losses as three killed and one wounded, and says the citizens told him we "had thrown our dead in the river." The truth is no one was killed on our side, and, besides Duke, our other two were not seriously wounded. As we were crossing the stream I saw Captain Pendleton, of the 8th Kentucky, who had an ugly laceration of the hand. While holding his pistol a Minie ball struck the handle of the weapon and shattered it, driving the pieces into the palm. The Union commander explained his cautious advance by saying that he knew "Morgan had a larger force than I." ["Official Records," Volume XX., Part I., p. 139.] A careful study of the records makes it clear that Colonel Harlan had on the ground and in action fully three times as many men as Duke. As already given, two-thirds of Morgan's troops had crossed the river earlier in the day and were well on the march toward Bardstown. From the time he entered

Kentucky the famous raider had caused to be circulated by wire and by every other means exaggerated reports of his strength [in the "Official Records," Volume XX., Part I., p. 147, he is reported to have had eleven thousand men], and this ruse now served him well, for he was beset on every side by detachments hurried forward to prevent his escape.

After a strenuous day, for Quirk was ordered to ride through the command and take the lead, we reached Bardstown at dusk. The scouts were half an hour ahead of the column and as we rode along the street to quarter ourselves and horses in the best livery stable we noticed a big store still open for business and well supplied with general merchandise. After unsaddling and feeding our tired horses, Lieutenant Brady and I walked over to make some purchases and surprised the proprietor by offering Confederate money. He had seen us or heard our horses as we marched by, but supposed we belonged to the army that paid for things in current greenbacks. We noticed his disinclination to let us have what we wanted; but Brady told him that, as we needed the articles and had no other than Confederate money, which the Lieutenant asserted was as good as United States currency, he could take that or nothing, and he took it. A pair of boots and spurs and long yellow gauntlets were my most distinctly remembered acquisitions. The proprietor closed his store as soon as he could on the plea of going to his supper. That night my comrade and I slept on our blankets in the stable loft. Every man was required to stay close to his horse, as the enemy were threatening us on all sides.

The next morning (December 30) others of our command, attracted by the splendor of our newly purchased apparel, sent a messenger to the residence of the proprietor requesting him to open his store early, as there were a lot of customers who had to leave town soon. Word was sent back that he had gone to the country and had taken the key with him, and the store could not be opened until his return. At this announcement a crowd of at least a hundred men broke down the doors, swarmed in, and helped themselves to everything in sight. Those first in soon began to emerge with all they could carry; not without difficulty, however, for there was a surging crowd pressing to get in before everything was gone. I laughed to see one trooper who induced the others to let him out by holding an ax in front of him, the cutting edge forward, his arm clasping a bundle of at least a dozen pairs of shoes, with other plunder, and on his head a pyramid of eight or ten soft hats, one telescoped into the other just as they came out of the packing box. Within a short half hour nothing was left inside but the shelves and counters, for in the riot of this uncontrolled desire to plunder these men took piles of stuff they could not possibly use. This was the first act of plundering I had witnessed, and it is needless to say that my Presbyterian notions of the differentiation between *meum* and *tuum* received a rude shock. I am sorry to have to confess that familiarity with war-time lawlessness gradually dulled this finer sense; and I, charging it up in my conscience to necessity, since the government could not provide for us, fell from my high estate and became too a forager. Much in war is ennobling, but much more tends to degradation.

It was still clear and yet colder than we had thus far experienced as we rode out of Bardstown that December morning in the direction of Springfield. Our spirits were high, for everything had thus far gone our way; and a short distance out of town as we passed a Catholic institution (I think it was a home of the Trappist Brotherhood) Lieutenant Brady told us that one of the brothers, who under his vows was

either now living or had lived within this home, was the author of the poem "Lorena," which had been set to music and was then very popular, and with his rich voice he sang it loud enough to have been heard by the inmates. It was the old, old story of two mortals who had met and loved and parted, he to bury himself in a monastery, while she could never be his and under no circumstances happy. No one could forget the song who heard it sung by this handsome son of Erin:

"The years creep slowly by, Lorena,
The snow is on the grass again;
The sun's low down the sky, Lorena,
The frost gleams where the flowers have been.

The heart beats on as warmly now
As when the summer days were nigh;
The sun can never dip so low
Adown affection's cloudless sky."

It was fortunate that we derived the pleasure we did from "Lorena" and "Bonnie Mary of Argyle" and other gems in the Irishman's repertoire thus early in the day, for by noon the elements and the Yankees combined to rob us of all peace of mind or body and to knock romance and poetry and song sky high for many a weary hour. Had we foreseen what we were going into and through from Bardstown on as we rode so gayly by our Trappist Brothers' home, the voice of the minstrel would have been stilled, or else he would have given us "On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand" instead of "Lorena." About midday the sun went down, and the heavens were hung with black, and a chilling, fine, slow-falling rain set in which, as the thermometer fell, turned into sleet and snow.

Reaching Springfield in the gloom of the evening, Captain Quirk was ordered to keep on to the suburbs of Lebanon, some eight miles farther, where a large detachment of Union soldiers had been gathered to gobble up the great raider and his "horse thieves." Quirk was told to drive in the pickets and build fires for as long a line on that side of the town as possible in order to give the enemy the impression that we were up in force and were only awaiting daylight to attack. It is not necessary to add that he carried out his orders faithfully. We thought he overdid it, and so did the Yankees, for they made great preparations, sat up all night, and were ready. We were kept busy piling fence rails and making fires late in the night, but were not allowed to stay long enough by any one fire to warm ourselves; for while we were thus engaged our wily general was leading his men along a narrow and not much used country road which left Lebanon some two miles to the left and passed around it.

Having done our work, we caught up with the column and were detailed as the rear guard through that awful night. Between the bitter, penetrating cold, the fatigue, the overwhelming desire to sleep, so difficult to overcome, and under the conditions we were experiencing, so fatal if yielded to, the numerous halts to get the artillery out of bad places in the muddy road (for the men had to dismount and put their shoulders to the wheels), the almost impenetrable darkness, and the inevitable confusion which attends the moving of troops along a narrow and bad roadway, we put in a night of misery never to be forgotten. I remember passing a small cabin near the roadside and seeing the gleam of the fire from the hearth through the crack under the door, and I felt then as if I would give everything I had in this world or any hope for another just for the privilege of lying down in front of that blaze and going to sleep.

One of our chief duties toward morning was to keep each

other awake and to let no man fall out by the way. Could we have moved on continuously, it would not have been so wearisome and painful; but the frequent halts of from five minutes to half an hour became almost unbearable. The sleet pelted us unmercifully and covered our oilcloths with a coating of ice. Finally I became so numb that I could not hold my gun, and somewhere in the darkness it dropped from my hands and was lost. It was the fine Enfield rifle I took from the lad at the Muldraugh's Hill fight, too long in the barrel and too heavy and clumsy for cavalry, but one of the best guns of that day for a man on foot. If I had had a sling for strapping it to my saddle, it could have been carried securely. (Forty years after this experience my friend, Mr. McChord, of Danville, Ky., who was studying with me at the Polyclinic, told me that the night Morgan's men rode around Lebanon they passed by his father's farm, and the next morning he picked up in the road a beautiful new Enfield rifle. When he narrated this to me, while he knew I had served with Morgan, he did not know I had lost my gun that night and at that place.) Time and time again I dismounted and, holding on to the stirrup leather, trudged along on foot or was pulled by my faithful Fanny through the slush and snow to keep from freezing. As we were in the rear of the column, the condition of the road may be imagined after the hoofs of three thousand five hundred horses had chopped it up. Several times in the night the enemy were reported as following right on our heels; but if they were, they never got in striking distance. The chances are that the blizzard which raged that night kept them close to shelter and saved us from disaster.

Daylight found us south of Lebanon, out of the immediate danger with which we were threatened; but we kept on, for a heavy column was reported moving from Mumfordsville and Glasgow to intercept us at Columbia or Burkesville. We stopped about twelve o'clock noon for an hour to feed and rest horses and men, and then rode to Campbellsville, where we arrived at dark, having been thirty-six hours in the saddle since leaving Bardstown. After crossing the Rolling Fork, horse details scoured the country in the line of march for extra mounts, which were impressed and led out for the army. Lieutenant Brady secured and gave me a stocky roan, and by the time we crossed the Tennessee border every man in my company was leading an extra horse. At Campbellsville we captured a large lot of supplies, and from an enthusiastic merchant who believed in the ultimate success of the Southern Confederacy I bought, among other things, a bolt of calico (enough to make a dress each for my mother and two sisters) and a box of pins. Both of these articles of commerce had gone out of existence in the South, and the pins were especially valuable. All my acquisitions were packed on my led horse. We rested eight hours of this night, and early on New Year's day, 1863, were off southward, reaching Columbia late in the afternoon, and then on the whole bitter cold night through, without stopping until we passed through Burkesville early on January 2, when we again stopped to feed and rest.

Since leaving Bardstown we had been battling with the Yankees and the elements for seventy-two hours, and in the saddle all this time with the exception of nine hours. The independent scout had not yet "seen the army," but he was getting acquainted with Mars. Gen. Basil W. Duke in his "History of Morgan's Cavalry" says: "It is common to hear men who served in Morgan's Cavalry through all its career of trial and hardship refer to this night march around Lebanon as the most trying scene of their entire experience." All through that night this brave soldier (luckily for him that he was still

unconscious from the wound received at Rolling Fork) was being tenderly watched in the improvised ambulance which was bearing him along with the men who loved him back to Dixie.

I never appreciated General Morgan's great ability as a soldier until I studied the official reports of the various Federal commanders who were trying to destroy him at this time. He was beset on all sides by detachments outnumbering him four to one. Nothing saved him but the genius of leadership which divined the plans and movements of the enemy in time to elude him and the devotion of the men who followed his fortunes and believed in him implicitly. I wonder now that after having succeeded in the object of his expedition which culminated in the destruction of the Muldraugh's Hill trestles he did not turn on Colonel Harlan and capture or scatter his command. He could have done this readily and been free to retrace at leisure his steps to Glasgow and Tennessee.

By the end of the first week in January the scouts reached Liberty, Tenn., where we were quartered for picket duty. While we were away the great battle of Murfreesboro had been fought, and Bragg had fallen back to Tullahoma. About January 15 Lieutenant Brady relieved himself of his charge by dispatching me home. Near the close of the second day on my return trip I very unexpectedly met my dear father, who on horseback was on his way to find out what had become of his son, and the next day my mother's anxiety and distress were relieved by the return of the prodigal.

LET IT BE PERPETUAL, YEA, ENDURE FOREVER.

BY NANNIE NUTT.

To Richmond, still the Mecca of our hearts,
Guarding proud memories by the historic James,
Turn we to-day in reverence and in love
From the far bounds of the united South;
From where the Gulf is gladdened by a ray
Flashed from the crescent diadem that crowns
Father of Waters with historic light
(For here, a second time on Southern soil,
Gave we in trumpet tones of victory
A final answer unto England's claims);
From where the Tropic, prodigal of wealth,
Showers her bounty in the outstretched hands
Of one forever fair beneath the spell
Of endless summer;
From where the star of Texas regnant shines,
O'er mountains wild, vast plains, and ocean wave,
Come we and kneel before our uncrowned queen,
Most regal still with memories august,
That, like a purple pall,
Shut out all fear of Fate's vicissitudes.

Her empire is the glory of her sons;
Therefore 'tis meet we place within her hands
The sculptured urn which holds their mortal dust
And crystallizes their immortal deeds
In marble memories of inspired art.
That glory like an aureole lights her brow
In such apotheosis prouder still
Than when the sovereign States placed on her head
The nation's diadem.
Defeat can tarnish not her lustrous past,
Nor blight the garlands that her heroes won
On fields where Fame to Valor gave the palm—
Immortal palms above the reach
Of base-born chance.

Their glory is thy priceless heritage,
O sons and daughters of the vanquished South!
Preserve it ever as a sacred trust;
Record thy title in art-chiseled stone,
In Southern marble let it proudly rise
To greet the sun by the historic stream
Upon whose shores our fathers found a home.
First in the vast and trackless wilderness,
Virginia, thine, the proud preëminence
Of age, of glory, and of bitter woe!
Yorktown rendered thy land illustrious,
But Appomattox made it sacred ground;
The name of Lee is dear as Washington—
One in defeat and one in victory
Shine from our Southern sky with equal light—
Their mother, then, shall guard our nation's tomb.

No prouder record shall the sun behold
In all his journey to the Golden Gate;
Though winged victory perch not on the dome,
Glory shall light the sepulcher, for lo!
The tomb of the South is temple of Fame
Where the poet, sculptor, painter,
Earth's high priests, shall pour libations.
Keep the sacred fire burning
By which noble deeds are kindled.
Here the memories of our heroes
Are transfixed in deathless marble,
Like white dreams of the ideal,
Shall around the future hover,
Till its life becomes more noble
In the beauty of the vision.
Here Fame gives apotheosis
Unto every Southern hero,
Whether private or commander;
Be the dust treasured in this mausoleum,
Or widespread on battle plain,
Mingling with its mother earth
Through long years of sun and rain;
Where'er it lies, there let it rest
'Neath starry daisies in the grassy pall
With which impartial Nature covers all.

"Dust to the dust;" but deeds heroic as theirs
Mount to the zenith of crystal fame,
Skying their native land.
Mount and shine there, effulgent stars,
To point the path of glory to the sky.

ARTILLERY IN BATTLE OF THE CRATER.

BY LIEUT. W. P. ROBINSON, DANVILLE, VA.

[Captain Crispin Dickenson, commanding the Ringgold (Va.) Battery in an engagement at Cloyd's Mountain, states (see "War Records," serial No. 70, page 60): "Lieutenant Robinson was in charge of the gun, a Napoleon twelve-pounder, and moved as rapidly as possible, taking position in an open field about seventy-five yards in the rear of our line of infantry, and fired seven spherical case shots into the enemy, who were advancing through the woods. The gun ceased firing during a short interval to spare our men, who were retiring, when again a charge of canister was thrown into the enemy's line, doing considerable execution, when it was limbered up and moved off the field, although one of the wheel horses had a broken leg."]

About June 16, 1864, the Ringgold Battery, of which I was first lieutenant, posted on the breastworks at Cold Harbor, received orders to go to the support of Petersburg against Grant's army, which was then crossing the James River, trying to take Petersburg before General Lee could get there.

We crossed the James River on a pontoon bridge, and the infantry (a Texas brigade), marching in front of us, met the enemy and drove them pell-mell back to Drewry's Bluff. Our battery was run into a big breastwork at night, and we were prepared for battle; but during the night we heard our enemies leaving our front and on pontoon bridges crossing the Appomattox to the Petersburg side. We could easily hear the rumbling of their artillery and wagons crossing the bridge. Before dawn we proceeded to Petersburg; and when we arrived there, we were sent to relieve Pegram's Battery on the same spot that was afterwards blown up on the morning of July 30, 1864, and is now known as the Crater.

We undertook to take our pieces into the works and let Pegram remove his, but the enemy was so close to our lines that it was impracticable. The enemy was so close that we could not put out a picket line. My cannon were on the front line and only fifty yards from the enemy. Our horses and cannon were sent to the rear, and our officers and cannoneers took charge of Pegram's guns, which were four twelve-pound brass Napoleon guns exactly like ours; so we manned the guns and relieved Pegram's men, who went to camp for rest.

Our breastworks amounted to very little, and with incessant sharpshooting going on all the time, night as well as day, we had to sit down or kneel down all the time to keep from being shot. A hat on a stick shown above the breastworks was immediately perforated with bullet holes. We worked incessantly night and day to strengthen our breastworks, until relieved by Pegram and his men, who took their guns again. In two or three weeks we had made our fort as strong as dirt and timber could make it. While in the Crater the officers were not allowed to go out at night. Our cooking was done at our horse camp in the rear. One night I sent Thomas L. Poindexter after my supper, and on his return he was badly wounded, and was not able to serve any more during the war. Of course I got no supper and did not know why, until I heard that Poindexter was in the hospital. We had fifty other men wounded by sharpshooters while we were in the Crater.

Well, our battery was moved to the right of the Crater with our own four twelve-pound brass Napoleon guns. Davidson's Battery was on line next to the Crater, 373 yards from it; Otey's Battery, one of the best in our army, next, 473 yards from the Crater, and our battery next, and my section two guns were posted in a salient angle, 573 yards on the right and south of the Crater. During the battle of July 30, 1864, we completely enfiladed the enemy, charging the Crater, and after the Federals took possession of it fired shells right into them.

When the explosion took place at 4:44 A.M., I was asleep under one of my guns, and my men all around under the guns, some asleep and some watching the enemy, as they were so close we could have no picket line. We had slept in our clothes, ready, our guns double-shotted with grape and canister to meet the enemy for the emergency. The explosion of the mine was terrific, causing the earth and our bombproofs to heave and stagger. I jumped up and looked down the line to the left and saw my conception of a volcano. I saw what appeared to be arms and legs and cannon all going up in the air.

At that moment every gun on the Federal line opened fire at

every point along our line. Soon I saw the enemy charging the Crater in large masses, and I immediately opened with both guns with spherical case shell, and could see the effects of my shots. I could see every one burst right in among the enemy. We were only 573 yards from the Crater, just the right distance for using shells with the greatest effect, and we got the range at once. As my men were veteran artillerymen and knew how to handle our guns with such accuracy, every shell counted. As soon as the enemy saw what damage we were doing they opened upon my two guns with at least fifty cannon and mortars, and did their best to silence my two guns; but we kept up the fight, throwing shell into the Crater and at the enemy running back to their lines. Some mortar shells thrown at my guns were as large as nail kegs. I saw one coming through the air that seemed as if it was bound to come down on my two guns and men. I hallooed, "Look out!" and my sergeant, James W. Gregory, jumped in the corner of our breastworks just as the shell burst, a piece striking Gregory, who fell back in my arms badly wounded, and I had him carried to the hospital and went right on with the fight.

I was so located that I could see the charge of General Mahone's division of Virginians, Georgians, and Alabamians. The first charge was made by Mahone's Virginia Brigade and Wright's Georgia Brigade at 9 A.M. They captured part of our line to the left of the Crater, and at 1 P.M. Saunders's Alabama Brigade charged and recaptured the Crater and re-established our line as it was originally.

I saw the eleven hundred negroes that were captured and carried to the rear. As soon as the fight ended I walked down to the Crater and witnessed the most horrible sight I ever saw. I could scarcely move without stepping on a dead man.

Well, when the explosion occurred and every gun in Grant's army opened on our thin line, a soldier every five steps, and we could see the great mass of men charging our lines at the Crater, it was enough to scare the life out of us, and it looked as if pandemonium had been turned loose on Lee's devoted heroes; but I was happy to see that every one of my men stood to his post, determined to do his whole duty, even at the sacrifice of his life.

We had at the Crater twelve twelve-pound Napoleon guns, as follows: Four Wright's Virginia Battery, 555 yards to left of Crater on second line; two Davidson's Virginia Battery, 373 yards to right and south of Crater; two Ringgold's Virginia Battery, 573 yards to right and south of Crater, both batteries in front line; and four Flanner's North Carolina Battery, 533 yards in rear of Crater, and two mortar batteries, one having three mortars manned by a detail from the Otey and Ringgold Batteries under command of Sergt. A. Whit Smith, of Otey's Battery. He was assisted by R. W. Flournoy, Henry Reid, Andrew Cheatham, Henry Crockett, William Thompson, William Guerrant, Col. William Munford, — Wilbur, all of Otey's Battery, and James M. Billings, Hugh Dailey, Park Emmerson, and William T. Ragsdale, of Ringgold's Battery, in working the mortars. According to the report of Federal officers, the mortar batteries got the exact range and threw their shells right into the mass of Federals occupying the Crater, killing and wounding many of them. This battery was to the right of the Crater and in the rear of front line of works and a battery of small mortars manned by Capt. J. N. Lamkin's Virginia battery on left of the Crater.

The above-mentioned guns and mortars are all that took part in the battle of the Crater on the Confederate side, and they were supported by the men of Elliott's South Carolina Brigade, which escaped being blown up, and Wise's Brigade, commanded by Col. J. Thomas Goode. This small force of Con-

federates kept the Federals from taking Petersburg from 4:44 A.M. until 9 A.M., when Mahone's Division came and made the charge on the Federals.

The Federal official reports show that 65,000 infantry stood ready as soon as our line was blown up to charge our lines at the Crater, and one hundred and sixty guns and mortars played upon our lines, trying to silence our guns after the explosion.

Four divisions of white troops and one division of colored troops, numbering ten or twelve thousand men, charged our line, taking a small part of it; and we killed and wounded so many Federals, it was reported to General Grant, that his other troops refused to charge, and those in our lines were withdrawn at once by his order. The Richmond Blues, of Wise's Brigade, a band of heroes in every battle in which they ever engaged, were directly behind my guns, and I felt safe and wished the Federals to charge us.

The following men served my two guns at the battle of the Crater with great coolness and bravery: First gun—First Sergeant, William D. Slayton; Gunner, W. W. Hogans, No. 1; J. D. Wilkinson, No. 2; S. E. Payne, No. 3; Ed Sweeney, No. 4; Peter Pickerel, No. 5; R. A. Bennett, No. 2. Second gun—Sergeant and gunner, J. W. Gregory (Sergt. S. S. Berger was present, but physically unable to take active part); Ed K. Pettit, No. 1; P. W. Ragsdale, No. 2; D. E. Bentley, No. 3; T. W. Barksdale, No. 4; W. H. Neal, No. 5; William Jennings, No. 6; N. B. Walker, No. 7.

Sergt. S. S. Berger and Capt. C. Dickenson spent the night before the battle in a bombproof a short distance in the rear of our battery, Berger being disabled from a sore leg and under treatment of a physician. Hearing and seeing the explosion, they ran quickly to their guns, Berger to my guns and Captain Dickenson to his, under the most terrific fire from cannon and musketry all along the Federal lines.

Every man under my command acted with coolness and bravery, doing his whole duty, while the bullets from the enemy's small arms and shells from their cannon and mortars were hurled against us almost as thick as hailstones in a storm. The other two guns in our battery, under Captain Dickenson, were so located that they could not participate in the battle.

When the explosion took place and our line was blown up, the lieutenant in command of Davidson's Battery from Lynchburg, becoming demoralized, ran and left his guns with a part of his men. Maj. Wade Hampton Gibbes, of South Carolina, the brave and gallant commander of our battalion, immediately repaired to Davidson's Battery, and had the only gun that bore upon the enemy advantageously worked with excellent effect until he was wounded and carried from the field. It seems from General Pendleton's report that Colonel Huger, Captains Winthrop and Haskell, of General Alexander's staff, and Private L. T. Covington, of Pegram's blown-up battery, were assisting Major Gibbes in serving the guns. Col. J. Thomas Goode, commanding Wise's Brigade, learning that Major Gibbes was wounded and of the need of skilled artillerymen to man the guns of Davidson's Battery, and having two infantry companies in his (34th Virginia) regiment who had formerly served in artillery, he at once sent Capt. Samuel D. Preston with his company (C) to take charge of Davidson's guns and relieve Lieutenant Colonel Huger and staff officers, Captains Winthrop and Haskell.

Captain Preston and his men at once went to work with the guns that bore upon the enemy charging our lines, and mowed the enemy down with great slaughter, until Captain

Preston was badly wounded. Colonel Goode then sent Capt. Alex F. Bagby with his company (K) to relieve Captain Preston's men. Captain Bagby and his men then served the guns with murderous effect on the Federal troops to the end of the fight. (See Brigadier General Pendleton's report to General Lee under date July 30, 1864, page 760, Volume XL., "Records War of Rebellion," official reports; also see Gen. Bushrod Johnson's report to General Lee under date of August 20, 1864, Volume XL., pages 789, 791, 792, on Crater battle, July 30, 1864. Capt. Edward Bagby, aid-de-camp to Colonel Goode's brigade, was killed while serving this gun.)

[Lieutenant Robinson publishes as indorsing the foregoing account the names of Sergts. W. D. Slayton, James W. Gregory, S. S. Berger. It is also approved by B. Y. Fretwell, Assistant Inspector Fifth District Virginia Confederate Veterans, and Harry Wooding, Commander Cabell-Graves Camp, Confederate Veterans.]

SKETCHES OF PRISON LIFE.—PART II.

BY REV. C. M. HUTTON, FORT WORTH.

At the close of the last article mention was made of Bunch, our color bearer, and of Lloyd, a private, who put on a surgeon's uniform on the eve of being captured, and passed for a surgeon. I met Bunch at the penitentiary dressed in a Federal captain's uniform and endeavoring then to induce men to desert and unite in making up a company. As to his success, I have no information. The morning of the day at Hoover's Gap, near Wartrace, our men spoke of the bravery of Bunch. He had obtained a gun from one of our sharpshooters and fired it several times toward men in the enemy's lines, and said he thought he had killed a man and went down to their lines to see. Evidently this was a pretext in order to communicate with them. Possibly this led to the stampede referred to when our regiment came near being cut off.

In his interview with me while in the Nashville penitentiary he candidly confessed that he had been sent among us to spy the fortifications about Mobile. He held a lieutenant's place then in one of our regiments. This regiment being ordered elsewhere, he got up a quarrel with the captain, so as to frame an excuse for a transfer to the 36th Alabama, then stationed near Mobile. We have already referred to Colonel Woodruff's making him our color bearer. Colonel Woodruff ultimately became better acquainted when Bunch stole his fine horse, Zollicoffer, and also his negro and took both into the Federal lines.

As to the so-called "Dr." Lloyd, who had been taken to the prison hospital, I determined to see him in order to recover the little company book that Captain Carpenter had intrusted to my care. I am a firm believer in God's providence. See his wonderful leadings here! The seeking of that little book led to a place of usefulness in this way: An order reached me from the provost marshal to report at his office. I was allowed to pass through the prison door and go unguarded to this office. I felt like a bird out of a cage, yet my rejoicing was premature. Still it was a great relief to be paroled within the limits of the city, with an order to report from time to time. I asked if the prison hospital was within the lines. I was told that it was. A two-mile walk brought me to it. I found it to be a brick Baptist church used as a prison and hospital. I asked the two sentinels at the door if they knew of a prisoner named "Dr." Lloyd, who had been brought there the day before. As I didn't think it right to give him away, I thus referred to him. I was told that he had just gone to see some ladies in company with Dr. Hickman, the surgeon

in charge. It occurred to me that he was all sorts of a man—a prisoner one day and calling on ladies the next.

As I entered this home he greeted me politely and introduced me to the mistress of the house and then to Dr. Hickman, calling me "Chaplain Hutton, C. S. A." As soon as I was seated this lady (I regret not to recall her name) asked: "Do I understand that you are a Confederate chaplain?" I replied: "I am." "How came you here?" "I am a prisoner." "But why are you unguarded?" "I have just been paroled within the limits of the city." She then said: "I have a son in the same condition with you—a prisoner in my own house; and if you will accept, I will give you a home with me for your influence over my son."

Before I could answer this lovely lady and accept her generous offer Dr. Hickman said to me: "We need a chaplain at the prison hospital. Your own men are there, sick, wounded, and dying. I will furnish you a room, give you a seat at my table and access to the bunks of the men as often as you like, and you may hold whatever services among them you like."

All this was said within five minutes after I entered, and this place was offered the second day after my arrival in prison. How else can this be explained except it was done by a divine leading Hand? I thanked the lady and told her I would do all I could for her son, but must take the Doctor's offer, it being a place of wider usefulness. Drs. Hickman and Higgins, the surgeons, provided in all respects for my comfort. I made daily visits to the sick and wounded men, supplying each bunk with a Bible, and often praying with them in their dying moments, taking messages from their lips to communicate to some bereaved wife, mother, or sister, and thus about thirty letters conveying sad messages were written after I returned within our lines. On Sundays I preached to the men. I shall never forget that during the delivery of one of these sermons a man died.

Some interesting providences occurred during my stay. As I looked across the room one day, to my utter surprise and delight I saw Dr. George Reid, who had served as a family physician on my father's farm in Greene County, Ala. A familiar face at such a time afforded untold delight. On learning that I had been paroled within the limits of the city he invited me to his home, where I spent a night. He had married a wealthy lady, and was also engaged in a lucrative cotton business. Knowing that I had been deprived in the South of the purchase of a good pocket knife, he took me to a hardware store and asked for the finest knife they had, and bought for me one costing two dollars and a half. I met him several times afterwards. On my leaving Nashville he generously loaned me \$100 with which I was enabled to supply myself with many needed articles such as could not then have been purchased in the South, among which was a cloth suit in which I was subsequently married. Letters of introduction from him were of service in Louisville and Cincinnati.

Another incident of God's providence was an acquaintance with Mrs. M. L. Cartwright, at that time a Catholic and a member of the Church served by a priest named Rosecrans, a brother of the Federal general. This gave Mrs. Cartwright great influence; and, being a warm Southern sympathizer, she often provided clothing and other needed articles for our suffering prisoners. Dr. Hickman gave her free and constant access to the prison hospital for this purpose. Learning that I was a paroled haplain, she entertained me one day at her home at dinner.

A very singular circumstance just here may be interesting, illustrating the power of little things. As an expression of

appreciation of her hospitality I printed by hand on a small card these words: "To Mrs. M. L. Cartwright, the soldier's friend. C. M. Hutton."

At the close of the war I owned some real estate in Birmingham, Ala. An unknown man named Cartwright became associated with my agent. When this Cartwright was visiting his brother in Nashville, he saw this card upon the wall of his brother's parlor. He wrote me inquiring if I had printed it, and stated further that his mother was then in heaven, and that this little card was the only remaining souvenir they had of her association with Southern soldiers and that she had become a Presbyterian, her funeral being preached by Dr. McNeilly. At the Reunion of the veterans at Birmingham in 1908 a cordial greeting was extended by the two sons and daughter of Mrs. M. L. Cartwright, and I accepted invitations to their homes, and especially to one that I might see again that little card placed upon the wall and adorned with flags, a precious keepsake of their departed mother.

Two other ladies (Germans), Mrs. Kossuth and her sister, Mrs. Tovell, Southern sympathizers, also supplied our soldiers with clothing and delicacies for the sick at the prison hospital. A very striking providence in the case of Mrs. Tovell will be reserved for our next article.

HAPPY CAL WAGNER DEFIED "CIVIL RIGHTS."

MEMORABLE INCIDENT OF 1875 AT MONTGOMERY.

When the noted Sumner civil rights bill was passed by Congress soon after the Civil War, every one of that time remembers the effect it had on good old Alabama, which had been cursed and scourged by ignorant members of her legislature, which was composed of negroes and carpet-baggers.

On March 11, 1875, Wagner's Minstrels appeared in Montgomery. The negroes, backed up by this obnoxious bill, tried to exercise what they claimed were "their rights" by taking seats in theaters and trains alongside the whites. On this occasion they passed the word that they would buy seats in the theater with the whites, when heretofore they had always been excluded to the gallery. Wagner's agent had instructions not to sell tickets to negroes anywhere but for the gallery, but by some chicanery they got tickets in the dress circle among Montgomery's fairest daughters. The question then was how to remove them without frightening the ladies. When the curtain went up, the company marched in and took their seats for the overture, Wagner sitting on the end with tambourine in hand. Casting his eyes over the audience, he saw the negroes in the dress circle, and knew at once this would never do; so he put down his tambourine, advanced to the footlights, and announced that there were negroes in the dress circle and they would please vacate and go to the gallery, where they would find good seats, and the performance would commence. Well, you could have heard a pin fall; Southern men stood with bated breath ready to back Wagner. The negroes did not move. A game of bluff, but it did not count in that game. Wagner waited patiently; still the negroes made no move to vacate. Wagner left the stage and returned quickly with pistols in hand, saying to the whites: "Ladies and gentlemen, stand aside; I will clear the dress circle of those colored gents." Pandemonium reigned; men were on their feet instantly, and the negroes went out of that dress circle, kicked and cuffed, and made a hasty retreat to the street. The performance then commenced, and much praise was given "Happy Cal."

Next day trouble commenced for Wagner, as negroes commenced swearing out warrants for Wagner before the United

States Commissioner. N. S. McAfee, of Talladega, was United States District Attorney and Capt. J. W. Dimmick was United States Commissioner. Wagner and his agent, Brown, were ably defended by Col. H. A. Herbert, Col. Tucker Sayre, Col. Virgil Murphy, Judge David Clopton, all volunteering their services, and Colonel Herbert making a telling speech on the unconstitutionality of the civil rights bill. The commissioner held with the attorney, and refused to issue any more warrants. Then the negroes swore out more warrants before another commissioner, Barber by name. This threw Montgomery into a state of excitement. Men with stern faces and determination promised to back Wagner and see this thing through; the streets were crowded with both negroes and whites, expecting trouble any moment. Cal Wagner was in Col. Tucker Sayre's office, which was over Blount Weatherly's drug store, facing Court Square. He was surrounded by his friends, who were considering how to get him out of the city before the United States marshals could serve other warrants on him. Dr. Walter Jackson, who was in the drug store at the time, was called into the office to consult with them. His buggy and fast horse were standing in front of the drug store. When asked if he could not get Wagner out of the city quick, he replied: "Yes, I can get him away with lightning speed."

"Well, what is your plan?"

He replied: "Wagner, you walk down the steps and get into my buggy and drive to the corner of Lee and Montgomery Streets. I will walk up there and get in and take you over to Cad Beale, and he will run you out of town on an engine."

Cad Beale was then master mechanic of the south and north division of the L. & N. at Montgomery.

Sayre said: "Tell Cad to get him out quick."

The negroes tried to flank Dr. Jackson's movements, though with a fast horse he dodged them, skirted the city, and made the shops in the northern part, where Cad was, and the story was quickly told to him. No sooner said than he was to the rescue. One of his switch engines was standing there, and he said: "Jump up quick, Mr. Wagner." Beale sprang to the throttle and was gone with Wagner, leaving Dr. Jackson on the ground in consternation.

Beale took Wagner across the Alabama River, which is five miles north of Montgomery, and left him with the bridge keeper, Smith. He then returned to Montgomery to get the company and baggage. The baggage was piled at the old depot of the Montgomery and West Point Railroad, on North Court Street. He took a box car and loaded the baggage, and while doing so the negroes asked him what he was going to do with it. He replied that the streets were so muddy they could not haul it; so he was going to take it across the commons to the foot of Commerce Street, where they would unload, as they were going to perform in the city that night. In the meantime he had sent a messenger to Mr. Marsden, Wagner's manager, and the attorneys to have the band and company parade and march down Commerce Street, where he would be with coach, baggage car, and engine, and for the company to enter the coach, and at a given signal he would run away with them, which was most successfully accomplished, leaving a gang of negroes gaping at the dare-devil act.

Before leaving the city limits with the train another obstacle presented itself. One of the company crawled over the box car and told Beale that an officer was in the coach. But Beale was ready for the emergency. He stopped his engine, walked back to the coach, and said to Marsden: "Count your men. This is a chartered train, and no one allowed except this company." In counting them Marsden came to a deputy United

States marshal by the name of Williford, who was looking for Wagner, and said this man did not belong to the company; so Beale told Williford he would have to get off. He refused to do so, and Beale called two of his assistants in yard service under him, Dennis O'Connor and William Bennett, and ordered them to take Williford off, but not to hurt him. The latter exposed his pistols, but Bennett and O'Connor laughed at him, and said: "Partner, come, get off without any trouble, as you might get hurt if you raise those coat tails too high; some one might kick them off." He was ejected from the train, at the same time notifying Beale that he would attend to him when he returned to Montgomery, and Beale laughingly told him that he "would dine there to-morrow." It was then between 5 and 6 P.M.

Away sped Beale with the minstrels, picking up Wagner at the bridge. Stopping at Elmore, he had the train dispatcher at Birmingham wired to close all telegraph offices on the line and to give him a clear track to Decatur.

Not knowing the road, he was flying with the engine in darkness, downhill and around curves, all the time looking for Sand Mountain, which was a very steep grade with the fall toward Decatur, when, Wagner, who was riding in the cab with him, sitting on the opposite side, came over to him, saying: "Mr. Beale, let me ride on your side a while, as my side is running much faster than yours."

This run was made in the dark with a locomotive with 15-inch cylinders and 4½-foot drivers, and the one hundred and eighty-six miles were made in five hours and forty-five minutes, and water was taken at water tanks between stations.

This run and race is often spoken of in Alabama as the "Wagner Race for Civil Rights." Wagner has since left the minstrels. He is still living, and is an assistant passenger agent of the Northern Pacific in the Far West. Capt. J. W. Dimmick, Dr. Walter Jackson, and C. H. Beale still reside in Montgomery, and Col. H. A. Herbert, ex-Secretary of the Navy, resides in Washington; while Clopton, Sayre, and Murphy have passed over the river.

MEMORIAL TO AUNT DYKE BIBB.

BY C. L. TAYLOR, MONTGOMERY.

Life flows on, yet each year finds us

With heads bowed, hearts full of pain,

Living over the dull anguish

Of a cause fought for in vain—

Fought for, bled for, died for, lived for—

And no words can e'er express

All the bitterness and sorrow

That the "living for" has left.

That a haughty foe should threaten

To chastise by war's dread hand

After having forced an issue

Upon which the South must stand

Was far more than we could harbor,

Was too much for us to brook,

And with eager hearts men gathered

From each town and inglenook.

Can't you see them, you who cheered them

As they marched down through the street

With our flag so proudly waving?

God, how madly pulses beat!

How you screamed and sobbed with rapture,

How you prayed with streaming eyes

That those dear ones soon returning

Would bring back the victor's prize!

For a cause so grand, so glorious
 Could not suffer a defeat.
 God and man together surely
 Would bring victory complete.
 How the days dragged, leaden-footed!
 So it seemed to those who prayed
 For a few words, just a message,
 To hearts sick with hope delayed.

Well, it came. Glad hearts were throbbing,
 For 'twas victory. Don't you hear
 From the far-off past bells ringing
 And the cheering, cheer on cheer?
 It was over. We had shown them
 Just how vain the effort was
 To insult freemen and to trample
 On an infant nation's cause.

But the days passed till they lengthened
 Into frenzied, bleeding years,
 Filled, pressed down, and running over
 With a people's blood and tears.
 It was brief, our pride and glory.
 In our mad dash for our own
 We had given all too freely
 Some fair flower from every home.

Sent them forth to fight and conquer,
 Loyal men they were and strong;
 But the bloody lust of battle
 Urged them madly on and on
 Till they rushed, crazed, demon-driven
 By wild passions into hell,
 Where they fought dry-lipped and panting,
 Fought and died 'mid shot and shell.

On yon hillside they are sleeping;
 Life they gave in fierce delight.
 Thank God that they passed unknowing
 That their sunlight was our night,
 For 'twas night that closed about us.
 We could see no glimpse of dawn
 Through the deep Numidian darkness
 'Twixt us and the future drawn.

They are gone, and from the ashes
 Of the dead hopes of the past
 There has risen a sacred duty
 That will live while memories last,
 And the "old guard's" trembling fingers
 Place upon each comrade's grave
 Flowers a grateful people gather
 And the flag they died to save.

And the "Old Guard" is passing
 All too surely one by one.
 Grim death with relentless gleaning
 Takes them to their last long home.
 There they meet, the struggle ended,
 And God calls the roll above;
 While the living, memory laden,
 Dedicate this day to love.

[The Bibb home in Montgomery may be regarded as the most distinctively Confederate of any, and the last entertainment in it by Mrs. Bibb to the Alabama U. D. C. will be fondly remembered even by the Children of the Confederacy, who were given special consideration at the time.]

FIGHT TO FINISH NEAR LAKE VILLAGE, ARK.

BY WEED MARSHALL, MAYVIEW, MO.

I have seen in the VETERAN reports of fights in a small way during the Civil War, stating that they were the most destructive and fatal of the war. I report one for the list.

On February 2, 1864, Capt. Tuck Thorp, of Company E, Elliot's Battalion, of Joe Shelby's brigade, had a detail of twenty-four men and went to Lake Village, Chicot County, Ark. Two of the twenty-four were sent back.

On the 14th, Valentine Day, a citizen came to Captain Thorp and told him that the Federals from Vicksburg had come up the river to the Tecumseh plantation, belonging to Joe Johnson, of Indian War fame, after forage. As we were well armed and half bushwhackers anyway, Captain Thorp told us of the situation and left us to vote "go" or "no." "Go" every fellow voted. He told us that if any man did not want to go he need not, but if he went he was expected to take care of himself after the fight commenced.

There were three quarters on the plantation. We did not know the Yankees were at but one. We had to go by a gin house and negro quarters to get to the place from which they were hauling corn. We went two or three miles through canebrakes, then came to a blind road in the woods, and the next we knew we were at a fence with a big gate, with a cotton gin to the right and a cotton platform just in front. A Yankee soldier standing on the platform fired at us. Instantly Dan Ingram, Weed Marshall, and Pat Marshall fired at him, all shots missing. He went through the doorway into the gin house. They then ran out into the cabin yard, formed in line, and every one of them, thirty-two in number, fired at once with Austrian rifles.

Just at this moment Ben Krigler, an old, thoughtful soul, had opened the gate, and Capt. Tuck Thorp, Weed Marshall, Dan Ingram, Pat Marshall, and Dave Hammond cleared the gate, all others following close up. We drew our Colt navies and dragons, with which every man was well supplied. The enemy started to run—just the thing they should not have done. In two minutes after clearing the gate not a Yankee was alive. Not satisfied with the work done by our pistols, we took their own guns, the Austrian rifles with four square bayonets, and pinned each one to the ground.

As stated, there were thirty-two of them and twenty-two of us. This account may be verified by any survivors of the following citizens—fine Southern people—who lived there then: Joe and Lycurgus Johnson; their sister, Mrs. Julia Johnson, widow of Governor Johnson, of Louisiana; her niece, Miss Linsie Adams, Miss Amy Goodloe, afterwards Mrs. Josh Kregg; Misses Ella and Mollie Russell; and John and Charles Sanders, of Lake Village. These are the names and residences of my comrades who engaged in the fight: Capt. Tuck Thorp and Tom Thorp, dead; Alex and Len Patterson, Odessa, Mo.; Weed Marshall, Mayview, Mo.; Pat Marshall, Odessa, Mo.; Dick Krigler, Sedalia, Mo.; Ben Krigler, address unknown; Dan Ingram and Dan Franklin, dead; Phil Gatewood, Lake Village, Ark; Tom Butler, dead; Levy Nichols, Denver, Colo.; Art Whitsett, Holden, Mo.; David Hammonds, Paris, Tex.; Jesse Jobe, Eudora, Ark.; James Kincheloe, Pleasant Hicklin, and Bill Wayman, Odessa, Mo.; James McElroy, Neosho, Mo.; James Ward and Nick Coyl, dead.

Every soldier did his part well. All were Missourians and one thousand miles from home. "God bless them." We never had a man or horse scratched. A saber captured was inscribed: "Presented by Friends to Thaddeus K. Cock, 1st Mississippi Regiment, for Bravery."

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT HENDERSON, N. C.

The beautiful monument erected at Henderson, N. C., under the auspices of the Vance County Chapter, U. D. C., in honor of the Confederate dead of Vance County, was dedicated on November 10, 1910. The occasion made a great day for Henderson, and there were many interested spectators to witness the unveiling. The procession was made up of vehicles of every kind filled with members of the U. D. C. and others; marshals on horseback; many persons afoot; school children with their teachers, some six hundred strong; the Confederate veterans, about one hundred and fifty, under Capt. J. T. Hoover, Commander of Henry L. Wyatt Camp; the Vance Guards of the 3d North Carolina Regiment; bands of music and flying colors. The parade moved to the courthouse, and there the crowd assembled about the speakers' stand, on which were seated those taking prominent part in the exercises. Two persons occupying seats of honor were Mrs. Junius Daniel, widow of the gallant General Daniel, of Halifax, whose life was a sacrifice on the field of battle, and Capt. Orren Randolph Smith, of Henderson, who was presented to the assemblage as a veteran of three wars, author of the inscription on the monument, and designer of the Confederate flag, the "Stars and Bars." Mayor Henry T. Howell was master of ceremonies; and after the opening exercises, the monument was unveiled by Miss Elizabeth Renfro Cooper, the little five-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Cooper, of Henderson. Addresses followed the unveiling, with special musical selections, and at the conclusion "Caro-



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT HENDERSON.

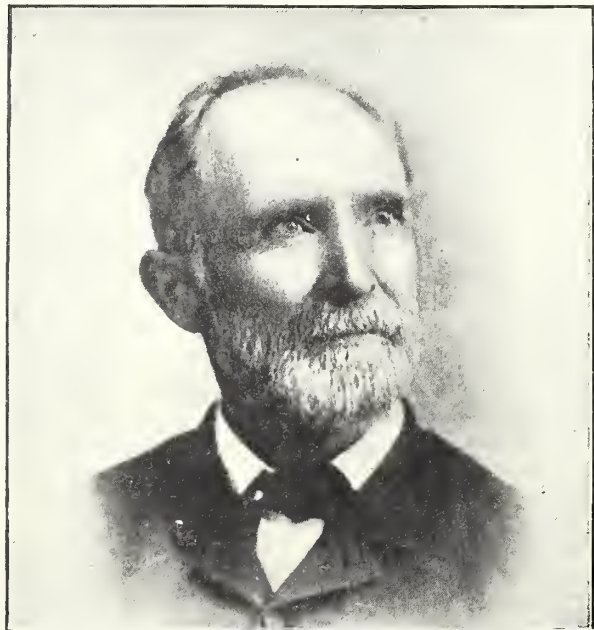
lina" was sung, that song dear to the heart of every "Tarheel." A bountiful repast was then enjoyed by all, and the impromptu responses to the toasts offered kept the banqueters in good humor and laughter.

The speakers of the occasion were Hon. William Walton Kitchin, Governor of North Carolina, and Gen. Julian S. Carr, both loyal and patriotic sons of the Old North State. It is well known that General Carr has done much for the Confederate cause in the Old North State, and yet in extent it exceeds by far what many people imagine.

The monument is thirty-five feet high. The bronze image of a Confederate soldier, rifle in hand, surmounts the granite shaft, the position of the soldier being that of "present arms." A blanket is thrown over the right shoulder and strapped at the left side, and a knapsack is on the back. The whole presents an imposing, lifelike figure. The cost of the monument was \$3,630.10. The contract was with Mr. A. S. Blount, of the Suffolk Marble

Works, and his work was well done. The material is gray granite from quarries in Warren County, near Wise, N. C.

On the face side of the monument engraved on the first die



ORREN RANDOLPH SMITH.



ELIZABETH COOPER.

above the base is this inscription, written by Capt. Orren Randolph Smith: "Our Confederate dead—peace to their ashes, honor to their memory, glory to their cause."

On the second die above is a fine representation of the Confederate flag, the Stars and Bars.

There are four granite blocks on the foundation proper, these drawn in toward the top, taking the form of steps; then the base on which the first die of the main shaft of the column rests. On the face side of this base in raised figures "1861-1865" stands out in bold relief.

On the reverse side of the monument is inscribed: "Vance County Chapter, U. D. C., Nov. 10, 1910."

On the last die, at the top just below the cap which forms a pedestal for the soldier, on each of the four sides are the letters in raised form, "C. S. A."

A bronze tablet bears the names of the monument committee as follows: "Mesdames S. P. Cooper (President), J. T. Alderman (Secretary), M. J. O'Neil (Treasurer), J. H. Bridgers, C. M. Cooper, C. A. Lewis, W. O. Shannon, W. B. Waddill, A. C. Zollicoffer."

The report of a local paper states: "Altogether it is a very handsome monument, beautiful in design, symmetrical in proportions, of which all have just cause to be proud."

CLOSE FIGHTING AT IUKA, MISS.

BY W. P. HELM, WARRENTON, VA.

Footsore, hungry, ill clad, we marched into Iuka, Miss., where Rosecrans, with his well-fed army, had been luxuriating in the blessings from the cornucopia of plenty. As our army, under Gen. Sterling Price, advanced, the Northern forces retreated, and the tales of horror, of insults to women, and indignities shown the men by the Yankee army were such as to get us wrought up almost to frenzy. In Iuka we found commissary stores such as the Confederates had never dreamed of. Abundance for the time revived us.

Iuka Springs was a summer resort. Its beautiful pavilions shading its refreshing springs made it a paradise to our wearied soldiers; but it was not destined that the wayworn Confederates should long enjoy the happiness it afforded. Suddenly the cry was taken up: "Rosecrans has received reinforcements and is advancing near the village."

I was a member of Company I, 3d Texas Cavalry, and was acting commissary of the regiment. Our horses were broken down and had been sent to Holly Springs to rest and graze, and the 3d Texas had been drilled as infantry. We were ordered to "quick trot" to the front; and when a mile or so from the town, General Price ordered our colonel to advance his regiment a mile farther, as there was no enemy in sight, and then deploy his men as skirmishers. We had gone but a short distance and were down in a valley between the hills, when suddenly about one hundred and fifty yards in front of us nine cannons, supported by a brigade of infantry, opened on us with ball and grape. I can never forget that moment—it came like lightning from a clear sky. The roaring of artillery, the rattle of musketry, the hailstorm of grape and ball were mowing us down like grain before we could locate from whence it came. We were trapped; there could be no retreat, and certain death was in our advance. We fell prostrate on the ground. Captain Green, of Company I, arose on his knees, and as he said, "Steady, boys, steady," he was decapitated by a cannon ball. Lieutenant Ingram arose to stop one of the men from retreating, and he and the private were both cut in two with grape shot. Our ranks were shattered in the twinkling of an eye.

Our eyes were directed by the flash of cannon to the hill, about hundred and fifty yards distant. We dared not retreat,

for it meant certain death, as our exposure would be complete. The hill before us and the one back of us were very steep. Out of the forty-two men of Company I, twenty-seven were killed or wounded, and nearly every one of the field officers was slain or wounded. As we advanced toward their artillery, vainly hoping for support from our army, we secured as best we could positions behind trees. I got behind a log, and Lieut. Alf Hunt was next to me. From these positions our men shot their gunners, the hill being so steep that they could not properly train their guns upon us.

We still hoped for help, but General Whitfield's raw troops, sent to our relief, from our proximity to the Federals, mistook us for the foe and fired into us. Lieutenant Hunt was among those wounded by them. Seeing only certain death between friend and foe, order was given: "Boys, if we are to die, let it be by Yankee bullets, not by our friends. So let us charge the cannon." The reply was a shout as we leaped forward. I shall never forget what happened next. Rogers, of Jefferson, Tex., was first to reach the battery and killed his man, but was himself wounded. Sword and bayonet were crossed. Muskets, revolvers, knives, ramrods, gun swabs—all mingled in the death-dealing fray. All the furies of torment seemed turned loose in that smoke-blinding boom of cannon and rattle of musketry. The nine cannons had been disabled and carriages destroyed, the horses were shot and mangled, and our little band of martyrs (for they were not less) were being overcome by superior force, when our brave Gen. Louis Hebert, of Louisiana, attacked the enemy on the flank and routed them. Of the little band of Confederates, only about sixty were left on the hill, and these then wheeled around to their right and captured the 1st Iowa Regiment. Victory perched on our banners, but it was won at a terrible price. Our shattered ranks measured our sadness and sorrow, and many hearts were to bleed and many firesides bereft of happiness by that day's fighting.

Under cover of night the two armies lay on their arms only a short distance apart; and as the cry for "Water, water; only a drop of water!" came from the dying and the wounded, some humane soldier, forgetting the foe, would attempt to pass the canteen, but the crack of the musket would warn him to keep close. The next day we retreated, and victory was reversed.

This is war, not exaggerated by Sherman's description.

FAREWELL ADDRESS OF GEN. JOE WHEELER.

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY CORPS, April 29, 1865.

Gallant Comrades: You have fought your fight; your task is done. During a four years' struggle for freedom you have exhibited courage, fortitude, and devotion. You are the sole victors of more than two hundred sternly contested fields; you have participated in more than a thousand conflicts of arms; you are heroes, veterans, patriots. The bones of your comrades mark battlefields upon the soil of Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi. You have done all that human exertion could accomplish. In bidding you adieu I desire to tender my thanks for your gallantry in battle, your fortitude under suffering, your devotion at all times to the holy cause you have done so much to maintain. I desire also to express my gratitude for the kind feeling you have seen fit to extend toward myself and to invoke upon you blessings of our Heavenly Father, to whom we must always look for support in the hour of distress. Brothers in the cause of freedom, comrades in arms, I bid you farewell.

J. WHEELER, *Major General.*

GEN. WILBUR HILL KING.

BY MAJ. L. T. WHEELER, CORSICANA, TEX.

Gen. Wilbur H. King was born at Culloden, Ga., June 10, 1839; and died at Sulphur Springs, Tex., October 12, 1910.

On his maternal side General King was a descendant of a noted family of Scotland named Douglas and of the McLarn family of Ireland. His ancestors came to America and settled in Mecklenburg County, N. C., before the Revolution, and some of them were distinguished soldiers in the army of the Revolution. General King was well educated at a time when Southern knighthood was in flower, inheriting the instincts of chivalry and Southern manhood of the Old South in its palmy days. He was by profession a lawyer.

At the beginning of the Civil War Wilbur King was prospecting in Warrensburg, Mo., and in February, 1861, he was sworn into the service of that State. He was soon made a sergeant, then a lieutenant, and then a captain in the 3d Regiment of Missouri State troops, commanded by Col. E. V. Hurst. Senator Frank M. Cockrell commanded a company in this regiment. Captain King was in all the early battles and engagements in that State, and was seriously wounded in the battle of Oak Hill.

The Missouri troops, having failed to get service in the Confederate States army, after full consultation with General Price, Captain King resigned and went to Texas. At that time the 18th Texas Infantry was being organized at Jefferson, Tex. He entered the ranks as a private, and on its organization, May 13, 1862, W. B. Ochiltree was elected colonel, David R. Culberson lieutenant colonel, and W. H. King major. Soon thereafter the regiment was ordered to report to Gen. H. E. McCulloch, then at Camp Nelson, near White River, Ark., and then was organized that splendid division commanded by Maj. Gen. John G. Walker, and known to the close of the war as "Walker's Foot Cavalry."

In the fall of 1863 this division was ordered to South Louisiana, west of New Orleans, where was organized the little army that was to oppose Banks's march to Texas. It was composed of Walker's Division Texas Infantry, Gen. Tom Green's Texas cavalry, and some Louisiana infantry under command of Gen. Richard Taylor. Early in the year 1864 General Banks, after being heavily reinforced from both Grant and Sherman, began his preparations for the march to Texas.

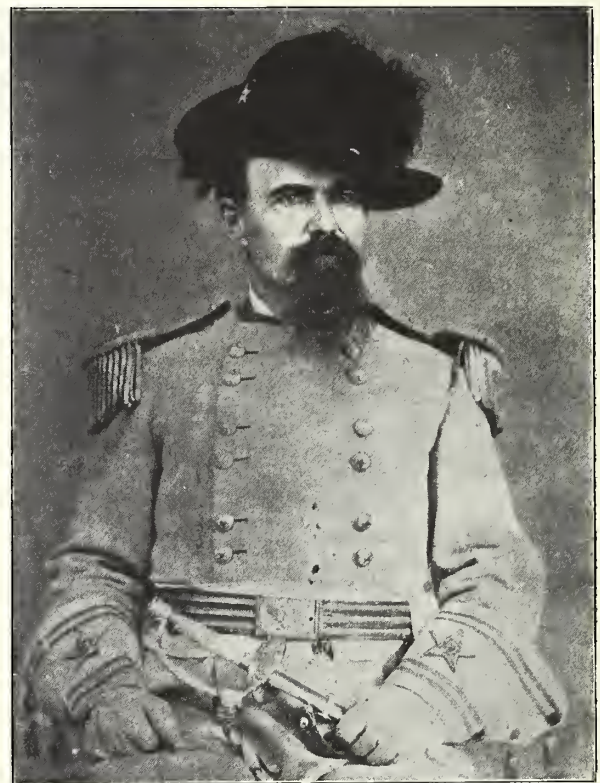
In the meantime General King had been regularly promoted to lieutenant colonel and then to colonel of the 18th Texas. Soon General Taylor was confronted by a full army corps commanded by Major General Franklin, of the Federal army. The first important engagement was at Thibodeauxville, below Opelousas. This was a serious fight, lasting three hours, with heavy and close fighting, in which the 18th Texas, under Colonel King, lost forty per cent killed and wounded. It had five of its flag bearers shot down and the eyes of a sixth shot out, yet its colors never touched the ground. Colonel King always fought at close range.

After several lighter engagements, the retreat to Mansfield, nearly two hundred miles north, began. This small force disputed and fought persistently from South Louisiana to Mansfield, while Banks, with five full army corps, his right flanked and guarded by Commodore Porter's fleet of ironclads in Red River, pressed the small force for many weary days. Modern history never disclosed greater military ability, more fidelity to duty, or truer courage than was exhibited by this small force on this retreat.

Having reached Mansfield, the men clamored for a fight, and, having received considerable reinforcements, General Taylor without orders gave battle.

The morning of April 8, 1864, opened clear and beautiful, and found General Taylor with all his dispositions made for battle. The battle opened early in the morning, and from the first onset the Confederates were successful. Officers and men did their whole duty, each man fighting as if the whole responsibility of the battle rested on him personally. The battle, with Colonel King on the field, was closed by darkness. His flesh was torn and bleeding, while, if possible, his bright eyes glistened brighter than in the beginning of the battle, and his blood-stained clothing showed that he too had done his whole duty even in the thick of the fray. Colonel King was taken from the field to the hospital, being too severely wounded to take part in the next day's battle at Pleasant Hill.

Ten days afterwards a commission as brigadier general was sent to him while still in the hospital. Thus in three years he rose from a private, and that in an army where he was a stranger and without social or military influence. He accomplished this by military skill, courage, and hard fighting.



GEN. WILBUR HILL KING.

After his wound was sufficiently healed, he alternately commanded General Polignac's brigade and a brigade in Walker's Division, and finally commanded the latter division to the close of the war.

Soon thereafter General King with a party of distinguished Confederate officers went on a tour of observation to Mexico, where he was received by the President. From Mexico he went to Central America and purchased a sugar plantation.

Returning to New Orleans, he met and married Miss Lucy Furman, of that city. He took his young bride with him to Central America and settled down to the ordinary duties of civil life, but in less than a year he returned to New Orleans with his dead wife and infant for burial in her native city. Ever afterwards there was a shadow on his brow which faded only with the close of life's struggle. He never remarried.

After settling his Central American affairs, General King returned to Texas and located at Sulphur Springs. He afterwards represented Hopkins County in the legislature for two terms. He was Adjutant General under both Governors Roberts and Ross, and served nearly ten years. During the incumbency of this office he made a hard campaign on the Rio Grande against Mexicans and outlaws, finally driving them out and restoring peace to that distracted territory.

Thus ended General King's active public life, and he retired to his home and devoted himself to private affairs, though he never lost interest in public affairs or in the prosperity of his country.

General King was a devoted Church member and a Mason of high degree, giving much time to that order by traveling through the State lecturing and instructing his brethren in its mysteries. His health gave way about three months previous to his death, and he retired to his home at Sulphur Springs, and there quietly and peacefully surrendered to a foe that neither courage nor skill could overcome. His remains were taken to Corsicana, escorted by his home lodge, and there met by a guard of honor from Camp Winkler, U. C. V., and the Masonic orders of the city, and conveyed to the residence of Mr. Scott Bagby, a relative, where the funeral services were conducted, and on October 13 the body of this distinguished soldier and citizen was consigned to the grave with Masonic honors.

General King's character was not a negative one which made no enemies and left no impress upon the era in which he lived; but he was a man of strongly developed characteristics, an independent thinker, and a broad-gauged patriot.

"From plume to spur a cavalier,
Whose soul ne'er parleyed with fear,
Nor cheek bore tinge of shame."

SOLDIERING IN GEORGIA IN 1864.

BY C. F. KOHLHEIM, CAPTAIN CO. G, 11TH MISS. CAVALRY.

Just after having engaged in the battles of Lee's Farm and Harrisburg, Miss., we were ordered to take a train for Georgia at Verona. A portion of this journey was accomplished by boat on the Alabama River. Thence we marched through that part of Alabama where Rousseau in his raid had destroyed the railroad and through the towns of Loachapoka and Notasulga. To cavalrymen this march was a trying hardship. Our brigade arrived in Atlanta in time to participate in the severe battle of July 28 with Walthall's Division. We remained there in the trenches for thirty days, until the evacuation, when an all-night march took us to Jonesboro, where we were assigned to Cleburne's Division. In the battle that afternoon our brigade held an even line on the advance with those noble veterans of that famous division.

I had a more extended view of this battle than usually comes to one in the lines. I saw Granbury's Texas Brigade capture a battery. They were on our right, while still farther on were Govan's Arkansas and Lowery's Mississippi Brigades. During this charge a boy in our ranks, Campbell McCord, of Corinth, fifteen or sixteen years old, with gun in hand, attracted my attention by jumping up and exclaiming: "We are whipping them!"

The next day we marched to Griffin. While getting on a train there young Campbell, of my company, saw us from the hospital and came to us. One of his arms had been amputated near the shoulder for a wound received on July 28. Three other members of my company lost their arms. One of these is now my neighbor. Campbell was assisted to the top of a car to

return, as we thought, to Mississippi; but at Montgomery, Ala., our horse holders met us with our horses, and we were ordered back to Georgia.

This time we were assigned to outpost duty with Hood's army on his march to Tennessee. For some distance his route ran parallel with the Western and Atlantic Railroad. There were many picket fights along this line. At Powder Springs five companies were deployed on a skirmish line, and the firing was heavy near the residence of Mr. Linley, and we were ordered to fall back to our artillery. At this moment a shell from a Federal battery struck the house. Two young ladies, sisters, came out, one of whom impressed me as being particularly beautiful. I directed them to walk in our front, so as to be protected as much as possible from the bullets that were whizzing by from our rear and occasionally knocking up the dirt. No one was hurt in the fall-back. The Federals advanced as far as the Linley house, but were driven back. One of them was killed in the yard and another near the front gate. Maj. George Bynum, of the 9th Mississippi Cavalry, now living in Corinth, was also wounded there. A very heavy rain fell just after this engagement. Soon after the rain subsided there was an artillery duel in which the Federals were worsted.

Just after dark that night I was placed in command of five companies from the brigade and ordered to report to Major Whitfield, of General Ross's staff. He, with a large body of men, was in a church on the outskirts of the village. I found him to be a very accomplished gentleman. He directed me to establish heavy outposts at the Linley house. I spent the night there in the yard.

Many years after this incident I was in Marietta, which is only a few miles from Powder Springs. In telling Mr. Saxton Anderson about these happenings I expressed an interest in knowing the fate of the young ladies, especially the one that I had thought so beautiful. He made no reply further than to say: "I would like to have you meet my wife." She remembered me after we were introduced. I suggested that she write her recollections of that dismal 1st of October, 1864, but she declined, saying: "The present generation feel no interest in our suffering in those days."

While in the trenches at Atlanta we suffered greatly for food. One very short meal about the middle of the afternoon was all we had. At night amid exploding shells and passing bullets in our dreams we saw well-loaded tables and tempting viands that we could not reach.

On July 28 our losses were very heavy. My company was the only one in the regiment that did not lose a life. Captain Carpenter, our senior captain, was killed. There also died on the field that day Col. Thomas W. Ham, who was in command of the brigade when wounded. Capt. James M. Payne, one of our staff officers, assisted him from the field with much of poor Tom's blood on his clothing. Although Tom Ham was some years older than myself, we were schoolmates at Euclid Academy, located in the pine hills of eastern Tishomingo County, and conducted by Mr. E. W. Carmack, an uncle of the noted orator of Tennessee. There were about forty boys in attendance. Most of them became captains and lieutenants in the army. Tom Ham's fate was shared by many of these boys. Bones of Euclid Academy boys are now resting on battlefields from Pennsylvania to the Mississippi and a few in Trans-Mississippi soil. I know of but two of them besides myself now living—Peter Nash, of Booneville, who has gone all these years on crutches over the country he so bravely defended, and McDougal, of Tishomingo County, whom I saw at the State Reunion in Greenwood.

THE LAST ROLL

DEATHS OF CONFEDERATES IN MEMPHIS, TENN.

The following members of the Confederate Historical Association, Camp No. 28, U. C. V., Bivouac 18, C. V., of Memphis, Tenn., died during 1910:

R. P. James, second lieutenant Co. A, 19th Tenn. Inf. Enlisted June 1, 1861. Paroled at Richmond, Va., June 2, 1865. Died February 19.

J. R. Kearney, private 21st Tenn. Inf. (Col. Edward Pickett). Enlisted May 15, 1861. Paroled May 10, 1865. Died March 9.

Clarence B. Hall, died March 28, 1910.

Hiram A. McCrosky, private Co. B, 9th Miss. Inf. Enlisted March 28, 1861. Paroled May, 1865. Died April 18.

W. King Poston, private Co. A, 4th Tenn. Inf. Enlisted May 15, 1861. Paroled May 23, 1865. Died April 18.

G. A. C. Holt. Enlisted in 1861, was first lieutenant Co. H, 3d Ky. Inf.; afterwards became lieutenant colonel, then colonel of 3d Ky. Inf., which was afterwards mounted, and served under Forrest and surrendered with him at Gainesville, Ala., in May, 1865. Died June 1.

Minor Merriweather, major of engineers. Enlisted October, 1861. Paroled May, 1865. Died in St. Louis, Mo., June 6.

T. Galen Tate, Co. A, 7th Tenn. Cav. Enlisted April, 1861. Paroled May 11, 1865. At the time of his death, June 18, he was sheriff elect of Shelby County, Tenn.

J. H. Jarnigan, captain 9th Tenn. Inf. Enlisted May, 1861. Paroled May 16, 1865. Died June 18.

Thomas B. Turley, private Co. I, 154th Tenn. Inf. Enlisted in the spring of 1861. Paroled March, 1865. Was ex-United States Senator. Died July 31.

W. R. DeLoach, private Co. D, 5th Ala. Inf. Enlisted April, 1861. Paroled from prison June 2, 1865. Died August 5.

George Roden, private Co. A, 1st Miss. Cav. Enlisted June 13, 1861. Paroled May, 1865. Died August 30.

Leo Watermann, bugler Co. D, 9th Miss. Cav. Died in Los Angeles, Cal., in August.

Joe Jones, private Co. K, 2d Ala. Cav. Enlisted May 15, 1861. Paroled from prison June, 1865. Died in Bolivar, Tenn., in September.

W. C. Dunn, private Co. C, 9th Miss. Cav. Enlisted March, 1861. Paroled May 12, 1865. Died in Texas October 18.

Robert J. Black, lieutenant Co. B, 7th Tenn. Cav. Enlisted May 31, 1861. Paroled at Gainesville, Ala., May 11, 1865. Was one of the charter members of the Confederate Historical Association. Since has been one of its most earnest working members. Died November 7.

James N. Smith, private Carnes's Battery. Enlisted April 1, 1865. Died November 12.

George W. Lewis, sergeant Co. D, 4th Tenn. Inf. Enlisted May, 1861. Paroled April 17, 1865. Died December 9.

William D. Beard, major on staff of Gen. A. P. Stewart. Enlisted in 1862. Paroled at Houston, Tex., in June, 1865. At the time of his death, December 7, he was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of Tennessee.

DEATHS IN PICKETT-BUCHANAN CAMP.

The following comrades were lost to the membership of

Pickett-Buchanan Camp, U. C. V., Norfolk, Va., during 1910:
 Abraham Myers, major and assistant quartermaster A. N. V.
 Charles C. Reid, private Smith's Battalion of Artillery.
 Theo F. Rogers, private Norfolk Light Artillery Blues.
 J. H. Baughan, captain and aid in Jubal Early's division.
 Robert W. Goode, Company G, 1st Virginia Cavalry.
 George C. Reid, captain and assistant quartermaster A. N. V.
 William Ashby, 61st Virginia Infantry.
 John G. Wallace, captain Company E, 6th Virginia Infantry.
 Joseph Solomensky, corporal 4th Georgia Infantry.



T. W. McCOWN.

Again the shadow of gloom has fallen upon the Hankins Camp, U. C. V., in the loss of Comrade T. W. McCown, who passed to his reward October 5, 1910, at his home, in Lockesburg, Ark.

Comrade T. W. McCown was born in 1846, and reared in Sevier County. When the war of the sixties began, he volunteered in Company H, 19th Arkansas Regiment, and made a valiant soldier until the surrender.

After the war he engaged in the mercantile business until a few years ago, when he engaged in banking. Comrade McCown was successful in his business life, and was noted for his honesty and fairness in dealing with all men. He had strong convictions for the right, and ever frowned upon dishonesty or false pretense of any kind. He was ever zealous in the upbuilding of society, a friend of the cause of temperance, and ready to help when appealed to. He loved the U. C. V.'s, and took great delight in adding to the pleasure of the old soldiers.

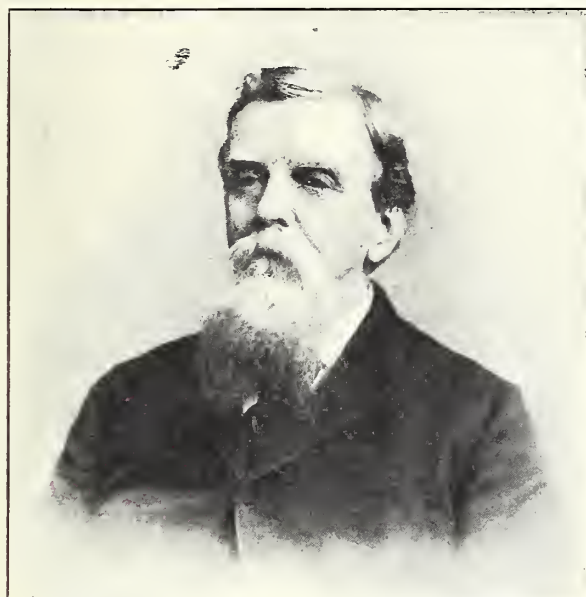
Appropriate resolutions were adopted by the Hankins Camp, and were signed by W. E. Dooley, F. C. Floyd, and Alex Luther. They were approved also by J. M. White, Commander of the Camp.

MEMBERS OF CAMP AT LEBANON, VA.

McElhany Camp, No. 835, U. C. V., of Lebanon, Tenn., has lost some valuable members in the deaths of Dr. J. H. Duty, Chaplain, E. D. Miller, Adjutant, and Daniel McGlather. They were gallant soldiers and honorable citizens.

DR. J. A. LEAVY.

Dr. J. A. Leavy, of St. Louis, whose death occurred on October 24, 1910, was a man most remarkable in his achievements during a life of seventy-eight years. He was born of Irish parents in Philadelphia in 1832, the family removing to St. Louis in 1836. Before he was eighteen years of age he had been principal of one of the St. Louis schools; and afterwards, though he had not taught for fifty years, he continued interested and prominent in school affairs of the State. When the war broke out, he enlisted as a private, but was soon made a surgeon, having picked up a knowledge of surgery while attending to other duties of life. He was in the battles of Look-out Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Dalton, and on to Atlanta and Jonesboro. He served with Hood in the Tennessee campaign, and crossed into the Carolinas with the same troops.



DR. J. A. LEAVY.

Later he was medical director under General Hardee, serving General Pettus's brigade. He was captured at Demopolis, Ala., and after being exchanged was assigned to Floyd's Brigade. He had served with Gen. Martin Green about Vicksburg, and saw that general die a week before the fall of the city. He surrendered with Johnston's troops in North Carolina ten days after Lee's surrender at Appomattox.

Dr. Leavy then returned to St. Louis Mo. and began the life of simplicity which had since characterized him. He was married to Miss Mary Lester, whose father was a cousin of Carl Schurz, some thirty-eight years ago.

Some months ago Dr. Leavy took up the study of Spanish; and when asked if he did not find the study tedious at his age, he replied: "Why, I am not old enough for that. I take a great deal of pleasure in the work." And he was interested in all work of a literary or scientific character. He completed his reminiscences of soldier days after he was seventy, having kept a diary of those days of hardship, and his research into the field of medical science was zealous.

JOHN W. REED.

John W. Reed died at Farmington, Ark., late in January, 1911, of the infirmities of age, having lived nearly fourscore and ten years.

When a boy he went with his father from Lawrence to

Hempstead County, where he grew to manhood, married, and resided until 1867, when he moved to Washington County and located at Farmington. He had resided there ever since, forty-four years. Four of the best years of his life were given to the cause of the South in the sixties, and as a soldier he did his duty well. He was a good husband, a good father, a good citizen, and a devoted Christian. He has gone to his reward. He was perhaps the oldest native in Arkansas.

JOE C. SMARTT.

Joe C. Smartt was born in Warren County, Tenn., December 13, 1844; and died at Manor, Tex., January 8, 1911. He enlisted in Company C, 16th Tennessee Infantry, first commanded by Col. John H. Savage, in 1862, and served gallantly to the close of the war. He was a participant in the battle of Chickamauga and in Hood's disastrous invasion of Tennessee, and surrendered with General Johnston. He removed to Texas about 1878, and resided in Bell County until his removal to Manor, a few months before his death. He leaves a widow and five children.

In formal proceedings by the Granbury Camp, No. 1023, U. C. V., signed by George C. Pendleton and W. D. Shaw as the committee, his life is commended as an example to the living in that he was a "noble citizen and soldier, a good neighbor, friend, and Christian, an affectionate husband and father."

CAPT. JOHN W. NELMS.

On February 28, 1911, Capt. John W. Nelms, of Atlanta, dropped dead of heart disease. His wife, who was in the family room with him, was astounded by his sudden death, as he had been apparently in usual health.

Comrade Nelms was born in McDonough, Ga., in June, 1836. He had lived in Atlanta from early manhood, and was sheriff of Fulton County for twelve years. He was a forceful man in his section, a loyal friend of Govs. Joseph E. Brown and Alfred H. Colquitt.

It is reported of him that when the Civil War began he organized a Georgia company and became its first lieutenant, later forming Company A, 10th Kentucky Regiment, and becoming its captain. He went to Abingdon, Va., captured many Federal troops, and distinguished himself for valor in fighting around Sterling, Va. Later in the war he joined Morgan, and became one of the bodyguard to that distinguished leader. He suffered hardships and performed deeds of heroism which aided in the capture of Cynthia.

A conspicuous characteristic throughout his life was his faithfulness to his friends. He succeeded well in business affairs, and left a fine estate to his family.

DR. S. H. WATSON.

Dr. Seaborn H. Watson, who died at his home, in Waxahachie, Tex., on January 20, was a native of South Carolina, a son of D. K. and Sarah Gary Watson, and was born in Anderson County in 1833. He was educated in the public schools of his state and the college at Macon, Ga., where he completed a scientific course, and graduated in medicine in 1855.

In 1862 Dr. Watson raised four companies for the Confederacy, which became a part of the regiment under Col. J. W. Johnson, and of which the Doctor became regimental surgeon. Most of his service was under Bragg, and his regiment was engaged in many of the most important battles of the war. After the close Dr. Watson donated his part of his father's estate to a sister and removed to Texas, settling at Milford, in Ellis County, his sole possessions being his horse

and buggy, which he had driven through from South Carolina. He there began the practice of medicine in 1867, but removed to Dallas in 1874. In 1879 he retired from active practice and settled at Waxahachie, where he carried on an extensive business in farming and stock-raising.

Dr. Watson was married in 1874 to Miss Amanda Beard, of Alabama, who has been a prominent figure in literary and club circles of Texas for several years, and who was State Historian of the U. D. C. for several terms consecutively. She, with four children—two daughters and two sons—survives him. Dr. Watson was a loyal church member, and was distinguished as one of the best biblical scholars in the State.

The resolutions passed by the U. D. C. of Texas express the estimation in which Dr. Watson was held and the sympathy felt for his family in this bereavement.

CAPT. GEORGE MCHENRY GISH.

Capt. George McH. Gish passed peacefully away at his home, in Roanoke, Va., January 27, 1911, at the age of sixty-nine years. At the breaking out of the war he enlisted at Salem, Va., in Company I, 28th Virginia Regiment of Volunteers; and though a mere youth at the time, he served to the end with distinction. Seven years ago Captain Gish was stricken with paralysis, since which time he had been retired from active life. During his last illness, extending over many months, he showed his fortitude in his patience during suffering. Always interested in the affairs of his country and his fellow-men, Captain Gish was a splendid type of the true Southern gentleman.

CAPT. J. L. CRABTREE.

Capt. J. L. Crabtree, a pioneer citizen of Wapanucka, Okla., and most highly esteemed, died there on December 6, 1910, aged seventy-seven years. He was born and reared in Tennessee, but went to Arkansas as a young man. From that State he enlisted in the Confederate army and served to the end, part of his service being as a lieutenant colonel. After the war he was Tax Assessor of Saline County for eight years, and later on removed to Oklahoma, where he became prominently identified with the development of the State.

The following tribute is by Mrs. J. P. Wood, of Wapanucka:

"All powder burned, with tired feet,
He heard the bugler sound retreat;
Safe in camp, brave soldier, stay;
Sentries guard you night and day
Round the ramparts' narrow way.

No North, no South the closed eyes see;
He's facing eastward, Lord, to thee.
With folded hands and arms at rest,
The Southern Cross above his breast,
Gray old soldier, peace is blest.

'Taps' has sounded. Come away;
Lights are out till break of day.
Angels, keep thy vigils round,
And wake the soul at reveille sound
In God's eternal camping ground."

BENJAMIN E. McDONALD.

Benjamin E. McDonald, son of Daniel and Harriet Carroll McDonald, was born in Jones County, Miss., in 1831, but at the age of three years he was taken by his parents to Jasper County, where he had since resided. On the morning of Feb-

ruary 22, he passed quietly into the great beyond, at the home of his nephew, John Dowling, near Heidelberg, Miss.

Though his educational advantages were limited to the country schools of a thinly settled region, he acquired enough for the basis of a useful life. He was by trade a mechanic, honest and faithful. When the South called her sons to defend her rights, Benjamin McDonald enlisted in the first company to leave his county, the Jasper Grays, Company F, 16th Mississippi Regiment, and in his service displayed that valor and devotion to duty which mark the true patriot. His love for the South never wavered. He was a member of Jasper County Camp, U. C. V., and loyal to his Church membership. His passing is mourned by many devoted relatives and friends.

CAPT. ANDREW JACKSON BEALL.

After an illness of several months' duration, Capt. Andrew J. Beall died at his home, in Charlotte, N. C., on December 15, 1910. He was laid to rest in his suit of Confederate gray, in accordance with one of his last requests.

Captain Beall was born in 1844 in Murray County, Ga., near



CAPT. A. J. BEALL.

Dalton, in which State he spent his young manhood except the time given to service for the Confederacy. He enlisted in 1861, becoming a member of Company B, 3d Georgia Battalion. He was wounded twice at Chickamauga, the second wound being received two hours after the first and in the same place. His loyalty to the cause continued through life, and to his old comrades in arms he was ever devoted.

Captain Beall was married to Miss Amanda Davidson, of Charlotte, in 1875, and two years later he removed to North Carolina and took up his residence at Charlotte, where he held a position as agent for the C., C. & A. Railroad. He resigned this in 1880 to enter the commission business, and later he traveled for the Royal Arcanum. He is survived by his wife and their five children—three daughters and two sons. His only brother lives at Denton, Tex. Captain Beall was a lifelong Church member.

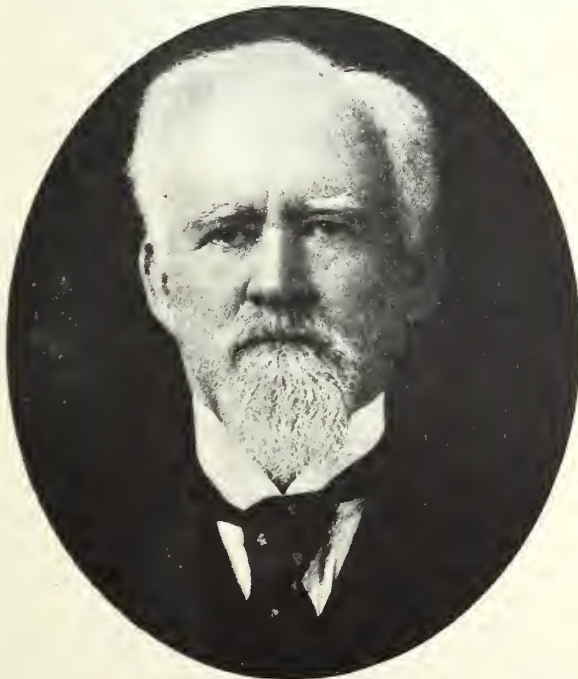
CAPT. WILLIAM R. DELOACH.

Comrade William R. DeLoach was born June 4, 1842, and reared in Sumter County, Ala.; and died in Memphis August 5, 1910.

At the age of eighteen DeLoach enlisted as a private in the 5th Alabama Regiment, commanded by Col. (afterwards Maj. Gen.) R. E. Rodes. His service throughout the war was of the very best type. An old comrade once pointed to him as the only man he ever knew who was absolutely devoid of personal fear. This statement is not literally true. DeLoach's intelligence recognized the hazard of battle, but his true moral courage rose above it. To him "duty" to himself and family and love of country were higher than all else, and made him bear himself as if ignorant of fear. He served with honor in Virginia, being badly wounded at Sharpsburg while climbing over the Federal breastworks, and later on was shot down at Mine Run while voluntarily leading a charge which was the duty of superior officers. He fell at the head of his men, with a jagged hole in the neck, which kept him out of the service for three months. Receiving his promotion at his return, he was assigned to Forrest's Cavalry and made captain of a company of independent scouts. Near Decatur, Ala., he was captured and kept on Johnson's Island until July, 1865.

The hardships of war bore lightly upon the youthful soldiers of the South. Their courage was inherited, the strength and joy of comradeship were theirs, and, like their ancestors, they met the foes of their country with inborn steadfastness. It was natural for DeLoach to fight; he had a knowledge of the questions at issue.

But it was after he returned home in 1865 that the real test of manhood came to DeLoach and to the men of his class.



CAPT. W. R. DE LOACH.

How he met this trial is known only to those who touched shoulders and divided counsel with him at that time. From that day till 1873, when the white people of Sumter came into their own again, was the time that tried men's souls in the Southland. From the town of Livingston, DeLoach's home, to

the northern boundary of the county the proportion of blacks to whites was larger than in any other county in Alabama. The negroes almost from the first were under the control of aliens and renegades, and the struggle for existence was on in earnest. Reconstruction, with its deliberate plan to subject the native white people to their former slaves, was an unspeakable horror, to be resisted to the death. If the true story of reconstruction in the Black Belt of Alabama should ever be told, DeLoach's name would be written high up on the roll of honor. His judgment and courage were with him under all conditions. When the struggle was over, his kindness made him resist any cruelty to, or oppression of, the negroes, when control was absolutely in the hands of the whites. He acted steadily upon this principle during his long service as judge, and no court was ever administered more fairly than his. His reelection time after time, making his term of office thirty-four years, was a tribute to his integrity and intelligence.

The writer of this sketch states: "Of all the men whom I have known and of all the comrades I have loved, DeLoach came nearest the right life, and his surviving friends will join me in this judgment of his character."

In 1867 Capt. W. R. DeLoach was married to Miss Susan Gibbs, a daughter of Col. Charles R. Gibbs, an officer of the War of 1812. Theirs was an ideal union. Will DeLoach and Sue Gibbs loved each other from youth through a long life, and parted only through that inevitable decree which "happened to all." Four children survive Captain DeLoach: Mrs. McLelland, Miss Rosa DeLoach, Dr. DeLoach, of Memphis, Tenn., and Mrs. R. G. Ennis, of Livingston, Ala.

CAPT. GEORGE M. TODD.

Capt. George M. Todd, one of the best known and most highly esteemed citizens of Norfolk, Va., died there on February 9, aged seventy-one years. He had been prominent in the commercial life of the city, and at the time of his death he was teller of the Citizens' Bank, with which institution he had been connected since its organization, forty years before.

Captain Todd was born in Smithfield, Va., in 1840, the son of Mallory M. Todd. He went to Norfolk as a boy eleven years old. At the outbreak of the war he enlisted for the Confederacy in Company F, 6th Virginia Regiment, and was in Mahone's Brigade, under Colonel Rogers. He served gallantly throughout the war, and had been Commander of the Pickett-Buchanan Camp, of Norfolk. He was also prominently identified with the musical world of Norfolk, having been one of the leading tenors of Christ Church choir for forty years, and taking part in many musical events of the city.

Captain Todd was a member of one of the oldest and most prominent families of Virginia. He is survived by his wife and a sister, Mrs. C. F. Greenwood, of Norfolk.

S. M. VALENTINE.

S. M. Valentine was born April 23, 1840; and died November 28, 1910. He was a native of Oktibbeha County, Miss., and enlisted in the Confederate service as a member of Company G, 14th Mississippi Infantry, in 1861, serving till the close of the war. He went to Texas in 1866, locating first in Washington County, then going to Burleson County, where he married Miss Louisa Lewis. About 1883 he removed to Stephens County, where he made his home until death, which occurred very suddenly while on a trip with his wife to visit their daughters in Taylor County. He was a member of Frank Cheatham Camp, U. C. V., at Breckenridge, Tex., and a loyal Church member, loved and respected by all who knew him.

CAPT. JOHN MOHLER WEIDEMEYER.

On the 12th of January, 1911, this noble gentleman and gallant Confederate officer at his home in Clinton, Mo., passed "out of the shadow of sadness into the sunshine of gladness."

Captain Weidemeyer was born at Charlottesville, Va., January 10, 1834, the son of John Frederick and Lucinda (Drafen) Weidemeyer. His father moved to Cooper County, Mo., in 1840, and in 1842 removed to Osceola, St. Clair County, where he and his son, Capt. J. M. W., conducted a wholesale mercantile business until their store and all other houses in the town save two were burned by Jim Lane, of Kansas.

John M. Weidemeyer received a liberal education in the private schools at Osceola, Highland Academy in Jackson County, Dr. Yantis's school at Sweet Springs, and at the famous Kemper School in Booneville. He acquired a taste for literature, and until the time of his death had a fine appreciation of all that is good and pure in books.

Modest as he was brave, he was selected to command a company of one hundred men in the Missouri State Guard at the beginning of the war, and later was mustered into the regular Confederate service in 1862. His company was consolidated with Captain Fleming's, Captain Weidemeyer being the first lieutenant. He served in the Trans-Mississippi until after the engagement in the battle of Elk Horn, when the regiment was ordered to join Beauregard at Corinth, Miss.

Upon a reorganization of Missouri troops Comrade Weidemeyer was elected captain, and commanded his company in Little's (afterwards Bowen's) Brigade in the battles of Iuka, Corinth, Hatchie Bridge, Port Gibson, Baker's Creek, Big Black, and in the siege of Vicksburg, where he was captured. While on parole he visited his family in Texas, and when exchanged reported to General Cockrell, who appointed him ordnance officer. He then served in that capacity until the surrender at Blakely, Ala., at the close of the war. In the severe battle at Corinth on October 3, 1863, his regiment, the 6th Missouri, was almost annihilated. Of three hundred who went into the charge that day, but thirty answered to roll call next morning. Captain Weidemeyer was in every way worthy to command a company in that splendid brigade of Missourians commanded by Little, Bowen, and Cockrell, who won imperishable fame for their State on a score of battlefields. He was wounded three times and lost his two brothers in battle. He was a true Confederate, and died as he had lived, faithful to the South, her history, and his old comrades in arms. He was a member of Norval Spangler Camp, U. C. V.

Captain Weidemeyer was married in 1856 to Miss Lelia Vernon Crutchfield, a lineal descendant of Gen. Andrew Lewis, the Virginian of Revolutionary fame, and of Dr. Gabriel Nash. He was a consistent Christian, and for many years was an elder in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Clinton, Mo. His home life was ideal, and the spirit of the devoted father and mother actuated the children so that a beautiful hospitality was ever dispensed in his home. His memory will ever be a rich legacy to his family and all who were so fortunate as to call him friend. He fought the good fight, he kept the faith.

MRS. JANE McDOW FULTON.

Mrs. Jane McDow Fulton was born in Greene County, Ala., August 28, 1824; and died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Mary Fleming Anderson, at Victoria, Tex., on February 21, 1911. She was of Scotch-Irish ancestry. Her father was a soldier in the Creek War, and her grandfather fought in the War of the Revolution. She gave all she had to the Confederacy.

JOHN RICHARD MILLS.

John Richard Mills, one of the best and most beloved citizens of Madisonville, Ky., died on July 31, 1910, at the age of sixty-six. He was born at Roaring Spring, Ky., February 14, 1844, and was a member of one of Trigg County's (Ky.) oldest and best families.

At the first call to arms in 1861, although only seventeen years of age, he left his home and school, near Providence, Ky., and, in company with several schoolmates, went to Hopkinsville, Ky., and joined a company organized by Capt. J. K. Huey, of Smithland, Ky., which became Company H, 1st Kentucky Cavalry, and became a part of General Forrest's regiment. He followed the fortunes of the Confederacy until the battle at Fort Donelson, where he was captured. He was sent



JOHN R. MILLS.

to prison at Indianapolis, Ind., and after eight months was exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss. He was a man of unbending integrity, yet gentle as a woman; of dauntless courage, yet modest and retiring. He was genial, kind, charitable, generous, the very soul of honor, and a humble Christian.

As a soldier John Richard Mills was brave, prudent, faithful. He never shirked a duty or sought an easy place; he cherished fondly the memory of those glorious days. He enjoyed the Reunions and the companionship of old comrades with whom he had served so bravely in years gone by. He was Adjutant of Hopkins County Camp, No. 528.

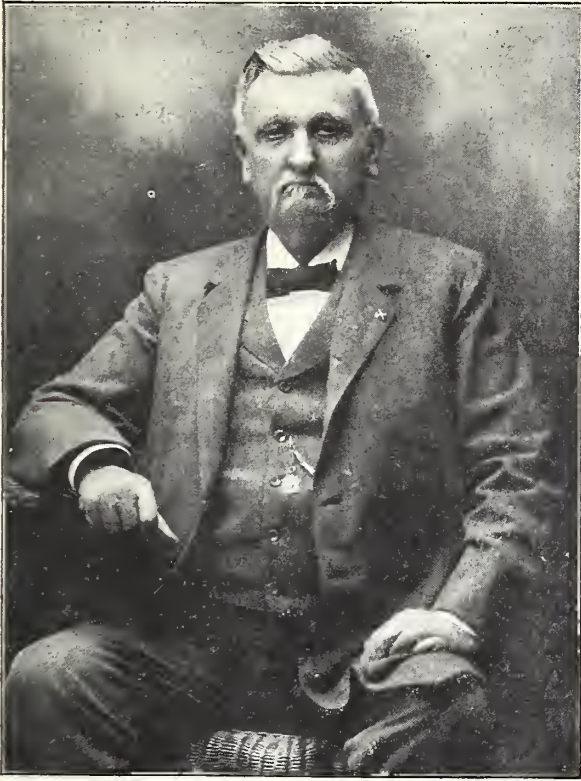
He worked faithfully and gave liberally of his time, energy, and means for the erection of the handsome monument which stands on Court Square in Madisonville, Ky., dedicated to "Our Confederate Dead."

He was a member of the Masonic Fraternity, having been a member for forty years, and for a number of years he had been a consistent member of the Missionary Baptist Church.

His funeral was attended by a large concourse of friends, many from out of town, including old comrades in arms, testifying their high regard for the man, soldier, citizen, and Christian. In accordance with his request, eight comrades in gray acted as pallbearers at the funeral. He is survived by a devoted family—a wife, two sons, and four daughters.

GEN. W. L. CABELL.

On the evening of February 21, 1911, gallant "Old Tige" Cabell went to sleep as a child—a sleep that knows no waking. For several weeks he had been ill of acute bronchitis, but had improved. His son, Ben E. Cabell, and the only daughter, Katie Cabell Muse, were in an adjacent room, when the latter, who had been such a faithful watcher of "daddy" for many years, went into the next room and found him lying in an easy attitude with his hands folded across his breast—and dead.



GEN. W. L. CABELL.

There had evidently been no struggle. His face bore a rather smiling expression.

When this last illness began, his absent sons were called to Dallas, and with sons and daughter about him "he admonished them not to ask God that he might linger." He told them that the Great Father had been kind to him, and had given him in excess of the threescore years and ten that are allotted to mortals. For this fact he asked his children to offer up thanks to the Almighty. His last words to them on this occasion were: "Strive, all of you, to keep yourselves and the government always pure."

With him until recently were all four of the surviving children. Lewis Rector Cabell was a few weeks ago called back to Cuba, where he is stationed as a civil engineer. Lawrence Duval Cabell, a captain in the United States army, with headquarters at Fort Benjamin Harrison, in Pennsylvania, remained until Monday night, and was then forced to proceed to his station by way of Fort Smith. A telegram reached him shortly after leaving Fort Smith.

Gen. William Lewis Cabell was born at Danville, Va., January 1, 1827. He entered the United States Military Academy in June, 1848, and was graduated in June, 1850. He was first assigned to duty as second lieutenant, and in 1855 was made regimental quartermaster. In March, 1858, he was made cap-

tain in the quartermaster's department, and was in the Utah Expedition. After that he was ordered to rebuild Fort Kearney, Nebr.

In the spring of 1859 he was ordered to Fort Arbuckle, in the Chickasaw Nation, and during that fall he was sent to build a new post about ten miles west of Arbuckle, in the Indian Nation. He remained on duty at his new post until March, 1861.

When the War between the States became inevitable, Captain Cabell sent his resignation to the War Department at Washington, D. C. Then he went to Little Rock, Ark., and offered his services to the Governor of the State. On receipt of a telegram from President Jefferson Davis he left on April 12 for the seat of the Confederate government at Montgomery, Ala. He reached Montgomery on the night of April 19; and there he found the acceptance of his resignation from the United States army signed by President Abraham Lincoln.

President Davis, who thoroughly appreciated the sterling worth of Captain Cabell, commissioned him as major and assigned him to the responsible task of organizing the quartermaster, commissary, and ordnance departments. These duties obliged Major Cabell to go to Richmond and remain there until June. Upon their completion he was ordered to report to General Beauregard at Manassas as chief quartermaster of the Army of the Potomac.

After the battles of July 18 and 21 at Blackburn Ford and Bull Run, in which he rendered most efficient services, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston assumed command, and Major Cabell served on his staff until January 15, 1862, when he was relieved and ordered to report to Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, commanding the Army of the West, for service with Gen. Earl Van Dorn in the Trans-Mississippi Department. He joined Van Dorn at Jacksonport, Ala.

Soon after this he was promoted to brigadier general, and was assigned to the command of all the troops on White River, with the important mission of "holding the enemy in check" until after the battle of Elk Horn. After that battle, which was fought March 6 and 7, 1862, the army was transferred to the eastern side of the Mississippi River, and the task of transferring it devolved upon General Cabell.

When General Van Dorn's army marched from Memphis to Corinth, General Cabell was in command of a Texas brigade, with an Arkansas regiment attached. In this responsible position he displayed the highest soldierly qualities.

When General Bragg's army marched to Kentucky, General Cabell was transferred to an Arkansas brigade, which he commanded in the battle at Corinth on September 2 and 3, at Hatchie's Bridge on September 14, and at Iuka and Saulton on September 19.

He was wounded in the breast at Corinth while leading the charge of his brigade with conspicuous courage, and was wounded again at Hatchie's Bridge. His wounds having unfitted him for active field service, the remnants of his command were assigned temporarily to the 1st Mississippi Brigade, under General Bowen, and he was ordered to the Trans-Mississippi Department to recuperate and inspect the staff department of that army.

When sufficiently recovered for duty, in Northwest Arkansas he recruited from every part of that section of the State. He organized one of the largest and finest cavalry brigades west of the Mississippi, and commanded this brigade at Backbone Mountain, Bentonville, Fayetteville, Poteau River, Antcine Elkins' Ferry, Mark's Mill, Pilot Knob, Rieves Station,

Franklin, Poison Springs, Jefferson, Mo., Garner's Mills, Current River, Booneville, Lexington, Mo., Big Blue, Independence, West Point, Marie de Cygene, and other places in Arkansas and Missouri. On the raid into Missouri he was captured in the open field near Mine Creek on October 24, 1863, and taken to Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie, and from there to Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor, where he remained until August 28, 1865.

The establishment of the Home for Confederate veterans at Austin was largely due to the untiring efforts of General Cabell to better the condition of his comrades in arms. He worked unceasingly to this end, and was pleased when the institution had its birth. Another achievement which owes its creation in a large measure to General Cabell is the fund in Texas for pensions for Confederate soldiers. Since the organization of the United Confederate Veterans General Cabell had given to it much of his time. It is said of him, and doubtless was true, that he knew personally more men prominent in the United States than any other man. Gen. Sam Houston was a warm friend. This friendship began when General Cabell was a young lieutenant and Gen. Sam Houston was a Senator from the Republic of Texas.

General Cabell moved with his family to Dallas in 1872, and two years thereafter was elected Mayor of the town. Between that date and 1882 he was again twice elected Mayor. He was a delegate from Texas to the convention at St. Louis, in 1876, that nominated Tilden, and to those in 1884 and 1892 that nominated Cleveland.

General Cabell was Vice President and General Manager of the Texas Trunk Railroad (now the Texas and New Orleans) for four years. He was United States Marshal for the Northern District of Texas during Cleveland's first administration, but tendered his resignation immediately upon receipt of the news of Harrison's election to the presidency. Friends urged him to remain in office, but he said: "I am a Democrat. The Republicans have gone into power. To the victor belong the spoils. My resignation is final."

At the meeting of the United Confederate Veterans held at Chattanooga, Tenn., in July, 1890, General Cabell was unanimously elected Lieutenant General of the Trans-Mississippi Division, which position he held until he was elected Honorary Commander in Chief of all the United Veterans.

[Report of military funeral in May issue of VETERAN.]

DEATHS AT HOPE, ARK.

The Adjutant of Gratiot Camp, No. 203, U. C. V., Hope, Ark., reports the following deaths in the Camp membership:

A. J. Hawthorn, Co. A, 33d Ark., Jan. 11, aged eighty.

L. A. Reese, of a Ga. command, Feb. 10, aged seventy-three.

G. W. Bowden, Co. C, 20th Ark., Feb. 27, aged sixty-eight.

These were good soldiers and good citizens. The Comrade Reese mentioned had served two terms as Representative for his county in the State Legislature.

CAPT. W. G. FEWELL.

Capt. W. G. Fewell died at his home, near Granbury, Tex., in January, 1910, in his seventy-ninth year. He was shot through the chest at Spottsylvania in May, 1864, and his death was caused by internal bleeding from that old wound. He was born and reared in Pickens District, S. C. He joined Company F, Orr's Rifles, S. C. V., in 1861, and was promoted to captain of his company for gallantry. He was severely wounded four times, but was with that army of gallant, ragged, hungry veterans who surrendered at Appomattox.

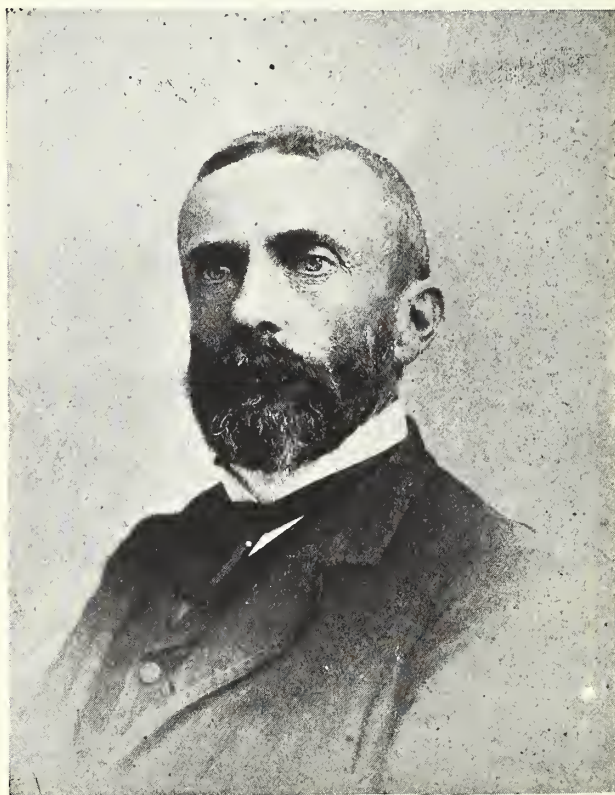
CAPT. GEORGE B. LAKE.

A message from Lexington, Ky., on March 20 states:

"Capt. George B. Lake, aged seventy, a Confederate veteran, remarked about 6:30 this afternoon while sitting in the office of the superintendent of schools and apparently in good health and spirits that when he died he wanted life to go out like the snuffing of a candle. At eight o'clock while sitting in the Y. M. C. A. rooms watching a game of chess he suddenly fell upon the floor. Friends rushed to his side, only to find he had expired. The coroner was called, and after an examination pronounced death due to apoplexy.

"Captain Lake was born in Edgefield, S. C., February 9, 1841, and served in the Confederate army, enlisting as a private in the Edgefield Rifles, in which company he became captain. He was at Petersburg when the fortifications were blown up.

"Captain Lake is survived by eight children: John Lake,



CAPT. GEORGE B. LAKE.

Baptist missionary at Canton, China; Miss Rosa Lake, city missionary, Lexington, Ky.; Mrs. W. W. Brockman, Librarian Y. M. C. A. at University of Virginia; Felix Lake, Baltimore, Md.; Calvert Lake, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Mrs. David Clark and Miss Clara Lake, Vidalia, Ga.; Mrs. Walter Gray, Castlewood, Va. He also leaves a sister, Mrs. R. H. Mims, of Edgefield, S. C. He had lived in Lexington for several years."

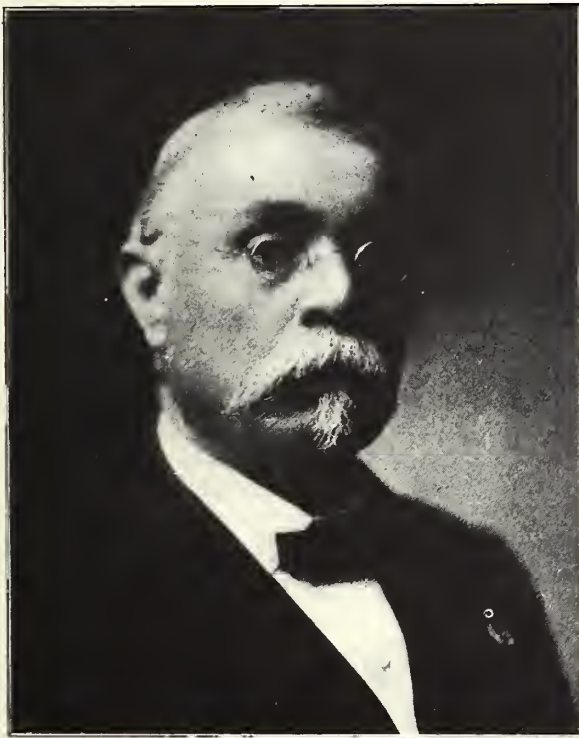
[A lengthy sketch of him and his company appeared in the VETERAN for May, 1894, page 153. In it there is a vivid account of his company in the battle of the Crater. He had thirty-three men in the battle, and thirty-one were killed. The VETERAN would be glad to see a monument to Captain Lake. It was he who at the Birmingham Reunion in 1894 offered the motion to make the VETERAN the official organ of the association which was adopted and remains in force.]

HON. TIM JOHNSON.

A quiet citizen who had lived in Davidson County, Tenn., for nearly threescore years and ten fell on sleep March 11, 1911, at the family residence, Antioch, near Nashville. A card from Rev. J. Addison Smith, of Murfreesboro, Tenn., states: "It was my pleasure to be with Hon. Tim Johnson some months before his departure. He then felt that he would never recover his health, and requested me to officiate at his funeral when the end came. His request opened up thought of the future with its surging hopes, and he said: 'I see my way home, and there are no stumps in the way. If you know about farming, you will understand my meaning.' * * * May this be the experience of the dear boys in gray who are falling into the tomb so fast!" * * *

Comrade Johnson's remarks recall sacred parables. He was a member of the Southern Presbyterian Church. His deepest regret at having to quit this world was his exceeding desire to live that he might assure friends of his gratitude for their many kindnesses in his sickness.

A special train was sent from Nashville for the funeral service. In addition to the sermon by the minister, the Frank Cheatham Bivouac and Camp used the burial ritual at the church. Comrade Johnson had written the list of his pallbearers. The remains were brought to Mount Olivet Cemetery.



HON. TIM JOHNSON.

Tim Johnson was the middle in age of three sons of James Johnson, who came from Lexington, Ky., to Sumner County, Tenn., and married Sarah Bruce. The father was a prominent, forceful man. He superintended the construction of the stone work of the Tennessee State Capitol (the building is stone); and also of the piers to the wire bridge that spanned the Cumberland River and which was destroyed during the great commotion when the Confederates abandoned Nashville to the Federals in 1862. Mr. Johnson died fifty years ago, his wife surviving him a quarter of a century.

There were nine daughters of the family; and of the dozen

children, the following survive: Mrs. J. W. Quinn, of Little Rock, Ark.; Mrs. T. Christianson, of Nashville, Tenn.; Mrs. S. M. Dickens, of Mount Vernon, Ind.; J. W. Johnson, of McKenzie, Tenn.; Ike Johnson, of Nashville, Tenn.

Tim Johnson went into the army at the age of twenty. At the expiration of two years he came home, married Miss Lucy Russell, and returned to the army at the expiration of his furlough. Two years later he returned and was greeted by his wife and babe, who is now Dr. J. T. Johnson. By this marriage there were three other sons—Charles, Allen, and Dr. Ike Johnson. By a second marriage, with Miss Catherine Soaps, there are two children, Mrs. Lucy Sanders and Woodall Johnson. By the third marriage a little son, Alexander, is left with his mother, who was Miss Laura Searl.



TIM JOHNSON AT THE AGE OF TWENTY YEARS.

In early business life Tim Johnson was a merchant, and later he retired to a fine farm. In 1880 he was elected sheriff of the county, and was so efficient an officer that he was urged for reelection, but he would not consent. He did, however, consent to serve a term in the State Legislature two years later, in which service he maintained his high reputation for integrity and wise action in behalf of his fellow-men.

Comrade Johnson's greatest pride was in his membership of the Board of Trustees of the Confederate Soldiers' Home, on which he served faithfully and well as a member of the Executive Committee until his health failed. [It is understood that the two surviving members of the Executive Committee have selected to succeed Mr. Johnson Maj. Charles A. Locke, of Nashville. Major Locke is evidently a wise and worthy selection in every way. He was a gallant soldier in the war, has been successful in business life, and has the leisure whereby he may render this important service.]

CAPT. S. B. THOMAS.

Capt. S. B. Thomas died at his home, near San Augustine, Tex., on January 4, 1911, after a week's illness. He was eighty years old. At the outbreak of the war he organized a company, went to the front, serving gallantly to the end.

COMMENDS SKETCH OF MR. MILTON H. SMITH.

BY HON. JOSEPH E. WASHINGTON, WESSYNGTON, TENN.

I was so much interested in your excellent article in the February VETERAN on the life and work of Mr. Milton H. Smith in connection with the history and growth of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad that I congratulate you.

The article is in perfect taste. There is in it nothing fulsome or flattering. Your statement of the plain, unvarnished facts does Mr. Smith no more than simple justice. So quiet and unostentatious is Mr. Smith that the general public has no true conception either of his great ability or of the magnitude of his achievements in that railroad work by which he has fostered and promoted the prosperity and developed the resources of that great section served by the Louisville & Nashville south of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi Rivers.

So little has been said about Mr. Smith in the public press that doubtless many even of those who are connected in a business way with the Louisville & Nashville Railroad have failed to realize and appreciate the full value and the extent of his successful work. On that account your article is all the more timely. It also seems peculiarly appropriate that this tribute should originate with the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, a publication in no sense commercial, and yet devoted to the welfare, advancement, and uplift of all that is best in that section which Mr. Smith has so intelligently and earnestly striven to serve.

The article should be especially commended to the young men of the South to whose ambition nothing can be more stimulating than the history of the life and work of an upright, honest, and most capable man like Milton H. Smith—a man with a brain big enough to master every difficulty, coupled with a modesty that shrinks from all publicity. The success that follows doubtful methods is so often paraded in the press that it is well for our youth to know what can be accomplished—as in this instance—by a modest and scrupulously honest man like Mr. Milton H. Smith.

[Mr. Washington is well fitted to write on this subject. His father knew the arduous labors of the distinguished railroad man from the beginning, and now the son, successor to the father, continues an intimacy with the great enterprise. So he can speak with understanding. Mr. Washington is as loyal a Southerner as those who fought in the war. He was not old enough to be a soldier; but as a lad he joined his father in resisting robbery by Federals. The elder Mr. Washington's Virginia blood was so fired that he fought against hopeless odds, this son loading the guns, until the robbers were forced to retire.—EDITOR.]

TO AGENTS OF L. & N. RAILROAD CO.

The VETERAN for February (1911) contained a sketch of the remarkable official career of your President, Mr. M. H. Smith. Such a publication, you may well infer, could never have been procured from him in person. Realizing, however, how loyal was the motive that produced it, he was gracious enough to call careful attention to the errors in the sketch so they might be corrected. That interview, therefore, in justice to Mr. Smith and to the exact truth is supplemented to the VETERAN and in the hope that your great army of railroad employees may learn something of the magazine. Sample copies are furnished to all who request them. The VETERAN is not intended for Confederates only, but all Southerners who appreciate the sacrifice for principle during the four years of a terrible war in the sixties. Address, Nashville, Tenn.

TRUST OF MONEY TO THE CONFEDERATE CAUSE.

The VETERAN has recently been made custodian of an unusual bequest. A gentleman in the North sent with a letter a check for \$50, half of which he has directed be used in sending the VETERAN to those unable to pay the subscription, the other half to go to some worthy Confederate undertaking, all as a memorial to his father, whose dying request was that a certain sum be given every year to relieve any Confederate comrades in distress or to bring some brightness into their lives. In response to the request that he write something of his father's service for the VETERAN, he states:

"All, or nearly all, of the family history was destroyed in the fire that destroyed our home in Kentucky nearly eighteen years ago. If it wasn't for the fact that I cannot produce proof that my father was a Confederate soldier, I would have made application to enter the Sons of Confederate Veterans long ago. All I have to show are a sword, a gun, and a flag, and the tales of an old negro mammy who died a little while ago.

"He enlisted in 1861 in the city of Richmond, Va., and served till the end of the war, except one month when he was in the hospital and the time he spent at Rock Island (by request)—some eighteen or twenty weeks.

"I don't know whether he performed any great feats of valor or not; but he evidently would fight all day and hike all night just like the rest of the boys, and I reckon he swore just as fervently as any of them and prayed just as earnestly when the occasion called for it.

"My father was wrapped heart and soul in the South. Out of six brothers who rode to the war, one stayed at Shiloh, two at Vicksburg, one died at Rock Island, one was shot at Gettysburg, and the youngest, my father, came out of the struggle with an arm gone—not a bad argument for one family to put up in support of their convictions. Father was just simply a Southern soldier fighting to defend a principle. That's what he asked to be carved on his gravestone.

"After the war was over, he went back to his home in Kentucky. In the spring of 1892 our home was fired in a feud, my mother was killed, and father died defending her. I was adopted by some Northern friends, and since then have lived in the North, but have gone South every chance.

"I do not know whether or not this is the incident which led to father's making the request that I send money to help his former comrades. At the battle of Gettysburg father was wounded in Pickett's charge, and would have been left by, if not on, the Union intrenchments had not six of his comrades come back and carried him off under fire. In later years he learned that one of these men had been turned away from a Home for Confederate Soldiers, as they did not have the funds to care for him, and the man went to a poorhouse. From that time he sent yearly what he could, and when he died he transferred this honor to me by request in a letter. I know he wanted to do all he could to prevent a repetition of that unfortunate affair. Personally I felt that I would be proud and honored to help."

The spirit which inspires the carrying out of this father's dying wish makes him worthy to be his father's son. The VETERAN is proud to share in this trust, and has had part of the fund given to an important undertaking in his native State. For the other part fifty subscriptions will be given, and the request is here made that those who know of worthy comrades unable to pay the subscription will send in their names. It is hoped to have names from all the States.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF WAR TIMES AND INCIDENTS.

"Chasing a shadow fifty years old" is the way that Roy Mason describes a unique trip through the Southern States upon which he was sent by the Review of Reviews during February and March of this year. The object of the trip was to collect photographs of the Confederate armies and fortifications during our great war. At the outset it seemed indeed as "chasing a shadow." He learned that in those days men were half clad, and in many instances were without shoes. The wounded in hospitals suffered for the lack of the simplest remedies. They lay in the open, often shuddering with chills because of lack of quinine. Small wonder was it that few, if any, took photographs in such times.

Curiously enough, photography was one of the means by which the sufferings of the wounded were alleviated. Into certain districts photographic chemicals could be brought. Orders were signed by President Lincoln himself, so some chemicals were brought in. About five hundred photographs were secured by Mr. Mason. Frequently, however, quinine found its way into the Confederate lines under the guise of photographic chemicals. The editors of the Review of Reviews have secured eleven thousand original photographs from which to choose the 3,500 illustrations which are going into their "Photographic History of the War."

The Secretary of the Review of Reviews Company is Charles D. Lanier, and the editor, Robert S. Lanier, is in charge of the text of illustrations. They are sons of Sidney Lanier, one of our beloved Southern poets, who served with his brother, Clifford, in the 2d Georgia Battalion and in the scout service along the James during the entire four years. They were about going to press with the first of the ten volumes when, in order to have enough Southern photographs to balance the large collection of views of the Northern armies, it occurred to them to send a man on a quest, and hence Mr. Mason's trip.

He visited over two dozen cities throughout the South, seeking photographs through libraries, memorial and historical associations, universities, armories, and private collections. He called upon hundreds of photographers, and his success fully justified the trip. The Daughters of the Confederacy loaned him many photographs and referred him from Chapter to Chapter.

Mr. Mason gathers all the data he can in regard to these photographs, so the record may be as accurate as possible. His trip lengthened to more than six weeks.

E. and H. T. Anthony & Co. was the firm of chemists which furnished Matthew B. Brady, the Northern photographer, with chemicals for his work during the war. The same firm ran chemicals through the blockade and furnished them to G. S. Cook, who took many photographs in and about Charleston and Columbia, S. C. H. P. Cook, son of the war-time photographer, now has a gallery in Richmond, and from him and others some of his father's photographs were obtained. Anthony & Co. also supplied chemicals to A. D. Lytle, of Baton Rouge, La. That enterprising photographer not only took views of the Confederate armies, but made a careful record of every camp, location, watchtower, headquarters, battery, and regiment in Banks's army, and prints of these negatives mysteriously found their way into the hands of the Confederate leaders.

Robert Alison, a Scotchman, visited the South in 1864 and 1865, made a large collection of photographs, and returned to Scotland before the close of the war. Sixteen years ago his son, Stephen H. Alison, brought them back to this country.

Mr. Mason discovered them in his possession in New Orleans, and purchased many of them.

The studios of many Southern photographers have been destroyed since the war. Many have sold priceless negatives at so much a thousand for old glass, and others have sold their old glass plates to florists for roofing to hothouses; but here and there a private collector, a library, or a university has kept these "shadows of past events," which Mr. Mason found.

He praises the royal hospitality and many favors he has received from the United Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and, indeed, everybody in the South to whom he has appealed for help and advice.

"Many people," says Mr. Mason, "have worked as hard for the success of this book as if they themselves were the publishers. I came asking favors, and yet became the guest of many warm-hearted Southerners."

WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPHS OF LEE AND JACKSON.

In 1863 Vannerson, of Richmond, took at his studio three small carte-de-visite photographs of General Lee—one three-quarter face, one profile, and one standing in uniform with sword and sash. In the latter he wears the sword and sash which were subscribed for by ladies of Baltimore and sent through the lines to him. They were worn by him in the interview with General Grant at Appomattox C. H.

In April, 1865, soon after the surrender, Brady, of Washington, went to Richmond and took three photographs, also small size—one of the General seated in a chair, one standing by the chair, and one seated, with Gen. G. W. C. Lee and Col. Walter H. Taylor standing on each side. These photographs were taken at the rear of the basement of his residence on Franklin Street, and can be identified by the chair and the basement door.

All of these photographs have been reproduced many times and in many sizes, but the originals are recorded above.

In the fall of 1862 General Jackson, at the request of the ladies of Dr. Hunter McQuire's family and the insistence of Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, went to Routzahn, a photographer in Winchester, and sat for the full-face picture of him seated.

In the spring of 1863, about a week or two before Chancellorville, and a short time before his death, Minnis & Cowell took the profile portrait of him. This was taken in a tent at Hamilton's Crossing, below Fredericksburg.

These have also been reproduced in various forms, but are the only photographs from life.

All of the above descriptions have been carefully collected from authoritative sources and can be relied upon as conclusive.

[The VETERAN has the assurance of Capt. Frederick M. Colston, of Baltimore, as to the accuracy of the foregoing.]

PROPOSED HISTORY OF THE FIFTH KENTUCKY REGIMENT.—Col. Hiram Hawkins, of Hawkinsville, Ga., makes this appeal to the 5th Kentucky Regiment: "Dear comrades, at the request of the Adjutant General of Kentucky, I have consented to write a brief history of the 5th Kentucky Regiment, its organization and achievements from '61 to '65, and I will greatly appreciate the address of any and all comrades of the gallant regiment I had the honor to command. Reviewing your record and achievements brings to mind glorious memories of the historic past, of which we are all proud. I would be glad to hear from you."

ABOUT SALES OF CONFEDERATE SEALS.

BY MRS. R. T. BAYLESS, SECRETARY, FLORENCE, ALA.

The General Convention U. D. C. at Little Rock, Ark., in November, 1910, indorsed and commended the selling of Confederate Seals.

The aim of the work is to finish two great monuments quickly: Arlington first, then Shiloh. Every Chapter in the organization is expected to buy from \$1 to \$25 worth of seals, then retail them, making ten times the amount as a gift to this object.

These seals are sold to Chapters from the manufacturers at cost. When your Chapter receives this notice, you are asked to decide at once how many seals you will buy and write this to your State Arlington Director.

By the 1st of May you are to send the money for seals ordered to this same Arlington Director, if you have not sent it before, and by the 1st of October she will send you seals with some suggestions for selling. Your director sends the money collected from the whole State to this committee, and every penny of it goes for seals. For information wanted write your State Director.

We want to break the world's record on coöperation, and we want every single Chapter to put some money into this work. We also want every member of the U. D. C. to sell at least two packages of seals, worth \$1.

As soon as we finish these two monuments there seems to be no reason why in the future the Chapter may not use for worthy objects of their own the money made by selling seals.

The Central Committee is composed of four members: Chairman, Vice Chairman, Secretary, and Treasurer. We have an expert Treasurer who receives all funds from the State Directors to purchase seals wholesale.

Money made by the Chapters from the sale of these seals at retail is to be sent to the respective State Directors for Arlington and by them sent to Mr. Wallace Streater, Washington, Treasurer for the Arlington Monument Fund.

Statements of the expenditures of this committee for printing, stamps, etc., will be sent the General Convention.

Committee on Seals: Mrs. Edgar James, Chairman; Mrs. M. W. Camper, Vice Chairman; Mrs. R. T. Bayless, Secretary; Miss Olive Rogers, Treasurer.

POEMS OF JAMES RYDER RANDALL.

The second edition of "Randall's Poems" has been announced as the "first complete collection" of that author's poetical compositions. While his fame rests on the authorship of "Maryland, My Maryland" alone, he will be all the more appreciated by full acquaintance with his other forms of verse, there being many gems in the collection which would otherwise remain unknown because of the author's modesty in regard to his own composition. Randall never received pecuniary compensation for any of his poems, giving them freely wherever asked, and often keeping no copies. It has been a labor of love to gather these together, and the editor of the volume, Mr. Matthew Page Andrews, makes acknowledgment for assistance in the work to many interested friends, and especially to Miss Lillian McGregor Shepherd, a friend and admirer of the poet, who had urged him to publish his poems in book form, and this he was preparing to do when death intervened.

There is a biographical introduction to this edition, with historical and explanatory notes which add much to the value of the work. Published by the Tandy-Thomas Company, New York. Price, \$1.50. Orders can be sent through the VETERAN.

SOWING OF SWORDS—THE SOUL OF THE SIXTIES.

FROM THE ST. LOUIS GLOBE DEMOCRAT OF AUGUST 20, 1910.

The above is the title of Mrs. Elizabeth Avery Meriwether's remarkable book. The Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington.

To an already fine list of books bearing on the Civil War in the polemic or fictional form Mrs. Elizabeth Avery Meriwether, of St. Louis, has just added the above-named book, not the least claim to consideration of which is that the author has reached an age when literary work usually ceases.

In the present instance the subtitle leaves no doubt as to the trend of the work. Nor should a cleverly alliterative arrangement be allowed to go uncommended. There is something deft and soothing about these initial sequences. The best of writers have made use of them. Hence "The Sowing of Swords; or, The Soul of the Sixties" stands unchallenged on the side of the propriety of its construction. Merchants say that the label oft sells the goods, the price being right. Mrs. Meriwether's book, we repeat, is finely titled.

The comprehensive quotation on the title page, from Genesis xlix. 7, "Cursed be their anger, for it was fierce; and their wrath, for it was cruel," bodes forth the contents in elemental fashion. * * *

In the preface Mrs. Meriwether describes the entity of Hannah Parting, of New England, who in bodily and worldly distress gave the editor of this book the MS. which many a publisher rejected before it came out as "The Sowing of Swords."

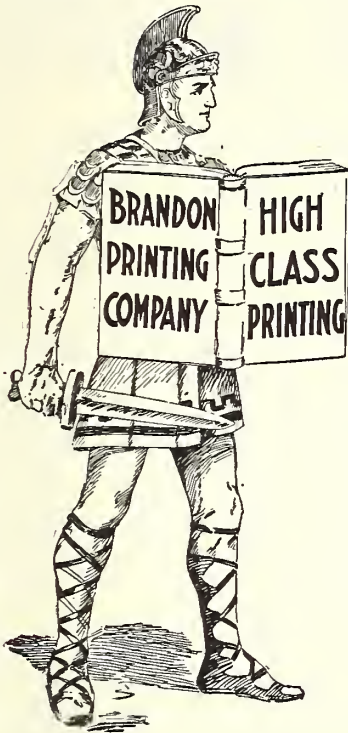
Mrs. Meriwether details how the MS., owing to the fact that it came into her hands during the Reconstruction period, could not find a publisher until now.

Assuming by turns many shapes, such as diary, discussion of racial and political subjects, historical disquisition, portraiture of Southern conditions before the war, judgment of the causes of the war when it broke out, incidents in the struggle as viewed by a noncombatant, but aider and comforter of the enemy, Mrs. Meriwether's book, despite its discursiveness to which the editor lends free rein, is more than merely readable. It must be rated as a fascinating volume for the reason that the editor, describing vividly the progress of the war somewhat remote from its actual theater, can truly say that she saw all of it and was part of it.

The reader's attention is specially called to Chapter XXI., descending on the "rebel" hate of General Butler. Here's where the book throbs when elsewhere it merely moves and has its being.

If one might hazard a guess as to the purport of the work, it might be something after this fashion. Mrs. Meriwether, imbued with the justice of her cause, seeks at this late day to write a "Reply to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,'" and in the person of Hannah Parting invents a belated replica of Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose errors of judgment and description in the Southern issue previous to the Civil War are now to be corrected by another Northern woman, who saw that war and whose voice could not be heard during the fateful Reconstruction period.

But even belated as it seems to be, there are many questions under discussion, mostly in colloquial form, which give this book an exceptional value. Mrs. Meriwether, true to her blood, does not mince matters. No man could or would write a book like "The Sowing of Swords." And to have written it at an elderly age, with no faculty impaired and the blood at fervent, not to say belligerent heat, gives a value to this performance not to be underestimated.



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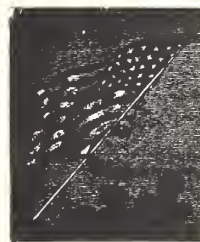
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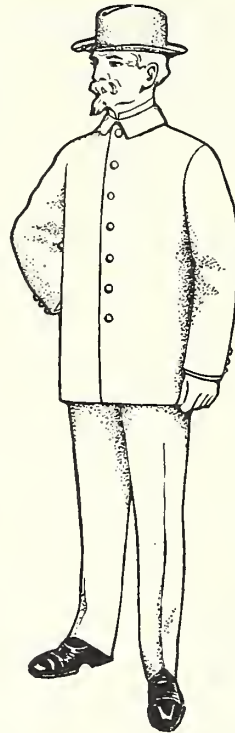
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WANTED To hear from a lady who, during the Civil War, was Miss Cecilia Lawton, of Sylvania, Screven County, Ga., and whose address also at other times was McPhersonville, S. C., and Potomac, S. C. If she is not living, will some of her descendants or relatives write to

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By the fireside, round the camp-fire,
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Wherever valor's worshiped,
One hears the name of Lee.

And to-day the Southern soldier,
Wherever he may be,
Bows his head in love and reverence
At the memory of Lee.

And the mighty, ponderous rivers
That go rolling toward the sea
'Neath the lonely starlit heavens
Chant the requiem of Lee.

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(Author of the famous "Loyal and True.")

CHORUS:

O may North and South grow nearer
To each other's hearts and dearer
For the memory of their heroes, etc.

Sung with great success in Chicago at the late Lincoln Day Memorial exercises. Solo and mixed female and male chorus.

Theodore Presser, publisher of the "Etude," says: "It certainly is away above any music of this kind we receive."

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THE VIRGINIA SHOP OF CRAFT
11 N. 3d St., Richmond, Va.

WANTED---Confederate Money

A \$1,000.00 Confederate Treasury Note; also one each of a \$1.00, \$2.00, \$5.00, \$10.00, \$20.00, \$50.00, and \$100.00, dated at Montgomery, Ala., and notes of the same denomination issued at Richmond, Va., in 1861. Address, stating price of such as may be had.

R. Y. JOHNSON, Guthrie, Ky., R. 3

Confederate Veteran.

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PHILLIP'S BAKERY
824 Central Ave., Hot Springs, Ark.
If you come ONCE, you will come AGAIN

"THE OLD SWORD ON THE WALL."

Mrs. J. Griff Edwards, who is the leader of Confederate Choir No. 1, of Portsmouth, Va., says of this song in writing to the composer: "I have looked over the song carefully, and I think it most tuneful and sweet. The music seems to be in perfect keeping with the beautiful words. May it meet with success!"

Mrs. M. C. Sparks, 2611 Prospect Avenue, North Fort Worth, Tex., wants to hear from some comrades who remember her husband, Robert Sparks, who belonged to Company C, 3d Georgia Regiment, under Captain Kendrick.

Any surviving comrades of A. T. Grigg, who served in Company H, 45th Tennessee Regiment, who were with him at the surrender will kindly write to his widow, Mrs. R. I. Grigg, of Murfreesboro, Tenn., as she wishes to secure his record as a soldier in order to get a pension.

Any one who served in the Confederate army with Jacob Leander Parker, of Company A ("Plow Boy Company"), 41st Alabama Regiment Volunteers, Gracey's Brigade, will confer a favor by writing to his daughter, Mrs. W. A. Harp, of Haynes, Ark., who is trying to secure a pension for her old and feeble mother.

Miss Alpha Christian, of McCook, Nebr., asks for proofs of the service of her grandfather, Thomas Christian, for the Confederacy. He was born in Cocke County, Tenn., and served during the war as an enrolling officer. He was killed September 4, 1863, by bushwhackers. She will appreciate hearing from any who can give her information of his service.

The friends of one Theodore Warrell, a Michigan man, who moved to New Orleans and at the outbreak of the Civil War joined the Confederate forces, are anxious to ascertain his whereabouts if living or some information of him otherwise. It is thought that he was a colonel. When last heard of he was in Jackson, Miss., some years after the war. Replies to this may be sent to Miss Elizabeth A. Price, 221 Fourth Avenue North, Nashville, Tenn.

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WATERS. Address

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Instrument Made. More Vol-
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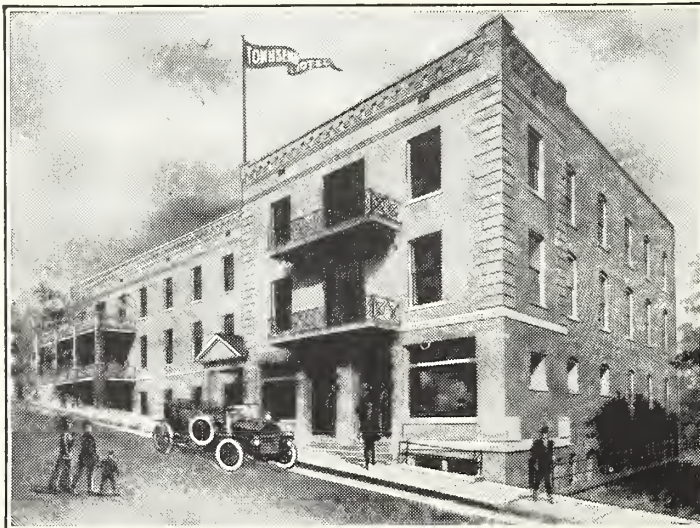
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Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR.
SINGLE COPY 10 CENTS.

VOL. XIX.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1911.

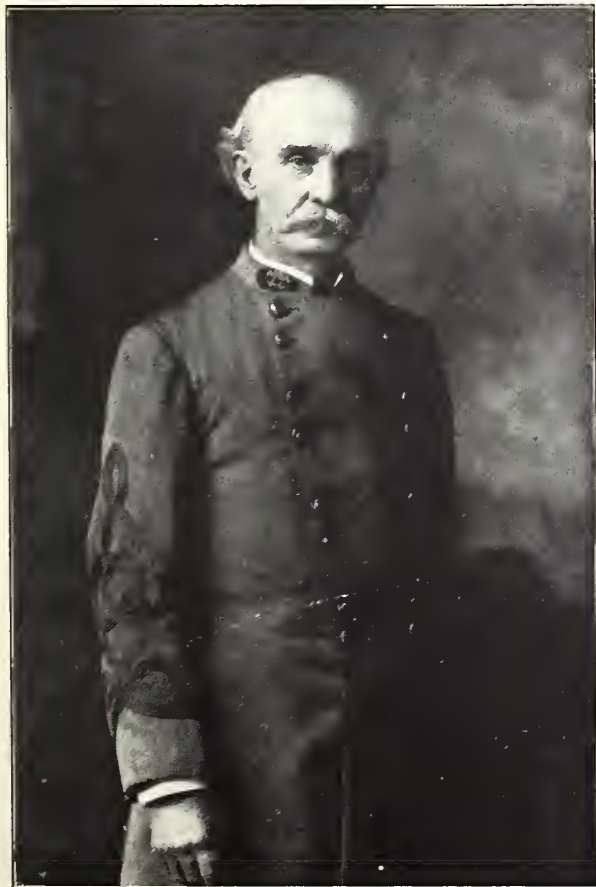
No. 5.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM
PROPRIETOR.

LITTLE ROCK REUNION PLANS.

The committee in charge has provided fifteen thousand single beds of excellent material, a large number of which will be placed in the strictly modern public school buildings in the city. The camp for Confederate veterans will be established in City Park, and Congress has granted the army tents for their use.

"Near City Park will be established 'Camp Kavanaugh,' a



GEN. GEORGE W. GORDON,
Commander-in-Chief United Confederate Veterans.

vast bachelor barracks made to accommodate five thousand. It will be equipped with shower baths and all modern conveniences, and a large catering establishment will operate an extensive restaurant in connection.

"The hotels will accommodate five thousand visitors, and a house-to-house canvass is being made of the city and the adjoining municipalities of Argenta and Pulaski Heights, to ascertain how many visitors can be entertained in homes.

"In all cases a definite scale of prices for specified accommodations will be entered into by the householder, so that there will be no chance of extortion. The same is true of all restaurants and eating houses, permanent as well as temporary. They will be required to agree to a fixed scale of prices to be prominently displayed in their places of business, and only such as enter into this agreement will be endorsed by the committee, in a large sign in front of the entrance. In this respect a sure safeguard against overcharging is made.

"On May 16 there will be a reception from 3 to 7 p.m. at the Quapaw Club to the maids and sponsors. At eight o'clock on the night of May 16 there will be a dance at the Quapaw Club, and a 'Historical Evening' will be held at the Scottish Rite Consistory, in charge of Mr. Fay Hempstead, to be followed by a dance. Arrangements will probably be made for a good drama to be presented at the Capital Theater the same night, so that visitors will have choice of three entertainments.

"On May 17 open house will be kept at the following places: Elks Club, Concordia Club, Knights of Pythias, Scottish Rite Consistory, Athletic Club, Country Club, and Eagles Hall. In addition to each club keeping open house, each one will also hold a reception extending from 3 to 7 p.m. At eight o'clock that night there will be a dance at the Auditorium Rink.

"On May 18 at 8 p.m., also at the Auditorium, another ball will be given to be known as the 'Veterans Ball,' and to accommodate all who wish to dance balls will be given simultaneously at all of the club rooms of the city."

The mother of Miss Ophelia Nelson, Maid of Honor to Miss Mimzelle George, Sponsor for the Northwestern Division, U. C. V., is President of the R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Seattle, and her grandfather, Captain Sidnor, of Richmond, was leader of the movement that resulted in the J. E. B. Stuart monument in that city.



MISS MARY HUNT TURPIN,
Chief Sponsor for United Confederate Veterans.

Miss Mary Elise Stewart is her Maid of Honor, Mrs. Julia Johnson Churchill Hankins, Chaperon, and Mrs. L. B. McFarland, of Memphis, Tenn., Matron of Honor.



MRS. FRANCIS RAWLS WADLEIGH,
Sponsor for Virginia Division at Little Rock Reunion.

The ever-gallant and loyal Gen. Stith Bolling, Commander of the Virginia Division, requests all old soldiers of Virginia who can do so to attend this Reunion and show our hosts our appreciation of their hospitality by aiding them in making this gathering of old veterans and their friends a memorable occasion.

Miss Greer, Sponsor for the First Texas Brigade, Gen. J. J. Hall commanding, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hal W. Greer and granddaughter of Mr. Benjamin Irby, who fell in battle at Selma, Ala., after General Lee had surrendered. Her great-grandfather on her father's side, Maj. Micajah Autry, was one of the heroes of the Alamo. A granduncle, Gen. Elkanah Greer, of Marshall, Tex., commanded a brigade from Texas, and her granduncle, James L. Autry, was killed in the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn. At the time of his death a commission had been signed by President Davis appointing him brigadier general.



GEN. WILLIAM E. MICKLE,
Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff, U. C. V.

Miss Harding is the daughter of Col. R. J. Harding, of the 1st Texas Regiment, Hood's Texas Brigade. She is President of the W. D. Holder Chapter.

Many sketches of sponsors, maids, etc., are received which cannot be used as sent in connection with the engravings.

Some singular errors occurred in the Last Roll notice of Maj. James H. Aiken on page 137 of the March VETERAN. He was born in Maury County instead of Williamson. By his first marriage he had three children who predeceased their father. By the second marriage there were three children—Mrs. Ethel (W. B.) Johnson, of Johnson City, the son Kirnan, and Miss Jim, who reside on the farm where the father died. There were no children by the third marriage.

ADJT. GEN. E. T. SYKES, OF MISSISSIPPI.

The military experience of Edward Turner Sykes, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff Army of Tennessee Department, will be read with interest.

He was born at Decatur, Ala., March 15, 1838, and graduated from the University of North Carolina in June, 1858, and from the Law Department of the University of Mississippi in June, 1860. His service in the C. S. A., 1861-65, was successively as color bearer, adjutant, and captain of Company K, 10th Mississippi Infantry. From November, 1862, when Walthall's Brigade was organized, to June, 1864, he was adjutant general to Gen. E. C. Walthall; and thence to the close of the war he was adjutant general on the staff of Brig. Gen. W. H. Jackson, commanding a cavalry division which surrendered as a part of Forrest's Cavalry in Gen. Dick Taylor's department at Gainesville, Ala., May 8, 1865. However, his parole, among the last to be issued in that department, was dated May 18. Gens. E. S. Dennis and W. H. Jackson were the respective paroling officers for the Federal and Confederate armies; and after completing the parole of the troops at and near Gainesville, they went to Columbus, Miss., where they finished the duties assigned them. His duties as adjutant general to General Jackson requiring his official attention, he waited until his chief had completed the duties assigned him. His parole and commissions decorate his office.

He was married November 16, 1863, to Callie, eldest daughter of Colonel Isham and Julia Harrison, of Columbus. Her father was colonel of the 6th Mississippi Cavalry Regiment, and was killed on July 14, 1864, while leading his regiment in the severe and important battle of Harrisburg, Miss. Camp No 27, U. C. V., bears Colonel Harrison's full name.

At the organization of the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans of Mississippi in Aberdeen October 15, 1889, when Gen. E. C. Walthall was elected its Grand Commander, he wrote his former adjutant general, Colonel Sykes, that he would not accept the honor tendered him unless he would again serve



BRIG. GEN. E. T. SYKES.



MISS SUSIE D. YERGER,
Maid of Honor, Forrest's Cavalry.

him as his Adjutant General. Accepting the tendered honor, Colonel Sykes continuously served in the position during the successive terms of Gen. W. S. Featherston, Governor (Colonel) Stone, and Gen. Stephen D. Lee.

On the organization of the Department East of the Mississippi, U. C. V., and the assumption of command thereof by General Lee, in orders under date of November 15, 1894, he appointed Comrade Sykes as his Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, with the rank of Brigadier General.

On the adoption by the United Confederate Veterans at their Reunion held in Houston, Tex., May 22-24, 1895, of an amended constitution creating the three army departments as they now exist, and the election of Gen. S. D. Lee to the command of the Army of Tennessee Department, General Sykes was appointed its Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, with the rank of Brigadier General, and has thus continued to serve through the successive terms of S. D. Lee, Clement A. Evans, George W. Gordon, and now under Lieut. Gen. Bennett H. Young as Department Commanders.

From January, 1884, to January, 1888, General Sykes was State Senator for Lowndes County. He is a member of several fraternal orders—viz., Masons, Knights Templars, Odd Fellows, Elks, one of the Past-Grand Chancellors of the Knights of Pythias of the State of Mississippi, and a member of the Phi Kappa Sigma (Greek Letter) Fraternity. At sundry times and occasions he has delivered literary and commemorative addresses, notably his oration delivered at Munfordville, Ky., September 14, 1885, at the unveiling of the monument erected there to the memory of Col. Robert A. Smith, commanding the 10th Mississippi Infantry Regiment, who fell in the battle fought there twenty-two years before, and "A Cursory Sketch of General Bragg's Campaigns," both of which appear in the "Southern Historical Society Papers" (Volumes XI. and XII.), published at Richmond, Va. He has likewise written a history of Walthall's Brigade, not yet published, and many other literary and military articles. He has been since the Civil War a practicing lawyer at Columbus.

In compliance with the request of the VETERAN General Sykes has well written a most interesting sketch of early war days, which is unavoidably held over to the next issue.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

LARGEST ISSUE IN HISTORY OF THE VETERAN.

Eighteen years' experience with the VETERAN, its pages exactly the same in size, ought to furnish a guide as to how much may go in an issue; but the extraordinary pressure during the last two months has frustrated all former plans. The addition of sixteen pages at an expense of several hundred dollars proved insufficient, and then as many more have been added, making this the largest issue of the VETERAN in its history.

Some radical rules must be adopted, and the most important is to confine articles to one or two pages—one, wherever practicable. Preference will be given, as it ever has been, to comrades not accustomed to writing, but they must write as concisely as possible. They had better rewrite and look to reduction of space and tell only what they did or what they saw and heard at the time.

Comrades who are practical are informed that every page costs as much as \$20, and that three times as much reading matter is contributed as can be used. Besides, so much space is required to record history for the great organizations it represents that very limited space in proportion can be given to the history of battles, etc.

CONCERNING SUBSCRIPTIONS.

It is assumed that every name on the subscription list represents a person friendly to the cause of the VETERAN, and they should know that it depends directly upon subscriptions for meeting an expense of about \$30 per day. Therefore the patronage of friends only is sought. Readers who do not pay are a tax upon every person who does, and it is never sent to anybody except with the understanding and belief that they will pay. If a comrade is anxious for it and can't pay, he should write us in advance, so it may be understood about conditions and whether pay may ever be expected.

The VETERAN returns grateful acknowledgment to thousands who responded recently to the reminder of dues, many of whom wrote so generously. There are other thousands who delay, many of whom do not realize the expense and labor entailed in sending out other reminders. There is too much loss in subscriptions upon the long-indulgence plan, especially where comrades die and their families ignore the obligation. Let each one who has not responded do so at once, whether he has received a reminder or not.

The beautiful postal card, with a brief history of the Confederate flags, sent out this month cost more than \$125. Please use to the best advantage.

It invariably occurs at reunions that many promises of interest in the VETERAN are pledged with good intentions; yet when those who make them get home and the inspiration of surroundings subsides, they want to rest and adjust home affairs, and then forget what they promised. Please remember to urge the neighbors had in mind in the promise, and see them very soon. They will appreciate it later on.

These appeals are humiliating, but they must be made. If every comrade would give "a lift," there would be no burden.

PRACTICAL STATEMENT THAT DEPRESSES.

A comrade writes: "I am proud that I have the right to wear the cross of honor. * * * I am very poor and have not the money to renew. I will be grateful if you will continue sending the VETERAN. I am living with my son."

The foregoing illustrates the unfortunate spirit of many comrades. The VETERAN is an individual enterprise, as is any man's garden. If two comrades were neighbors and one had a stalwart son and the other had been bereft, it would be more consistent for the father to ask his neighbor for a bushel of choicest vegetables, for in some way he might return the neighborly deed. In this instance the two have never seen each other, nor do they expect to. The father doesn't explain the son's condition, but it is presumed that he is a stalwart man and can afford to supply the family with luxuries. This comrade, who prides himself on his cross of honor, evidently doesn't tell his son what it cost, and when he lies in the grave that cross will evidently be forgotten. Why not stand to the front as in days when to do otherwise would have been a disgrace and teach the son that he ought to be a comrade to his father and take his place in having the grandchildren proud of that cross of honor?

It costs the comrade who happens to be publisher of the VETERAN \$1,000 and more for each issue, and his main dependence is the subscription price. There are emergencies, such as sending it to comrades who have no son to provide food, bed, and clothing, and then the subscription is the gift of the publisher. Therefore no man should be stingy with the VETERAN. Requests ought to be made to maintain it. Thousands seem not to comprehend its cost. Contributors who send articles rarely realize that every page in it is produced at an expense of not less than \$20, and they should consider the importance of rewriting and condensing what they send.

The characteristics of the publication must be maintained, the multitude of inquiries in behalf of lost comrades and poor widows who seek pensions and other features of charity must be continued, and the VETERAN should have support accordingly.



MISS OPHELIA NELSON, SEATTLE, WASH.,
Sponsor for Northwestern Division.

COL. J. A. ORR, OF THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESS.

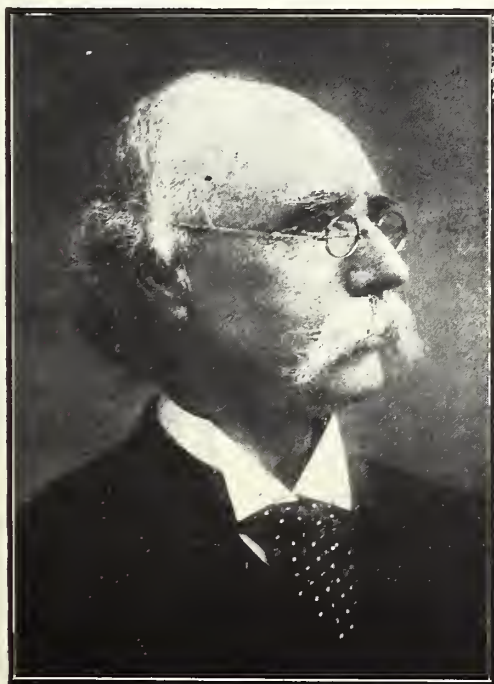
Hon. Jehu A. Orr, of Columbus, Miss., will go as Commander of Isham Harrison Camp, No. 27, to the Little Rock Reunion. Judge Orr is one of the two living members of the Provisional Congress which met in Montgomery, Ala., and organized the Confederate States of America, and the only survivor of the Richmond Congresses. His colleague, singular to relate, is also a Mississippian, Judge J. A. P. Campbell, who served at times as "President of the Congress."

Judge Orr is a native of South Carolina and is a younger brother of the Hon. James L. Orr, who died in St. Petersburg while serving as United States Minister to Russia.

He has been in public life since attaining his majority, more than threescore years. He was a member of the Mississippi State Senate at twenty-one years of age and was a member of the Mississippi Secession Convention, voting for secession. He was elected to the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States, and served in it until February, 1862, when he raised a regiment of fourteen hundred gallant Mississippians for the Confederate army, and commanded it until he was elected to the Second Confederate Congress, taking his seat in April, 1864, and served until the end of the war. He was Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and made the report which led to the celebrated "Hampton Roads Conference."

At the close of the war Colonel Orr resumed the practice of law, and continued in practice until selected judge. He has been an earnest supporter of the State's educational institutions, and for thirty-five years has been a trustee of the University of Mississippi. He has long been an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and has striven on high planes to promote the cause of his fellow-man.

Col. Jehu A. Orr was announced by President Davis as a member of Congress on April 29, 1861; he was appointed colonel of the 31st Mississippi Regiment September 24, 1862, and resigned his commission to serve again in the Confederate Congress, Lieut. Col. M. D. L. Stephens being promoted to succeed him as colonel on June 8, 1864.



COL. J. A. ORR.

Judge Orr celebrated his golden wedding with his splendid wife some years ago, and he has reached the ripe age of eighty-five years.

LITTLE ROCK TO HAVE "REUNION GUARDS."

Plans for the protection of visitors to Little Rock, May 16-18, have been prepared by the Public Safety Committee, which includes a volunteer organization known as the "Reunion Guards," composed of members of the local lodges of Elks, Eagles, and others. They will be sworn in as special officers, and will have badges giving them authority to make arrests and take other measures to maintain peace.

Details from the Arkansas Militia will patrol the Veterans' Camp in the City Park. The Little Rock police force, deputy sheriffs, and constables will be aided by detectives of the three railroad trunk lines that run into Little Rock and of the Pacific Express Company.

In addition, letters have been sent requesting every sheriff and chief of police in Arkansas to report to the Public Safety Committee and cooperate with that body in maintaining order.

Trained nurses will be in readiness in case of need, and every possible precaution will be taken for the care of the veterans, most of whom are now very old and feeble.

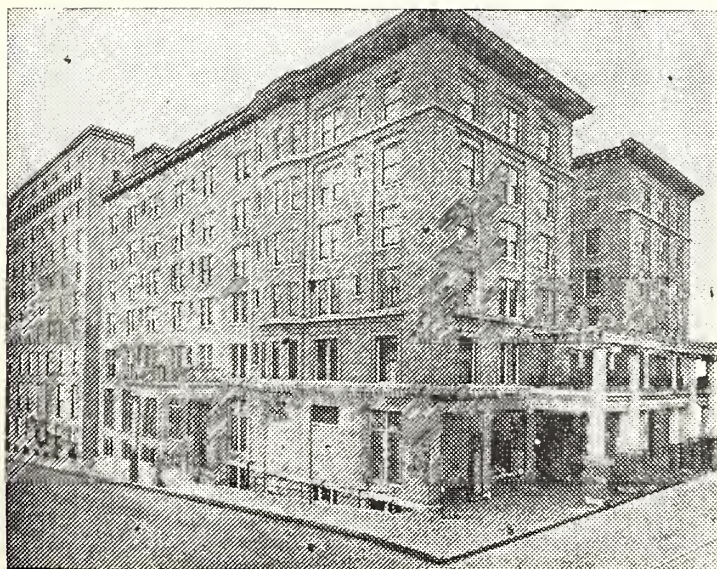
Ambulances will follow each division in the parade May 18.

ACCOMMODATIONS FOR VISITORS OUTSIDE OF HOTELS.

Nine of the schoolhouses of the city will be used as temporary hotels, and will accommodate about four thousand visitors. Each will be conducted as a modern hotel, except that the sleeping accommodations will consist of cots. For such places one dollar a day will be charged, no reservations to be accepted for less than three days.

The high school building will be reserved exclusively for women. At this building and also at the Kramer School the Women Teachers' Association of Little Rock will serve meals at moderate prices. These schoolhouse hotels will be open to the public on the night of May 15. Reservations may be made in advance by writing to Rees P. Horrocks, Chairman of the Lodging in Schoolhouses Committee.

The Eating and Lodging Committee has required those furnishing meals to sign a contract in which prices are stipulated.



THE MARION HOTEL, LITTLE ROCK, REUNION HEADQUARTERS.

FACULTY OF ROANOKE COLLEGE "DEFENDED."

J. D. Rodeffer, secretary of the faculty, writes the VETERAN:

"SALEM, VA., April 17, 1911.

"Dear Sir: I am instructed by the faculty of Roanoke College to send you the inclosed statement of our defense of President Morehead, who has been unjustly attacked on account of his stand for academic freedom. President Morehead's father fought under Lee four years. My father, Mr. M. M. Rodeffer, of Lovettsville, Va., who is one of your subscribers, fought four years under Stonewall Jackson and Longstreet. Most of our faculty are the sons of Confederate veterans; but because we stand for academic freedom, we have been attacked as being anti-Southern. Nothing is farther from the truth."

FACULTY OF ROANOKE COLLEGE MAKES A STATEMENT.

To the criticism that has been directed against Roanoke College in connection with the adoption and use of "Elson's History of the United States," the faculty have preferred hitherto to make no formal reply. This course was chosen, not because of our disregard of public opinion when fairly and properly expressed, but because in the first place the main points at issue were covered at some length by the action of the board of trustees; and, further, because the discussion of the principles has been obscured by the introduction of personal issues. But when personalities become such as to reflect upon the honesty and fair dealing of the president of this college—a man whom we know to be incapable of any dishonorable act and whom we regard as much with affection as with respect—we are impelled to utter an emphatic protest. President Morehead has been away from Salem since the meeting of the board referred to above and is not fully informed of the attacks which have been made upon him; but we wish as a faculty to say in his absence that we are unwilling that he should be selected as the special object of criticism. His views in this matter are precisely the views of every regular professor in the college; and if odium attaches to his course of action, we share it equally with him.

The present statement is evoked especially by the resolutions of the William Watts Camp of Confederate Veterans at their recent meeting in Roanoke. And here we desire to say that we have the highest respect for the Confederate veterans, and feel sure that they have not been fully informed on all points involved in this question; otherwise they would not have passed, among others, the following resolution: "We deplore the stand taken by President Morehead, who, after promising to abolish the history, kept it, and is still keeping it in use."

We regard this as a serious imputation on the character of President Morehead. To all who know him intimately such a charge is absurd. If reference is here made to resolution 9 of the board of trustees passed at its meeting of March 7 upon the recommendation of the president, we desire to say that the charge is absolutely false. The resolution reads as follows: "In view of these facts and in view of the fact Dr. Thorstenberg does not insist on the use of said history, deeming, as he does, the question of a text-book not of vital importance, it is further resolved, at his suggestion, that the use of a text-book be discontinued, and that his proposal that he assign topics without a text-book and that students be required to obtain their material from any accessible sources, without responsibility on the part of the professor, be approved."

That action has been conscientiously adhered to. The professor of history immediately discontinued the use of Elson's book, and since that time has made no reference whatever to it in his work. He has not encouraged any student to use it.



MISS ROSE E. DICKINSON,

Sponsor for Forrest's Cavalry.

The trustees did not direct that the books be taken out of the hands of the students who owned them, and that has not been done. The books are the students' private property. But in order to make more effective the topical method, a number of volumes treating of the period now being studied have been added to our library, which was already well equipped with historical works. It is precisely this method of work—the work of consulting various authorities, of getting at different viewpoints, of forming independent judgments, and following no man till he proves his case—that has been fostered in the department of history as well as the other departments of Roanoke College.

In view of the many false rumors and persistent misrepresentations in regard to the position of Roanoke College as to the Elson history, we desire to set forth the facts in the matter. The curriculum which went into effect at the beginning of the present session provided for an advanced course in American history. The professor in charge found difficulty in securing a text of suitable scope for the work. While there are numerous elementary texts on the subject, these are much too brief for the advanced course provided for. Other works cover special periods only or are too voluminous and expensive. He adopted Elson's as being practically the only available single volume covering the whole field of American history and discussing the topics with sufficient fullness to stimulate further thought and study. Neither the professor of history nor the president of the college nor any member of the faculty has ever defended the errors of Elson. But we hold that the mistakes of a historian can be met and nullified only by clear reasoning and by the dispassionate presentation of facts.

Roanoke College is a Southern institution with Southern traditions; and its faculty, composed, as it is, chiefly of Southern men, has no desire that it should be anything else. Our professor of history, it is true, is not of Southern birth; but we know him to be a man of irreproachable character, of exact learning, and one who is absolutely above sectionalism and prejudice. We have known him for four years, and trust him. We have not discovered that any student has been rendered less loyal to the South through his instruction. If there should be any anti-Southern influence exerted in any of our classrooms, the students would be the first to detect it and protest against it. Every member of this faculty, from whatever section, has the greatest admiration for the men who fought the battles of the Confederacy; but we cannot forget that we are also citizens of the United States. We believe our chief duty is not to resurrect the bitterness and animosities of the past, but to train young men for present-day duties and to a patriotism that embraces the whole country.



MISS ALLEEN SMITH,
Maid of Honor Forrest's Cavalry.

As the faculty we are not greatly concerned with this or that particular text-book, inasmuch as no text-book determines the character of the instruction given in our classroom; but we are vitally concerned with the question of academic freedom, by which we understand the right to discuss frankly all sides of any mooted question with a view of arriving at the truth. We are concerned, further, that a professor should be answerable only to a settled and recognized

authority—namely, the board of trustees, who can command all the facts and evidence in the cause and render a fair and impartial decision. A professor should not be condemned until it is shown by such process that he is either unfaithful or incompetent. These rights, and particularly the right of free and honest investigation, we believe that every college should maintain if it is to do constructive work and justify its own existence.

COMMENT ON THE PITIABLE "DEFENSE."

When the foregoing was received, the impulse was not to publish it; but recalling the Boyd sketch of Sherman, published in the *VETERAN* last year, and anticipating that the other side will make protest, accompanied by explanations at the Little Rock Renion, it was decided to publish this rejoinder in the *VETERAN*.

Reperusal of the letter and a careful study of its import, together with an investigation of the Elson history, creates acute pain and depression. There is no palliation for Virginians in this, and that "the student body indorsed the action of the faculty," as has been published, came like a poisoned arrow to the heart. Anger does not help the situation. In memory of our sacred dead we can but grieve over the situation.

There is just enough of sugar coating by the vile pen of Elson to draw his unsuspecting readers on to the most infamous declarations ever published about the South and about the issues that brought on the war. It is indeed strange that Virginians do not repudiate every sentiment connected with this book.

The "defense" of the faculty, as is here given, but adds to the infamous conditions. "Academic freedom!" Mr. Rodeffer seems to put a Patrick Henry spirit in his comment. To a Southern man who is sane *death* would be preferred to *liberty* that licenses the use of that vile history in the schools of the South.

The only pleasing feature of the defense of the Roanoke faculty is the action of the Northern man chosen to teach history in the college who "immediately discontinued the use of Elson's book, and since that time has made no reference to it in his work." Greeting to Dr. Thorstenberg! He may have gotten in his work by introducing this book, but through association with some genuine Southern people and taking inspiration from them the falsehoods and the knavery in the book must have become glaring to him. Let us hope that since his commendation of it the scales have fallen from his eyes and that he now sees the truth in clear light.

Southern people cannot afford to be divided. The noble men and women of Salem and Roanoke who have made this issue, regardless of consequence to the college, will hold eternally the gratitude of the Southern people. The Roanoke Times states on this subject: "It is well to take notice now that if Roanoke College is wrecked or seriously hurt the injury will be the result of the astonishing policy and methods of its own management. If public hostility against the college becomes so intense as to be destructive, it will be because the college, as now conducted and directed, has provoked and invited hostility continually; has opened and maintained a battle against the people of Virginia and the State and their opinions and sentiments."

This history is said to be in use in sixty colleges in the country, and one-fourth of them in the South.

Just a few extracts are given herein—and they are not the worst—to show the trend of the author, Elson. He states:

"There can be no doubt of their sincerity. They honestly believed that the continued agitation of the North against slavery threatened the peace and happiness of their homes, and would if continued render life unendurable at the South. The old colonial aristocracy of the South was not without its shortcomings; on the whole, it was chivalric and picturesque, and the small farmers of the South were also a respectable class."

In writing of General Sherman Elson states: "At Orangeburg a slight battle was fought and another before Columbia, the enemy (!) being led by Gen. Wade Hampton. Columbia surrendered on February 17, Hampton escaping after setting fire to five hundred bales of cotton. The fire soon spread, and a large part of the town was consumed. If it be granted that the Southern people were sincere in warring against the Union, how could they be expected on their defeat instantly to denounce the cause in which their fathers and brethren had died as a false one? Time alone can bring such changes."

Of the capture of Mr. Davis, Elson says: "Davis was defiant and sullen, though he was well treated by his captors."

The Boston Transcript says: "A meeting of the board of trustees was called, and twelve out of the fourteen who responded voted for resolutions sustaining the methods employed in the history course. The faculty and undergraduates took similar action, but still the forces of strife and misconception refused to be quieted."

Elson designates as the "slave-holders' rebellion" the war in which many grand men who never owned a slave, but rushed to the fray, went down, and dying, offered gratitude to God that they gave life for the principles of their fathers' government.

TENNESSEE WOMAN'S HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION PROTESTS.

The following resolution, drafted by Mrs. N. B. Dozier and presented by her at the April meeting of the Tennessee Woman's Historical Association, Nashville, Tenn., received the hearty indorsement of this association:

"Whereas it has been brought to our attention through various newspapers and the CONFEDERATE VETERAN that there is being used not only in the North, but also in several preparatory schools, colleges, and universities of a number of our Southern States, Tennessee included, a history of the United States of America by H. W. Elson, of Kansas, which contains slanderous falsehoods against the South, her people and institutions; and whereas we have examined this history and found that this statement is correct; and whereas on page 558 he attacks the morality of Southerners in slavery days, also the sacred relations of the home in language which is false; and whereas we know that in no section of this country or in any other country has there ever been a higher standard of morality than in the South, or has the sanctity of the home been more carefully guarded than by the people of the South; and whereas on page 625 he declares that 'slavery, and slavery alone, and not State rights,' was the cause of the War between the States, which he terms the 'slave-holders' war;' and whereas we know that a great majority of the Confederate soldiers never owned a slave, and that Gen. Robert E. Lee, who had the honor of commanding the Confederate forces, also the honor of declining to be the commander in chief of the Federal forces, had several years before this war freed his slaves; therefore be it

"Resolved, That the Tennessee Woman's Historical Association make an earnest protest in the name of truth and justice against the use of 'Elson's History of the United States' in any school of this country, and that this association in

order that the girls and boys of this country may know the truth exert itself that no history which misrepresents the South, North, or any other section of this country be taught in our schools, and that a copy of this resolution be sent to the Macmillan Company, of New York, the publishers of this history."

[This association is in no sense political. The wife of a Union veteran and a Republican was the first President; but this outrageous "history" should be repudiated by every American patriot—man and woman.—EDITOR VETERAN.]

A last kick: "Another cause must be mentioned—the great superiority of Lincoln over Jefferson Davis. * * * It is curious to speculate what might have been had the direction of the migration of these two men been reversed." In his preface to the book Elson says: "As a native and resident of the North, I no doubt partake of the prejudice of my section."

There is nothing in the history of the South more deplorable than that sons of Confederate soldiers attach so great importance to "academic independence" as herein vaunted.

MEMORIAL DAY AT CAMP CHASE.

Notice comes from Columbus, Ohio, that Memorial Day will be observed at Camp Chase Cemetery on Saturday, June 3, 1911, and that Dr. H. M. Hamill, of Nashville, Tenn., Chaplain General Army of Tennessee Department, will be the orator of the day.

Contributions of flowers or money are solicited by R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C. Send flowers to Mrs. D. B. Ulrey, 49 Avondale Avenue, and money to Mrs. Clara Kertzinger, 445 Wetmore Avenue, Columbus. Mrs. Leroy Rose is President and Mrs. Ulrey Recording Secretary of the Chapter.

Al G. Field has arrangements in charge. Col. W. H. Knauss must always be remembered in connection with his service at Camp Chase.



MRS. ROY W. M'KINNEY,
Chaperon for Forrest's Cavalry and Secretary General U. D. C.

WISE AND WORTHY COUNSEL OF A DEVOTED U. D. C.

Let us resolve as spring ripens into summer to work in unison with all nature and by harmony and concerted effort crown with success all our various works in the Chapters, the Division, and the general organization. We all have much to do; let no one shirk responsibility.

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT ON THE JEFFERSON DAVIS PARKWAY, NEW ORLEANS.



SOME OF THE 20,000 PEOPLE AT THE DEDICATION. THE LIVING FLAG IS COMPOSED OF SCHOOL CHILDREN.

"Mrs. Behan's crown of glory is complete," said Mrs. Seiferth, wife of the city editor of the New Orleans Picayune, on the occasion of dedicating the magnificent monument to the Confederate President, Jefferson Davis, on Jefferson Davis Parkway, in the Crescent City, February 22, 1911. It was indeed an eventful occasion for which Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the association erecting it, and her zealous, loyal associates may ever feel grateful.

It is amazing that so magnificent a monument should have been erected in so short a time with so little help outside of New Orleans, whose people have done so much through half a century for the same cause.

For these reasons the VETERAN gives much space in aid of the association's desire to give due credit to those who assisted in every way in the remarkable achievement.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT.

The pedestal is made of selected, fine-grained Winnsboro, S. C., granite, and measures thirteen feet square at the bottom, and has a height of fourteen and a half feet. The statue, cast in bronze, is heroic, and represents Mr. Davis as addressing an audience. It stands a little over eight feet high, and with the neutral ground above the sidewalks and a sloping mount brings the monument to a total elevation of a little over twenty-five feet above sidewalk level. The principal moldings of the bases and capital are ornamented, and the large base under the die shows the seal of the Confederacy, made of bronze, surrounded by a laurel wreath. Directly underneath are two elaborately carved palm branches with oak leaves, emblematic of peace and strength, and the upper end of the die shows a row of thirteen stars—the number of States represented in the Confederacy. The inscriptions are cut on the die in raised letters with polished surfaces.

On front:

JEFFERSON DAVIS

PRESIDENT CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA

1861—1865

SOLDIER—STATESMAN—PATRIOT

The South seeking a leader for her highest office, chose him from among her fittest men. A profound student of the Constitution; a majestic orator; in character firm; in judgment sound; in purpose resolute.

On the back of the monument is the following inscription:

ERECTED THROUGH THE PATRIOTIC EFFORTS OF THE JEFFERSON

DAVIS MONUMENT ASSOCIATION OF NEW ORLEANS, LA.

DEDICATED FEBRUARY 22D, 1911.

"His name is enshrined in the hearts of the people for whom he suffered and his deeds are forever wedded to immortality."

The monument rests on a foundation consisting of eleven piles thirty feet long, with a block of reinforced concrete on top. A cement walk twelve feet wide will encircle the monument, and the mount will have a low border hedge and will be sodded and planted with flowers. Three broad cement steps will lead from the sidewalk to the circular walk on the neutral ground. The statue was modeled by Mr. Edward M. Valentine, the eminent sculptor from Richmond, Va., who also created the Audubon statue in Audubon Park, and the casting of the bronze was done by the Gorham Manufacturing Company, of New York. The pedestal was designed and executed by the Albert Weiblen Marble and Granite Company, of that city, in their works on City Park Avenue.

DIRECTORS OF DAVIS MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

Gen. J. B. Levert, Capt. B. T. Walshe, Col. John Holmes, Sumpter Turner, Maj. Allison Owen, Capt. Lewis Guion, W. O. Hart, Dr. George H. Tichenor, Col. J. B. Sinnott, Nicholas Bauer.

LIFE MEMBERS.

(X indicates deceased members.)

J. W. Allen, Hon. Joseph A. Breaux, Nicholas Bauer, Gen. W. J. Behan, Mrs. W. J. Behan, Samuel Buck, Bertrand Beer, E. H. Bright, W. G. Coyle, Gen. Virgil Y. Cook, Joseph H. De-Grange, Hon. E. William Dreiholz, Warren Easton (x), Gen. Clement A. Evans, Crawford H. Ellis, Gen. B. F. Eshleman (x), Gen. Paul Furz (x), Hon. E. H. Farrar, Hon. Charles E. Fenner, Ernest T. George, Albert Godchaux, John T. Gibbons, Clarence S. Hebert, Col. J. A. Harral, Col. John Holmes, John G. Harrison, Lewis Johnson (x), Dr. E. W. Jones, Gen. Stephen D. Lee (x), Mrs. Lucien Lyons, Mr. I. L. Lyons, Clarence F. Low, A. A. Lelong, Frank Lobrano (x), Dr. Ernest S. Lewis, Gen. J. B. Levert, John W. Miller, Mrs. J. Creighton Matthewes, E. S. Maunsell, Hugh McCloskey,

Gen. Francis T. Nicholls, Isidore Newman (x), Maj. Allison Owen, J. L. Onorato, Mrs. S. W. Rueff, Mrs. T. G. Richardson (x), Mrs. Mollie McG. Rosenberg, William M. Railey, Mrs. Belle Sanders, Col. J. B. Sinnott, R. S. Stearnes, Dr. George H. Tichenor, Mrs. George H. Tichenor, Gen. H. A. Tyler, Philip Werlein, Col. George A. Williams, Capt. B. T. Walshe, John A. Wellington, Gen. Bennett H. Young.

LADIES' MEMORIAL ASSOCIATIONS AS LIFE MEMBERS.

Ladies' Memorial Association, Pensacola, Fla.
Ladies' Memorial Association, Atlanta, Ga.
Confederate Memorial and Literary Society, Richmond, Va.
Ladies' Memorial Association, Fredericksburg, Va.
Oakwood Memorial Association, Richmond, Va.
Ladies' Memorial Association, Danville, Va.
Junior Hollywood Memorial Association, Richmond, Va.
Ladies' Memorial Association, Union Springs, Ala.
Hollywood Memorial Association, Richmond, Va.
Ladies' Memorial Association, Montgomery, Ala.
Hebrew Ladies' Memorial Association, Richmond, Va.
Junior Hebrew Ladies' Memorial Association, Richmond, Va.
Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, New Orleans, La.
Junior Confederate Memorial Association, New Orleans, La.
S. S. Harris Memorial Association, Cape Girardeau, Mo.
Ladies' Memorial Association, Knoxville, Tenn.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMPS AS LIFE MEMBERS.

Army of Northern Virginia, No. 1, New Orleans.
Army of Tennessee, No. 2, New Orleans.
Gen. LeRoy Stafford, No. 3, Shreveport, La.
Washington Artillery, No. 15, New Orleans.
Maj. Victor Maurin, No. 38, Donaldsonville, La.
W. J. Hardee, No. 39, Birmingham, Ala.
Amite City, No. 78, Amite, La.
Pat Cleburne, No. 88, Cleburne, Tex.
Lomax, No. 151, Montgomery, Ala.
Confederate Veteran Association, No. 171, Washington, D. C.
R. E. Lee, No. 181, Richmond, Va.
Pat Cleburne, No. 222, Waco, Tex.
R. H. Powell, No. 499, Union Springs, Ala.
Walter P. Lane, No. 639, Orange, Tex.
Nevada, No. 662, Nevada, Mo.
C. H. Howard, No. 688, Waynesville, Mo.
J. E. B. Stuart, No. 716, Philipsburg, Mont.
George B. Eastin, No. 803, Louisville, Ky.
A. P. Hill, No. 837, Petersburg, Va.
Neff-Rice, No. 1194, New Market, Va.
George M. Emack, No. 1471, Hyattsville, Md.
The Confederate Veteran Camp, New York, N. Y.

U. S. C. V. CAMP AS LIFE MEMBER.

Beauregard Camp, No. 130, New Orleans, La.

ACTIVE MEMBERS OF JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

Mrs. E. C. App, Miss Maud Ansell, C. M. Ammen, Mrs. Mary Irving Atkinson, Mrs. J. Alsina, Mrs. T. Alexander, J. W. Allen, Jr.

Col. A. R. Blakely (x), Mrs. J. R. Blakely, Miss M. E. Blakely, Miss T. C. Balliman, Mrs. P. C. Bennett, Mrs. R. A. Bursley (x), P. A. Bacas, Miss E. P. Brandao, Mrs. W. D. Brent, Mrs. Mary E. Bullock, Mrs. A. A. Brinsmade, Lazu M. Block, Mrs. N. C. Blanchard (x), Louis P. Bryant, Mrs. J. E. Byrnes.

Mrs. J. W. Carnahan, J. W. Carnahan, Mrs. H. W. Christian, Mrs. W. R. Christian, Mrs. L. S. Cohen, Joseph Collins, Richard Cenas, Gen. T. W. Castleman, Gen. J. A. Chalaron

(x), Maj. M. L. Costley, Mrs. M. L. Costley, Mrs. C. S. Childress, Miss Mary Conway, Carlos V. Coello, Mrs. M. L. Clarke, Mrs. P. Cazes, Hon. M. A. Conners, Mrs. M. W. Carrico.

Capt. James Dinkins, Mrs. James Dinkins, Mrs. John Dimitry, Mrs. Joseph R. Davis, Hon. Garland H. Dupre, Justin F. Denechaud, Miss Mary E. Davis, Mrs. George Denegre, George Denegre, Mrs. Royden Douglas, Mrs. C. Doremus, Mrs. Rhoda Wade Buckley Dill.

Miss Kate Eastman, Mrs. Mary S. Ely, Robert Ewing, Moses Eastman, Mrs. E. John Ellis, Miss Kate Eastman.

Prof. Walter L. Fleming, Mrs. M. A. Forwood, Mrs. I. J. Fowler, Mrs. B. R. Forman, Mrs. E. H. Farrar, F. Codman Ford.

D. R. Graham, Mrs. D. R. Graham, Col. Lewis Guion, Ralston Green, Maj. J. W. Gaines, Mrs. F. C. Godbold, Gen. John Glynn, Jr., Pietro Ghilona, Ad Grossman, A. B. Griswold, Mrs. F. W. Gibson, Mrs. E. Gottschalk, Mrs. J. Y. Gilmore (x), Mrs. Louise Goodin.

Mrs. W. J. Hammond, Mrs. M. E. Hainer, Miss Sidonia Holmes, Maj. John C. Henry (x), Mrs. William P. Harper, Mrs. J. A. Hincks, W. O. Hart, Thomas J. Hickman, Miss D.



MRS. W. J. BEHAN,

President of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association—Also President Confederate Southern Memorial Association.

M. L. Hodgson, Mrs. Howard D. Holmes, Mrs. Edwin Harnett, Maj. T. McC. Hyman (x), Mrs. Emile Hoehn, Mrs. John G. Harrison, Mrs. M. S. Holland.

Mrs. Helen M. Keary, Louis Kaufman, Dr. J. Rollo Knapp, Hon. J. L. Kaliski, Mrs. Florence or C. E. Kells, Jr.

Mrs. S. Long, Mrs. Bessie Behan Lewis, George H. Lord,

Miss Angela Lobrano, Miss Adeline Lobrano, Miss Zoe Lobrano, Mrs. H. F. Lewis, Horatio Lange (x), Henry M. Lanauze, Frank Langbehn, Langhoff Bros., George M. Leahey, Mrs. Orloff Lake.

Mrs. A. H. Miller, Mrs. H. C. Mackie, H. C. Mackie, Steve Murphy, Mrs. A. J. Medine, Charles Marshall, Mrs. A. L. Moore, Mrs. P. L. Mills, Mrs. H. C. Millnor, S. A. Montgomery, Mrs. Eugene Marero, Fred W. Mathews.

Col. Alden McLellan, Mrs. Alden McLellan, Mrs. M. H. McQuoid, Miss Lydie McKeon, Mrs. W. F. McKee, Mrs. W. W. McWhan, Mrs. H. W. McCrea (x).

Mrs. Kate Nichols, J. D. Nix, J. W. Noyes, Mrs. W. K. Nourse, Mrs. W. E. Norris.

Hon. James O'Connor, Mrs. Benjamin Ory, Benjamin Ory, J. S. J. Otto.

Mrs. P. F. Pescud, Mrs. Almira Phelps, Mrs. N. J. Pearsall, Mrs. Thomas B. Pugh, Mrs. V. M. Purdy, Miss Edith Palfrey, Percy D. Parks, Mrs. Percy D. Parks, Miss Delphine Points, Hubert Palfrey, Miss Agnes Ponder.

Miss Mary Rawlins, John K. Renaud, Miss Coralie Renaud, E. W. Rodd, R. S. Ricky, Dr. J. I. Richard.

Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, Mrs. A. J. Stallings, Mrs. E. C. Shanks, Alex W. Stevens, Mrs. Gordon Sargent, E. C. Swartz, Mrs. E. C. Swartz, Mrs. J. F. Spearing, Miss M. F. Spearing, Mrs. H. W. Spear, Mrs. Charles Santana, Charles Santana, Mrs. Thomas J. Shaffer, Charles Smith, Mrs. I. D. Stafford, Mrs. H. J. Seiferth, Mrs. H. D. Stearnes, Mrs. C. D. Sauvinet, Miss Nannie Smith, Mrs. Kate Childress Schnaebel, Miss Fannie Spearing, Mrs. L. E. Seymour.

Miss E. P. Thompson, Rolla A. Tichenor, Mrs. Rolla A. Tichenor, Mrs. Sumpter Turner, Sumpter Turner, Mrs. Jessie A. Taylor.

Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, Mrs. U. J. Virgin.

Capt. H. H. Ward (x), Mrs. H. H. Ward, Mrs. J. D. Weir, Mrs. Emily Wood, Miss Sophie B. Wright, Mrs. C. Wade, Adam Wagatha, L. George Wiltz, Mrs. George A. Williams, Mrs. Julia A. White, T. J. Woodward, Mrs. George Wiegand.

Mrs. Charles W. Zapata, Col. David Zable (x).

The parade from Lee Circle to Jefferson Davis Parkway, under the command of Major Owen, was in the following order:

Army of Tennessee, Dr. Y. R. LeMonnier commanding.

Washington Artillery, Gen. W. J. Behan commanding.

Camp Henry St. Paul, Gen. A. B. Booth commanding.

Army Northern Virginia, Col. E. M. Hudson commanding.



WASHINGTON ARTILLERY VETERANS OF NEW ORLEANS UNDER
COMMANDER W. J. BEHAN IN THE PARADE.

All other organizations assembled at St. Charles Avenue and Lee Circle in the following order:

Platoon of mounted police. Platoon of dismounted police.

Maj. Allison Owen and staff.

Signal Corps, Col. A. M. Warner commanding.

First Regiment Infantry, L. N. G., Col. Joseph Kantz commanding.

Louisiana Field Art., Maj. Fred Frohman commanding.

Naval Brigade, Capt. J. W. Bostick commanding.

Washington Artillery, Capt. D. L. Jamieson commanding.

First Troop Cav., L. N. G., Capt. W. S. Hero commanding.

Camp Beauregard, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, Hon. B. P. Sullivan commanding.

Sons of the American Revolution, Mr. Ed Rightor, President.

Kentucky Society, Mr. Ernest T. George, President.

Cadets of Rugby Military Academy.

American Boy Scouts.

Shortly after the arrival of the parade, Gen. J. B. Levert called the assemblage to order.

Father Kavanaugh, who was chosen for the invocation, to take the place of the Archbishop of Louisiana, who was unavoidably absent, said directly in relation to President Davis: "May our minds expand and our hearts gladden as we behold the realization of a prophecy once made in the verdict now rendered that the one whose monument is about to be unveiled was a man once high in public affairs; a man alive with a high purpose, who strove and struggled unceasingly for moral principle—at times the leader of a host, at times alone and without followers, superior among his fellows. * * * Grant, O Lord, that we and the generations to come may with thy holy light drink in some of the lessons of love, sacrifice, heroism, and patriotism which marked his career here below. And as we raise our eyes to behold one whose life was an object lesson of patriotism, so may we pierce the clouds, behold the countenance, hear the loving, tender voice of Him who said: 'This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'"

Gen. W. E. Mickle read the General Order of the Commander in Chief, Gen. George W. Gordon, in which he said: "Too much praise cannot be given to the noble women who inaugurated or who have assisted in the work of erecting this testimonial to the memory and glory of our illustrious and venerated countryman, and that, however much praise was due various helpful organizations, high on the list should be placed the Confederate Southern Memorial Association and its illustrious, faithful President, through whose invincible devotion and persistent effort in a great measure this memorial to the foremost man of the South in the greatest crisis of our country's history has been established."

Gov. J. Y. Saunders was the first speaker, and he was followed by the Hon. Nicholas Bauer, who gave a short history of the association, which is printed in full, as a worthy tribute to the enthusiastic workers.

PROF. NICHOLAS BAUER,

assistant superintendent of schools, gave the following interesting history of the efforts of the ladies of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association in the noble cause:

"You have just listened to the words of an inspired and inspiring address by a distinguished son of Louisiana, the Governor of the State, a commonwealth proud of its record in the annals in the Confederacy, and you shall soon hear the eloquent words of tribute to the man whose memory we honor

to-day from the lips of the orator who has come to us from another State—the land of the birth of Jefferson Davis. I am not here to add to these addresses. Mine is the task of the historian. I am here to state in simple and brief manner some of the facts connected with the history of Jefferson Davis Monument Association. I esteem it a great privilege to have been thus honored, and I shall take advantage of the opportunity to emphasize, particularly to the little ones here assembled, the younger generation of the fair women to be, to whom the fadeless glories of the Confederate flag and the hallowed Southern cause are but a tradition, but to whom is intrusted the sacred duty of cherishing the memories of the days when the dark clouds of '61 spread over this beautiful Southland of ours—to emphasize, I say, the fact that that monument stands as an evidence of the tireless perseverance, unbounded energy and all-convincing enthusiasm of a faithful band of women who began their activities toward the erection of a monument to Jefferson Davis in 1898.

"In all successful movement there arises a leader, one who by ability, by courage, by sheer force of personality dominates the situation and leads to the goal of realization. Such a leader in the great work of erecting this beautiful monument to our beloved chieftain was Mrs. William J. Behan. Mrs. Behan stands as the embodiment of devotion and self-sacrifice to the sacred ideals of the Old South, of reverence for our heroic dead, 'the host who in valor sleep, whose wondrous deeds we keep as trophies of a stirring past in the shrines of our hearts held fast.' Through the length and breadth of the South her name is known and mentioned with reverence and love. Endowed with unwearied perseverance and all-persuading enthusiasm, Mrs. Behan came to the presidency of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association in 1906. Five years after her election the monument stands there an accomplished fact. In the realization of this great end many devoted women have been faithful and able coworkers of Mrs. Behan, and I should be derelict in my duty if I should withhold a full meed of praise to Mrs. Benjamin Ory, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, who by her indefatigable energy in behalf of the interests of the association proved a bulwark of strength and support to her able leader; to Mrs. John G. Harrison, Recording Secretary of the association, in whose fertile brain the calendar plan was evolved, a plan that added materially to the funds of the association; to all the present officers—Mrs. Olga McLellan, First Vice President; Mrs. Sumpter Turner, Second Vice President; Miss Sophie B. Wright, Third Vice President; Mrs. G. H. Tichenor, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. C. S. Childress, Financial Secretary; and Mrs. J. F. Spearing, Treasurer—a veritable phalanx of enthusiastic workers in the cause. Mrs. J. F. Spearing was elected Treasurer at the organization of the association, and has been Treasurer ever since. The association was organized in 1898, with Mrs. A. W. Robberts, President; Mrs. M. A. Forwood, First Vice President; Mrs. I. J. Fowler, Second Vice President; Mrs. Jefferson Davis Weir, Secretary. In 1903 Mrs. Robberts resigned, Mrs. James Buckley succeeding to the office of President.

"From its beginning the association endeavored to create a public sentiment favorable to the idea of erecting a monument to Jefferson Davis; but it was not until 1905 that the first donation of any consequence was made, and this donation came from a noble woman, Mrs. H. N. McCrea. So slowly had the funds of the association accumulated that it was suggested at one time to do away with the idea of the monument and to establish instead a chair of history in some institution or to

adopt some other form of memorial; but at this juncture Mrs. Behan was elected President. The membership then numbered seventy-five, and the funds on hand amounted to about \$300. Now the membership is three hundred, and they have the thousands necessary for the completion of this work.



OFFICERS OF JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

1. Mrs. W. J. Behan, President. 2. Mrs. Benjamin Ory, Chairman Ways and Means Committee. 3. Mrs. John G. Harrison, Chairman Calendar Committee. 4. Mrs. J. F. Spearing, Treasurer, who unveiled the monument. 5. Col. John Holmes, Chairman Grounds Committee. 6. Gen. J. B. Levert, President Board of Directors. 7. Capt. B. T. Walshe, Chairman Monument Committee.

"Mrs. Behan and her faithful helpers worked in season and out of season. She secured State aid through the Governor and the legislature, through Mayor Behrman and the City Council, and how finally the city through the friendly offices of our Mayor donated this site, the Council gracefully and appropriately changing the name of this thoroughfare from Hagan Avenue to Jefferson Davis Parkway.

"Such, briefly and imperfectly told, is the story of the labor of love of the President and active members of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association. To you ladies especially must this be an hour of supreme satisfaction. We rejoice with you in the knowledge that your long-cherished purpose is now realized, and see in the monument but another evidence of your love and devotion to all that pertains to the Southern cause, that you truly belong to that noble, faithful, self-sacrificing band—the women of the Confederacy."

Accepting site for the association, Capt. B. T. Walshe said:

"It gives me the opportunity to express our appreciation and thanks to some of those who have assisted us to accomplish our object.

"To Governor Sanders, the son of a Confederate soldier, together with the General Assembly, we are indebted for an appropriation; to Mayor Behrman, Hon. James McCracken

(President) and the City Council, and Hon. John J. Frawley, Chairman of the Budget Committee, for several appropriations made, the naming of this beautiful boulevard 'Jefferson Davis Parkway' and for the site itself; to the City Engineer, Hon. William J. Hardee, and his assistants, ever ready to assist and from whom we have had valuable aid; to Hon. Alexander Pujol, Commissioner of Public Buildings, who furnished the material and labor, and his chief of construction, Mr. L. F. Bischof, who erected the platforms for this occasion; to the board of directors of the public schools, Superintendent Gwinn, and the five hundred and seventy-six pupils forming the 'living Confederate flag' under the direction of Assistant Superintendent Nicholas Bauer; to Capt. J. W. Bostick, Commander, and the members of the naval brigade.

"We tender to each of the daily papers and the members of their staffs our grateful acknowledgments for constant courtesy and the use of their columns free of charge.

"To you, Mayor Behrman, the chief executive of New Orleans, we owe the largest debt of gratitude, for you have been the most important factor in bringing about the very happy and successful results that we witness to-day in the completion of this beautiful monument, free of debt, and we respectfully beg of you to accept personally as well as officially our earnest thanks."

Hon. Martin Behrman was the next speaker. At the close of his remarks Capt. B. T. Walshe, Chairman of the Monument Committee, accepted the site in the name of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, and thanked His Honor, "As the most important factor in bringing about the very happy and successful results that we witness to-day in the completion of this beautiful monument, free of debt, and we respectfully beg of you to accept our earnest thanks."

At this juncture Mrs. J. F. Spearing, one of the original members of the association, descended from the platform and drew the cords which held the flags around the statue, revealing its superb lines to the admiring gaze of the multitude.

A pretty feature in connection with the unveiling was the presence of five little girls bearing floral tributes and representing the five States with which Mr. Davis was prominently connected during his life—viz., Kentucky, his birthplace; Mississippi, his sovereign State and State by adoption; Alabama, where he was inaugurated President of the provisional government of the Confederate States; Virginia, where he was inaugurated President of the Confederate States of America February 22, 1862, and where he served his people until the capture of Richmond; and finally Louisiana, where death closed his honorable career and where his honored remains were enshrined for two years in the tomb of the A. N. V. These little girls were: Kentucky, Evelyn Norton; Mississippi, Elfrieda Barnstaff; Alabama, Velma Thompson; Virginia, Margaret McLeod; Louisiana, Irma Carreras.

The orator of the occasion, Gen. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, Ky., was then introduced, and said in part:

"Jefferson Davis, misjudged in life and disfranchised until death, is finding his true place in history. As the voice of reason speaks to the public heart, there are discovered many sad events in the career of Jefferson Davis which the nation regrets. The cruelties inflicted upon him at Fortress Monroe, the indignities heaped upon him when his emaciated limbs were manacled by force, the hardships visited upon him in his long confinement, all well-thinking American citizens would blot out if they could. The impartial judgment of mankind will fix the wrong of these things where it belongs.

"These words are not spoken to awaken a single question of

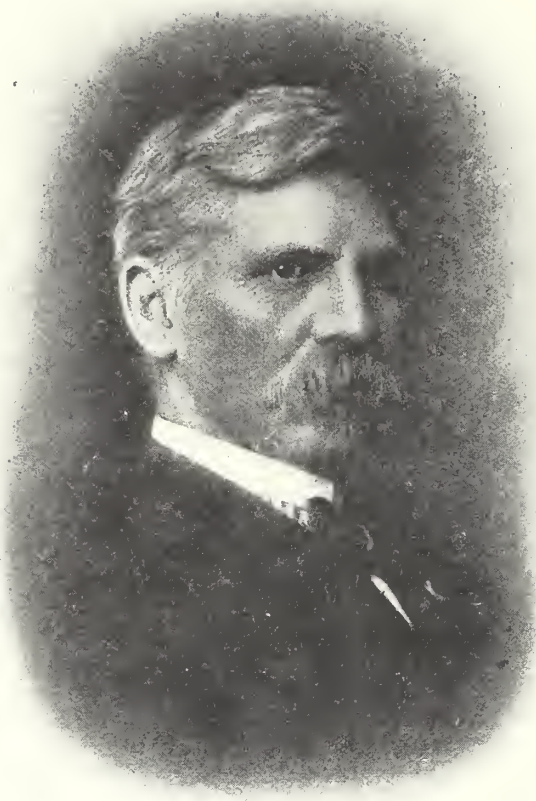
prejudice or ill will; they are given utterance only to emphasize the duties of the South to the memory of Mr. Davis. In every Southern State there should be erected a monument to his memory. Mr. Davis suffered as no other Confederate. His life was pure and his career upright; his integrity beyond suspicion and his patriotism immeasurable. He became the leader of his people over his personal protest of unworthiness. He assumed a task at which any human being might hesitate. No responsibility more stupendous was ever laid on human heart, no burden so great ever placed upon human shoulders. Moved only by a sense of duty, mistakes were inevitable.

"There were times probably when Mr. Davis might have had peace. There are those who tell us that when near the end Mr. Lincoln said: 'Write "Union" at the top and fill in the balance as you please.' But it must not be forgotten that Mr. Davis was at the head of the Confederacy; that he had been placed there by his people who had staked their lives, their liberty, and their all on success and who believed that no peace was possible or proper which did not come with victory for the Confederacy or through the practical annihilation of the armies of the South. Then men and women who had made such tremendous sacrifices in their efforts to maintain a nation's life would never have understood or appreciated the condition which enforced submission. Had he faltered at any hour before the final overthrow, he would have been branded as a traitor and hailed as a betrayer of his nation's liberty.

"In a dark cell at Fortress Monroe for twenty-four weary months, with scarcely a ray of sunlight, with few to minister to his wants or cheer his spirits, he bore incalculable suffering for the Southern people. With the conditions of captivity steadily undermining his constitution, he reviewed the tragedy and realized that he was enduring all this for the men and women of the South, and submitted to his surroundings with a dignity that touched with a tender and changeless love the hearts of his countrymen. No breath of criticism dare assail the conduct of Mr. Davis during this ordeal. Threatened with prosecution for treason, denied his liberty, with limited opportunities to prepare for his defense, light was none the less slowly reaching into the cell where sat the beloved President of the Confederacy. In those dreadful hours of imprisonment he became a thousand times dearer to his people, and their love and gratitude went out to him in boundless measure and with resistless force.

"Good and true men throughout the country realize that the incarceration of Mr. Davis, with all its attendant circumstances, was a political crime and that it was a discredit to the people of this great nation. It required two years for public sentiment to right itself, for the law of love to overcome the law of hate and passion. At last the men who had opposed him became his bondsmen, and after two years of confinement he again saw the light of the sun and breathed the air that did not come to him through prison bars.

"Twenty-two years have passed since he died, and the lime-light of history has only brightened every spot in his pure, unsullied life. He stood suffering, humiliation, and imprisonment for the South, and he bore in his heart and soul the deepest anguish for his people. Now that he is gone and men may review the past and weigh and judge his life, his conduct, and his motive, slowly but surely and irresistibly Jefferson Davis is coming into his own. As he stood for the South, the South will stand for him and all that his life and suffering implied, and the South will see that he shall be understood and appreciated, and that no misrepresentation shall dim the splendor of his character."



LIEUT. GEN. BENNETT H. YOUNG, ORATOR,
Commander Army of Tenn. Dept. U. C. V.

[General Young's oration should be given in full, and may be later.—EDITOR VETERAN.]

At the conclusion of General Young's masterly address Rev. Dr. A. Gordon Bakewell delivered the benediction, and this ended the ceremonies of the unveiling of the second monument to the memory of Jefferson Davis, first and only President of the Confederate States of America. Mrs. W. J. Behan and the ladies of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association were overjoyed at the culmination of their efforts, and were showered with congratulations.

LETTERS AND TELEGRAMS OF CONGRATULATION.

Gen. George W. Gordon, Commander in Chief U. C. V., wired from Washington, D. C., February 22, 1911: "I join you to-day in honoring the memory of our gallant and gifted countryman, President Davis, soldier, statesman, and patriot, who died as he had lived, in the unshaken conviction that our cause was just and our resistance an act of self-defense."

Among others who sent telegrams and letters from various sections are the following: Gov. E. F. Noel, of Mississippi; Hon. D. C. Richardson, Mayor of Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Sarah Polk Blake, the daughter of Gen. Leonidas K. Polk; Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone; Mrs. Virginia Faulkner McSherry, President General U. D. C.; Rev. Leslie J. Kavanaugh, Superintendent Catholic Education; Mr. E. B. Craighead, President Tulane University; Mrs. E. Gottschalk, President Louisiana Division, U. D. C.; Mrs. Sarah Dabney Eggleston, Honorary President Mississippi Division, U. D. C.; Gov. J. Y. Sanders, of Louisiana; Mrs. J. Enders Robinson,

Historian General U. D. C.; Mr. Eugene Levy, Dixie Book Shop, New York; Hon. Joseph E. Ransdell, Congressman from Louisiana; Gov. William Hodges Mann, of Virginia; Hon. William M. Kavanaugh, Chairman U. C. V. Reunion Committee, Little Rock, Ark.; Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Recording Secretary General, U. D. C.; Rev. R. Lin Cave Chaplain General, U. C. V.; Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson, Lieutenant Governor of Virginia; Gen. V. Y. Cook, Batesville, Ark.; Mrs. George K. Warner, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. R. L. Nesbitt, Marietta, Ga.; Mrs. J. C. Lee, Montgomery, Ala.; Mrs. Shelton Chevis, Petersburg, Va. (the last four-named are Vice Presidents C. S. M. A.); Hon. J. M. Dickinson, Secretary of War; Hon. E. D. White, Chief Justice United States Supreme Court, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Mollie R. McGill-Rosenberg, Galveston, Tex.; Ladies' Memorial Association of Marion, Ala.; Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, U. D. C., New Orleans, La.; Col. Samuel Tasco, Commander Florida Division, U. C. V.; Mrs. L. H. Raines, Custodian General Cross of Honor, U. D. C., Savannah, Ga.; Rev. Charles B. Crawford, rector Church of the Redeemer, Biloxi, Miss.; Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, Chairman Beauregard Monument Committee, New Orleans Chapter No. 72, U. D. C.; Rev. Mother Superior, Ursuline Convent; the Louisiana Sunshine Society; President of the Arena Club; Mrs. Julia A. White, President Clinton Chapter, U. D. C., Clinton, La.; O. A. Bullion Chapter, U. D. C., Gonzales, La.; Johannah Waddell Chapter, U. D. C., Baton Rouge; the Travelers' Aid Society of New Orleans; Miss Sophie B. Wright.

FLORAL OFFERINGS FOR THE OCCASION.

Many handsome floral offerings were sent to be placed on the monument. Among those who sent flowers are: Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 1135, U. D. C., Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, New Orleans, Junior Confederate Memorial Association, New Orleans, the Louisiana Branch King's Daughters, Miss Sophie B. Wright, Mrs. Benjamin Ory, Mrs. W. J. Behan, Mrs. A. W. Roberts, Mrs. U. J. Virgin, Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, Mrs. E. M. Harnett, Mrs. Frank Reith, pupils of Jefferson Davis School, "a friend" from Jefferson Davis School, Frank T. Howard School, No. 2, McDonough No. 16.

Louisiana Division, U. D. C.

New Orleans Chapter, No. 72, U. D. C., Louisiana Division.

Samuel S. Harris Memorial Association, Cape Girardeau.

Confederate Memorial and Literary Society, St. Louis, Mo.

Miss Nina Holmes, of New Jersey.

Coreopsis Branch of Sunshiners.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association.

A LIVING FLAG.

A patriotic idea of forming a Confederate flag with the children of the public schools was beautifully carried out. More than five hundred girls were selected from the various schools, and twelve of them were taken from the Jefferson Davis School to form the white star in the center of the flag. The children sang "Dixie" and "America."

MANY OF THOSE WHO CONTRIBUTED TO THE MONUMENT FUND.

Much of the money raised for the monument fund came from the Jefferson Davis Calendar. The idea was originated about two years ago by Mrs. John G. Harrison, recording secretary of the association, and by the persistent work of Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Behan, and Mrs. Ory the calendar was made a great success.

In brief, the plan was this: The year has four seasons, and

certain ladies were selected to be the seasons, each paying a stipulated sum. In turn these ladies chose others to represent the three months in the season. In turn the months chose four weeks, the weeks chose seven days, and the days chose twenty-four hours.

This made an almost endless chain. Friends of the South from all parts of the United States responded, and by paying the requisite amount for the particular place in the calendar made themselves happy and helped swell the monument fund.

The calendar will be printed in two elaborate volumes. One volume will be placed in Memorial Hall and the other in the Louisiana Room in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va. The names in the calendar follow; some of those "in memoriam" are not so noted:

Mrs. Benjamin Ory, Mrs. W. J. Behan, Mrs. Alden McLellan, Miss Angela Lobrano, Mrs. John G. Harrison, Mrs. A. J. Stallings, Mrs. M. E. Bullock, Mrs. F. W. Gibson, Mrs. Robert Bursley, Mrs. L. M. Soniat, Mrs. H. C. Mackie, Mrs. James Dinkins, Mrs. George Tichenor, Mrs. M. Carnahan, Mrs. J. Stone Ware, Mrs. J. Daigle, Mrs. E. W. Harnett, Miss Daisy Hodgson, Mrs. F. G. Godbold, Mrs. B. F. Eshleman, Mrs. W. H. Christian, Mrs. J. J. Prowell, Mrs. J. C. Longmire, Mrs. E. H. Farrar, Gen. J. B. Levert, Mrs. W. H. Cantzon, Mr. Joseph A. Gauche, Miss Sophie Wright, Mrs. C. W. Outhwaite, Mrs. E. M. Preston, Mrs. George H. Davis, Mr. Edward B. Valentine, Governor Noel, of Mississippi, Mrs. John P. Poe (in memory of Col. A. Blakely), Col. J. A. Prudhomme, Mrs. Mollie Sinnot Holland (in memory of J. Watts Kearny), Dr. Raymond Sauvage, Mr. Robert C. Davey, Mr. Duggan, Mrs. C. D. Sauvinet (in memory of Mrs. N. C. Blanchard), Mrs. A. Vizard (in memory of little Mildred Storck), Mothers' Coöperative Club J. D. School, Mrs. John O'Kelley (in memory of Mr. James McKeon), Gen. Albert Estopinal, Col. Alden McLellan, Mrs. Mollie McGill Rosenburg, Mr. and Mrs. W. McWhan, Mr. Olivier, Mrs. Sophie Rueff (in memory of Gen. Robert E. Lee), Mr. R. A. Fletcher, Mrs. Collins, Miss Chevallier (in memory of Mrs. Mary Donald McKeon), Miss Margaret Paul, Mrs. George D. Moore (in memory of Gen. S. D. Lee), Secretary of War J. M. Dickinson (in memory of Gen. Eppa Hunton, Charles W. Hopkins, and Col. Wharton J. Green), Mrs. F. J. Kearney, Mrs. E. A. Williams, Miss Lily Deeves, Mr. E. R. Graselli, Mr. William Bailey, Mrs. J. E. Fournier, Mrs. Sophie Englund Duncan, Miss Cecilia Feeney, Col. T. L. Macon, Mrs. I. W. Faison, Miss Mary Rawlins, Mrs. J. Reed, Mrs. D. R. Christian, Mrs. J. E. Ransdell, Dr. George H. Tichenor, Mr. William Simpson, Miss Anta Metzger, Miss Helen E. Vanney, Miss Ruth Harrison, Mrs. Clarence Low, Miss Kate Eastman, Mrs. L. Z. Duke, Gen. W. J. Behan, Eliza Bennet Young, Mr. Isidore Newman, Mrs. Sumpter Turner, General Pickett, Miss Lily Whitaker, Mrs. J. D. Martinez, Miss Martina Davey, Mrs. Joseph R. Davis (in memory of S. Simonton Conner), Mrs. Alison Owen, Mr. Benjamin Ory, Mr. John G. Harrison, Dr. C. J. Landfried, Margaret Edwina Harnett, Mr. Joseph W. Heap (in memory of Isaac Behan), Miss Katherine Hurley, Richard Herrick Bray, Miss Mary B. Harrison, Mrs. Augustine T. Smythe, Mrs. D. R. Graham, Mrs. Mary F. Stevens, Miss Sallie Council, Mr. Robert B. McNamara, Mr. J. E. Ransdell, Mrs. Frederick Querens, Mrs. Odenheimer, Mrs. E. D. Taylor, Mr. Frank T. Howard, Mrs. Frank T. Howard, Capt. James Dinkins, Mr. Clarence Low (in memory of Dr. Loeber), Mrs. J. Zach Spearing, Mrs. Howard Christian, Miss Effie Leahy, Mrs. Joseph Collins, Miss M. F. Spearing, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Spearing, Miss Willie Henry, Miss

Cora McGraw, Mrs. E. A. Dunn, Mr. Joseph Gager, Mr. Robert C. Duncan, Mrs. M. Irvin, Dr. J. S. G. Otto, Mrs. Charles Santana, Mrs. Russell Blakely, Mrs. Charles Childress, Miss Helen May Long, Mr. Thomas Agnew, Col. Lewis Guion, Mr. Henry Denis, Miss McNally, Rev. Gordon Bakewell, Mr. S. A. Cunningham (in memory of little Lee McLellan), Richmond J. D. Monument Association, Mr. Cornelius J. Gleason, Mrs. Rosella C. Corley, Mr. J. Zach Spearing, Mr. Howard Christian, Mrs. William Word, Mr. George Leahy, Miss F. E. Spearing, Mrs. Orloff Lake, Miss Lottie Collins, Miss Nina Wharton, Mr. John McGraw, Miss Tillie Gogreve, Mr. Russell Blakely, Mr. W. B. Duncan, Miss E. Duncan, Miss Carrie



LIEUT. GEN. C. I. WALKER,

Commander Army of Northern Virginia Department.

Vigo, Col. E. Irvine Walker, Mr. J. Odendahl, Mrs. Long, Mrs. Ambrose Moore, Mrs. J. T. Gilmore, Mrs. Skipwith, Mrs. C. L. Seeman, Miss Florence Loeber, Miss Christie, Mrs. Jessie D. Taylor, Miss Lotta Young, Miss Rena Duncan, Mrs. John Huger, Mr. Moses Eastman, Mrs. Titus, Dr. Mayer, Dr. Belden, Miss Julia McConnell, Miss Balliman, Dr. Tebault, Miss Lyda McKeon, Mrs. Croft, Mr. John A. Hutcheson, Mrs. Augusta Alost, Mr. and Mrs. Percy O'Brien, Mr. P. O. Keen, General Mickle, R. M. O'Neal, Dr. O. D. Brooks, Archbishop J. Blenk, Gov. J. Y. Sanders, Miss Josephine Davis, Mr. E. L. Bell, Mayor Behrman, Hon. Alex Pujol, Hon. George Smith, Hon. Foster Olroyd, Hon. Andrew Wilson, Mrs. George A. Williams, Miss Beatrice Tureman, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Menge, Mrs. George B. Matthews, Miss Regina Rosenbery, Mrs. Robin, Mrs. Walker B. Spencer, Mrs. Jane Trufant, Mrs. Edward J. Bobet, Mrs. Somerville, Miss B. Conners, Mr. J. W. Allen, Rev. W. L. L. Jett, Miss Cora McGraw, Mr. Ambrose Lee (in memory of Rev. A. J. Ryan), Mrs. W. G. Vincent, Bishop Davis Sessums, Mr. Perrin, Mrs. John Dimitry, Miss F. Gordon, Mrs. Emma Scott Taylor, Miss Maria Henderson.

Mrs. William Preston Johnston, Hon. Charles R. Kennedy, Hon. L. D. Moore, Hon. W. J. Hardee, Hon. St. Clair Adams, Hon. Otto F. Briede, Mr. Robert Legier, Mr. J. J. Frawley, Mr. U. J. Virgin, Mr. A. J. O'Keefe, Mr. Charles D. O'Connor, Mr. James A. Robin, Mr. P. J. Greenan, Mr. J. Numa Roussell, Mr. A. A. Harmeyer, Mr. Thomas J. Kelly, Mr. George Ferrier, Jr., Mr. Maurice Woulfe, Mr. J. M. Gwinn, Mr. J. B. Habans, Mr. William Frantz, Mr. Thomas B. Cleary, Mr. Gasper Cusachs, Mr. Thomas Doyle, Mr. Frank Henning, Mr. E. M. Loeb, Mr. E. A. Parsons, Mr. James G. Swarbrick, Mrs. Paul Blanchard, Mr. Simon Levy, Mr. Paul Cire, Mr. John M. Kieth, Mrs. A. Allain, Mrs. Labbe, Miss Doriska Gauthreaux, Mr. James McRacken, Mr. Thomas Kilteen, Mr. M. J. Hartson, Mr. James Grant, Mr. Samuel Gately, Mr. Manuel L. Vila, Mr. Walter Verlander, Mr. A. J. Wainwright, Mr. E. J. Ryan, Mr. Peter Graham, Mr. Rudolph Huft, Mr. Thomas O'Conner, Mr. Nicholas Bauer, Mr. George G. Kronenberg, Mr. E. A. Williams, Mr. Charles J. Colton, Mr. C. A. M. Dorrestein, Mr. John Watts Duffy, Mr. Frank Owens, Mr. William M. Levy, Mr. Joseph Reuther, Mr. William Wild, Miss Lucille Kuhn, Mr. Cleave Joseph, Mr. Philip Blanchard, Mrs. W. G. Owen, Mrs. Gus Weil, Mrs. John T. Benedict, Maj. M. L. Costley, Mrs. M. L. Costley, Mrs. C. H. Ellis, Mr. David McLeod, Rev. I. L. Leucht (in memory of Thomas Livingstone Bayne), Mr. James Garrity, Master Rolla A. Tichenor, Master Elton E. Mackie, Miss Lilian Prowell, Master George H. Tichenor, Master Ambrose Storck, Master Philip Davis, Miss Celia Vizard, Master Edwin Belnap Tichenor, Miss Bessie M. Tichenor, Miss Ritta Camors, Miss Lucile Prowell, Master Joel J. McGinnis, Miss Ethel Gastrell, Miss Elise Camors, Master Putnam Davis, Miss Lynn Dinkins Robinson and Master James Dinkins Robinson, Leo Catchings Lewis, Col. John Holmes, Mrs. Evelyn D. Edwards, Mrs. Blanche Avery Ehrman, Miss Camille McKeon, Mrs. Ferdinand Arnold, Miss Irma Schwab, Mr. Leslie Zimmerman, Mrs. Robert McNamara, Misses Olivia Pfister, L. Mayeur, Philene O'Niell, M. Mayeur, Mrs. Stella D. Lennox, R. Itzkovitch, A. Postricke, C. Adoine, Olga Labe, Esther Hiller, E. Zimmerman, M. Rolins, A. Toal, L. Buddendorf, C. Zimmerman, Clare Fogarty, M. Derrares, G. Itzkovitch, E. Shurman, M. Zimmerman, H. Buddendorf, Miriam Longmire, L. Fretis, May McBride, Mamie Buddendorf, Myrtle Constans, Josephine Buddendorf, Messrs Manuel Fernandez, Fernand Arnould, Joe Zimmerman, Walter G. McKeon, Albert Arnould, M. Donnellan, Theodore McGinnis, Jr., L. F. Ehrman, Robert McNamara, J. J. O'Neill, H. P. Vinet, W. H. Oncken, C. Platz, H. D. Eastburn, T. McChesney, M. Kuitterez, F. P. Bermes, T. J. Suter, W. B. Duncan, Miss Lucile Ellis, Col. John Holmes (in memory of Capt. Toby Hart and Rev. J. K. Gutheim).

NAMES OF PAID-UP MEMBERS IN BOX.

Mrs. J. S. Alsina, Miss M. E. Blakely, P. A. Bacas, Mrs. M. E. Bullock, Mrs. J. E. Byrnes, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Carnahan, Mrs. H. W. Christian, Mrs. Charles S. Childress, Gen. T. W. Castleman, C. V. Coello, Mrs. L. S. Cohen, Capt. and Mrs. James Dinkins, Justin F. Denechaud, Miss M. E. Davis, Mrs. Royden Douglas, Mrs. Joseph R. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. George Denegre, Hon. H. Garland Dupre, Miss Kate Eastman, Miss Kate Eastman, Jr., Mrs. I. J. Fowler, Mrs. E. H. Farrar, Mrs. M. E. Forwood, Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Graham, Capt. Lewis Guion, Mrs. E. Gottschalk, Mrs. L. C. Godbold, Gen. John W. Glynn, Maj. J. W. Gaines, Ad Grossman, Mrs. Howard Goodin, A. B. Griswold Co., Ltd., Mrs. F. W. Gibson, Mrs. Ilammond,

Mrs. John G. Harrison, Mrs. M. S. Holland, W. O. Hart, Mrs. Howard D. Holmes, Miss D. M. L. Hodgson, Edwin M. Harnett, Mrs. W. P. Harper, Mrs. Helen M. Keary, Louis Kaufman, Hon. J. L. Kaliski, Mrs. C. Edmund Kells, Jr., Mrs. S. Long, Miss Angela Lobrano, Mrs. Bessie Behan Lewis, Henry M. Lanauze, Frank Langbehn, Langhoff Bros., Mrs. Orloff Lake, Col. and Mrs. Alden McLellan, Miss Lydie McKeon, Mrs. W. W. McWhan, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Mackie, Mrs. A. L. Moore, Fred W. Mathews, Miss Kate Nicholls, J. D. Nix, J. W. Noyes, Mrs. William E. Norris, Hon. James O'Connor, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Ory, Mrs. P. F. Pescud, Miss Edith Palfrey, Miss Delphine Points, Miss Agnes Ponder, Miss Mary Rawlins, Mrs. Gordon Sargent, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Swartz, Mrs. J. F. Spearing, Miss M. F. Spearing, Miss Fannie Spearing, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Santana, Mrs. I. D. Stafford, Mrs. H. J. Seifreth, Mrs. C. D. Sauvinet, Mrs. L. E. Seymour, Miss E. P. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Rolla A. Tichenor, Mr. and Mrs. Sumpter Turner, Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, Mrs. J. D. Weir, Mrs. Emily Wood, Miss Sophie B. Wright, Adam Wagatha, L. George Wiltz, Mrs. Julia A. White, Mrs. George Wiegand, Mrs. Charles Zapata.

CONTENTS OF COPPER BOX IN FOUNDATION OF MONUMENT.

List of officers, State, city and Federal.

Silver coin of various denominations. Confederate money and stamps.

Confederate seal (facsimile presented by Mr. W. O. Hart).

Invitation to unveiling ceremonies of Jefferson Davis monument. Papers of the day. List of officers and members of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association. Program of unveiling ceremonies. Jefferson Davis calendar started in 1908 by Mrs. John G. Harrison in commemoration of the centennial of Jefferson Davis. Two small flags, C. S. A. and U. S. A.

Pamphlet on restoration of the name of Jefferson Davis to "Cabin John Bridge" in Washington, D. C.

Description of monument, souvenir badges, roll of the Army of Tennessee, Louisiana Division.

Roster Washington Veteran Association.

History Washington Artillery in war and peace.

Charter and by-laws Washington Artillery.

General Order No. 9, relative to the Jefferson Davis monument and to be read at the unveiling.

Copy of Charter Camp No. 1, Army of Northern Virginia, renewing old charter, granted in 1902.

Copy of menu thirty-sixth annual reunion of Camp No. 1, Army of Northern Virginia, with list of toasts and speakers.

"New Orleans: What to See and How to See It," by the New Orleans Progressive Union.

Badge of escort of Jefferson Davis's remains to Richmond.

Washington Artillery badge. Confederate envelope, 1861.

Order of services held in memory of Varina Jefferson Davis in Trinity Church, New Orleans, La., October 28, 1906.

THE SCULPTOR, VALENTINE.

Edward Virginus Valentine, sculptor of the Jefferson Davis statue, was born in Richmond, Va., in 1838. He went to Europe in 1859 to extend his studies in sculpture. His recumbent statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee, placed in the chapel of Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va., is considered one of the finest pieces of sculpture in the United States. His work on the Davis statue was executed with the strictest adherence to historical truth and to the character and individuality of the Confederate President, statesman, and Christian.

THE RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL.

Attention, please, to the proposed memorial to Col. Richard Owen, who was commandant of the Camp Morton prison, Indianapolis, in the early part of 1862. Reasons for setting up this memorial were published in the April VETERAN.

It is consistent with Southern people to be slow in action unless they are addressed personally, therefore the projector of this worthy undertaking is not discouraged that prompt response is not more generally made. As the only undertaking of the kind ever known, appeal is made to the Christian patriotism of every Southern man. No doubt is entertained of the result, nor that when it is thoroughly understood and deliberately considered many persons will be interested. Many, many times the writer has been told: "There will be a monument for you when the time comes." Those who entertain such sentiment should be impressed with the fact that this memorial means much for the good of our common country. It is meant to testify to a sentiment that never before found expression in such a form.

The records show no man equally worthy of such honor. The men whom Colonel Owen befriended in Camp Morton are nearly all dead; but every known survivor favors this memorial movement, and the Editor of the VETERAN has in mind a memorial in Indianapolis that will be the pride of the South and elicit more gratitude in the North than anything ever undertaken. Let us, therefore, be diligent in this at once.



COL. RICHARD OWEN.

Don't forget that the legislature of Indiana passed a resolution by unanimous vote authorizing the Governor to permit the placing of the memorial either in the Statehouse, on the grounds of the Statehouse, or on the soldiers' monument in the city of Indianapolis.

A recent publication states of the Governor, Thomas Riley Marshall, who has this authority: "He has stepped into the national political limelight as an avowed receptive candidate for the Democratic nomination for President in 1912. He was born in North Manchester, Ind., in 1854. He is a graduate of Wabash College, A.B., '73, and A.M., '76. He has practiced

law in Columbia City since 1875, and has long been regarded as one of the shrewdest criminal lawyers of the Middle West. Prior to his entrance upon the governorship in 1909 he had held no public office of consequence. The Governor is a Democrat, a Presbyterian, a Mason, a member of Phi Beta Kappa, and takes a prominent part in literary and scientific clubs."

It is very desirable to place this tribute to Colonel Owen during the administration of Governor Marshall.

HOW THE MEMORIAL IS REGARDED BY THE SON.

Mr. Horace P. Owen, President of the New Harmony Banking Company, New Harmony, Ind., writes: "It swells my heart with pardonable pride to contemplate the realization of an idea so unique in conception and so gallant in character. No greater honor, to my mind, could be shown to any man, and so far as I know it is without a parallel in the annals of war. Words cannot express my gratitude to you for conceiving and executing such a magnanimous tribute to a 'foe in arms,' and the act reflects the true character of a noble-hearted, chivalric Southern gentleman."

[The Editor of the VETERAN, who is the promoter of this memorial undertaking, is embarrassed by the receipt of tributes to himself in this connection, and he begs that all who write on the subject will carefully omit any such comment. The purpose of the undertaking is solely to honor the memory of Col. Richard Owen.]

FROM JOHN H. LENOW, MEMPHIS, TENN.

I read with a great deal of pleasure that a fund was being raised to erect a monument to the memory of Col. Richard Owen, of New Harmony, Ind., and inclose my mite. I was associated with that grand and noble character for two years, in 1854 and 1855, when he was commandant of the Western Military Institute, at Tyree Springs and Nashville, Tenn. He was one of the professors, and he and Col. Bushrod Johnson had charge of the institute. At Nashville he was connected with what had been the University of Nashville.

I am not surprised that Colonel Owen should have been kind and attentive to the prisoners placed under his charge. There never was a more lovable man. In his nature and impulses he abhorred cruelty. He was the soul of honor and chivalry. He never refused me a favor as a cadet.

Gen. George W. Gordon, Commander in Chief U. C. V. (now in Congress), was under the professorship of Col. Richard Owen at Nashville. The late Col. R. B. Snowden was at college with me, under Colonel Owen. In the fortunes of war Gen. Bushrod Johnson took Colonel Owen a prisoner in Kentucky, and at the time Colonel Snowden was on Johnson's staff.

It is fitting that the veterans of the Southern cause pay tribute to the memory of one who was so considerate to prisoners that his memory stands alone as one never forgetful of the golden rule during the stress of war.

THE COL. RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL FUND.

Some very encouraging responses have been received to the appeal for contributions to the memorial to Col. Richard Owen at Indianapolis. One of hearty approval comes from George M. Jones, of Springfield, Mo., Commander Missouri Division, U. C. V., who says: "Your proposed tribute to Col. Richard Owen, commandant of prison at Camp Morton in 1862, is so commendable and so altogether unique that I want to be one of the first to make a contribution to it. You do well to popularize it as you have done. All Confederate

veterans ought to have the opportunity to contribute to this worthy cause, and in this spirit I inclose you one dollar. If the response should fail to meet your expectation, I should be very glad to contribute an additional amount."

Capt. L. A. Powers, of Athens, Tex., writes: "I went from Fort Donelson to Camp Morton Prison in February, 1862, and ever since have had a kindly feeling for Colonel Owen. He never forgot to be a gentleman. I am glad to be able to make this small contribution to his memory, and sincerely hope that every one now living who was in prison at Camp Morton during his administration, as well as many other friends, will join in this deserved tribute to his memory."

Albert Thayer, of Indianapolis, also falls in line, inclosing \$2, and commends the undertaking.

NAMES OF FIRST CONTRIBUTORS TO THE MEMORIAL.

G. N. Gardner, Nashville, Tenn., \$1; Miss Jessica Randolph Smith, Henderson, N. C., \$1; J. H. Gilfoil, Omega, La., \$1; W. H. Howcott, New Orleans, La., \$10; Col. William H. Stewart, Portsmouth, Va., \$1; J. K. Womack, Eagleville, Tenn., \$1; Albert Thayer, Indianapolis, Ind., \$2; J. M. Campbell, Martinsburg, W. Va., \$1; Capt. George M. Jones, Springfield, Mo., \$1; W. J. Miller, Burlington, Iowa, \$1; James T. Rice, Iva, S. C., \$1; Dr. W. E. Hinson, Charleston, S. C., \$2; Arthur Parker, Abbeville, S. C., \$1; Capt. L. A. Powers, Athens, Tex., \$1; Dr. J. H. Comb, San Marcos, Tex., \$1; John H. Lenow, Memphis, Tenn., \$1. Total, \$27.

ARKANSANS' WORK ON KENNESAW MOUNTAIN.

COL. W. H. MARTIN, CLEBURNE'S DIVISION, INAUGURATED IT.

Dr. F. W. Bush sends the VETERAN the particulars of an episode in which several Benton (Ark.) soldiers were participants, and vouches for its truthfulness. Bishop Hoss declares that "there is nothing in history that matches it in chivalry."

Gen. S. G. French (Confederate) tells of the incident in



MISS LUZELLE HODGE, COLUMBIA, TENN.,
Sponsor for Tennessee Division U. C. V.

his autobiography. It was in the battle of Kennesaw Mountain, Ga., fought June 27, 1864. On that fateful day General Sherman made a front attack on General Johnston's lines,



MRS. ROSALYND ROBERTS EVANS,
Sponsor Virginia Division U. C. V.

[Her grandfather, father, and five uncles were in the Confederate army.]

and was repulsed with awful slaughter, leaving thousands of his dead and wounded, the intrenched Confederates suffering comparatively little loss. The brigade that made the charge, commanded by General Wagoner, was composed of the 15th, 40th, and 31st Indiana, and 97th New York Regiments.

"During this battle," says General French, "one of the noblest deeds of humanity that the world has ever known was performed." The narrative states: "Col. W. H. Martin, of Little Rock, of the 1st Arkansas Regiment, of Cleburne's Division, seeing the woods in front of him on fire and the danger threatening the wounded Federals who had taken refuge therein, tied a handkerchief to a ramrod, and, amidst the danger of battle, mounted the parapet and shouted to the enemy: 'Come and remove your wounded; they are burning to death. We won't fire a gun until you get them away. Be quick!' And with his own men he leaped over the works and helped in the humane work. When this work was ended, a noble Federal colonel, John I. Smith, of the 31st Indiana Regiment, was so impressed with such magnanimity that he pulled from his belt a brace of fine pistols and presented them to Colonel Martin with the remark: 'Accept them with my appreciation of the nobility of this deed. It deserves to be perpetuated in the deathless honor of every one of you concerned in it; and should you fight a thousand other battles and win a thousand other victories, none will be so noble as this.'"

Mr. Bush, John Leech, James Shoppach, Dr. Ben Medlock, of Benton, and John R. Lofton, Sr., of Newport, all remember the incident. In front of their breastworks the Confederates

had cut down trees and saplings, and had also driven rails in the ground, making it necessary for the Federals to edge their way through, and as they came in sight were shot down. When the woods caught fire, the wounded men were in double peril; and if Colonel Martin had not arranged for a truce when he did, they would have burned to death. The late Capt. Alfred Hockersmith, who was in charge of the Benton company, was one of the leaders in the rescue work.



MISS MARY AUTRY GREER,
Sponsor for the 1st Texas Brigade.

[Her maids are Miss Mamie Williams, of Houston, and Miss Floy Reta Allen, of Memphis, Tenn.; matron of honor, Mrs. Luther Taylor, of Houston; chaperon, Mrs. Mary Hunt Affleck, of Brenham, Tex.]

OMER R. WEAVER CAMP, NO. 354, U. D. C.

BY J. KELLOGG, LITTLE ROCK.

Survivors of our veterans who participated in the battle of Oak Hill and friends meet on each 10th of August, the anniversary of that noted battle, and enjoy a watermelon feast, prepared for the occasion, on the Capitol grounds of Arkansas. In 1893 the suggestion was made at the gathering to organize a Camp of U. C. V. The suggestion was at once approved, and as a result Omer R. Weaver Camp, No. 354, was organized August 15, and named in honor of Lieutenant Weaver, of Woodruff's Battery, who lost his life there.

The Camp had fifty charter members, and others were added from time to time, until it numbered more than two hundred and fifty. The membership embraces many prominent State, county, and city officials and business men, among whom were Gov. T. J. Churchill, Gov. James P. Eagle, Gov. Dan W. Jones, Chief Justice Sterling R. Cockrill, Associate Justice B. B. Battle, Senator James K. Jones, Mayor John G. Fletcher, Gen. B. W. Green (now Adjutant General of the Arkansas National Guard), Charles F. Penzel (President Exchange National Bank), Dan G. Fones (President of the Ger-

man National Bank), Maj. William E. Woodruff (State Treasurer), and many other prominent business and professional men of Little Rock. Many have passed out of this life.

Our constitution provides that only those are entitled to membership in its ranks who can furnish "satisfactory proof of honorable service in the army or navy of the Confederate States and honorable discharge or parole therefrom." These records will continue to be scrutinized, and any sailing under false colors will be exposed. Men who were true to the Confederacy are true now to our general government. Some tendered their services during the Spanish-American War, and would tender them now if the country needed them. This Camp since its organization has been represented in our State and General Reunion, and takes a prominent part in their proceedings. Judge George L. Basham is the present Commander and Col. George Thornburgh Adjutant of the Camp, and it will have a sponsor, maids of honor, matron of honor, chaperon, and they will have assistants.

GREETING FROM THE U. D. C.

BY MRS. VIRGINIA FAULKNER M'SHERRY, PRESIDENT GENERAL.

In this brief message I desire particularly to call your attention to the coming Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans at Little Rock May 16-18, and I trust many will be present. It is not necessary to remind you, I am sure, that as the years go on the line is fast thinning, for I know too well your fidelity and devotion to these honored men. However, it is fitting at this time, dear Daughters, that with renewed zeal we pledge our love to those heroes of imperishable fame and assure them of our continued coöperation in all their endeavors and our loyalty and affection always.



MISS MARY AGNES HARDING,
Sponsor for Mississippi Division, at Little Rock.

SOUTHERN COMMERCIAL CONGRESS.

DRAMATIC SCENE IN THE ATLANTA CONVENTION.

When President Taft wielded the gavel during the Atlanta Congress and called the session to order, a concealed band electrified the audience with the strains of "Dixie," and then slowly up through the center aisle of the auditorium came ten business men of Alabama, carrying with them the flag of their State. As their feet touched the steps of the platform the band ceased playing, and in silence they stood before Lieut. Gov. W. D. Seed. That flag was then placed in a socket back of two hundred distinguished men on the platform, and its folds fully extended. The same method was followed with the flags of Arkansas, Florida, Georgia (received by Governor Brown), Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Missouri, Mississippi (received by Governor Noel), North Carolina, Oklahoma, South Carolina (received by Governor Blease), Tennessee, Texas, Virginia (received by Dr. Denny), and West Virginia.

A more dramatic moment has not occurred in the history of the South. For twenty-five minutes the hearts and souls of men and women were tense with patriotism and with sentiment. Hundreds were weeping and shouting. The President of the United States himself was deeply affected. Scarcely a dry eye could have been found among the thousands who were watching the scene.

The escorts of the flags were not insignificant men nor accidentally chosen. For instance, Maryland was led by ex-Gov. Edwin Warfield and Bernard N. Baker, men of immense business influence and of national reputation. Col. S. W. Fordyce, who has built ten thousand miles of railroads through the Southwestern States, carried the flag of Arkansas. A tottering Federal veteran carried the flag of West Virginia. The moment that the last flag was placed in its socket and the folds extended the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner" were heard softly at first, but increasing to a "burst of harmony," while from the rafters of the auditorium, where it had been concealed, an enormous United States flag unfolded and fluttered down, extending as a background of the flags of the South for more than forty feet. Then a screen was lifted and across its face appeared the words, "E Pluribus Unum."

The emblematic feature was continued in the two orations which were then delivered. The popular Senator Gordon of Mississippi, serene in his seventy-seven years, arose and gave a message "From Yesterday to To-Day." He begged his countrymen to be strong in a union of purpose in meeting all the future national problems. Then, strong in the possession of youth, Dr. Clarence J. Owens, Commander in Chief of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, delivered an oration whose main idea was that it was a message "from to-day to to-morrow." He pleaded with the young men of the South to be proud of their ancestry, and feel humiliated if they did not themselves make an equally distinguished ancestry for their sons and for their sons' sons. His tones rang out through the auditorium and were a summons to the purest patriotism, displaying itself along the lines of a nation's future needs and development.

The Atlanta Constitution rightly states that the deeds of the Southern Commercial Congress have truly renationalized the South, and set millions of minds right, through the influence of the nation's papers, regarding the rehabilitation of the South, its prospects and its approaching national influence.

Space is too limited to tell of all that was done in the three days or of all that was intended. Suffice it to say that the

difficult labors of the Southern Commercial Congress, in the two years and a half of its existence, brought their great reward in March, 1911; for in a day we righted many wrong impressions as to the South, and the veil was lifted from the second fifty years of progress upon the South's new union.

[The foregoing is from G. Grosvenor Dawe, Managing Director of the Southern Commercial Congress. The Congress could have done no more fitting thing than to appoint the capable and efficient officials in the U. S. C. V., Clarence J. Owens, Commander in Chief, and his Adjutant General, Nathan Bedford Forrest, to responsible positions in the Congress.—EDITOR VETERAN.]

Dr. S. C. Mitchell, President of the University of South Carolina, said: "I have attended many conventions in my life, but I never attended one that, based upon material things, was more full of a tremendous moral purpose. Those men are using the great resource facts of the South to stir us all up to an understanding of the invincible position the South can be brought to occupy in national history when once more, as in the case of the early history of the South, our men are nerved up to take their share in national development."



MRS. JOSIE FRAZEE CAPPLEMAN.

Mrs. Josie Frazee Cappleman, of Little Rock, poet laureate of the Trans-Mississippi Department and also matron for the sponsors and maids of honor of the same department, will read a poem on the morning of the opening of the convention. Gen. James F. Smith, Commander Arkansas Division, writes: "It is one of the finest contributions ever made poetically to our inspiring history, and will, I am sure, create a profound impression and take its place beside 'The Conquered Banner' and other Confederate classics."

HISTORICAL WORK IN MISSISSIPPI.

REPORT OF MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, STATE HISTORIAN U. D. C.,
WEST POINT, MISS.

The Mississippi Division, U. D. C., is ever proud of its record in the ranks of the great organization of which it forms a part, and especially proud of the work that it is accomplishing along historical lines. The Chapters are showing their interest in historical study, and throughout the Division there has been a wonderful awakening in matters pertaining to the collection and preservation of correct historical data. The historical work is thoroughly systematized, which is always necessary for the success of any undertaking, and is divided into two departments—the Prize Essay Contest and the Banner Contest. The former is open to the three highest grades of the public schools (white) of Mississippi, and a beautiful gold medal is awarded at the annual convention to the writer of the best essay on a subject pertaining to Southern history.

This year the subject selected by the Historian of the Mississippi Division is "Sam Davis, the Boy Hero of the Confederacy." No more inspiring subject could have been selected, and the boys and girls of Mississippi have been inspired by the contemplation of this grand character, and have been taught lessons of bravery, patriotism, lofty courage, and devotion to principles.

The Banner Contest was introduced by the Historian during her first term of office, as she believed that by creating a pleasant rivalry among the Chapters much good would be accomplished. Success was at once assured, and to the Chapter of the Division submitting the best historical report is awarded a handsome satin banner at the convention.

All interest centers in Historical Evening, which is made a special feature of the annual conventions. On this occasion the medal and banner are presented, the year's work reviewed, and a historical program rendered, that is inspiring, uplifting, and stirs the soul with a love and pride in the grand and glorious history of our South—the fairest country given by the Creator to man.

[Mrs. Rose is a native of Pulaski, Tenn., where Sam Davis gave to the world this exhibition of sublime courage and heroism. This historic town was also the mother of the Ku-Klux Klan, the great organization that delivered the South from a bondage worse than death. Mrs. Rose was Miss Laura Martin, a granddaughter of Mr. Thomas Martin, who, at his own expense, equipped a company for the Confederacy. She was a niece of Mrs. Ophelia Martin Spofford, of Pulaski, who was a loyal friend to the VETERAN through life.—EDITOR.]

The booklet on the Ku-Klux Klan now being advertised in the VETERAN was prepared by Mrs. Rose as a historical paper, and the Mississippi Division had it published and sells it for the benefit of a fund which is to be used in erecting a monument at the Confederate Soldiers' Home of Mississippi (Beauvoir) to the memory of Confederate veterans.

COL. T. B. ROY.

BY COL. W. D. PICKETT, LEXINGTON, KY.

Referring to the notice in the February VETERAN of the recent death of Col. Thomas Benton Roy in Berlin, Germany, I desire to express my high appreciation of the many fine characteristics of the soldier and the man possessed by my old associate and comrade, opinions formed by an association on the same staff for three long years during the height of that bloody conflict of 1861-65.

Colonel Roy entered the Confederate service as a private

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in one of the Virginia regiments. During 1861 he was transferred to a clerkship in the office of Col. Thomas Jordan, then the assistant adjutant general for the staff of General Beauregard. Colonel Jordan was an officer of considerable literary attainments, and also at that time he stood preëminent in his knowledge and experience of the principles and details of the adjutant general's department. He found in Private Roy an apt scholar who soon became very proficient in the many details of that department.

After the battle of Shiloh and the concentration of all the troops of the West at Corinth, Miss., General Hardee, realizing that he needed a larger staff, on the recommendation of Colonel Jordan, caused Private Roy to be appointed a captain in the adjutant general's department and assigned him to duty. Captain Roy soon justified the recommendations of Colonel Jordan, and by his knowledge of details and strict attention to duty soon won the confidence of his chief.

From that date he served continuously on the staff of Lieutenant General Hardee until the final collapse of the Confederate cause by the surrender of the army of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Greensboro, N. C., on April 26, 1865.

During those three years of arduous service he shared all the fortunes and vicissitudes of Hardee's distinguished corps, participating in the battles of Perryville, Murfreesboro, Missionary Ridge, all the battles of the Atlanta Campaign, including Peach Tree Creek, the 22d of July, and the two days' fight at Jonesboro, which resulted in the fall of Atlanta. He, myself, and a good many members of the old staff were transferred with Lieutenant General Hardee to his new command at Charleston and Savannah. In a few months came the end at Greensboro, N. C.

Captain Roy by his proficiency in the details of the adjutant general's department soon earned and received promotion, until in the end he was paroled as a colonel in his department.

As far as my information extends, by the death of Colonel Roy I am left the sole surviving member of Lieutenant Hardee's old staff. Capt. George B. Pickett, of the engineers (afterwards major of engineers), was assigned to duty with Hardee's Corps by Major General Gilmer, the chief of engineers of the army, just previous to the beginning of the campaign of 1864, and served with that corps the entire campaign, including the advance of the Army of Tennessee, under General Hood, to Franklin and Nashville, Tenn. He still survives in California at the age of eighty-five years.

Col. W. W. Kirkland, of a North Carolina regiment, served on the staff in the Kentucky Campaign of 1862, including the battles of Perryville and Murfreesboro; but in the early part of 1863 he was promoted and given command of a North Carolina brigade in the Army of Northern Virginia. He was alive within a year past. I hope he still survives.

I met General Hardee and Colonel Roy for the last time in New Orleans in the spring or winter of 1866, when there was a general reunion of Confederate soldiers planned by the citizens of New Orleans.

The veterans of that struggle are rapidly passing away. In the near future there will be none to recall its hardships and memories except their sons and daughters.

The Veterans of Fulton County, Ga., are now happily provided with quarters in the Atlanta Courthouse, and when the new building is erected, there will evidently be a place for the six Camps, of which loyal Georgians will be proud.

In many cities and towns of the South quarters in public buildings are given for permanent Confederate quarters.

MRS. CORNELIA BRANCH STONE.

BY MRS. JAMES BRITTON GANTT, JEFFERSON CITY, MO.

A wise counselor of clear judgment, indefatigable energy, remarkable administrative ability, readiness of speech, tact, high literary attainments, a thorough parliamentarian, loyal to duty, a gracious and charming personality—these are the characteristics which make Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone one of the most admired and influential women of her time. She has been and is an active worker in every organization which stands for right, the good of the people, and the uplift of mankind.

She was born in Nacogdoches, Republic of Texas, in February, 1840. Her father, Edward Thomas Branch, a native of Chesterfield County, Va., went to Texas in the fall of 1835. He enlisted in the Army of Texas, under Gen. Sam Houston, and participated in the battle of San Jacinto, which victory decided the independence of Texas from the Republic of Mexico. He was a member of the first and second sessions of the Congress of the Republic of Texas, was district and supreme judge of that republic, and was a member of the first legislature that Texas had. He married Anne Wharton Cleveland, a woman of rare culture and information.

At fifteen years of age Cornelia Branch was married to Henry Clay Stone, a Virginian by birth. After his death, in 1887, Mrs. Stone devoted her time to the education of her only son; and when he had graduated in medicine, she took up active work in the organizations in which she had membership. Her first official position was that of President of the Texas Division, U. D. C., in which she served two years, honored and loved by her Division. She would have been unanimously elected for a third term had she not positively declined the honor.

Upon her retirement the Texas Division presented her with a handsome jeweled badge in the form of a Confederate battle flag as a token of their esteem and appreciation. While Mrs. Stone was President the Texas Division increased twenty-six Chapters in two years. She served two years as President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and two years as President of the Texas Woman's Press Association. She was First Vice President of the Texas Federation of Women's Clubs, during which time she was chairman of a committee to secure an amendment to the poll tax law of the State of Texas the better to enforce the poll tax, one-fourth of which is paid to the school fund of Texas. This amendment was carried, increasing the school fund by many thousands of dollars. As chairman for two years of the Committee on Education in the Texas Federation of Women's Clubs she contributed many papers on educational interests, secured scholarships in several colleges of Texas, and recommended in her reports the provision of a fund by the clubs for the maintenance of the beneficiaries of these scholarships when unable to pay board and lodging. She has held offices of trust in the Daughters of the Republic of Texas, and as First Vice President has served as acting President at conventions. She also served several years as Corresponding Secretary of the Society of Colonial Dames of America in Texas. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

She is an enthusiastic Colonial Dame, a patriotic member of the D. A. R., a Daughter of the Republic of Texas, and, best of all, an honored, efficient, and loyal Daughter of the Confederacy. It is in this organization that she shines brightest and stands preëminent among all the women of her State and the Southland. She loves the cause represented by the

Daughters of the Confederacy, and as President General of that great organization for two years gave to it her best efforts of brain and pen, winning for herself the undying love and admiration of all who came in touch with her.

Mrs. Stone is one of the bright and brainy women of the Southland. Her executive ability, together with her marvelous capacity for work, made her administration of U. D. C. affairs stand apart as one to be remembered in the history of its organization. Any one reading her decisions and rulings while presiding over this body can but realize that she is a most capable woman.

During her two years' term as President General of the U. D. C. she kept in touch through correspondence with all her Daughters and heads of departments, writing every letter with her own hand. In 1900 she was chairman of the Committee on Revision of the Constitution at the convention which met at Montgomery, Ala. She is chairman of the Committee on Design for the monument at Arlington which the Daughters of the Confederacy are planning to erect, and is a most valued and enthusiastic worker for this object.



MRS. CORNELIA BRANCH STONE.

While she was serving as President General affliction laid a heavy hand upon her and took from her her only son, Dr. Harry B. Stone, a brilliant and most promising young physician, on whom she had lavished all the love and affection of a mother, bereft of husband, whose son was the pride and joy of her life. But this did not embitter her. Softened and sweetened by sorrow, she took up her work with renewed zeal,

making it a part of herself, and it was the wonder of all who knew her how she could accomplish so much and do it so excellently. When her term of office expired, she was known and loved by each and every one of her sixty thousand Daughters. As a token of their appreciation of her sterling worth, she was presented with many beautiful and valuable badges, all telling how much she was esteemed and honored by the Daughters. Texas is not more proud of her than is every Southern State. We all claim her and recognize her ability. She is an example of what a bright, brainy Southern woman can do. We all love and appreciate her. This small tribute to her worth is paid by one who knows her and her work.

GEN. DANIEL H. REYNOLDS.

Daniel H. Reynolds, of Virginia and Maryland parentage, was born near Centerburg, Ohio, on December 14, 1832. He attended school at the Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio. He went from that State to Louisa County, Iowa, in 1854, and thence to Somerville, Tenn., in 1857. He taught school in Ohio, read law in Iowa, and with Hon. John W. Harris in Somerville, and was admitted to the bar in 1858. He went to Arkansas in May of that year, and afterwards located at Lake Village, where he has since resided.

In May, 1861, as captain of the Chicot Rangers, he was ordered to Little Rock and thence to Fort Smith, Ark., and in June, 1861, he was mustered into the military service of the Confederate States with Company A of the 1st Arkansas Cavalry. The regiment served in Missouri and Arkansas until April, 1862, when it was transferred to the Army of Tennessee. It was sent to East Tennessee, and from there into Kentucky under Gen. E. Kirby Smith.

Daniel Reynolds was mustered in as captain on June 14, 1861; was elected major April 14, 1862; was elected lieutenant colonel May 1, 1862; was appointed colonel on November 17, 1863, to take rank from September 20, 1863; and was ap-

pointed brigadier general on March 12, 1864, to take rank from March 5, 1864, and assigned to command the brigade (McNair's) which included his regiment. It was thereafter known as Reynolds's Arkansas Brigade, and was composed of the 1st and 2d Arkansas Cavalry (mounted riflemen), dismounted, the 4th, 25th, and 31st Regiments of Arkansas Infantry, the 4th Arkansas Battalion of Infantry, and the 39th Regiment of North Carolina Infantry, which was subsequently on May 25, 1864, exchanged for the 9th Regiment of Arkansas Infantry, and thus it remained until the close of the war. Other commands were at times temporarily attached to or acting with the brigade, but not a part of it.

General Reynolds was engaged in the following battles: Oak Hills, Mo. (Wilson's Creek), August 10, 1861; Elkhorn, Ark. (Pea Ridge), March 7 and 8, 1862; Farmington, Miss., May 9, 1862; Richmond, Ky., August 30, 1862; Jackson, Miss., July 10-16, 1863; Chickamauga, Ga., September 19 and 20, 1863; Resaca, Ga., May 13-15, 1864; New Hope Church, Ga., May 29 to June 3, 1864; Kennesaw Mountain, Ga., June 17 to July 3, 1864; Moore's Hill, Ga., July 19, 1864; Peach Tree Creek, Ga., July 20, 1864; at and near Atlanta, Ga., July 21 to September 2, 1864; Ezra Church, near Atlanta, July 28, 1864; Lovejoy Station, Ga., August 20, 1864; Jonesboro, Ga., August 31, 1864; Moon Station, Ga., October 3, 1864; Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864; Nashville, Tenn., December 15 and 16, 1864; Sugar Creek, Tenn., December 26, 1864; Bentonville, N. C., March 19, 1865.

Besides the above-named engagements, he was in many skirmishes. His regiment was at Murfreesboro, Tenn., while he was on leave in Arkansas. The 1st and 2d Regiments of his brigade were at Dug Gap, Ga., on May 8, 1864, and repulsed the attack of the enemy. He was slightly wounded at Franklin, but remained on duty. At Bentonville he lost his left leg. A cannon ball passing in his horse's right breast and out under his rider's left leg, shattered the limb badly, rendering amputation above the knee necessary.

During the Kentucky Campaign in 1862 as lieutenant colonel he was in command of his regiment (the colonel being absent because of sickness), and as a compliment to the regiment for its gallantry at Richmond it was selected as the first to enter Lexington.

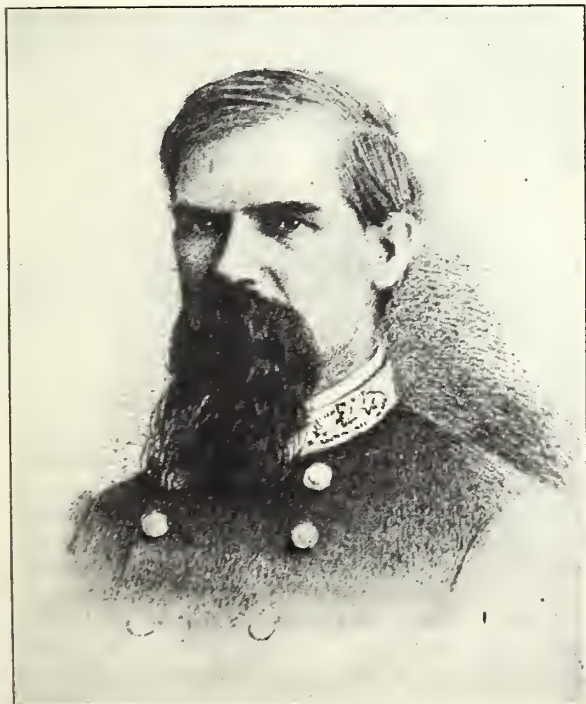
At Chickamauga on the evening of September 20 the brigade won a noted victory. His command formed the rear guard of the army in its retreat from Kentucky in 1862 and from Atlanta on September 2, 1864.

At Nashville on December 16, 1864, his brigade was taken from the line to try to keep the Federal right from extending around the Confederate left.

After the army crossed Duck River, retreating out of Tennessee, in December, 1864, Reynolds's Brigade served under General Walthall as a rear guard of infantry.

General Reynolds was elected to the Arkansas State Senate from the Counties of Ashley, Chicot, and Drew in 1866, and served until the legislature was disbanded by military order in 1867 under the Reconstruction Act of Congress, since which time he has not sought or held official position.

CRESCENT REGIMENT OF NEW ORLEANS, ONE OF THE FINEST.—D. J. Hyneman writes from Corinth, Miss.: "A short time before the battle of Shiloh the New Orleans Crescent Regiment joined Beauregard's army at Corinth. It was one of the finest regiments I saw during the war. It was cut up at Shiloh, and I lost sight of it after that. Will some one kindly give a sketch of the regiment after the battle of Shiloh?"



GEN. D. H. REYNOLDS.

PAT CLEBURNE'S EARLY CAREER.

BY W. F. RANDLE, HELENA, ARK.

Some time during the year 1852 there came to Helena, Ark., a young son of Erin just entering manhood. He was tall, slender, smooth-faced, and reserved in manner. He rarely began a conversation, yet when once engaged in it he was very entertaining. He bore a letter of introduction to the drug firm of Grant & Nash, proprietors of the leading drug firm in Helena. John Shirley, a brother-in-law to Grant and Nash, was captain of the Kate Frisbee, a passenger steamer packet plying the Mississippi River from Memphis to the mouth of White River. This young Irishman was a passenger on the Frisbee from Memphis. His general deportment interested Captain Shirley, and he learned that the young man had been in the drug business in Cincinnati, and was on the lookout for a good point; hence the letter of introduction of "Mr. Patrick R. Cleburne," referred to above.

Dr. Grant, senior member of the firm, told me that Cleburne presented Captain Shirley's letter to him the day that he landed. A thirty minutes' talk with Cleburne quickly satisfied him that he was possessed of peculiar capabilities, and promptly on seeing his partner, Dr. Nash, "Pat" was employed as drug clerk. He was soon convinced of Cleburne's capabilities, and association soon ripened into a strong friendship that never ceased. Dr. Grant questioned Pat as to his plans for the future, and found that his great desire was to become a lawyer. But the obstacle in his way was lack of ready money. Dr. Grant proposed to advance the required amount and let him reimburse him later. To this unsolicited kindness he demurred, not willing to incur the risk. But the Doctor finally prevailed on him to accept the offer, and he began the study of law under Judge Thomas B. Hanley, the leading attorney there. He graduated in two and a half years and formed a partnership in the practice of law with Thomas C. Hindman, then a member of Congress, under the firm name of Hindman & Cleburne. They were successful, and in a year Cleburne had reimbursed Dr. Grant fully. In 1858 Hindman and Cleburne dissolved partnership. Cleburne at this time was very popular with business men and socially.

In February, 1861, Cleburne displayed considerable military genius as a member of a band of several hundred Confederates who, armed with shotguns, rifles, and pistols, marched on horseback to Little Rock and captured the arsenal. The mutterings of war were heard, and thousands were volunteering.

In April, 1861 Cleburne organized at Helena and in Phillips County the "Yell Rifles," a magnificent infantry company, and he was unanimously chosen captain. Between April 15 and 20, 1861, Capt. Pat Cleburne and his company boarded a steamer at Helena for Bradley's Landing, above Memphis, Tenn. Later they moved down the Mississippi to what was later Fort Pillow. The Yell Rifles were officered as follows: Captain, Pat R. Cleburne; Lieutenants, Edward H. Cowley, Lucius E. Polk, and J. H. Kinzey.

NINE BROTHERS IN THE ARMY.

Jacob Wright, of Edgefield County, S. C., had nine sons, all of them Confederate soldiers.

His eldest son, Thomas C. Wright, enlisted in an artillery company from Eufaula, Ala., and was killed at Cedar Mountain, Ga. It is unknown how many battles he was in.

Joseph H. Wright enlisted in the 7th South Carolina Regiment, Company G, from Edgefield County, and was engaged in eight battles. He was slightly wounded at Harper's Ferry,

but the next day went into the battle of Sharpsburg, Md., where he was killed.

J. Wesley Wright, from the same county, enlisted in Company G, 7th South Carolina Regiment. He served in five battles and was wounded in the right leg at Malvern Hill, Va., June 30, 1862. He was killed in the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864.

J. Russell Wright, of Company G, 7th South Carolina Regiment, was in thirteen battles. He was wounded in the right leg during the seven days' fight at Richmond, Va., on the 29th of June, 1863; and was seriously wounded again in the right hip in the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864.

J. Fletcher Wright enlisted in Company A, 22d Regiment. He was engaged in many battles, was in the mine explosion in front of Petersburg, and seriously wounded in the head in the battle there, September, 1864. He recovered, went back and was from that time marching day and night from Petersburg to Appomattox where Lee surrendered. He still carries a ball in the back of his head. Doctors located it with the X-Ray several years ago.

William H. Wright was in the Litter Corps from January, 1864, to the end of the war, but was not hurt.

Ira B. Wright, of Wilcox's Division, Alabama Tropes, came out unhurt.

A. C. Wright of Company A, 22nd Regiment, was in several battles around Petersburg, Va., and was wounded in the right leg on the night of June 17, 1864, while charging the breastworks of the enemy in front of Petersburg. He recovered and returned to duty in January, 1865, at Petersburg. He was on the march from Petersburg and at Appomattox when Lee surrendered.

Robert S. Wright, the ninth and mother's baby boy, enlisted with the sixteen-year-old boys and came out unhurt.

All are still living except the three killed in battle and only one draws a pension. Thomas C. Wright, John H. Wright and J. Wesley Wright were all killed under the flag, and in a winding sheet of a nation's love, they were laid to rest in their gory beds; no monuments but the hills, God's sentinels to the plains; no flowers but the stars in their silver sockets, the touch-me-nots of the angels; no tears but the showers from the skies; no prayers but the singing of the winds through the pines. But with angels and archangels and all the company of heaven their souls went to the great beyond.

CONFEDERATE PHOTOGRAPHS WANTED.

The American sculptor, Sir Moses Ezekiel, residing in Rome, Italy, is now at work on a very important monument to be erected to the memory of the Confederate dead, and requires photographs of individuals showing the various branches of the service of the Confederate army and navy.

If any readers of the VETERAN have in their possession anything that photographic copies can be made of, they will confer a favor by communicating with Mr. H. C. Ezekiel, 334 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mr. Ezekiel, the eminent sculptor, is a native of Richmond, Va., a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute and a Confederate veteran, having served with the corps of cadets in the Valley of Virginia during the latter part of the war. He has for many years lived abroad, in Berlin, Paris, and Rome, where he has achieved an international reputation.

His monument to the Confederate dead on Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie, and his statue of Gen. Stonewall Jackson at Charleston, W. Va., were dedicated in 1910.

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING MARCH 31, 1911.

Receipts.

Mrs. Clementine Boles, Director for Arkansas, \$58.73. Contributed by Memorial Chapter, No. 48, U. D. C., Little Rock, Ark., \$5; G. K. Cracraft Chapter, No. 1164, U. D. C., Eudora, Ark., \$5; Seven Generals Chapter, No. 227, U. D. C., Helena, Ark., \$1; D. C. Govan Chapter, No. 781, U. D. C., Marianna, Ark., \$3; Sidney Johnston Chapter, No. 135, U. D. C., Batesville, Ark., \$4.45; Varina Jefferson Davis Chapter, No. 252, U. D. C., Fort Smith, Ark., \$5; Memorial Chapter, No. 48, U. D. C., Little Rock, Ark., \$26.18; Robert A. Donville, \$4.10; Miss Nellie Wilson, Fort Smith, Ark., \$5.

Miss Salome Townsend, Director for Arizona, \$6.

Mrs. W. N. Perry, Director for California, \$100. Contributed by California Division, U. D. C.

Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 20, U. D. C., Washington, D. C., \$34.58.

Robert E. Lee Chapter, No. 644, U. D. C., Washington, D. C., \$28.

Mrs. Drury C. Ludlow, Washington, D. C., \$5.60.

Mrs. Rose E. Wulcare, Washington, D. C., \$5.50.

Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$15. Contributed by Emma Jackson Chapter, No. 224, U. D. C., Tallahassee, Fla., \$10; Sibert and Louise Miller for Winnie Davis Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, Jacksonville, Fla., \$5.

Mrs. J. B. Gantt, Director for Missouri, \$30. Contributed by R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 245, U. D. C., Kansas City, Mo., \$25; Jefferson Davis Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, Kansas City, Mo., \$5.

Mrs. I. W. Faison, Director for North Carolina, seals, \$166.36.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$126.54. Contributed by Chester Chapter, No. 232, U. D. C., Chester, S. C., \$7.25; John Bratton Chapter, No. 929, U. D. C., Winnsboro, S. C., \$4; Florence Thornell Chapter, No. 246, U. D. C., Fort Mill, S. C., \$6.20; Black Oak Chapter, No. 734, U. D. C., Pinopolis, S. C., \$5; Graded School, Orangeburg, S. C., \$7.90; Mount Zion School, Winnsboro, S. C., \$4.35; Pinopolis School, \$1.05; girls of Misses Sass' School, Charleston, S. C., \$12.60; Ferguson School, \$2; Oak Ridge School, 75 cents; Ann White Chapter, No. 123, U. D. C., Rock Hill, S. C., \$12.50; Winthrop College Chapter, No. 292, U. D. C., Rock Hill, S. C., \$2.50; Drayton Rutherford Chapter, No. 152, U. D. C., Newberry, S. C., \$4.27; William Lester Chapter, No. 1042, U. D. C., Prosperity, S. C., \$6.35; John K. McIver Chapter, No. 92, U. D. C., Darlington, S. C., \$3.25; Edgefield Chapter, No. 1018, U. D. C., Edgefield, S. C., \$5; Newberry Graded School, \$7.86; Zion High School, \$1.45; Long Cone School, \$1; Waycross School, 75 cents; McBeth School, 66 cents; Trinity School, 50 cents; Williamsburg Chapter, No. 1065, U. D. C., Kingstree, S. C., \$8.50; Ellison Capers Chapter, No. 70, U. D. C., Florence, S. C., \$10; Wade Hampton Chapter, No. 1248, U. D. C., Varnville, S. C., \$5; Sam Davis Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, \$1; Harmony School, \$3.25; Trenton Graded School, \$1.60.

Mrs. Thomas Boccock, Director for Virginia, \$71.35. Contributed by J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, No. 156, U. D. C., Staunton, Va., \$6.35; Essex Chapter No. 239, U. D. C., Tappahannock, Va., \$5; Lee-Jackson Chapter, \$10; Mrs. H. T. McCormick, Chicago, Ill., \$50.

Mrs. Walter C. Pollock, Director for West Virginia, \$202.17. Contributed by Lewisburg Chapter, No. 236, U. D. C., Lewisburg, Va., \$10; Chapters not named, \$192.17.

Balance on hand from last report, \$20,780.31.

First payment to Sir Moses Ezekiel, sculptor of monument, as per contract, \$2,000.

Balance on hand April 1, 1911, \$19,630.14.

WALLACE STREATER, *Treasurer.*

THE SHILOH MONUMENT.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, FROM

MARCH 1 TO APRIL 12, 1911.

Mrs. L. C. Hall, Dardanelle, Ark. (personal).....	\$ 10 00
Mrs. T. J. Latham, Memphis, Tenn. (personal).....	10 00
Andrew Barry Moore Chapter, Marion, Ala.....	2 00
Memorial Chapter, Little Rock, Ark.....	10 00
Margaret Davis Hayes Chapter, DeWitt, Ark.....	10 00
David O. Dodd Chapter, Pine Bluff, Ark.....	5 00
Margaret Rose Chapter C. of C., Little Rock, Ark....	5 00
New Orleans Chapter, New Orleans, La.....	5 00
Winnie Davis Chapter, Helena, Mont.....	10 00
Marion Chapter, Marion, S. C.....	5 00
Cheraw Chapter, Cheraw, S. C.....	3 00
John Bratton Chapter, Winnsboro, S. C.....	5 00
Wade Hampton Chapter, Columbia, S. C.....	10 00
Secessionville Chapter, James Island, S. C.....	5 00
Ridge Spring Chapter, Ridge Spring, S. C.....	1 00
Batesburg Chapter, Batesburg, S. C.....	5 00
C. M. Goodlett Chapter, Clarksville, Tenn.....	10 00
Dixie Chapter, Petersburg, Tenn.....	2 50
Roane County Chapter, Rockwood, Tenn.....	5 00
Hope-Maury Chapter, Norfolk, Va.....	5 00
Mrs. Julia Beck (through Shiloh Chapter), Savannah, Tenn.	2 00
Cash (name of donor not given).....	4 00

Total\$129 50
Less expenses..... 82 15

Total in hands of Treasurer, \$8,908.21.

The officers of the committee chosen by the United Daughters of the Confederacy are: Mrs. Alexander B. White, Director-General, Paris, Tenn.; Mrs. L. C. Hall, Secretary, Dardanelle, Ark.; Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Treasurer, Paducah, Ky. Mrs. McKinney is also State Director of the Kentucky Division.

INQUIRIES ABOUT VETERANS.

BY O. H. P. WRIGHT, 1812 LAMAR AVENUE, SELMA, ALA.

The following letter was written by Jonathan Rose, a Confederate soldier from Missouri—near Springfield, I think—to my mother, Mrs. M. A. Hamner, who was then living near McKinley, Ala. Previous to being wounded Mr. Rose received a furlough and spent the time at the house of my stepfather, Mr. George M. Hamner. At that time he could not go home, the Federal lines intervening. Of course as soon as this letter was received and he was able to leave the hospital he was again our welcome guest. When his arm healed, he left to rejoin his regiment. After the lapse of so many years, his company and regiment are forgotten. He gave us the Minie ball that had been extracted from his arm. If he is still living, he may again possess it. Mr. Rose afterwards sent a gutta-percha pin with a silver crescent on it, such as the soldiers often made. If he sees this, he may remember many pleasant nutting trips to the woods. The letter was from Marion, Ala., October 25, 1864:

"Mrs. Hamner—Esteemed Friend: I am at last numbered with the unfortunate ones of this memorable campaign. After

passing through most of its dangers, I received a wound in the arm near Dalton, Ga. My wound is severe, though not dangerous. The bone is slightly fractured. I am doing well now, though have had gangrene severely. This is a good hospital. The wounded are well treated here. I will get a furlough as soon as I am able to take it. Address Marion Hospital, Ward A, care Dr. Holman.

"Your friend,

JONATHAN ROSE."

Other soldiers were also taken care of by us at different times. One was young Thomas Barker, who died after a lingering illness, though we did all we could for him. He was quite sick when he came, but persistently refused to let us write any letters to his relatives or even to give their names. I think he was from Tennessee. He was tall, and had beautiful white teeth and black hair.

We have in our possession a small Bible picked up on a battlefield by a Confederate soldier in which is the following inscription:

"Presented to Harrison Patton Reid on April 27, 1849, by his affectionate mother. May it be a light to his feet and a lamp to his path! and may he so live that at last he be gathered among the saints in heaven!"

ELIZABETH A. REID."

This Bible in the subsequent battle of Gettysburg doubtless saved the life of George W. Thomas, Company D, 4th Alabama Regiment, who had picked it up. It was in his haversack when a ball passed through, taking off a part of this Bible, and thus failed to penetrate his body.

YANK INQUIRES FOR JOHNNIES.—Z. T. Francis writes from New Martinsville, W. Va.: "I was with Sherman's army in his march to Atlanta, a private in Company F, 15th Ohio Infantry, and was detailed near Kingston, Ga., to 'pick up' Confederate stragglers. I was sent into the second story of a log barn and found two Confederates lying asleep on corn fodder. One was large and the other small. When awakened they gave up their guns. They had a canteen of apple jack, and gave me a drink. They belonged, I think, to a Georgia regiment. We took them on to camp and gave them a good dinner. I would be glad to hear from them. The small man was a good joker, and took his capture lightly, while the larger man had but little to say."

MACON, GA., WANTS THE REUNION.

SOMETHING OF THE PLANS FOR CAPTURING IT FOR 1912.

By making preliminary arrangements on the most elaborate scale for the United Confederate Veterans fifteen months in advance the Macon (Ga.) Chamber of Commerce has demonstrated its purpose to capture, if possible, the Reunion for 1912. And it is claimed that if they capture the Reunion the venerable veterans will be given the time of their lives.

They claim that the State of Georgia furnished more than its quota of soldiers to the Confederate cause, and that the State was second only to Virginia in the number of important battles fought in it. Macon, therefore, has a double claim upon the Confederate warriors of the sixties.

Naturally one of the first questions that will be asked by the veterans will be: "Has Macon sufficient hotel facilities to take care of such a great throng?" Of course Georgia's hospitality is too well known for this question to be given consideration. Every man of the South who has ever experienced real Georgia hospitality knows that if the veterans come they will be well taken care of.

Macon has two large hotels, both of which are being rebuilt

with improved and increased capacities. The Macon Chamber of Commerce has completed the preliminary work for the erection of a \$500,000 fireproof hotel, and this will be completed and ready for occupancy by May, 1912. Besides, Macon has many smaller hotels, innumerable boarding houses, and were it necessary sleeping cars could be parked in the convenient and spacious railroad yards for increased accommodation. In addition, hundreds of private homes in the city would be thrown open if necessary.

Macon is situated exactly in the center of Georgia, and Georgia is exactly in the center of the group of States which composed the Confederacy. Tennessee and Kentucky are but a few hours' ride from the heart of Georgia; the Carolinas and Virginia are grouped but a short distance to the east; Florida is directly at the south; while Alabama, Mississippi, and the great States in the land of the setting sun are off to the west. Certainly no place could be better located from a geographical standpoint than this queen city of the great empire State of the South.

For railroad facilities Macon is without a superior in the Southland. Fifteen main line trunk systems reach the city, and on these systems there are no less than seventy-five regular passenger trains daily. The railroad stations are close to the principal hotels and City Auditorium, and transportation facilities would be surpassed by none.

Macon's fight for the 1912 Reunion was in reality started in May, 1910, when the veterans met in Mobile. A delegation from the busiest and the prettiest city in Georgia went there and invited the veterans to meet in Macon in 1911. It was not expected, however, that the invitation would then be accepted; but it was given more for the purpose of having the old soldiers know that Macon would go after the Reunion in 1912.

Although it was generally understood that Macon was to be favored in 1912, Secretary Hyman in January of this year started the work of publicity and advertising. More than seven thousand personally dictated and signed letters were sent to veterans all over the South asking for suggestions and for help. Hundreds of replies have given assurances from every section of the South that Macon will be selected. These letters were followed up with circulars of advertising matter; so that in all more than thirty thousand pieces of mail were sent out to the veterans from the Chamber of Commerce office during the months of January, February, and March. Yet Secretary Hyman declares that his campaign of advertising has just started, and that by the time that the veterans gather in Little Rock in May no other town will appear on the map. He has had wide experience as a commercial secretary during the past twenty years, and has been prominently identified with several of the largest conventions and reunions. He was awarded two pennants of the business men of Nashville for his work in decorating the city and planning the entertainment for their two Reunions, in 1897 and 1904.

Macon workers will go to Little Rock two hundred strong to capture the 1912 Reunion. A special train of Pullman sleepers to be known as the "Macon 1912 Special" will leave Macon in time to reach Little Rock the first day of the Reunion, and they mean business. The official route for the Macon 1912 Special will be from Macon to Birmingham via the Central of Georgia, from Birmingham to Memphis via the Frisco route, and from Memphis to Little Rock via the Rock Island.

Handsome quarters have been secured by Mr. Hyman for the Macon delegation at the Marion Hotel for the Veterans and at the new Capital Hotel for the Sons of Veterans.

THE U. S. C. V. ORGANIZATION.

Commander in Chief, Clarence Julian Owens, Washington.
Adjutant General, Nathan Bedford Forrest, Memphis.
Inspector General, Gordon S. Levy, New Orleans.
Quartermaster General, Edwin A. Taylor, Memphis.
Commissary General, W. McDonald Lee, Irvington.
Judge-Advocate General, Hal L. Norwood, Little Rock.
Surgeon General, Dr. Floyd Stewart, St. Louis.
Chaplain General, Dr. Mathew Brewster, Mobile.
Historian General, Dr. Thomas M. Owen, Montgomery.

BRIGADE COMMANDERS.

Alabama Division: First, C. R. Bricken, Luverne; Second, P. W. Hodges, Greenville; Third, William E. Fort, Birmingham; Fourth, J. H. Wallace, Jr., Huntsville; Fifth, Dr. R. F. McConnell, Attalla.

Arkansas Division: First, E. T. Stanley, Augusta; Second, C. L. Moore, Jr., Helena; Third, D. A. Bradham, Warren; Fourth, G. W. Hays, Camden; Fifth, J. J. Doyne, Conway; Sixth, Paul McKennon, Clarksville; Seventh, T. P. Winchester, Fort Smith.

Louisiana Division: First, Henry E. Estorge, Opelousas; Second, Hugh Waddell, Baton Rouge; Third, W. R. Hirsh, Shreveport; Fourth, G. W. Newman, St. Francisville; Fifth, C. N. Frost, Franklin.

Mississippi Division: First, Charles H. Drake, Durant; Second, J. W. Collier, Vicksburg; Third, Alexander Currie, Hattiesburg; Fourth, George M. Foote, Gulfport.

South Carolina Division: First, D. A. Spivey, Conway; Second, A. M. Brailsford, Mullins; Third, T. Frank Watkins, Anderson.

Tennessee Division: First, J. Ben Fuqua, McEwen; Second, Thomas B. Carroll, Jackson.

West Virginia Division: First, G. Nelson Wilson, Elkins; Second, C. L. Miller, Bellepoint.

Virginia Division: First, J. Griff Edwards, Portsmouth; Second, W. Mercer Hartman, Roanoke.

MEDICAL OFFICERS ARMY AND NAVY, C. S. A.

President: Edwin D. Newton, M.D., Atlanta, Ga.

Vice Presidents: W. F. Beard, M.D., Shelbyville, Ky.; John W. Sharp, M.D., Grenada, Miss.; L. D. Jackson, M.D., Birmingham, Ala.; N. C. Reeves, M.D., Longstreet, La.

Secretary and Treasurer: A. A. Lyon, M.D., Nashville, Tenn.

Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements: Frank Vinsonhaler, M.D. (113 Capitol Avenue), Little Rock, Ark.

The Secretary, Dr. Lyon, in a circular letter states:

"Dr. Newton enjoys the unique distinction of being the only surviving officer attached to the medical staff of Gen. R. E. Lee's headquarters. * * *

"Our place of meeting will be the chapel of the First Presbyterian Church, centrally located and easily accessible by the display from the front of a yellow flag, the hospital insignia of the Confederate army.

"As is well known, the chief object of our association, in addition to the social features, is to gather together as far as possible the medico-surgical history of the war in order to repair, in some measure at least, the disastrous loss of the official records in the surgeon general's office, swept away by fire when Richmond fell into the hands of the Federal army. Hence contributions in the form of essays or reports of cases, personal experiences, or any other facts of interest bearing upon the medicine and surgery of the Confederate army are sought.

"The conditions of membership are as follows: All members of the medical profession who served as surgeon, assistant surgeon, acting assistant surgeon, contract physician, hospital steward, or chaplain during the War between the States shall be eligible to membership as regular members; all Confederate veterans who are regular doctors of medicine are eligible to membership as associate members; and all sons of Confederate veterans who are regular doctors of medicine shall be eligible to membership as junior members. They all have the same rights and privileges on the floor of the association, and differ only in name to indicate the several classes forming our association. The membership fee is one dollar, and the annual dues are one dollar, payable at some subsequent meeting." * * *

THE VETERANS' CROSS OF HONOR.

BY H. B. STEVENS.

(To the air of "The Old Oaken Bucket.")

How dear to the heart of each gray-headed soldier

Are the thoughts of the days when all wore the gray!

While memory recalls every trial and danger,

And scenes of the past live in battle array,

Though long since discarding our arms and equipments!

There's one thing a veteran most surely will note:

The first thing he sees on the form of a comrade

Is the little bronze cross he wears on his coat.

Chorus.

The little bronze cross, the sacred bronze cross,

The U. D. C. cross that he wears on his coat.

"How much did it cost," said a man to a soldier—

"The little flat cross you wear on your coat?"

"A fortune in money," he answered the stranger,

"And four years of marching and fighting to boot.

The wealth of the world cannot purchase this emblem

Unless the buyer wore the gray too,

For it shows to mankind the marks of a hero—

A man who to honor and country was true."

Then let us be proud of this emblem of honor,

And wear it with spirit both loyal and bold;

Fraternally welcome each one who supports it

With love in our hearts for the comrade of old.

Each day musters out whole battalions of wearers,

And soon will be missed this token so dear;

But ages to come will remember with honor

The man who'd the right this bronze emblem to wear.

SITE OF CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL BUILDING.

BY HON. J. TAYLOR ELLYSON, PRESIDENT BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

The Confederate Memorial Association has secured as a location for the Confederate Memorial Institute one of the most beautiful sites in the western part of Richmond—a gift of the State of Virginia. We are now anxious that when the building is opened we shall have within the walls of the Institute such collections as will be worthy of the cause it represents.

We have in this city, as you know, a Confederate Museum which contains the most valuable collection of Confederate relics in the world. We cannot hope to compete with the Association having this in charge and, therefore, we must work along different lines. My own view is that we would better endeavor to collect portraits, paintings, statuary, mural tablets, and a library containing material for historians.

We are now making an appeal for the coöperation of our

friends throughout the South who may desire to erect a memorial to some member of the family who rendered distinguished service to the Confederate States, either in civil or military life, and we have thought that perhaps some of the Southern States might desire a place for a suitable memorial to some one of her great sons. We hope that we may be able to raise in each of the Southern States from \$5,000 to \$10,000 in order that each may be worthily represented in this collection. We are particularly anxious to have many of these articles ready for installation when the institute is opened. It would be a great disappointment to our friends, after waiting all these years, to have the building opened without containing much to make it attractive.

The building will be made of granite and Southern marble, as already stated in the *VETERAN*, and will be of fire-proof construction. Be good enough to call attention to the importance of our work in the movement to secure a collection of materials for the institute.

AN APPEAL FOR ST. LOUIS MONUMENT.

The St. Louis Confederate Monument Association makes an urgent appeal for contributions, based on the fact that the United Daughters of the Confederacy of St. Louis have contributed during the last twenty years, according to their minutes, more than fifty-three thousand dollars to innumerable Southern causes, both charitable and memorial.

During these years, while we have been busy building a home for our veterans and answering other calls, death has removed many of the active participators in the war and most ardent sympathizers with and supporters of our cause. We find that the lapse of years and influence of business surroundings have made many of the younger generation lukewarm.

It is a recognized fact that the large foreign and Northern population in St. Louis is an opposing element that retards the raising of funds to erect in St. Louis a suitable monument to the soldiers and sailors of the Confederacy, some having carried it to the point of making a public protest against our being allowed to do so.

No Chapter in the South has this obstacle to contend with. In view of these facts this final appeal is made to the sister Chapters for aid in carrying out the plan to honor the dead from every State and in every station.

Blanks are supplied on application to Mrs. W. L. Kline, Chairman, Hamilton Hotel, St. Louis. Other members of the committee are: Mesdames W. G. Moore, Frank Gaiennie, T. W. North, A. E. Morgan, and Sam B. Jeffries.

FAITHFUL "UNCLE BILLY" ASHBY.

A well-known Confederate of Norfolk, William Ashby, has answered his last call. He was quite old, near fourscore, and entirely alone, being supplied with a home by a Mrs. Wicks.

Comrade Ashby was a sailor in the United States navy when the South went to war for her constitutional rights, but he soon enlisted for the Confederacy. He served both in the Confederate States navy and army from the beginning to the end. He served in Company A, 61st Virginia Infantry. It is said his captain, John R. Ludlow, and Colonel Groner paid him high tribute for his "volunteer sacrifices" and of his remarkable courage in battle.

The Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch gave a Hobsonian account of Billy Ashby and others in the capture of the United States steamship Underwriter, under John Taylor Wood. They boarded, captured, and burned the vessel, going in small boats

to attack the Underwriter, which was anchored between the Federal forts, which daring mission has been thus described: "Once on the deck, the fight was fast and bloody. Cutlasses and pistols were the weapons of the Confederates, each selecting a man of the Federal crew and rushing for him. The odds were against the attacking party, and some of them had to struggle with three opponents. But neither side flinched in the hand-to-hand, life-and-death struggle which raged in every part of the vessel, and in which many sickening tragedies occurred. The Federals were driven back inch by inch, and forced finally pell-mell down into the ward room and steerage and even into the coal bunkers, they finally surrendering, after which the Confederates retired under a heavy fire from the forts and batteries on the shore. Six of their men were killed and twenty-two wounded. One of the divisions of the attacking party was led by Capt. B. P. Loyall, of Norfolk, 'Uncle Billy' being under the command of Colonel Wood."

The Ledger-Dispatch concludes its notice: "Wearing his Confederate uniform, the shrunken form of this over-brave sailor and soldier of the South lay to-day in a casket at the funeral apartments of H. C. Smith, 179 Bank Street, where the obsequies occurred, Rev. R. Finley Gayle, of the Methodist Church, officiating. Members of Pickett-Buchanan Camp, Confederate Veterans, of which he was a member, were in attendance to do honor to his memory, and his remains were laid to rest in Elmwood Cemetery. Floral tributes were sent by Pickett-Buchanan Camp and the Ledger-Dispatch."

CONTRIBUTORS SHOULD BE ACCURATE.

Contributors to the *VETERAN* should be very careful in giving their reminiscences to know that their statements are accurate, and should verify them by reference to records wherever possible. Publications in the *VETERAN* are largely for the benefit of historians of the future, and errors should be vigilantly corrected; hence the importance of accuracy in original articles. The Editor has many contributions to consider, and he cannot therefore always be as alert to detect errors as comrades who have specific facts in mind. A case in point is the article by Mr. T. B. Anderson, of Gallatin, Tenn., who gave in the February *VETERAN* "A Boy's Impressions at Shiloh," in which he states that his regiment, the 28th Tennessee, under Breckinridge, left Corinth for Shiloh on the night of April 6, marched all night, and on the next day received the surrender of Prentiss's Brigade. It is well known that Prentiss surrendered on the first day at Shiloh at four o'clock in the afternoon, and that was the 6th of April. The Confederates were victorious on that day, but lost on the next, after Grant had been reinforced by Buell's troops.

John W. Woodward, of Shelbyville, Tenn., calls attention to this error, and thinks Mr. Anderson is in error as to the time his command left Corinth. Mr. Woodward served in the 23d Tennessee Regiment, Cleburne's Brigade. The regiment was first under Col. Mat Martin, but it was commanded at Shiloh by Lieut. Col. Jim Neil. He states in regard to the march from Corinth: "We left Corinth Friday night, opened battle Sunday morning early, and drove them all day. Prentiss surrendered to us there on Sunday afternoon late, and marched at the head of his command through my company to the rear. Mr. Anderson's regiment was one of the reserves under Breckinridge, and may have left Corinth later, but certainly before the night of April 6."

The *VETERAN* may have been at fault in printing April 6 for the 5th, which was evidently the time. Many contributors are not so careful to be accurate as importance demands.

FORT STEADMAN—"SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR."

BY R. D. FUNKHOUSER, MAURERTOWN, VA.

I have before me a graphic account of the affair under the above caption in the Richmond Times-Dispatch of May 26, 1909, by Maj. Robert W. Hunter, of Winchester, Va., a staff officer of Gen. J. B. Gordon. The writer gives Gen. R. E. Lee's reason for making the attack and the cause of failure as the result. (I wish the article could be reproduced here in connection with my experience in that sortie. That was one of the most daring and brilliant exploits of the war, and compares well with Cedar Creek in conception and audacity. Comrade H. J. Miller, of Danville, Va., was orderly sergeant of Company G, of my regiment, which company was commanded by his gallant brother, St. Charles F. Miller, and both were in the fight and also captured.

I commanded Company D, 49th Virginia Regiment, Pegram's Brigade, Walker's Division, Gordon's Corps, A. N. V. My company had received fifty recruits in October, 1864, and Company G, under Capt. William D. Moffett, received about the same number; and he, being the ranking officer, was in command of the regiment. I acted as lieutenant colonel, as that officer, Lieut. Col. C. B. Christian, was a prisoner of war.



R. D. FUNKHOUSER.

On March 25, 1865, we occupied the trenches between Petersburg and Fort Steadman, which was one of the strongest redoubts in General Grant's line, and was also protected by two lines of *chevaux de frise* with sentinels posted to prevent a night surprise. We were aroused from our slumbers in our bombproofs about 2 A.M. and directed to prepare to assault Fort Steadman at once. Capt. Joseph Anderson, in command of the brigade sharpshooters, led the advance and with ax-men cut a passage through the lines of *chevaux de frise*, and was killed by a sentinel. We charged through the gap in two ranks with fixed bayonets and filed to the right, fronted into line of battle, and rushed into the fort without a moment's hesitation, and, as some of the Northern papers aptly said, General Lee caught Grant napping, for all the garrison were

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asleep in their bombproofs. We sent them to the rear, while we prepared to assault their second line of works. We thought we had won a great victory, but after daylight the enemy's guns from Fort Haskell and the commanding hills made our captured fort untenable, and we became badly demoralized, so that it was with the greatest difficulty that the generals got the men in line to charge the second line of works. Captain Moffett was missing, either by getting lost in the first charge in the dark or was sent back with the prisoners—I never knew. Either reason was good, however, for he was a very brave officer, and was at the final surrender at Appomattox. I therefore assumed command of the regiment, and in my first attempt to lead it, having to jump a ditch, only three men followed me. I was knocked down by the concussion of a shell, and that brave trio started to carry me back, supposing my wound to be mortal, as I was gasping for breath; but when another shell burst near by, they let me fall, which caused my breath to come back all right. So I jumped up and followed them behind a bombproof.

Soon afterwards we tried it again, and two thousand five hundred of us charged with the Rebel yell at double-quick. The enemy's infantry held their fire until at short range, when they gave us a parting volley and left their works, of which we took possession. In moving to the left to give our men on the right room to come in we had to pass a gateway which was truly a gap of death, for it was filled up with dead men, so that we had to crawl over them.

We were now behind a hill which obstructed our view of Fort Steadman and the first line of works, nor could we see to our left; but we soon saw the enemy flanking to our right, and we knew that was a move to get into their first line of works to cut us off, which they could not have done if the reinforcements from the mouth of the James River had arrived in time to take possession of them. They were delayed by the cars breaking down *en route*.

As soon as we saw this movement of the enemy Col. J. G. Kasey, of the 58th Virginia Regiment, commanding the brigade, sent Capt. R. N. Wilson back to notify General Gordon in the fort of our peril, requesting his permission to fall back. Seeing that we had no time to spare, I suggested that we fall back anyhow; but the colonel said we were ordered to take this line and hold it at all hazards until we were reinforced or ordered to fall back. No orders ever came to us, and finally I said: "Colonel, our men on the right are throwing down their arms and surrendering. Do you care if I order my regiment to fall back?" His answer was: "It is too late." I jumped out of the ditch and said: "Men of the 49th Regiment, you can stay here or try to get out. I am going." It meant running the gauntlet under terrific shelling four hundred yards or more. My own brave lieutenant, A. Updyke, started to follow me; but a shell burst so near as to partially paralyze him, and he crawled into a ditch and remained there until hostilities ceased for that day. I was running up an old sunken road when a Federal captain came down the bank before me, demanding my surrender. Just then Lieut. W. H. Wilson, of the 31st Virginia Regiment, and another man came to my relief, and we took the captain prisoner and compelled him to double-quick with us until we reached the first line of works. As this was occupied by the enemy, we were glad to surrender and fall down in the ditch to avoid being killed by our own shells.

As soon as the shelling ceased a courteous captain, with a guard, took the three of us back to General Crawford's headquarters, a mile or more, where we joined our comrades, all rounded up by guards and at a halt. There were nineteen

hundred men and one hundred and twelve officers of all grades, from lieutenants to colonels. Among the latter was Col. F. W. McMaster, of the 17th South Carolina Regiment, a typical soldier and Southern gentleman and a distinguished lawyer. A Lieutenant Cook, of General Crawford's staff, treated me and three of my friends to the contents of his canteen. We went by railroad that night to City Point, where we had a good lunch, and the next day we were shipped for Fort Delaware. I reached home June 20, 1865.

MARYLANDERS FOUGHT AT CHICKAMAUGA.

BALTIMORE SUN FEBRUARY 26, 1911.

Maryland Confederate veterans, especially those survivors of the 3d Maryland Battery, will be interested in knowing that the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Park Commission has placed two cannon to mark the position of the battery on the Crest road, Missionary Ridge, November 25, 1863. The cannon are Napoleons similar to those used by the battery in the battle, and with them is a bronze tablet with the following inscription:

"THIRD MARYLAND ARTILLERY.

"November 25, 1863. 11 A.M.

"Four 12-pounder Napoleons.

"Capt. W. W. Carnes's Artillery Battalion.

"Stevenson's Division, Hardee's Corps.

"Capt. John B. Rowan, commanding. Lieutenants: William L. Ritter, Thomas D. Giles, James W. Doncaster.

"This battery, with its battalion, moved from its position west of Chattanooga Creek at 2:30 A.M., and after several changes came into position on the summit of the ridge near this point about 9:30 A.M. and opened fire at intervals on the flank of the enemy, assaulting Tunnel Hill with marked effect, causing him to seek shelter behind the intervening swell of the ridge and aiding materially in his final repulse and defeat of his purpose to carry the ridge at that point. After dark the battery withdrew with its battalion and division to Chickamauga Station. No casualties reported."

The 3d Maryland Battery was the only command from this State that served in the Western Confederate army, all the others being with the Army of Northern Virginia. It was organized at Ashland, Va., in the fall of 1861 by Capt. Henry B. Latrobe, son of John H. B. Latrobe, of Baltimore, and brother of the late Gen. Ferdinand C. Latrobe. Among its officers were Fred C. Claiborne, a cousin of Captain Latrobe and afterwards commander of the battery; John B. Rowan, of Elkton; and William L. Ritter, of Carroll County. Captain Claiborne succeeded to the command of the battery, and was killed at Vicksburg. Its next commander, Captain Rowan, was killed at Nashville. He was succeeded by Captain Ritter.

Captain Ritter is now a well-known accountant of Baltimore and lives on North Carrollton Avenue. His threescore and more years rest very lightly on his shoulders, and few of his chance acquaintances would believe that the soft-voiced man, so neat and careful in his dress and so polished in his manner, was the same Ritter who was known as one of the hardest fighters in the West.

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN—HIS SONG.

BY M. BLANCHE KNOWLTON.

Sometimes a band plays "Dixie" down by the ole Park store,
An' you oughter see us ole Confeds a-hustlin' once more!
Out of his gate comes Cap'n Brown; he's plum' fergot his cane;

His crippled leg ain't hurtin' now—he's a gray-clad boy again;
He loudly yells to Sergeant Smith, who sets dozin' in his door;
Fer he's been prayin' hard ter hear ole "Dixie" played once more;

He beckons wild ter Corporal Ross ter make him hurry long,

An' soon the crowd knows they air playin' that gran' ole song.

There ain't so many of us, but we kin make the welkin ring.
Some yells out, "Hooray! Hooray!" an' some begin ter sing;
The Cap'n hits some so hard they feel they've had a beatin';
The Majah slaps his hands jest like it is camp meetin';
Ole Private Jones, he sets right down on anything that's nigh;
An' you had better turn your head or you'll see him cry,
Fer that is what he allus does when in fancy he kin see
The sufferin's of the vanquished hosts that follered Gen'l Lee.

The Cuhnul, he throws his high hat away up in the air,
An' uses ever' bit of breath that he has got to spare;
An' little one-arm Hainey—well, he cuts some capers too—
Heq was as brave a "Reb" as ever faced a line o' blue.
"Away down South in Dixie," the music bursts out gran'—
Ef you kin keep from hollerin' you ain't but half a man!
"Hooray! Hooray!" ter life us ole vets thrills once more!
We clean ferget we ain't in line, but old, time-worn, an' hoar.

The long years fall from us; we stan', gray-clad, in battle array.
We've answered to our country's call, eager fer the fray.
"Forward, march!" the ole command is soundin' from out the
vanished years;

The distant voices of our leaders air a-ringin' in our ears.
"In Dixie land I'll take my stand"—that's jest what we done!
We took it an' we helt it, tell the world's applause we won.
But at last "might conquered right," just as the poets say;
We lowered our flags of stars and bars an' folded them away.

An' when the music ceases we all stan' aroun' or set
An' fight our battles over—ole unreconstructed Rebels yet!
Private Jones, he tells us how they clum the mountain walls,
An' how at bloody Gettysburg he stopped some whizzin' balls;
How cannons busted roun' 'em! We heard the bullets whine;
An' lookin' in his face now, you'd know he didn't min'
When Pickett ordered him across the field the Ridge to take,
But what happened to him then still makes his ole form ache.

Then we listen ter the Cap'n, with lightnin' flashin' from his
eyes,

Tell all about the Wilderness an' how a Southern soldier dies.
His blood made the streams run red 'neath the pine trees tall
That shielded many a Yankee from his foeman's deadly ball.
Now big Corporal Ross speaks up (he was a Morgan man,
The very best an' fightin'est o' that immortal clan).
He tells about a midnight raid—'twould make you hold your
breath—

An' how they'd rush without fear into the jaws o' death.

The Cuhnul, me, an' Hainey each some daring charge recall,
Provin' that the defenders of the South were gallant heroes,
all.

An' when the sun is settin', an' each has had his say,
We bare our heads, an' all shake hands an' slowly turn away,
A-hopin' an' a-hopin' an' a-hopin' as we sadly creep along,
That afore our days is ended we'll hear earth's grandest song.
O Dixie, how I love you! An' folks may say I'm deprave,
But when "taps" fer me has sounded, I want you played beside
my grave!

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG IN VERMONT IN 1861.

BY GRACE O. GIDDINGS, ENOSBURG FALLS, VT.

In the beginning of the War between the States there was much contention in the North, owing to division of opinion, some favoring the North, others the South. Many who sympathized with the South cautiously concealed their sentiments.

Among those who openly expressed their convictions that the South had a righteous cause was Horton Hall, a respected and influential resident of Enosburg Falls, Vt., noted for his generosity and genial disposition. He was well informed on topics of the day, and did not hesitate to explain to neighbors and friends the position of the Confederacy. To the consternation of the people, he unfurled a large Confederate flag over the



road in front of his house. No Yankee could enter the town on South Main Street without passing under the waving banner of the South. Although sullen looks and threatening countenances greeted the flag, it waved on in defiance of the citizens' displeasure. Imagine the situation—a Confederate flag waving over the heads of loyal Vermonters! The news spread throughout Mississippi Valley, and great excitement prevailed.

The wily Yankees saw the necessity of playing some of their tricks, which they could use adroitly. Forthwith a scheme was devised to detain Mr. Hall at the post office with some startling war news. While he was there a boy cut the rope which held the Southern banner, and a horseman, seizing the rope, galloped furiously through Main Street, with the flag trailing in the road. Cheers and shouts rent the air, while men and boys pursued the fleeing horsemen. Hearing the disturbance, Mr. Hall looked out in time to see his banner rudely dragged through the street. It was impossible to recover the flag, for it disappeared in a cloud of dust, and was never seen again. Free speech had been tolerated, but raising a Confederate flag in Yankeedom was unendurable.

When adversity overtook Mr. Hall soon after, he disposed of his property in the village and retired to a farm, a few miles distant, where he passed the remainder of his life amid peaceful surroundings. His daughter, Mrs. Arvilla Cress, who made the flag, died at an advanced age in this town last year.

Not many persons who were present when the Confederate flag was raised now remain, but the few survivors distinctly remember the thrilling events of that day.

PRISON LIFE ON HART'S ISLAND.

BY H. C. MURPHY, THOMASON, TENN.

I was captured while on picket line near Edisto River, Orangeburg C. H., S. C., on February 12, 1865. D. C. Pardue, S. A. Thomas, and I tried to make our escape by hiding in the water from 10 A.M. until 4 P.M. The Yanks were all about us during the day; and as they began to build camp fires, we thought they were going to camp there. I told the boys I could not stand it any longer, as I was almost frozen; so we got out of the water and surrendered, when we found several

of our regiment prisoners. If we had stayed a little longer in the water, we would have escaped, for marching orders were given them soon after we gave up. We were marched all night in our frozen clothes.

They kept us with Sherman's army, stopping at Columbia, S. C. We were there when they burned the city, and we witnessed some of the hardest things I ever saw. Women and children were driven out of their homes and then everything was burned. They were not allowed to save anything, and these women and children followed the army for something to eat as far as we could see. When we reached the coast at Newbern, S. C., the Federals emptied their knapsacks of jewelry and silverware and women's clothing, and shipped them to their homes.

At Newbern they put us on a ship and sent us to Hart's Island, about eighteen miles above New York City, where we arrived on the 12th of April, 1865. I was very sick when we landed. Captain Horn, who had charge of the prisoners, told me while we waited at the entrance that the war was over, that Lee had surrendered; and if I would take the oath, he would take me home with him and care for me until I got well; that if I went into the prison I would have to become acclimated and would not likely come out alive. I did not believe that Lee had surrendered; but I thanked him and told him that I had fought the thing through and would not go home until I could do so honorably. About that time the gates were thrown open and we marched through. I did come very near dying.

A few days after that Lincoln was assassinated. There was talk of retaliating on us, and I thought we would all be shot; but Providence watched over us. We were not allowed to collect in groups, and the guards had orders to shoot if they found as many as three talking together. Our rations were very short. There were sutler's stores in the prison where we could buy buttons, tobacco, and coffee if we had the money; but when we bought anything, they would hardly ever give the right change back. When I became able to be about, I bought some buttons and tools and went to making rings. I was just finishing up the first one, and while waiting my turn at the well the guard saw it and asked what I would take for it. I told him he could have it, and he thanked me and told me to be at the well at two o'clock. Of course I was on hand at the time, and he handed me the fattest old haversack of pickled pork and loaf bread. He said he was not eating what they drew and for me to come every day at that time; so I fared fine from then on. I told the boys I had "bought a Yankee." I would like to know what became of him. Few of the boys fared so well. Comrade Will M. Long, of Nashville, can tell about it, for it was he who kidnapped, killed, and ate the colonel's fat dog, which shows how hungry we were. The weather was cold, and we were not allowed to have any fire except in the cook room—one for every hundred men—and no one was allowed in there except the cooks. I left prison on the 14th of June, 1865.

I would like to hear from some of the boys who were prisoners with me. D. C. Perdue, of Ashland City, is the only one living near me who was there.

Frank Hope, of Company F, 4th Missouri Cavalry, Burbridge's Regiment, desires to meet any of "the boys" of this command, also Capt. Amos Hulitt, of Company G, same regiment, at Little Rock in May. Write him at Rogers, Ark., Route No. 4. Why not meet at the VETERAN's headquarters at noon on May 17?

INQUIRIES FOR, BY, AND ABOUT VETERANS.

Information is requested of Jacob Leander Park, who belonged to Company A, 41st Alabama Regiment, Gracie's Brigade. His widow desires to hear from any of his comrades who can tell about him. Address his daughter, Mrs. W. A. Harp, Haynes, Ark.

D. M. Armstrong, of Roanoke, Va., desires to hear from Henderson Reed, who was first lieutenant in Chapman's Battery, and enlisted from Monroe County, W. Va. He was captured either at Winchester September 19, 1864, or at Cedar Creek October 19, 1864. Comrade Armstrong has been informed that Lieutenant Reed is somewhere in Missouri.

N. O. Smith, of Troup, Tex., who was in General Forrest's wagon train, desires to hear from some of the comrades who were paroled with him at Gainesville, Ala., of whom he mentions Tom Kelly, wagon master, and Comrades Evans, Lynch, and Jack Sadler, a veterinarian, all of whom at that time lived in Memphis; also Will Parker, of Pikesville, Miss. He seeks testimony as to his record in order to secure a pension.

James H. Polk, of Fort Worth, Tex., seeks information of the war service of John Edgar Harding, who enlisted in an Arkansas regiment at Osceola. His brothers, Drs. Thomas and Monroe Harding and Mr. W. P. Harding, well known in Tennessee, are all dead. His son, B. M. Harding, who was left an orphan and far removed from his father's family, would appreciate any information of the father's war record, which can be sent to him at Fort Worth or to his friend, Captain Polk.

INQUIRY ABOUT HUGH MCGUIRE.—Hugh T. Gallagher writes from 189 Exchange Street, Bangor, Maine: "In October, 1862, Hugh McGuire enlisted in a Confederate company that was recruited in Nashville, Tenn., under Capt. William Sweeney. McGuire was killed in the battle of Murfreesboro. He once lived in Bangor, and has living there at present a sister, a very old lady, as well as nephews and nieces. It was not known until recently that he was in the Confederate army. These relatives desire to know if he had any family. Information will be appreciated."

LIST OF CONFEDERATE OFFICERS WANTED.—It is desired by the VETERAN to have a list of surviving Confederate officers from captain to major general. It would be very helpful to have the name, rank, command, and post office address of each. Will the officers who patronize the VETERAN kindly write what they can on a postal? This favor would cost but one cent and need not occupy five minutes of time. It often is very desirable to procure information which such officers would gladly furnish and request would be made of them if this suggestion be complied with.

CONFEDERATE OFFICERS CAPTURED A VESSEL AND ESCAPED.—H. C. Sharp, who was second sergeant of Company D, 68th North Carolina Regiment, now of Harrellsville, N. C., inquires concerning a batch of Confederate officers. He writes as follows: "Some time in the autumn of 1862 about fifty or sixty Confederate officers who had been captured seized the transport steamer Maple Leaf, on which they were prisoners, near the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, steamed southward a short distance, and landed on the northeastern coast of North Carolina—on the Currituck Beach. Soon after landing, in order to facilitate their escape through the country, partially occupied by the enemy, they divided into two squads, one passing

through the country south of the Albemarle Sound, and the others went on the northern side. As soon as the latter had crossed the Chanan (?) River they were safe from recapture. The friendly citizens fed the twenty-five or thirty officers and furnished them vehicles for their journey. The writer recollects only Lieutenant Semmes, of the artillery service, a son of Admiral Semmes, of the Alabama. The fate of those who passed south of the sound is not known."

F. E. Culver, who writes from his "Happy Far-Away Home" at Ingleside, Ill., is trying to locate the brave soldier who stuck to his place and defiantly waved his little battle flag in the faces of the 44th New York Zouaves as they charged his regiment at Malvern Hill. The flag was taken from him, as he would not retreat with his comrades. It was a Confederate battle flag, and on it was inscribed "Seven Pines." Some of the VETERAN readers may remember the incident.

TO C. M. MILES, OF THE BLACK HORSE CAVALRY.—Lloyd U. Dick, Treasurer of Westmoreland County, Pa., writes from Greensburg, Pa., to Mrs. General Pickett: "I overheard an old Union soldier in my office tell one of his comrades on February 27 that in the first battle of Bull Run he picked up a pocket knife with this inscription on the side: 'C. M. Miles, Co. M, Black Horse Cavalry.' I was pleased with your lecture lately in Greensburg." [Mr. Dick would convey information to Comrade Miles or a representative.—Ed.]

Ben McCulloch Camp, U. C. V., has recently been organized at Idabel, Okla., with twenty-eight charter members. W. S. Ray, who served as Commander of John H. Morgan Camp at DeQueen, Ark., for ten years, was elected Commander of the new Camp, and C. J. Stewart, Adjutant. The membership is composed of men who went out from eight States and the Indian Territory.

Mrs. J. Harvey Hill, 618 North El Paso Street, El Paso, Tex., is chairman of a committee appointed by the Texas Division, U. D. C., to ascertain the whereabouts of Texas Confederate battle flags, which they seek to have returned to their State for safe-keeping in the Museum at Austin. Any information concerning them will be appreciated.

CONFEDERATE OFFICERS CAPTURED AT BOWLING GREEN, KY.—Three Confederate colonels and one sergeant major were captured near Bowling Green, Ky., by some videttes. They were given permission by Dr. J. S. Parker, provost marshal (now of Paragould, Ark.), to stay all night at the hotel unguarded. Next morning after reporting they were paroled. Dr. Parker would be pleased to hear from any of them if yet living, or of their fate. While he does not know their names, he feels that they may have told their names to some who may see this.

EARLY TRIBUTE TO CONFEDERATE DEAD AT LIBERTY, MISS.—David C. Bramlette, Jr., writes from Woodville, Miss.: "I read with a great deal of interest the notice in the March VETERAN of the Confederate monument at Liberty, Amite County, Miss., and note your request for data about monuments erected previous to 1875. As early as November 18, 1866, my mother, Miss Olivia J. Ratcliffe, then a girl eighteen years old, presented to the Amite County Historical and Monumental Association a stone to be used for the corner stone in the monument. Col. Richard Stewart gave the stone to the association, and on the occasion of its presentation my mother made a stirring address, the original copy of which I still have in my possession."

OFFICER AND PRIVATE IN BATTLE CONTRASTED.

BY MAJ. R. H. DUDLEY, 21ST TENNESSEE CAVALRY.

You have frequently asked me to write briefly on the respective responsibilities of a private and officer, as I was both during the Civil War.

In the first place, the private did not have and therefore did not feel the responsibility that rests individually upon the commander of a regiment or a higher command. The private, while patriotic, was taught and even commanded, if he seemed reckless, by his officer to protect himself as well as possible in battle. All of us remember the familiar command, "Lie down!" and we did not have to be commanded to get behind trees, stumps, rocks, or anything that would afford protection when under fire; we were expected by our officers to do this, and it was considered no disgrace nor evidence of cowardice.

I never believed the private had proper credit for his bravery and that the officers were given more than they deserved. I belonged first to Loring's Division in West Virginia and then to Cheatham's Division of the Western Army, and I venture the assertion that there were in each of these divisions one thousand privates that were as brave and chivalrous as either Loring or Cheatham, who were as brave and patriotic as any officer in the Confederate army. You very often hear the remark that General Cleburne or Stonewall Jackson or other generals performed great deeds of valor, the credit all going to them, when they could have accomplished nothing without the aid and coöperation of the brave men under them.

A private had nothing to do in battle but to obey orders and protect himself as best he could, while it was very different with the commanding officer. If he possessed the character and attributes that an officer should have, his sense of responsibility and anxiety was so great while in battle that he never thought of his own safety. At least that was my experience when in command of my company or my regiment.

A commanding officer, especially of a cavalry regiment, had a multitude of important matters to think of while under fire. He was expected to avoid getting his regiment cut to pieces needlessly; he was obliged to be on the lookout for his flanks, or enfilading fire; and he had to see that his officers and men were all in place and doing their duty. Often he was away from the main command and had no one to receive orders from, and had to be his own general.

I was under General Forrest the last year of the war, knew him often to send a regimental commander so far away from the main army that it was impracticable to receive orders from headquarters when he met the enemy.

Major Dudley's reference recalls a humorous saying. "Lie Down" was supplemented in Cheatham's Division by adding the name "Rockie." A wag, John England, of the same company as the Editor, was tall and awkward. By some unaccountable way his nickname "Rockie" was changed to "Rocksie," and the expression, "Lie down, Rocksie," got to be a humorous phrase. Often upon going to quarters from dress parade "Lie down, Rocksie," would be heard from regiment to regiment. They got to using it in swaying fashion and by note. One regiment took it up, then another, and another, so the expression was familiar to thousands. Survivors who never knew England will doubtless recall it. Evidently "we-uns" and "you-uns" started with him in a perfectly natural way. While in prison and starving Rocksie was in a hard fight, and his champions asked: "Why didn't you kill him?" The reply was prompt: "He said stop!"

EXTRACTS FROM LETTER BY LIEUT. E. P. MILLER.

[A treasured relic from times that tried men's souls.]

IN CAMP NEAR LEESBURG, December 9, 1861.

Dear Sister Carrie: It is only sixteen days until Christmas will be here again, but under what different circumstances will we spend it to what we have been accustomed to!

I send you my diary of notes on camp life. I wish to preserve them for future reference.

Charlie McKinney, who was wounded in the battle of the 21st of October, will go home on furlough.

I have a pair of Yankee shoes and a coat. But for these shoes I would be barefooted.

It is nearly two weeks since we received a letter from home.

Brother Owen is holding prayer meeting to-night in Company I in a tent not more than twenty yards from where I am writing in my own tent, and our boys are having a regular Virginia break-down dance right at the back of me. So between the prayer meeting and the dance I fear you will not get a very well-connected letter. I shall have to stop now and call the roll, as the drum has beat for that purpose.

I have just called the roll and am writing in the lieutenant's tent, as we are not allowed to have a light in our tents after "taps," which is given half an hour after roll call. "Taps" consists of three distinct blows on a drum, when all lights have to be put out and strict silence observed.

Gen. N. G. Evans bade us adieu to-day. General Griffith, of Mississippi, takes command of our brigade, and General Hill, of North Carolina, takes command of this division. I fear we will never get under as good a general as Evans again. The old fellow presented us with a battle flag to-day and with tears in his eyes made us a speech. He goes to his native State, South Carolina. The good wishes of the whole brigade go with him. Both officers and privates liked General Evans. We have tried him on the battlefield, and we know that he will do.

At twelve o'clock Colonel Hunton came up with the 8th Virginia. General Evans ordered him to march to our assistance. Colonel H. remarked that he did not like to go in there, not knowing the strength of the enemy. "I command you, sir," said the General, "to take your regiment to the support of that gallant command. It has been fighting this whole force all day."

I never heard muskets roar so before. I never felt like we were going to whip them until I heard the Mississippi muskets open with a crash. Such had never before saluted my ears. We threw up our hats and shouted when we heard the roar, for we knew that the Yankees would never stand before such a fire as that. In a few minutes we heard a tremendous cheering down on the field. We almost held our breaths, not knowing which side was cheering; but we were not kept long in suspense, for soon here came some thirty or forty men with powder-blackened faces, dragging after them two pieces of captured artillery. Hats and caps were thrown high in the air, while cheer after cheer went up from that blood-stained battlefield, until the very skies seemed to reëcho the shouts of victory.

But darkness was now gathering around; there came a pause, the firing ceased, and a deathlike silence reigned. Then a kind of mournful wailing sound went up from the wounded. We were soon ordered away.

[Comrade Miller was orderly sergeant at the time of writing the above, but was later commissioned lieutenant. He was killed in battle at Fredericksburg, December 11, 1863.]

ABOUT ALL THE MEN IN HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE.

BY J. B. POLLEY, FLORESVILLE, TEX.

In the last December *VETERAN* appeared a brief and incomplete historical sketch of Hood's Texas Brigade. It followed the address made by Gen. W. R. Hamby on the occasion of the unveiling at Austin, Tex., of a monument to the dead of that brigade, and is apparently a compilation of facts respecting the three Texas regiments of the brigade, prepared not by General Hamby, but by another person. In the last February *VETERAN* Mr. A. J. Cone, of Gainesville, Fla., complains that the writer of the "Sketch" does an injustice to a deserving body of soldiers by his failure "to mention the 18th Georgia Regiment, which, with the 1st, 4th, and 5th Texas Regiments, composed Hood's Texas Brigade."

There is not a word, line, or sentence in the "Historic Sketch" which denies the right of the 18th Georgia to share in the fame won by Hood's Texas Brigade; but when Comrade Cone asserts, as he has done, that "the 18th Georgia Regiment, with the 1st, 4th, and 5th Texas Regiments, composed Hood's Texas Brigade," he not only ignores but impliedly denies credit to two other regiments which, as constituent parts of the brigade, helped it win its battles. That he should have failed to mention that ever-gallant South Carolina command, Hampton's Legion, is remarkable when it is remembered that the legion as a part of the brigade participated in every battle in which the 18th Georgia fought prior to its transfer to Cobb's Brigade, and at Second Manassas and Sharpsburg went into battle side by side with the 18th Georgia. As for the 3d Arkansas, which took the place in the brigade of the Georgia regiment, it is probable that Mr. Cone does not know that it served with us from December, 1862, until the close of the war. During the winter of 1863-64 Hampton's Legion was mounted, and thereafter served as cavalry.

The truth is, neither Comrade Cone nor the writer of the "Sketch" has sinned beyond the ready pardon of his comrades. The one, jealous of the good name and fame of one of the bravest regiments in the Confederate service and a trifle oversensitive, kicked before he was spurred, and in his haste to make the kick effective lost sight of the record; the other, his mind full of the incidents occurring at the unveiling at the Texas capital of a monument to the dead of a command in which Texas regiments always outnumbered those of other States, had no room in it just then to bestow praise upon associate commands equally valiant and deserving. And because of the obvious lack of intent on the part of either to wrong those not specifically mentioned, neither deserves censure.

Between the Texas and the other regiments in Hood's Texas Brigade no unworthy jealousy existed. There was rivalry, of course, but it was good-natured and fair-minded, and no member of the 1st, 4th, or 5th Texas but was proud of the gallantry and achievements and the honors won by his Georgia, South Carolina, and Arkansas comrades. That the same spirit of true camaraderie beats in our bosoms to-day is established by a record lately made. When at Navasota, Tex., on June 27, 1907, Hood's Texas Brigade Association met in reunion and selected the writer as brigade historian. The resolution introduced and adopted required of him to "give to the world a fair and impartial history of Hood's Texas Brigade from first to last, said history to be historical and biographical, and to include the 1st, 4th, and 5th Texas, the 18th Georgia, and 3d Arkansas Regiments, and Hampton's Legion." At the same reunion and on the same day the first step was taken toward the building of a monument to the memory of the noble dead

of the brigade by a resolution unanimously adopted having that purpose in view and providing for the appointment of a committee to consist of one surviving member of each of the regiments that at any time served in the brigade.

The history was written, and published by the Neale Publishing Company, of New York and Washington. It was issued from the press in March, 1910, and is now on sale by the publishers. The author of it and the many friends who have written to him in commendation of his work believe it to be the fair and impartial history demanded of him by his old comrades. Certainly he labored long and hard, and spared no pains to make it fair and impartial and as correct as, after the lapse of so many years, it could be made. As for the monument, it was longer in the building than was the history in the writing; but it was finally completed in September of last year, and was unveiled on October 27 last. Inscribed on one side of the main shaft appear in plain lettering the names of the different commands which at one time or another served in Hood's Texas Brigade, the fourth in the list being the 18th Georgia.

The account of the reunion in October and of the unveiling ceremonies published in the December *VETERAN* is far from complete. To have told all that was said and done would have required two issues of that publication. Naturally it was in the main a Texas affair, and in the desire of the people present to do honor to their own flesh and blood—to the boys who went to the war from Texas woodlands and prairies—more was said and thought of the 1st, 4th, and 5th Texas than of their comrade commands in the brigade. Yet no survivor of those comrade commands who was there has any cause to fear that his own regiment was forgotten, and that any part of the glory won by the old brigade to which it was entitled was not cheerfully and heartily accorded to it. While the distinguished gentlemen who delivered the principal addresses of the occasion spoke only of Hood's Texas Brigade as a body, their hearers bore in mind the 18th Georgia, Hampton's Legion, and the 3d Arkansas, and accorded to them their just meed of the tribute paid to the brigade. What better evidence of our love and admiration for the commands associated with us, what more sincere acknowledgment of our indebtedness to them is needed than what was said in his memorial address by Comrade W. E. Barry, of the 4th Texas? Speaking of the whole brigade, he said: "It is with a trembling hand that I sweep the silent chords of memory and again see in the splendor of their young manhood so many of our comrades who gave their young lives for that heroic cause so dear to us all. No truer or purer patriots ever gave themselves for a nobler cause. No braver men ever went forth to battle for the right and breasted the storm of leaden hail than our own dear, loved comrades. Study the pages of ancient and modern history, and you will not find recorded there any deeds that will surpass the resistless charges of Hood's Texas Brigade at Gaines's Mill, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, the rock-ribbed heights of Gettysburg, and the blood-stained field of Chickamauga. * * * Let me pause a moment to tell you who made and helped to make the glorious history of Hood's Texas Brigade. The 1st Texas, the 4th Texas, the 5th Texas, the 18th Georgia—lovingly called the 3d Texas—Hampton's Legion, and that splendid regiment the 3d Arkansas bore a conspicuous part in all the battles in which we were engaged, and are entitled to share in the renown we won on so many bloody fields. What a long roll of our dead sleep upon those illustrious fields! Texas, Georgia, South Carolina, and Arkan-

sas' sons sleep side by side in unmarked graves. Can we forget those dead heroes, those champions of a glorious cause? Can we forget the weary marches in winter's storm and summer's sun, the pangs of hunger, the ghastly wounds, the weakened bodies, the tottering steps of the men who with dauntless souls faced the storm of battle and sank to rise no more? Our brave comrades sleep well in unmarked graves. God knows where they rest, and Glory stands sentinel over the bivouac of the dead."

"HERE'S YOUR MULE."

BY WALLACE WOOD, OF HARVEY'S SCOUTS, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

After coming out of Tennessee the cavalry under General Jackson was encamped at Tupelo and Verona, while we (Harvey's Scouts) were sent out to look after some Federal troops who had come out of Memphis and were making their way down through Pontotoc County, Miss. We intercepted them some twenty miles or more from Verona, and in the encounter my horse was killed, and I was ordered to go back to our camp at Verona. While walking on the way I met a very nice-looking mule ridden by an old family negro servant. I ordered him to dismount. He obeyed, but was scared for fear I intended to kill him. He begged most piteously for his life, and I told him it was his mule and not his life that I wanted. I gave him my name and command; also told him where he could get the mule in Verona. He hurried home with the news that one of Forrest's cavalymen had taken his mule, and that his life was saved only by tearful pleadings. The mule happened to be owned by an officer on Forrest's staff, who was immediately notified of his great loss, and at once the whole machinery of Forrest's Cavalry was put in motion to catch the vandal who had the audacity to steal (?) a mule from the stalls of the great cavalry leader.

Capt. Sam Henderson, who was around Forrest's headquarters at Meridian at this time, was detailed to capture me. By a singular coincidence I was at headquarters, having a transportation pass to Corinth, Miss., approved by General Forrest, and to get a furlough, but I was not recognized as the party wanted. Going back to Tupelo on the train was Capt. Sam Henderson. That gentleman always appeared in a new officer's dress suit, with white gauntlets, and in his usual suave and at the same time highly impressive and bombastic manner he was telling all about the war and how near Henderson's Scouts came to catching Grant before he caught Vicksburg. Finally he discovered me, still unknown to him, tucked away in a corner asleep. We reached Tupelo about 10:30 P.M., after a weary ride. As we alighted from the train he requested me to show him where Captain Harvey was camped. When we reached the tent, he doffed his hat with a grand bow, at the same time giving a sweeping salute with his highly befeathered hat, remarking: "My dear Captain Harvey, how is your most excellent health? I owe you an apology for coming so late at night, but I am up here on a most unpleasant duty; and when you hear the details you will appreciate the delicacy of my position. It seems that one of your men, Wallace Wood, has stolen a mule from Lieutenant Colonel —, of Forrest's staff, and I volunteered to come up and see you and to save you some annoyance. So if you will have the young man arrested and keep him under guard, you will oblige your old friend."

I was standing by listening, and do not know which was the most surprised. However, Captain Harvey was equal to the occasion. He invited Captain Henderson to take a seat, and then sent for me. As we passed out of the tent Captain Harvey said to me: "What the devil does this mean? Don't you

know that General Forrest has issued an order threatening most dire punishment to any soldier who 'presses' a horse or mule?" That was what we called it in those days. After I explained, Captain Harvey said to me: "Get away from here on the first train, and keep out of the way."

I have forgotten how he fixed it up with Captain Henderson; but I had many a laugh with Captain Henderson after the war about this trip and his waterhaul.

This raid of the Federals was of such importance that General Forrest with his staff came up the Memphis and Ohio Railroad and disembarked from the train at Verona and started out to meet the raiders. When I met General Forrest going out to where I came from, I reported the facts to him as to the enemy. He wanted to know where I got the mule I was riding, and I told him that I borrowed him from a farmer to ride to the railroad. My lieutenant colonel failed to recognize his favorite mule when I was on him, but afterwards recovered him at Verona.

This is a true tale of my "pressing" a mule during the war.

SHERMAN'S LOVE (?) FOR THE SOUTH.

F. O. HAWLEY, IN CHARLOTTE (N. C.) NEWS.

My attention is given to an article by Maj. David F. Boyd in the September CONFEDERATE VETERAN under the heading, "Gen. W. T. Sherman: His Early Life in the South, and His Relations with Southern Men." Major Boyd commences this article by saying of Sherman: "He loved the South and was highly esteemed in the South. Only his boyhood was spent North in his native State, Ohio." "His wide circle of friends were mainly among officers and Southern people." "Actions speak louder than words," but Sherman's love for the South was proved by both actions and words.

I will give a few examples of his interest in the people of the South. Although written before, as we are "keeping history straight" they may be repeated. I was in Johnston's army in front of Sherman in his march through Georgia. We evacuated Savannah on the night Sherman and his forces marched in, going out before his army. We crossed the river on pontoon bridges, and in falling back I saw houses burning in his trail, leaving mothers and children and the aged and infirm homeless. This evidences his "love for the South."

It has been truly said: "Since Alva's atrocious cruelty to the noncombatant population of the Low Countries in the sixteenth century, the history of war records no incident of such barbarous cruelty as that which Sherman's order to vacate Atlanta designed to perpetrate." The city had been surrendered with the promise that noncombatants and private property should be respected; but what cared Sherman for a promise! He issued an order directing all civilians in Atlanta, male or female, to leave the city within five days from the date of the order. When the civil authorities appealed to Sherman to either revoke or modify his inhuman order, he replied: "I give full credit to your statements of the distress that will be occasioned by it, and yet I shall not revoke my orders, because they are not designed to meet the humanities of the case." The women and children were expelled from their homes at the appointed time, and before they were passed within our lines complaint was made that they had been robbed of what articles of value they were permitted to take with them by the officers and men sent to guard them.

Another proof of Sherman's "love for the South (?)." Was there ever more disregard both of the common dictates of humanity and of the established rules of war than was shown

by the Federals in the burning of Columbia? The Mayor surrendered the city, claiming for its citizens the protection which is always accorded noncombatants by the laws of civilized war; but the homes of the defenseless citizens were plundered of everything of value and the city burned.

Not to escape the odium heaped upon him for this atrocity, but to create prejudice against South Carolina's most distinguished Confederate, Sherman laid the blame on General Hampton, claiming that Hampton had ordered the cotton stored in the city burned to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy. General Hampton proved this accusation to be false, Sherman admitting it.

Still another proof of his "love for the South." In a letter written by Lieut. Thomas J. Myers in camp near Camden, S. C., February 26, 1865, to his wife he stated [this letter was found in the streets of Columbia, S. C., immediately after the army of Sherman had left the ruined and plundered city]:

"My Dear Wife: I have no time for particulars; have had a glorious time in this State. Unrestricted license to burn and plunder was the order of the day. The chivalry have been stripped of most of their valuables. Gold watches, silver pitchers, cups, spoons, forks, etc., are as common in camp as blackberries. The terms of plunder are as follows: The valuables procured are estimated by companies. Each company is required to exhibit results of its operations at any given place: one-fifth and first choice falls to the share of the commander in chief and staff, one-fifth to the field officers of the regiments, and two-fifths to the company. Subordinate officers and privates keep back everything that they can carry about their persons, such as rings, earrings, breastpins, etc., of which, if I ever get home, I have about a quart. I am not joking. I have at least a quart of jewelry for you and all the girls, and some No. 1 diamond rings and pins among them. General Sherman has silver and gold enough to start a bank. His share in gold watches and chains alone in Columbia was \$275. We took gold and silver enough from the d—n Rebels to have redeemed their infernal currency twice over. I wish all the jewelry this army has could be carried to the old Bay State; it would deck her out in glorious style. Tell Sallie that I am saving a pearl bracelet and earrings for her. Lambert got the necklace and breastpin of the same set. I am trying to trade him out of them. These were taken from the Misses Jamison, daughters of the President of the South Carolina Secession Convention. We found these on our trip through Georgia."

The author of this letter was a lieutenant in Sherman's army, and it was addressed to his wife at Boston, Mass.

[The substance of the Myers letter has been given before, but "to keep history straight" some things must be told over and over. Besides, there are many new readers who did not see the former publication. Like John Brown, the wicked but able Sherman is approved by people who "know not what they do."—EDITOR VETERAN.]

"BILL ELLICK"—HOW HE RAN FROM A TURKEY.

BY JAMES W. ELLIS, OZAN, ARK.

William Alexander was a soldier in Company E, 4th Arkansas Infantry, and as brave and true a fighter as ever marched with the gray. Nearly every soldier had a nickname given by his comrades, and William's was "Bill Ellick."

On a certain march in North Arkansas Bill ran short of meat, and, not knowing when the commissary would issue again, he hit upon a plan to capture a fine turkey. Seeing a lot of gobblers in a yard near the public road, Bill took a fishing

line and hook, and, baiting it, walked in among the turkeys. Slyly dropping the baited hook near a fine old "strutter," he watched until the turkey grabbed it. Now, the other end of the line was attached to Bill's belt; so when he pretended to be scared and started on a run, the turkey commenced flopping his wings and took after Bill, who, yelling "Shoo! shoo!" at the top of his voice, ran off down the road, the old turkey gobbler following him, hitting the ground only in high places.

Bill ran into camp, followed by the turkey, and, amid the laughter of the officers and men, he turned upon his feathered pursuer and decapitated him. The officers were so amused that they said nothing to Bill. It is needless to say that the captain helped Bill dispose of the roasted gobbler.

THE CAPTURE OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.

BY CASPER KNOBEL, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

[The following paper was prepared by Casper Knobel, who was the first man to reach Mr. Davis's tent when his camp was captured by the Union cavalry. Mr. Knobel, who now lives at 1228 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pa., was born in Switzerland in a village up in the Alps, and from a boy was an expert horseman. His two brothers came with him to America, but since the war they have never met. Of the pursuit and capture of President Davis he writes:]

On May 7, 1865, with a detachment of the 4th Michigan Cavalry, we left Macon, Ga., about 8 P.M. with four hundred and nineteen men and ten officers. We rode all night, and by 8 A.M. of May 8 we had covered thirty-six miles. We halted and rested until about 1 P.M., when we started again, and marched fifteen miles farther, making a total of fifty-one miles in twenty-four hours. We encamped for the night about three or four miles below Hawkinsville. It must have been about four o'clock on the morning of the 9th when we broke camp and moved to Abbeville, where our officer in charge was informed that a train of ten or twelve wagons and two ambulances had crossed the Ocmulgee River at Brown's Ferry, about one and a half miles above, at twelve o'clock on the previous night. At Abbeville we saw Lieutenant Colonel Harden, of the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry, who informed our men that he with a force of seventy-five men was following on the track of Jefferson Davis, and that his men were from two to three hours in advance.

About 1 A.M. on May 10 we passed a Confederate, and, representing to him that we were the rear guard left to hold back the Yankees, inquired the direction of the train. He said that a party had encamped about dark the previous evening over a mile from the Abbeville road. To avoid being led astray, however, our officers decided to split up our party. George Pinke and I and twelve others were in the band detailed to continue on the road we had been following, while other parties composed of fourteen men each were directed to go to the right and left of the road and in other directions. Our party had traversed but a short distance when we discovered a dying camp fire. This indicated that we must be close to the camp of the Davis party. George Pinke and I were picked out of the fourteen men of our party to make an inspection as quickly and quietly as possible. We rode along as directed, and soon made out in the darkness the tents of the Davis party. The first person we discovered was a sleeping colored man, who had evidently been left to guard the small camp. As soon as we made out the tents more clearly we made a charge, and, even if I say so, it was a good charge for two men to make. The hardships and hunger we had gone

through made us willing to meet a sure death. Once alongside of the colored man, we discharged our pieces in the air as a signal to our waiting comrades, who then made one of the finest dashes I have ever witnessed. Being a young man and a good horseman, it was an easy task for me.

I dismounted and George Pinke held my mule, which I had received only a few days before, as my horse was wounded in the leg. I then tore open the flap of the first tent, which proved to be the one occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Davis and family. I reached in and took from the tent pole a satchel and handed it to George Pinke. We found in it later shirts, collars, baby garments, etc. By this time our party was all together and making a search of the camp. The surprise was so complete that the Confederates were unable to make the slightest defense or even to grasp their weapons, which were lying by their sides.

At this moment a new scene opened, destined in its mournful results to cloud the otherwise perfect success of our expedition. We had held possession of the camp but a few moments, and not long enough to ascertain the extent of our capture, when sharp firing began between the dismounted force under Lieutenant Purinton and what was supposed at the time to be the Confederate force guarding the train. The firing was about one hundred or two hundred rods in the rear of the camp and across a narrow swamp. Different Union parties were firing at each other. The trouble was caused by our men giving the three shot signal, so as to let the others know that we had captured the camp. The firing was between men of the 4th and 1st Wisconsin Cavalry. Two men were killed and three or four wounded.

When the fighting commenced, George Pinke was detailed to go out, while I was left on guard with others. It was just at this time that Mrs. Davis came out of the tent and threw a shawl over her husband's shoulders, and out of this incident grew the cruel story that the Confederate President tried to escape in women's clothing. Mr. Davis had on a gray suit, soft hat, and the shawl I have mentioned, and nothing else. I don't think Mrs. Davis had any idea of aiding her husband's escape when she threw the shawl around him. It was simply a thoughtful effort to protect him from the raw morning air.

This capture happened in a very thick woods. Just then up rode Corporal Munger, who dashed across the road to us. Being at the back of Mr. Davis, I heard him yell, "Halt!" He had his gun pointed at the figure with the shawl and said: "Are you Jeff Davis?" "You have no right to ask me the question," was the reply. "Answer quick, or I will shoot," said Munger, and I knew him well enough to know that the next instant he would have fired had not Mrs. Davis thrown her arms around her husband's neck. Then Jefferson Davis admitted his identity, saying, "Harm not the women and children," which, of course, we did not intend to do anyway.

Col. D. B. Pritchard gave the prisoners time to get breakfast. Here Mrs. Davis addressed me with some questions about what we were going to do with her husband. I told her I did not know, but that I was very hungry; so she went to her cook, and then her daughter brought me some corn-cakes. This in itself was a good reward for a hungry soldier.

After breakfast we started for Abbeville, arriving about sundown on May 10. On the afternoon of the 11th, when we were several miles below Hawkinsville, we met the rest of a brigade coming out of Macon, and from them we received the first intelligence of the President's proclamation offering a reward of \$100,000 for the capture of Jefferson Davis. Here is where the band played and the men sang "Hang Jeff Davis

on the sour apple tree." Mrs. Davis cried bitterly when she heard these words.

On arriving at Macon Mr. Davis was escorted to Washington, D. C. Our regiment remained at Macon until the 21st, when we started for home, feeling that the capture of Jefferson Davis has indeed finished the war. About twelve months before this we were in the Kilpatrick raid and made its bloody charge. About June 17 we reached Nashville, Tenn., where we were paid off and mustered out of service.

The reward of \$100,000 was divided in this way:

General Wilson, commanding United States cavalry....	\$3,000
Lieutenant Colonel Pritchard, of the 4th Michigan.....	3,000
Colonel Harden, 1st Michigan.....	3,000
Capt. J. H. Yoeman, 1st Ohio.....	3,000
Horseshoer George Pinke, 4th Michigan Cavalry.....	333
Private Casper Knobel, 4th Michigan Cavalry.....	293

The remainder, I believe, was divided among the four hundred and nineteen men. But compare Comrade Pinke's and my own reward out of \$100,000. I hold a gold medal for this act. I also carry a shot-wounded leg received while on duty.

ON PICKET IN FRONT OF SUFFOLK, VA.

BY M. J. CLARK, MOBILE, ALA.

While our army was around Suffolk, Va., two companies, A and F, of the 11th Mississippi Infantry Regiment, were placed on picket (outpost) in trenches in sight of Suffolk and the Federal forces. I was a member of Company F. Early in the day one of our boys called "Yank!" and, receiving a prompt answer, acquiesced in the request that there be no firing on the line during the day. One of the boys of Company A, Jerry Gage, who soon after fell in battle, proposed to exchange papers, holding one up in his hands. Mr. Yank said all right and started toward our line with one in his hand. Jerry Gage went to meet him, and another friend and another, and so on until our whole picket force had left the pits. There was a lake, or something of the kind, about halfway between us; and when we got there, and the other Yanks who had left their pits, we found a Yank with a skiff, who invited us to go over to their camp, which was in sight. We accepted the invitation, and he put us all across.

By this time a big crowd of Yanks were around us, some proposing to make peace, some swapping buttons and the other things; and the proposition was made to some of the boys to go up town and have a game of poker. We were having a big time until a Yankee officer came rushing down, very much excited, and yelled out: "What does all this mean?" He said the like was never heard of; and if the crowd did not disperse immediately, the batteries would be opened on it. He refused to allow the skiff to cross the lake, and I thought we were going up sure; but another officer, standing near us, remarked: "Boys, don't pay any attention to that d— fool. They know better than to fire into their own men. We will see that none of you are harmed and are put back safe on your side of the lake."

So we all shook hands, with a good-by and good luck, and were put safely across. Not a gun was fired during the whole day. We went back into our pits, and after dark were called in, and marched the whole night, evacuating that area.

I have given this as I remember the circumstances; and if any comrades who were with me then are now living, or if any of those on the other side see this, I would be glad to hear from them.

VETERANS OF WM. WATTS CAMP AT ROANOKE.

At the celebration of the one hundred and fourth anniversary of the birth of Gen. R. E. Lee the Daughters of the Confederacy made guests of the veterans, and other "boys" came from a distance to participate in it. The veterans assembled at the City Hall and marched to Sheen's place, directed by Commander J. B. Elliott, with W. E. Elliott carrying the banner of the Camp, while Adjutant Crute played "Dixie" on his violin, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Florence Crute.

Commander Elliott introduced Major Graves, of Vinton, who reviewed the life and character of Lee in the tribute that had been paid him by the London Standard and General Scott's assertion that Lee was the best soldier he had seen on the field. Major Graves spoke of the splendor of General Lee's character, which shone out as conspicuously in defeat as in victory. Bitterness, he said, was never a part of General Lee's nature; and his serene cheerfulness, his calm dignity, and his majestic nobility were conspicuous traits.

The spotless record, the exalted Christian character, and the chivalrous dignity of General Lee's life won for him the respect of the North, and especially the soldiers. In order that he might set a proper example for others, he availed himself of the conditions of President Johnson's proclamation, and applied for amnesty through General Grant, who cordially indorsed it; but Johnson never condescended to notice it, and Lee died "a prisoner of war on parole." He quoted General Lee's words to Gen. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, in June, 1869, alluding to the part he took in the war: "I could have pursued no other course without dishonor; and if it were all to go over again, I should act in precisely the same way."

Major Graves's remarks were frequently applauded. Professor Gale read a poem that he wrote after a visit to the tomb of Lee. He also sang a song that was pleasing.

Hon. Henry S. Trout, James A. Fishburne, Esq., and E. H. Stewart and Major Cutchin made brief and stirring addresses, and C. R. Williams spoke briefly for the Sons of Veterans.

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT, PRINCETON UNIVERSITY.

W. A. Coursen writes from Marietta, Ga.:

"I was greatly interested in the article on 'What a War Incident Taught a Federal,' appearing in the January *VETERAN*, which concludes as follows: 'I feel that we are on the eve of a new era, when there is to be great harmony between the Federal and Confederate. I cannot stay to be a living witness to the correctness of this prophecy, but I feel within me that it is to be so.'

"So do I feel the same 'within me,' and have felt so for many, many years; and in order to promote and encourage this very feeling, and also as a tribute to the splendid and unsurpassed battle courage shown by both the gray and the blue on so many bloody fields, I have been making an effort for the past two years to erect on the college campus at Princeton a soldiers' monument, a rather rough description of which can be found in the inclosed circular letter. The prevailing and almost universal opinion is decidedly in favor of this monument, and I am anxious for as many as possible of the old veterans of both sides to read the letter and give their opinions freely concerning it.

"The letter follows: 'There has been in my mind for many years the idea of erecting on our beautiful Princeton campus a soldiers' monument in honor of our college mates who fell on the field of battle during the great Civil War. Many such there were in both the Northern and Southern armies, and for this reason, it seems to me, the monument should be dual

in character. It should also be a very fine one and reflect credit upon the donors, likewise the ancient university and the great subject for which it stands. The kind we would wish should cost fifty or sixty thousand dollars. My idea would be to have a rounded grassy mound placed on some commanding site of the campus, upon this mound a granite pedestal with circular steps approaching the base, and upon the granite pedestal two figures in bronze representing a Federal and a Confederate soldier standing face to face. Of course the names of the honored dead and the battlefields upon which they fell should appear on bronze tablets about the base. This letter is written with the hope that it will meet the sympathetic approval and strike a responsive chord in the heart of some wealthy friend or graduate of the university who will subscribe a substantial sum as a nucleus, and the rest of us (alumni and undergraduates) could make up the balance.'"

EASTERN BRIGADE, MISSOURI DIVISION, U. C. V.

J. William Towson, Brigadier General commanding the Eastern Brigade, Missouri Division, U. C. V., since his reelection at the fourteenth annual State reunion held at Marshall, Mo., in September, 1910, is diligent for the success of his command. His home is at Shelbyville, Mo. Lieut. Col. William M. Farrell, of Paris, Mo., is his Adjutant General and Chief of Staff. The Eastern Brigade is composed of twenty-one Camps, and they constitute the First and Second Regiments of Missouri United Confederate Veterans.

In General Order No. 2 the Commander calls attention to the Reunion to be held at Little Rock, Ark., May 16-18, and states: "The Missouri soldier fought and campaigned in Arkansas, and a trip there will awaken memories that have smoldered for years, and he will renew friendships with comrades who stood with him on bloody fields. * * * Let us now at this early day prepare for it, and let no excuse keep us away. Every year lessens our numbers, till ere long the last of that splendid army that defended the Southland will seek shelter in 'that low tent whose curtains never outward swing.' * * * For particulars in these matters, address the State Commander, Seymore Stewart, 317 Security Building, St. Louis, Mo."

General Towson announces his staff as follows:

Adj't. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Lt. Col. W. M. Farrell, Paris.
 Ass't. Adj't. Gen., Maj. R. H. Edmonds, Mexico.
 Inspector Gen., Lt. Col. Richard Martin, Fulton.
 Asst. Inspector Gen., Maj. J. H. McClintic, Monroe City.
 Judge Advocate Gen., Lt. Col. Samuel J. Harrison, Hannibal.
 Ass't. Advocate Gen., Maj. Marcus Bernheimer, St. Louis.
 Quartermaster Gen., Lt. Col. Wm. B. Jennings, Moberly.
 Asst. Q. M. Gen., Maj. R. L. McCullough, Bunceville.
 Commissary Gen., Lt. Col. Joseph K. Finks, Jefferson City.
 Asst. Commissary Gen., Maj. W. Barksdale, Salem.
 Chief of Artillery, Lt. Col. Samuel Gordon, St. Louis.
 Asst. Chief of Artillery, Maj. Joseph Adams, Bowling Green.
 Chief of Ordnance, Lt. Col. J. W. Brownell, West Plains.
 Asst. Chief of Ordnance, Maj. Charles W. Hanger, Paris.
 Surgeon Gen., Lt. Col. R. C. Atkinson, St. Louis.
 Asst. Surgeon Gen., Maj. W. W. Ellis, Concord.
 Paymaster Gen., Lt. Col. A. W. Moise, St. Louis.
 Asst. Paymaster Gen., Maj. Henry Digges, New Madrid.
 Chief Signal Corps, Lt. Col. Wesley T. Smiser, Granville.
 Asst. Chief Signal Corps, Maj. Thomas Warren, St. Louis.
 Chaplain Gen., Dr. E. McNair, Monroe City.
 Chief Engineer, Lt. Col. William M. Miller, St. Louis.
 Asst. Chief Engineer, Maj. John M. McGee, Paris.
 Chief Information Bureau, Lt. Col. J. P. Woodside, Alton.

TRIBUTE TO CONFEDERATE VETERANS. FROM CENTENNIAL ADDRESS OF GEN. E. P. ALEXANDER ON ALUMNI DAY AT WEST POINT.

[Of the many orations delivered on the occasion by such able men as President Roosevelt, Gen. Horace Porter, Hon. Elihu Root, Secretary of War, and others, that of General Alexander, chief of artillery of Longstreet's Corps at Gettysburg, was in many ways the most brilliant and patriotic.]

"Once more the light of Jackson's sword
Far flashes through the gloom;
There Hampton rides and there once more
The toss of Stuart's plume.
O life goes back through years to-day
And we are men once more,
And that old hill is Arlington,
And there the alien shore!
And over yonder on the heights
The hostile camp fires quiver,
And sullenly 'twixt us and them
Flows by Potomac's river."

The Confederate veteran! With these words does there not arise in every mind the thought of a meteoric army which over forty years ago sprang into existence, as it would seem, out of space and nothingness, and after a career of four years, unsustained by treasury or arsenal, but unsurpassed for brilliant fighting and lavish outpour of blood, vanished from earth as utterly as if it had been a phantom of imagination? It had followed as a banner a starry cross born in the fire and smoke of its battle line, which had flown over its charging columns on many fields and under many leaders whose names proud history will forever cherish, and then in a night it also had taken its flight from earth, to be seen no more of men. A Federal historian wrote of this army: "Who can forget it that once looked upon it? That array of tattered uniforms and bright muskets—that body of incomparable infantry, the Army of Northern Virginia—which for four years carried the revolt on its bayonets, opposing a constant front to the mighty concentrations of power brought against it, which, receiving terrible blows, did not fail to give the like, and which, vital in all its parts, died only with its annihilation." * * *

And now a generation has passed away. The smoke of civil conflict has vanished forever from the sky, and the whole country, under the new conditions evolved in its four years' struggle, finds itself united in developing its vast resources in successful rivalry with the greatest nations of the earth. * * *

As for their bearing upon my story, let me speak briefly of two matters of history. Mr. Charles Francis Adams in a recent address has pointed out that it is due to General Lee that at Appomattox in April, 1865, a surrender of the Confederate army was made instead of the struggle being prolonged into a guerrilla war, such as has been recently seen in South Africa. This action does indeed place Lee upon an exalted plane. And it fortunately happened that his rival actor in this great drama was General Grant, a brother graduate of the Military Academy. Our Alma Mater may cherish the record of that day when two of her sons, having each written his name so high in the annals of war, now united to turn the nation into the paths of peace. For General Grant, who has been proudly called by his victorious army "Unconditional Surrender" Grant, now seemed only to seek excuses to spare the Confederates every possible mortification and to save them from individual losses, even at the expense of his

own government. His example was immediately followed by every man in his army down to the humblest teamster. Time fails me to describe the friendliness, courtesy, and generosity with which the whole victorious army seemed filled. The news of the surrender and of its liberal terms was received everywhere with similar feelings of generous conciliation. In proof, it is only necessary to refer to the early negotiations between Sherman and Johnston. * * *

O the pity of it that this spirit of peace and good will could not have been permitted to spread over the whole country and influence the breasts alike of both victors and vanquished. By the fatuous act of an assassin in a moment this fair vision was shattered, and in its place, and without fault upon her part, there was invoked against the prostrate South a whirlwind of rage and resentment. Indeed, it is due to the restraint put upon the political leaders of the North by Grant that the death of Lincoln did not mark for the South the beginning of greater woes than those of the war itself.

There resulted many years of bitterness and estrangement between the sections, retarding the growth of national spirit and yielding but slowly, even to the great daily object lesson of the development of our country. But at last in the fullness of time the stars in their courses have taken up the work. As in 1865 one wicked hand retarded our unification by the murder of Lincoln, so in 1898 another assassin, equally wicked and equally stupid, by the blowing up of the Maine has given us a common cause and made us at last and indeed a nation in the front rank of the world's work of civilization with its greatest problems committed to our care.

We have set the world record for devotion to a cause. We have given to our children proud memories and to history new names, to be a theme and an inspiration for unborn generations. The heroes of future wars will emulate our Lees and Jacksons. We have taught the armies of the world the casualties to be endured in battle, and the qualities of heart and soul developed both in our women and men in the stress and strain of our poverty and in the furnace of our affliction have made a worthier race, and have already borne rich reward in the building up of our country. But, above and beyond all, the firm bonds which to-day hold together this great nation could never have been wrought by debates in Congress. Human evolution has not yet progressed so far. Such bonds must be forged, welded, and proved in the heat of battle and must be cemented in blood. Peace Congresses and arbitrations have never yet given birth to a nation, and this one had to be born in nature's way.

So much for the attitude of the South and the steps through which it has been reached. But bear with me yet a little, for I cannot leave the thoughts and memories evoked by my theme without some reference to a few among the great figures who moved amid those scenes, lest my story should seem to you as one of Hamlet with Hamlet left out:

"And Love, where death has set its seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow."

Shall I name to you at once the Confederate hero who deserves the highest pedestal, who bore the greatest privations, and contributed most freely of his blood to win every victory and resist every defeat? I name the private soldier. Practically without pay and on half rations he enlisted for life or death and served out his contract. He did not look the fighting man he was. He was lean, sunburned, and bearded, often barefoot and ragged. He had neither training nor dis-

cipline, except what he acquired in the field. He had only antiquated and inferior arms until he captured better ones in battle. He had not even military ambition, but he had one incentive which was lacking to his opponents—brave and loyal as they were. Meeting him on the march, one might recognize in his eyes a certain far-away look. He was fighting for his home. From the time of Greece to that of South Africa all history attests the stimulus of the thought of "home" to the soldier fighting for it. And if some young military scientist among your bright boys can formulate an equation to express the battle power of an army, I am sure he will find the thought of "home" to be the factor in it with highest exponent. So there was nothing anomalous about the fighting of our army. We fought for our homes under men that we loved and trusted. This brought out the best in private and general.

Upon our President, Jefferson Davis, there fell from the necessity of his prominent position not only defeat but obloquy and woes too many to enumerate. History, however, will do him justice as having been most worthy to represent us, whether as a man, a statesman, or a soldier. And as any compromise of the issue at stake would have only carried with it the seeds of another war, the nation is to be congratulated that to his high courage and devotion to his cause no compromise was possible. And how now shall I speak to you of the great Lee, whom it was an education to know, never elated and never depressed, but always calm and audacious in reliance upon himself and his troops, who in their turn relied upon him and loved him unto death; of stern and grave Stonewall Jackson, trusting only in the God of battles and in the righteousness of his cause, but winning by the fierce courage his personality inspired; of Joseph E. Johnston, master of strategy in the great game of war, whose brain was "reason's self incased in bone;" of Beauregard, who won Bull Run by his personal tenacity and with such science and skill defended Sumter and Petersburg; of Longstreet, whom Lee called his "old war horse," doing heavy work on every field, from Bull Run to Appomattox; of A. P. Hill, whose name was last on the lips of Lee upon his deathbed, and of Jackson when he "crossed over the river to rest in the shade of the trees;" of genial, dashing Stuart, always ready for any venture and sanguine of success, who took up the battle left unfinished by Jackson's fall and carried it to its brilliant end; of gifted Hampton, our Chevalier Bayard, with his saber-scarred face, who served his State as effectively in peace as he had done in war, and "always bore without abuse the grand old name of gentleman;" of Hood, with his one leg and crippled arm, under whom the Texans loved to fight; of good old Ewell, also with his one leg and bald head and lustrous woodcock eye, who believed fighting to be the sole business of a soldier; of Early, whose unreconciled spirit is perhaps still raiding up and down the valley; and of a thousand others whose forms and faces throng upon my memory, and whose names history has inscribed upon her roll of honor?

And so, did time permit, lessons could be learned and stirring events be depicted from the memories of innumerable other scenes. But I prefer to leave the picture as it stands. We didn't go into our cause; we were born into it. We fought it out to its remotest end and suffered to the very utmost its dying aches and pains. But they were rich in compensations and have proved to be only the birth pangs of a new nation, in whose career we are proud to own and to bear a part.

And to our Alma Mater, who taught us not the skill to unravel conflicting political creeds—not

"That acumen to divide

A hair 'twixt South and Southwest side"—

but rather to illustrate by our lives manly courage and loyalty to convictions, we commend the record of

"The old Confederate Veteran; we know him as he stands
And listens for the thunder of the far-off battle lands.
He bears the crash of musketry; the smoke rolls like a sea;
For he tramped the fields with Stonewall, and he climbed the heights with Lee.

The old Confederate Veteran, his life is in the past,
And the war cloud, like a mantle, round his rugged form is cast.

He hears the bugle calling o'er the far and mystic sea,
For he tramped the fields with Stonewall, and he climbed the heights with Lee."

Burrows Brothers Company, of Cleveland, Ohio (publishers of Avery's "History of the United States and Its People," fifteen volumes), issued the address for free distribution

THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

BY A. T. HANNA.

Travelers who journey to the tropics tell of the wondrous beauty of the Southern Cross, which night after night blazes its radiant way across the gloom of darkening skies. In no other part of God's universe can this splendid cruciform of stars be found save in far-away Southern lands, where the waves of warm seas wash shores prodigal in tropical birds, fruits, and flowers. There is but one Southern Cross in all the great firmament. There are myriads of other stars and constellations that in silent majesty tell the story of the ages and keep time to God's own footsteps as the ages roll by; but the Southern Cross stands in wondrous isolation as the only picture the Creator ever painted on all the blue heavens of that sacrifice once offered on Calvary's hill.

As the stars of that cross, which are reflected in the waters of Southern seas, stand out alone among the marvelous creations of a mighty master hand, so stands that little cross above all other treasures in the hearts of loyal Southerners. It is small; it is made only of bronze; no jewels glitter on it; yet it tells to all the world that the man who wears it upon his breast has been a hero in the deadliest conflict of modern times. In the mad rush of trade, in the clamor for place and power a glimpse of the small bronze cross over the heart of a man shuts out for a fleeting moment visions of the market places of earth and commercial tongues, while memory brings across the soul recollections of deeds of valor and endurance such as have never been surpassed.

The modest bronze emblem is often seen on the threadbare garments over hearts worn and weary with the struggle with fate, yet above the cross look out tired eyes in whose depths linger the light of conflict and a love for home, for principle, and for the traditions of the past; this cross tells of a dauntless heroism to an admiring world. As there is but one Southern Cross in the broad expanse of God's great firmament, so there is but one cross of honor in all this wide world like unto the sacred little cross which a Confederate veteran wears so proudly above his faithful heart. In the years to come it will be the most priceless treasure of the children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the splendid heroes who wore the gray in the stormy days that came to a bitter close on the field of Appomattox.

CIVILIZATION OF NEGROES IN THE SOUTH.

L. R. BURRESS, BROWNSVILLE, TEX., IN AN OPEN LETTER TO REV. N. DWIGHT HILLIS, D.D., PASTOR PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN.

I have read with interest your sermons on "The Heroic Age of American History." As they are devoted to a question of the past, it should be without bias or sectional prejudice.

Slavery is now a part of American history which began in twelve of the American colonies, which subsequently formed the American Union of States. As a recognized institution of the government it was carried into the Southern States as they were admitted to the Union. The importation of Africans as slaves was prohibited by law in 1808. The African, coming from a barbarous state and from a tropical climate, could not meet the demands for skilled labor in the factories of the Northern States; neither could he endure the severe cold of the Northern winter. For these reasons it was both merciful and "business" to sell him to the Southern planter, where the climate was more favorable and skilled labor not so important. In the South the climate, civilization, and other influences ameliorated the African's condition, and that of almost the entire race of slaves, which numbered into the millions before their emancipation. It should be noted that their evangelization was the most fruitful missionary work of any modern Christian endeavor. The thoughtful and considerate negro of to-day realizes his indebtedness to the institution of African slavery for advantages which he would not have received had he remained in his semibarbarism waiting in his native jungles for the delayed missionary.

Permit me to refer to a native African owned as a slave by my father. He left Africa when a youth, and brought a knowledge of affairs which existed in his native country. He would take me on his knee and recite for my entertainment the customs of his people in their native land. He became a very devout and consecrated Christian, and was withal a man of more than average intelligence for one of his race. I often heard him express thanks to his Heavenly Father for the institution of African slavery, for on account of it he had learned of the true God and of his Son Jesus Christ. "But for it I would have been left in the darkness of superstition and heathenism."

Philanthropy and beneficence characterized the great majority of Southern slave owners. Besides, there was too much money invested in a slave to allow abuse that disabled him from labor. His health and strength were looked after as a matter of profit. Likewise were food, raiment, and shelter provided.

As to the spiritual consideration, it was common for master and servant to worship together in one audience. On many plantations the servants were assembled for religious service, and often on Sunday morning a Sunday school was held for their special instruction. It was through these that the colored "parson" got his knowledge of the Bible, of which they were wont to say: "I b'lieves it from kivver to kivver, and follows my Lawd down into de ribber."

Indeed, the Christian master was interested in the physical and spiritual welfare of his slaves, as was the Roman centurion who besought Jesus to heal his servant. Concerning the faith of this Roman slave owner the Saviour exclaimed: "I have not found so great faith; no, not in Israel." Could not such faith have been exercised by an American slave owner? That unkindness, and by some masters cruelty, was

inflicted none deny; but such was the exception and not the rule. In every clime and in every institution may be found

"One whose brute feeling ne'er aspires
Beyond his own mere brute desires."

Commendation is due the officers of Massachusetts and Boston for returning the fugitive slave, Anthony Burns, referred to by you. By so doing they honored the Constitution, the compact between the States. The decision in the Dred Scott case verified the return as constitutional. Every State and Federal officer had taken oath to obey, to support, and to defend the Constitutions of their respective States and of the United States. The same oath-taken obligation rested on every white man by virtue of his citizenship. Another notable precedent for returning a fugitive slave is given by Paul, the apostle to the Gentiles, who recognized both law and expediency in returning the fugitive slave, Onesimus, to his master, Philemon, who himself was a Christian and a slave owner. Paul was a great example as a Christian patriot.

Let the historian justly consider the men and causes that brought on the Civil War. The Southern States entered the Union as slave States, so cannot be charged as having held slaves without the consent of the Union. This union was entered into by the States "for better or worse," as the combined strength was needed to oppose the mother country. The South sought to maintain the Constitution and the rights of the States to police State rights. The North interfered with State affairs which existed in the formation of the Union. The South contended for the Constitution, the North for the Union. Slavery being the issue, malignancy was freely indulged in by both sides. It was not American to endure passively. Then followed Southern secession against Northern rebellion. The Constitution was lost; the Union was saved. Millions of lives were directly and indirectly sacrificed, billions of dollars expended, and the results are not yet recorded. The war was not justifiable. If the nation had heeded the teachings of Southern statesmen prior to the sixties, without war slavery would eventually have been abolished, the emancipated slaves colonized, and the Union preserved without the shedding of blood. The leaven of emancipation had found place in Southern minds, and would have quietly leavened the whole lump, had not abnormal ferment been injected, which precipitated resentment. Not to resent would be to consent that contumelies were deserving. The South was beaten but not broken. If the South had foreseen defeat, she might have exclaimed as did Demosthenes. "I say, if the event had been manifest to the whole world beforehand, not even then ought Athens to have forsaken this course, if Athens had any regard for her glory or for her past or for the ages to come."

"The past is irrevocable; the future is improvable." This was the home cry and hope of the returned Southern soldiers. New lines must be run. With no precedent or experience as a compass to guide, never did people survey more wisely the unexplored regions of both social and civil embarrassments than the people of the South. The scars of war remained, and the sore places, often bruised, would bleed afresh; but in their zeal they looked not to present comfort, but to future welfare. Thus they showed that

"Noble souls, through dust and heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat,
The stronger."

The South gave to history heroes that class with the heroic of any age. The world sings their praises and destiny takes care of their honor. The South has sworn allegiance to the new Union and to the amended Constitution, and will prove as loyal as in the days of Washington, Jackson, and Taylor, and as heroic as when led by Lee. The South has no apologies to offer for her course, however much she deplores any cruelty or injustice by either section. Let the reunited nation say, Peace to the past, coöperation for the present, "one and inseparable now and forever."

In the funeral oration of the great Webster in memory of Mr. Calhoun, believing that the same mutual confidence and respect exist in the minds of both Northern and Southern men, he said: "He [Calhoun] had the indispensable basis of all high character: an unspotted integrity and unimpeachable honor. There was nothing groveling or low or meanly selfish that came near the head or heart of Mr. Calhoun. Whether his political opinions were right or wrong, they will descend to posterity under the sanction of a great name. He is now a historical character. We shall indulge in it as a grateful recollection that we have lived in his age; that we have been his contemporaries; that we have seen him, heard him, known him. We shall delight to speak of him to those who are rising up to fill our places. And when, one after another, we shall go to our graves, we shall carry with us a deep sense of his honor and integrity, the purity of his private life and exalted patriotism."

It is a deplorable fact that after more than forty years of civil liberty by the Africans in America so many of them are untrustworthy. In former days the planter without fear intrusted his wife and daughters to "Uncle Tom" and his sable sons. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a fort of protection for the family. Mr. Tom's sons are terrors to the Anglo-Saxon woman. She once could visit her neighbors without fear; but not now. The Southern people are censured because of mobs. Mobs should be discouraged in all righteousness everywhere. The mobocrats do not all reside in the South; and it is safe to say that mobbing will usually follow the "nameless crime." There is an innate law in all consciences against "forceful abduction." It is the duty of all civilization to educate and restrain against such unnamable crimes without condoning the crime or criminal.

Would it not be just for you in this series of sermons to state the examples of cruelty to slaves as exceptions and by no means the rule? "Uncle Tom's Cabin" missed the benefits of African slavery, for the slaves were being lifted from barbarism to civilization and Christianity. The crimes committed in the name of slavery were far less than the ills that befall strikers and other laborers.

The sword of the South is her plowshare and pruning hook now. Let the stars that represent the Southern States on the flag shine in their true light.

[Dr. Burriss enlisted in the 19th Mississippi early in the war, and served with it for two years in Virginia. He was commissioned a lieutenant in the Provisional Army, C. S. A., and reported at Enterprise, Miss., where he served ten months. He was then commissioned to raise a company of boys for General Forrest. He served with his boy company to the end of the war, surrendering at Columbus, Miss. When commissioned as captain of his company of boys he was twenty years old. His boys averaged from fifteen to seventeen years, and he says: "As brave as the bravest and worthy of a better captain."—ED. VETERAN.]

FIRST OF VALLEY CAMPAIGN BY GENERAL EARLY.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, 31ST GA. REGT., BRANTLEY, ALA.

The great battle of Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864, had been fought and the enemy in our front was comparatively quiet for a few days; but a new danger had arisen and demanded immediate attention. General Hunter, with a large army, was advancing from the west on Lynchburg, and Grant had sent a heavy force of cavalry to tear up the railroad and unite forces with Hunter. If their plans had been successful, the Federals would have been in position to attack Richmond in the rear, while Lee was holding Grant in check on the east. Accordingly on June 10 Gordon's and Rhodes's Divisions of Ewell's Corps were ordered to the rear. We rested in camp on the 11th and 12th, and about two or three o'clock on the morning of the 13th we started on the march to meet Hunter. Our cavalry, under Gen. Wade Hampton, had moved on ahead, and found the Federal cavalry at Trevilians Station busily engaged in destroying the railroad. A battle ensued immediately, in which the Confederates were outnumbered. But General Hampton was equal to the occasion. That night and the day following he outmaneuvered the enemy and completely routed them, capturing a large part of their force and almost all their equipment. We marched hard all the 13th, not knowing our destination, following the line of railroad all the time. When we passed through the battlefield, we saw dead horses scattered everywhere for a great distance and other evidences of a hard fight. This was one of the greatest cavalry battles of the war. It certainly was well executed, and showed that General Hampton was a skillful officer. Our soldiers said they would have to revise their opinion of the cavalry and give them credit for being good fighters.

Three days' hard marching brought us to Charlottesville, where there were six trains waiting to take us to Lynchburg. Gordon's Division was placed on these and sent forward with great speed, as Hunter was near there, and it was being defended by only a few Virginia State Militia. We arrived late in the afternoon and marched through the town to meet the enemy, who had stopped and fortified an excellent position half a mile or more beyond the suburbs. We passed a small group of old men on the edge of the town who were digging intrenchments, and some of our men called to them, saying: "Quit throwing up them breastworks here in the town, and go with us and help drive them Yankees away." The old citizens of the place rejoiced to see us when we came, and said we had come just in time.

Had Hunter been more energetic, he could have marched into Lynchburg with little or no opposition, but he halted to fortify. In our hurry we had left our artillery and army trains, and had nothing but our small arms and ammunition; and as it was now nearly sundown, and General Rhodes's division had not arrived, General Early decided to throw up earthworks and wait until all his force could come up. By eight o'clock the next morning Rhodes and the artillery had arrived. Our lines were extended to the right, the field pieces were mounted, and we were now ready to try conclusions with General Hunter. Skirmishers were thrown out, and lively fighting took place between the lines by the pickets, with an occasional artillery duel.

On the 17th we expected to attack the enemy and drive them out of their works, but they had abandoned their intrenchments during the night and were retreating toward the mountains. We started immediately in pursuit without our horses and wagons. All the regimental officers had to foot it the same as the private soldiers. Our small force of cavalry kept

in touch with the enemy, and destroyed or captured their wagons, while we hurried along after them. When darkness came, we could look far ahead and see thousands of camp fires of the enemy; but it was then too late to make an attack. So we went into camp likewise, expecting to attack them early the next day, but they moved early also. Thus it went on for several days, until Hunter and his army finally escaped through the mountains of West Virginia, minus his wagon trains and baggage. Our cavalry captured some of his artillery, and he spiked some of his guns and left them in the road. Hunter's men used the torch freely and took everything they wanted from the people.

On the march we found sitting by the roadside a Federal soldier who had been badly stung by bees. His face was so much swollen that his eyes were closed. No one mistreated him, but the language of the soldiers passing by was anything but complimentary.

When General Early saw that General Hunter could not be overtaken, he reluctantly turned back and marched his army over the same route to the Valley Pike and awaited the arrival of the army trains. These came soon, and, the soldiers being somewhat rested, he made a demonstration against Washington, D. C., which was a long way off; but there were no very serious obstacles in the way, and by so doing he hoped to relieve the pressure on General Lee at Richmond and Petersburg.

We now set out on our long march in the heat of summer, but the soldiers preferred this kind of duty to that of facing Grant's army in breastworks and sleeping with gun in hand at night. We marched to Lexington by way of the Natural Bridge; then to Staunton, where we rested half a day, and drew shoes and clothing; then on down the valley to the Potomac, which we crossed after capturing Martinsburg and the Federal army supplies collected there. At Lexington we filed through the cemetery where our old commander, Gen. Stonewall Jackson, was buried. There was a pole fixed in the ground at the head of his grave from which a Confederate flag floated in the breeze. Hunter's men, who had occupied the town before crossing the mountains to take Lynchburg, had cut a large part of the pole away with pocketknives to send home as souvenirs. We marched around the grave with our hats off and arms reversed. Some of our officers and men who had never been known to flinch in battle were seen to shed tears.

The town was crowded with pretty girls who had come from all the surrounding country to see the army pass through and speak a word to the soldier boys. Every house on the main street was packed, and every girl was waving a handkerchief when the head of our column entered the town. The brave Col. E. M. Atkinson, of the 26th Georgia Regiment, was in command of our brigade that day, and, riding in advance, he could see the applause given the brigade ahead. Turning in his saddle, he said: "Boys, be quiet until you see me lift my cap; then raise the Rebel yell and give these girls a cheer." When opposite the main part of the town, he gave the signal, and every man brought a shout like that we raised at the Wilderness. As far as we could see the people were laughing and waving their handkerchiefs at us.

FIGHTING AT HATCHIE BRIDGE.—J. W. Hardin, of Terrell, Tex., states that W. R. Stites, of Siloam Springs, Ark., commits error in his article in the October *VETERAN* and writes: "The legion (Whitfield's) was left there to hold the bridge, and they did it. After the defeat at Corinth we went about halfway to the bridge that evening, and early the next morn-

ing continued the march. Orders came, 'Quick time!' and soon 'Double-quick!' Company A, of the 6th Texas, was in front, and we kept the same gait. Crossing the Hatchie bridge, we filed right. I think about half of the regiment formed, when the Yankees charged us. We fell back under a heavy fire of artillery and small arms, forming on the ridge, where we stayed for several hours, then fell back across a field and formed along the fence row, and lay there until the retreat was ordered. He mentions that General Price rode along the line, which I well remember. He was within twenty feet of me when a ball burned the back of my neck, the fragments wounding my captain and a lieutenant. We had tough times for the next forty-eight hours. I think the member of the legion referred to was one of those who swam the river. It was a fine body of men. I have talked with several men who were there, and they saw that we crossed the bridge. I belonged to Company A, of the 6th Texas Cavalry, Ross's Brigade, but was dismounted."

FIGHT AT REAMS STATION.

Col. J. E. Larkin, of the 5th New Hampshire Regiment, wrote a letter from Everett, Mass., on December 5, 1910, to Lieut. Gen. Nelson A. Miles which is not complimentary to his superior officer. He wrote:

"My dear old comrade of years long gone when we marched, fought, camped, sang our army songs, played games, etc. In those days I enjoyed your comradeship, was pleased at your rapid promotion; and when you were promoted to the command of the army, I felt in it a personal pride, for it reflected honor on the volunteer service. Had I then known you were capable of unjustly claiming an honor such as is reported in General Walker's history of the 2d Corps in regard to the battle of Reams Station, which I read for the first time forty-three years after the close of the war, my belief in your integrity would have been shattered.

"I am impressed with the belief that you dictated that report of placing yourself at the head of two hundred men of the 61st New York Infantry, striking the enemy in flank, and by fierce fighting capturing a portion of the works, recapturing a battery, and driving the enemy back into the railroad cut. General Walker, being a prisoner at the time, could not have been a witness. Capt W. E. Kyle, belonging to General Heth's division, writes me from Fayetteville, N. C., February 21, 1910: 'I captured Gen. Francis A. Walker in your front line of works between five and six o'clock.' He also certified that there was no fighting on that field after the Union troops were driven out of their works. John E. Brown, of Lee, S. C., who was in the battle, certifies to the same. The facts are that the victorious Confederates did not pass over the railroad cut on the left of the 1st Brigade. Some fifteen or twenty daring Confederates, seeing the deserted guns of the 12th New York Battery, rushed to take them off, and were around one gun when the force that I had rallied ran back and then disappeared. There was no firing on either side. Thus the mole hill was made a mountain by your report of a fierce fight.

"Your champion, Riddell, in a letter to the Washington Tribune October 20, 1910, quotes reports made by men who were not eyewitnesses, and most of them not even on the field, and reports therefore from hearsay. He failed to quote Colonel Lynch, who commanded the regiments, in dispute. Colonel Lynch says: 'For a few minutes McKnight's 12th New York guns were in the hands of the enemy; but several colors being halted, men were rallied around them without organization, and by a prompt advance recaptured three of the guns and nearly all of the rifle pits previously occupied by this bri-

gade. These guns were hauled off the field by volunteers from the 5th New Hampshire, 81st Pennsylvania, and 61st New York.' Nothing is said in Lynch's report about General Miles in this connection. If, your claim was true, certainly the commander of the brigade would have recognized it.

"I quote from a letter written me by Capt. George S. Gove, of Boone, Iowa, August 21, 1907: 'Maj. J. E. Larkin, your surprise at the statement in "Walker's History of the 2d Corps" about General Miles leading in person two hundred men of the 61st New York was no greater than mine when I read it some years ago. It is not true! You were the only field officer I saw anywhere after the first rout of our men. Your small force was the only one I saw facing the Rebels, and I fully believe the credit of saving those guns belongs to you and the men, mostly 5th New Hampshire that you had rallied.' Captain Gove was senior officer who helped haul off the guns and turned them over to the provost guard.

"At the reunion of the 5th New Hampshire Regiment held last August resolutions were passed indorsing my claim of rallying a small force and recapturing three guns and a portion of the line of works. In Riddell's letter he passes upon these resolutions as immaterial to the controversy, but credits me with leading back 'a small band of stampeded men along the abandoned breastworks and remaining there under safe and close cover while their comrades of the first brigade were fighting a quarter of a mile in front and holding the enemy back and protecting the guns and the retreating troops from further danger.' Why does he not specify two hundred men of the 61st New York? Those men with whom you claim to have performed such a prodigious feat of valor and to have turned the tide of that battle, and all this performed with the fearful (?) loss of one man killed, one wounded, and sixteen missing during the entire day were from the 61st New York Regiment, according to official report. But it was not the fault of the brave 61st that their losses were no greater, for they were placed at the extreme right of the brigade farthest removed from the enemy's fire.

"I pray you do not insult those brave men who gave us such a thrashing that day with such chaff. The tide of that battle was an ebb tide, a grand rush to the rear.

"General, this is the last appeal I shall make to you for justice. I do not wish to think any brave and honorable man will filch an honor, however small. You may deceive others, yourself you cannot deceive. If you can be at peace with yourself in this matter, you are welcome to all the happiness it brings you. If during your command of the brigade or division you ever gave the 5th New Hampshire credit for anything, I do not know it. Yet in my opinion when a true history of the war is written the old fighting 5th New Hampshire will have at least an honorable mention.

"I assure you, General, this controversy has caused me much unhappiness, and I sometimes regret that my attention was ever called to that report. I have no personal ambition to gratify, but those few brave men who rallied around their colors and saved those guns should not be forgotten. I cannot allow your claim to go down in history uncontradicted."

COLONEL LARKIN'S LETTER TO NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

Riddell outdoes the General, for the latter does not claim that he drove the enemy beyond the railroad cut, while Riddell says one-quarter of a mile beyond the guns, and that would mean far beyond the cut. He reiterates the same falsehood as his chief. The veterans of that gallant old 61st New York (for whom I have nothing but admiration) must feel hu-

miliated, knowing that one of their number has lent himself to bolster up the falsehood even of their former commander.

Will any old soldier believe such a story—that two hundred men of the 61st New York, if they were led by such a fighter as General Miles, drove a brigade of Confederates such a distance, recapturing earthworks and a battery by such fierce fighting as he claims, turning the tide of a battle when we had received such a whipping with the loss of one man killed, one wounded and sixteen missing, according to the official report, in the 61st New York during the day's battle, and it was one of the largest regiments in the brigade that day? We may call our opponents Secesh, Rebs, Johnnies, Butternuts, or any other names we please, but no self-respecting Union soldier will have the audacity to call them cowards. If General Miles and his man Friday tell the truth, they were cowards.

In sending the foregoing to the VETERAN Colonel Larkin states: "I am not seeking honor or notoriety in this controversy. I believe the truth should be told in history, let it cut where it may. Lieutenant General Miles is not too big a man to be called down when he falsifies. To make such a falsehood against a brave and honorable foe is disgraceful. I am surprised that the CONFEDERATE VETERAN does not condemn him. There are many of your boys now living who were in that battle and can testify to the truth."

MONUMENTS TO WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY COL. J. E. LARKIN, EVERETT, MASS.

I notice that the Southern people are erecting monuments to women. If monuments are to be erected to the memory of the men who fought, why not to the women, mothers of the men who fought?

"The wife who girds her husband's sword
'Mid little ones who weep and wonder
Now bravely speaks the cheering words.
What though her heart be rent asunder,
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death around him rattle.
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle?"

An illustration of the courage, devotion, and loyalty to the Southern cause by at least one woman during those dark days of war is vividly impressed on my mind.

On the march of the regiment to which I belonged to Washington, D. C., after Gettysburg, when we were to return to New Hampshire to recruit our depleted ranks, we bivouacked near a large brick house in Warrenton, Va. In the morning, in company with two officers, we asked the lady of the house to give us a breakfast of fried hominy and bacon in exchange for sugar and coffee, which she was much pleased to do, for coffee and sugar had been strangers in her home for some time. If we had been Confederate soldiers, we could not have been more kindly treated; yet she was the embodiment of courage, devotion, and loyalty to the Southern cause. "You see, gentlemen, the dire extremities to which we are reduced. We are willing to suffer greater privations if need be. You can never conquer or subdue spirits like ours." This was her attitude. There was every evidence of former wealth and luxury. Slaves were gone, of which they had possessed a large number. Her husband was a surgeon in the Confederate army. She was a beautiful and refined lady, and I regret that I cannot recall her name. I hope she is still living. We gave her a good supply of sugar and coffee and many thanks for her kindness, and left her, feeling proud that we belonged to a country producing such noble women.

FIRST CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS ERECTED.

INTERESTING REPORT BY JUDGE R. B. HAUGHTON, St. Louis.

[The VETERAN is very desirous of aiding to secure the record sought by Judge Haughton, one of the most practical and persistent workers of all the Sons. From Commander in Chief, after successful service, he returned to the ranks, and the spirit manifested in his paper is constantly pursued with unremitting zeal. It will be very gratifying to honor those individuals and communities who did the first work in honor of our Confederate dead. Bolivar, Tenn., has been kept in mind gratefully in this respect. An estimable service will be rendered by those who send any records of this matter. Judge Haughton's address is Wright Building, St. Louis, Mo.]

I was interested in the article in the VETERAN for March concerning the monument at Liberty, Miss. Certain statements made tend to show that it is the first Confederate monument erected.

For some years I have been the chairman of the standing committee of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans on monuments and memorials, and as a part of my work I have made as complete and accurate a list as has been possible of all such testimonials now in existence. The facts as I have gathered them as to the oldest monument are as follows:

The first organized movement for the erection of a monument was in October, 1865, by St. James Sunday School of the Methodist Church, Augusta, Ga. It resulted in the erection on Greene Street of a white marble cenotaph to the young men who enlisted from Richmond County. The cost was about \$3,000, and the unveiling occurred on December 31, 1873.

The first corner stone laid was on November 26, 1866, at Liberty, Miss. The first meeting looking to the erection of that monument was on February 28, 1866, and the unveiling was on April 26, 1871.

To Cheraw, S. C., however, belongs the honor of having the first completed monument, so far as I have been able to ascertain. That monument was unveiled in June, 1867. It stands in the Episcopal Cemetery, and the money (\$1,000) was raised by the Memorial Association. My authority for this is the VETERAN of January, 1905.

If any of these records are incorrect, or if any one can give data as to other monuments or memorials entitled to priority or even to special mention, I (and I believe the entire South) will be very glad indeed to know of them.

Almost every one is interested in Confederate history now, and this is one fact of which a correct record should be had. Every day that passes makes it more difficult to secure it.

LYNCHBURG, VA., HAS GOOD CLAIM.

A. H. Plecker writes in regard to early work in Lynchburg: "Lynchburg, Va., has a very early monument. There was an important gathering of the ladies of Lynchburg in the lecture room of the Protestant Methodist church on April 26, 1866. The object of the meeting was to form an association to have the graves of the several thousand Confederate soldiers buried here inclosed and to fix a day for the annual decoration of the graves. May 10, 1866, the anniversary of General Jackson's death, was fixed upon, and the association was organized with Mrs. H. F. Bocock as President. The first Memorial Day was observed the following May. All places of business were closed, and a long procession, commanded by Gen. E. Kirby Smith, chief marshal, and Col. M. S. Longhorne assistant, marched to the cemetery and lovingly decorated the graves of the fallen heroes with a wealth of rich spring flowers.

"The ladies continued to work, assisted by the Philharmonic Society, until they had money enough to inclose the plot and have the graves turfed.

"In 1869 the ladies' memorial celebration was of especial interest. The Fire Department, Masons, Temperance Society, Odd Fellows, Sunday schools, and a large number of citizens turned out. Besides decorating the graves of the soldiers, the corner stone of a monument was laid. The monument was to cost eight hundred dollars. The ladies had raised all but fifty dollars, having raised nearly four thousand dollars for Confederate purposes. The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. R. V. Sledd. Then followed an address by Rev. Mr. Wagoner. John W. Daniel recited one of Father Ryan's poems, and the Sunday schools sang a number of hymns under the direction of R. F. Henning. The stone was laid by Worshipful Master John R. McDaniel, and the monument was erected that year."

MONUMENT AT BOLIVAR, TENN.

The Bolivar monument was erected to the memory of the Confederate dead of Hardeman County, and in the year 1870 was placed on the courthouse lawn. Owing to those troublesome times (the Reconstruction period), there was no unveiling or other public ceremony.

The monument is a flag-draped shaft of Italian marble, twenty-two and a half feet in height, surmounted by a rose-wreathed urn.

[The foregoing is from Mrs. C. M. Wellons, President Neely Chapter, 981, U. D. C., March 23, 1911.]

JONESBORO, GA., WAS EARLY.

A. J. Rooks writes from Riverside, Cal., that he thinks the first Confederate monument must have been erected at Jonesboro, Ga., as he found it there in the early part of 1869. This monument was made of cannon balls gathered from near-by battlefields, and was about twelve feet high, a circle in form, and tapering to a single ball. He mentions also having seen a tree near the town in which was imbedded a large shell, both ends projecting, and wonders if it is there yet. A history of this monument would be of interest.

ROMNEY, VA., BUILT MONUMENT IN 1867.

Mrs. N. V. Randolph, of Richmond, Va., sends a print of the monument under which is printed: "The first monument to Confederate soldiers was erected at Romney, W. Va., September 26, 1867; inscription, 'The Daughters of Old Hampshire erect this tribute of affection to her heroic sons who fell in defense of Southern rights.'" It shows a splendid square base, and in block letters the year 1867 is printed. It is capped by an urn draped with a mantle, and is artistic in detail.

THE ARKANSAS CONFEDERATE.

We are Confederate Veterans, from the old Paw Paw State;
We fought for white supremacy, and not for gain or hate;
We fought with Lee, with Johnston, "Pap" Price, and Hood;
We were honest in our motives, and did the best we could;
And when the war was over, we'd our honor without flaw.
We are proud of our heritage and send greetings to Arkansas.

[Gen. R. B. Coleman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff to the Oklahoma Division, U. C. V., who was prominent from the beginning in Indian Territory U. C. V., begins a greeting for the Little Rock Reunion as above.]

THE LAST ROLL

MEMBERS OF MARR CAMP, FAIRFAX, VA.

At a meeting of the committee appointed by Marr Camp, Confederate Veterans, on March 21, 1911, to draft resolutions respecting the death of comrades who have died since the last meeting of the Camp the following resolutions were adopted:

"Since the last meeting of our Camp death has removed from us Comrade E. C. Cottrell, of the 4th Maryland Artillery (October 30, 1910); Lieut. Albert Wrenn, of Mosby's command (November 6, 1910); Comrade Lewis H. Robey, Company G, 8th Virginia Infantry (January 2, 1911); First Lieut. Commander Peter Howard, orderly sergeant Company D, 17th Virginia Infantry (March 8, 1911).

"We mourn the loss of our comrades, but we feel an abiding hope and confidence that we shall meet them again in the land where there shall be no parting and where their loyalty to their country and their duty will be rewarded beyond any earthly reward. They were each and all brave defenders of the Confederate cause, and have left an example of courage and fidelity which will be an inspiration to the coming generations. They were a part of the great Army of Northern Virginia, whose achievements through remotest time will challenge the admiration of the world.

"That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of the Camp and be forwarded to the families of each of the deceased and published in the *Fairfax Herald* and *VETERAN*.

"ROBERT WILEY, *Commander*;

"J. N. BALLARD, *Adjutant*."

J. P. HALL.

J. P. Hall was born in Maury County, Tenn., May 4, 1844; and died at Town Creek, Ala., January 26, 1911.

In his young manhood J. P. Hall became a soldier of the Confederacy, becoming a member in 1862 of Company C, 9th Tennessee Regiment, Forrest's Cavalry. The record of Forrest's men is indelibly written in the memory of men and the annals of war, and to say that Comrade Hall was one of them is sufficient record as a soldier.

After the conflict was over, he engaged in mercantile pursuits at Town Creek, Ala., in which he continued through life with commendable success. He made many friends who miss him from the familiar walks of life. His fellow-members of Camp Fred A. Ashford, U. C. V., passed resolutions expressing the esteem in which he was held and their loss in his going.

FELIX SHERLY JOHNSON.

Felix S. Johnson was a son of Aaron M. and Rebecca Sherly Johnson, who went from Indiana to Texas in 1840 and settled in Jasper County. There Felix was born in December of that year. After the father's death, the family removed to a farm near San Augustine, where Felix spent his young manhood. He went into business with his elder brother in 1859, which partnership continued until 1880, the brother then going to New Mexico. Felix remained in Texas with the family of his brother George, and after the latter's death continued to assist in the management of the farm and in rearing the children. He never married, but gave his life and service to his

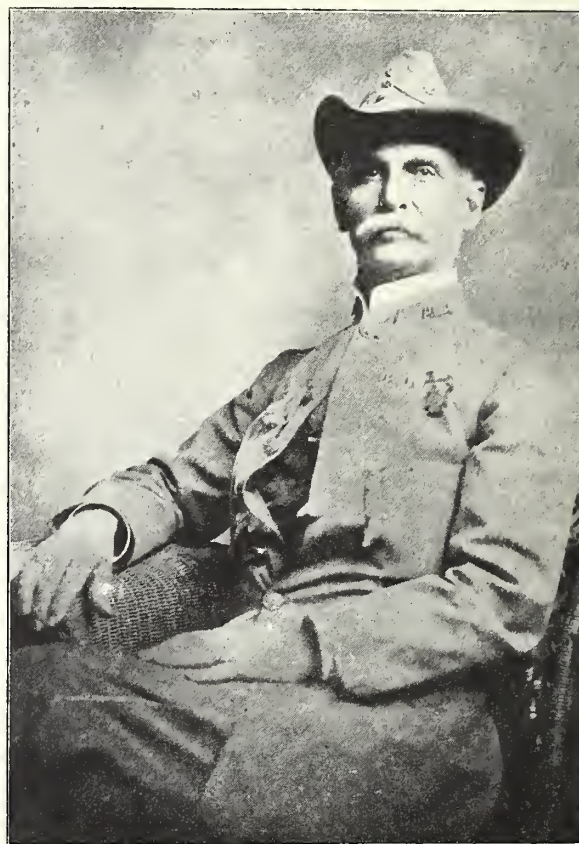
kindred and friends. His death occurred in November, 1910, at the home near Geneva, in Sabine County.

Felix Johnson entered the Confederate service at the first call to arms, and at the battle of Mansfield, July 8, 1864, he received a serious wound, which resulted in the loss of his right leg. Two brothers survive him.

CAPT. FRANK A. LUMSDEN.

Died on New Year's day, 1911, at his home, in Mobile, Ala., Capt. Frank A. Lumsden, aged sixty-five years. He was the son of Alex and Lucy (Tunstall) Lumsden and grandnephew of Frank Asbury Lumsden, who, in conjunction with Frank A. Lumsden, founded and established the well-known and able newspaper, the *Picayune*, of New Orleans.

Of an intensely patriotic and ardent Southern temperament, young Lumsden responded to the first call to arms, joining the



FRANK A. LUMSDEN.

cavalry service of his native State, and he gallantly did his duty in the same until disabled by a shot through the lungs in the battle of Blakely, Ala. He held membership in the United Confederate Veterans, and was a Knight of Pythias. Such was his loyalty to the Confederate cause that he refused a lucrative position from the United States government, preferring independence and impecuniosity to the public criticism. He engaged in many enterprises of interest and benefit in Mobile.

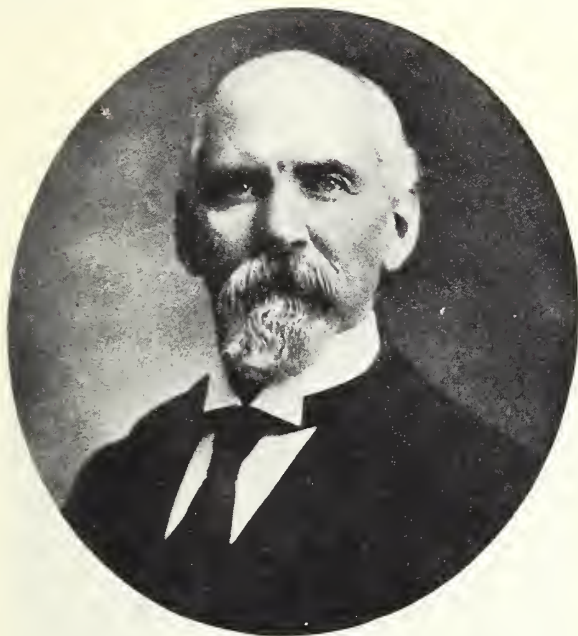
Captain Lumsden married the only daughter of General Van Dorn, whose three children, two daughters and a son, Tunstall, the only heirs, survive, as does his devoted and lovely wife.

A devoted friend pays him this worthy tribute: "Lumsden was a man of decided opinions and actions, but as tender of heart as the gentlest woman." Peace to his ashes.

BURGESS HENRY SCOTT.

A sad loss to his family, his city, and his country occurred in the death of Burgess H. Scott, of Paducah, Ky. He was prominent in business affairs of his generation until his health failed, a few years ago.

Burgess Scott was born at Eddyville, Ky., September 28, 1843. He was the son of William Henry Scott and Mary Greenfield Scott, the latter of Madisonville, Ky. At the beginning of the Civil War he joined the Confederate army, and served to the end. He was slightly wounded in the leg. He



BURGESS H. SCOTT.

enlisted in the service from Hopkinsville, Ky., in Forrest's old regiment in the early part of the war, and was with that regiment in all of its rounds until he was transferred in the fall of 1862 to the 2d Kentucky Cavalry. He remained with this regiment until the close of the war.

His brother-in-law, W. R. Bringham, of Clarksville, Tenn., writes of him: "We served under Forrest from the fall of 1862 until after the battle of Chickamauga, when the 2d Kentucky Regiment was transferred to Wheeler, and we were with that commander until the close of the war. Immediately after the surrender to Lee, Dibrell's Division was ordered to Greensboro, N. C., as a special escort to President Davis—who was still with the Confederate Cabinet and Treasury—and acted in this capacity from Greensboro to Washington, Ga. There Mr. Davis left the main body of the escort with only a few men, and was captured a few days afterwards. Johnston had surrendered. The war was then over, and after paying the men \$26 each in coin, President Davis left the main command with only a small escort, and was captured a few days afterwards. The command proceeded homeward in a body, but upon reaching Chattanooga their horses and side arms were taken from them (in violation of their paroles). However, after vigorous protests from the officers in the command, their property was restored to them.

Mr. Bringham adds: "I would like to be equal to the task of writing a history of both the personal and soldier life of Burgess Scott that he deserves. I was intimately associated with him during the war and up to the time of his death, and

always found him to be a man fearless in the discharge of duty, of strict integrity, and just to all men." [The intimacy of these two men was fraternal—each married the other's sister.]

At the close of the war Mr. Scott went to Alabama, and after engaging in the cotton business for several years went to Clarksville, Tenn. There he met and was later married to Miss Julia Bringham in 1873. From Clarksville they removed to Dyersburg, Tenn. About twenty years ago, however, they moved to Paducah, where they afterwards lived.

He and E. W. Smith founded the Smith & Scott Tobacco Company at Paducah, and he was president of the company until his health gave way. He was founder of the Mechanics' and Farmers' Bank of Paducah, and was President of the Hardy Buggy Company. He was one of the prime movers in building the present Broadway Methodist edifice, and was chairman of the board of stewards for about fifteen years, resigning only when his health failed. He held official Conference relations, even as a delegate to the General Conference.

He was a member of the Plain City Lodge of Masons and of the James T. Walbert Camp, U. C. V.

He was a gentleman of the old school, chivalrous, with an old-time courtesy, ever sympathetic and generous.

Surviving him are his wife (Mrs. Julia Scott), two daughters (Julia Scott and Mary Scott), and three sons (Robert and Edward, of Paducah, and William H. Scott, editor and publisher of the Third District Review). Mr. Scott is also survived by a sister (Mrs. W. R. Bringham, of Clarksville), and a brother (Mr. Walter Scott, of Montgomery, Ala.).

The funeral services were conducted in the Broadway Methodist Church by the pastor, Rev. G. T. Sullivan. The honorary pallbearers were of the Walbert Camp, U. C. V.

WILSON BAIRD.

Wilson Baird, born in Simpson County, Ky., in January, 1838, was the eldest son of Benjamin and Eliza Wilson Baird. His grandfather, Robert Wilson, served under Jackson in the War of 1812.

Wilson Baird received a good education, and was ever a lover of books. In August, 1861, he enlisted in Company C, 18th Tennessee Infantry, and served with that regiment until after the fall of Fort Donelson, where he was captured and held in prison for about seven months. After being exchanged, he was transferred to Company G, 9th Kentucky Regiment, of Breckinridge's Kentucky Brigade, and took part in all of its marches and engagements until the close of the war. He participated in the battles of Stone's River, Chickamauga, Resaca, Kennesaw Mountain, Atlanta, Jonesboro, and many other lesser engagements. He was severely wounded at Chickamauga and slightly wounded at Kennesaw Mountain. He was again taken prisoner at Jonesboro, remaining at Camp Douglas until paroled. After returning to his old Kentucky home, he engaged in farming for several years with much success. He was for four years Tax Assessor of Simpson County, and later was deputy sheriff for four years.

In September, 1867, Comrade Baird was married to Miss Polly Ann Swearingen, and the union was blessed by four sons and two daughters, but only the youngest son, King Baird, now survives. Wilson Baird was a man to make friends, and he was a devoted Church member. He died December 28, 1910, respected and loved by all who knew him.

Several pages of Last Roll had to be withheld after being made ready for the press. This is regretted.

JUDGE JOHN M. TAYLOR.

Judge John M. Taylor was born at Lexington, Tenn., May 18, 1838, son of Jesse Taylor, a Virginian, and Mary (May) Taylor, of North Carolina parentage.

Jesse Taylor was a soldier of the War of 1812, serving in the battle of New Orleans under General Jackson. All three of his sons were Confederate soldiers. One of them, Capt. Jesse Taylor, commanded the heavy artillery at Fort Henry during the bombardment in February, 1862, and he surrendered there. C. C. Taylor served with General Forrest, and all surrendered at the close of the war.

John M. Taylor was educated at Lexington Academy and Union University, Murfreesboro, and in 1860 was graduated in the law department of Cumberland University at Lebanon.

In 1861 he participated in the organization of Company K, 27th Tennessee Regiment Infantry, was elected first lieutenant, and later was made captain. In the battle of Shiloh Col. C. H. Williams, Maj. S. T. Love, and Sergeant Major Wilkinson were killed, and Lieutenant Colonel Brown wounded. Two captains, S. A. Sayle and I. G. Hearn, were killed, and a number of men killed and wounded, Captain Taylor's company losing heavily. The regiment sustained severe losses again in the battle of Perryville while capturing a battery. Sixteen were killed and ninety-six wounded and missing out of two hundred and ten engaged.

In his report of the battle Lieut. Col. W. Frierson mentioned Captain Taylor among the company commanders who "exhibited more than ordinary coolness and daring, and it was feared that he was mortally wounded." He received four wounds, two of them severe, both thighs being shot through and the bone of the right broken, crippling him for life. He was left on the field as dead, but was taken prisoner and sent to Harrodsburg, Ky., and afterwards to Lexington, being kept in jail with other prisoners of war at the latter place. He was afterwards in the military prisons at Cincinnati, Camp Chase, and Baltimore.

After being exchanged at City Point, Va., on crutches, he was assigned to post duty at Rome, Ga. He was promoted to major, and later was commandant of the post at Gadsden, Ala. In command of troops there he captured some Federal soldiers. At the beginning of the Atlanta Campaign he rejoined his regiment at Dalton, and was on active duty until the close of the war, participating in the battles of Franklin and Nashville and at the close as acting lieutenant colonel.

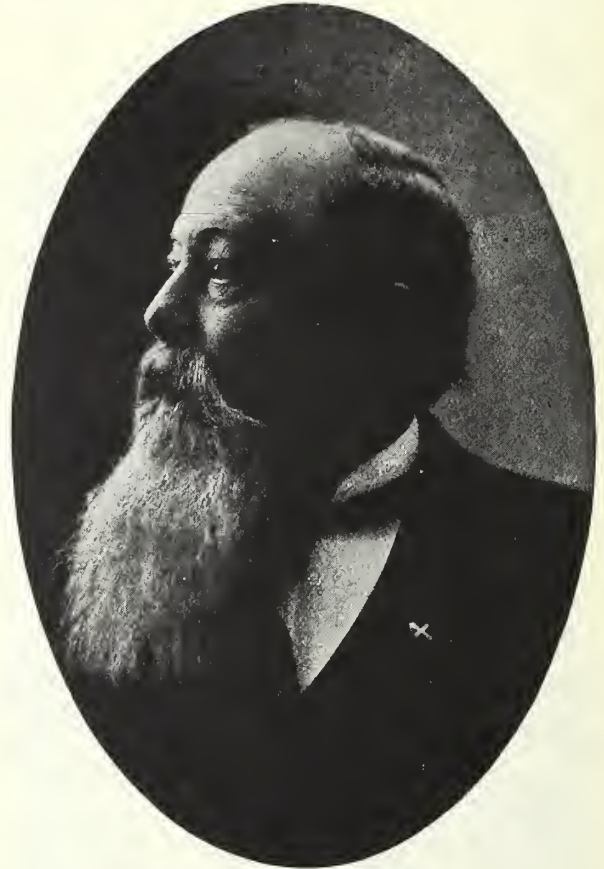
In 1899 he was appointed by Gen. John B. Gordon Brigadier General commanding Second Brigade, Tennessee Division, United Confederate Veterans, and was reelected at each succeeding Reunion.

He also took a leading part in the organization of Confederate Veterans, and was president of his home association and of the State Association of Bivouacs, and was from the beginning one of the trustees of the Tennessee Confederate Soldiers' Home.

Subsequently he began a successful career at his home in Lexington and was chosen Mayor. In 1869 he was elected a delegate to the State Convention which framed the Constitution of 1870, and is still in force. In August, 1870, he was elected District Attorney-General, and held this office eight years. He was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention of 1880, a member of the Tennessee Legislature of 1881, and in 1882 was elected to the United States Congress, serving two terms with credit. In 1892 he was a Democratic presidential elector for the State at large, and canvassed the State; in 1895 he was appointed judge of the criminal court of the

eleventh judicial circuit by Governor Turney, to which he was reelected in 1896 for a term of six years; in 1902 he was elected a judge of the Court of Chancery Appeals of the State, serving eight years, and he was elected in 1910 to membership in the Court of Civil Appeals.

Judge Taylor was a steward in the M. E. Church, South, for a number of years, and was for twelve years superintendent of the Sunday school, holding both positions at the time of his death. He was a Mason (a Knight Templar) an Odd Fellow, Knight of Honor, an A. O. U. W., and Knight of Pythias. In each State election his majority exceeded 45,000.



JUDGE JOHN M. TAYLOR.

Just before the close of the war Judge Taylor was married to Miss Amanda J. McHaney, a splendid, beautiful Southern woman, and three children survive—a son and two daughters.

He was author of the bill in the Constitutional Convention of 1870 that no school established under or aided under the Constitution "shall allow white and negro children to be received as scholars together in the same school."

WILLIAM TUCKER.

William Tucker was born April 29, 1839, in Canal Dover, Ohio. In 1857 he removed to Arkansas, from which State he enlisted in the Confederate army in 1862 as a member of Hart's Battery, under General Churchill. He was captured at Arkansas Post in January, 1863, and imprisoned at Camp Butler, Ill. He was converted in this year, and in 1867 was ordained a minister in the Baptist Church, in which he stood high as a preacher of the gospel. He held a prominent place in his community as a high type of Christian gentleman, and none was more respected. To the cause for which he had fought he was ever loyal.

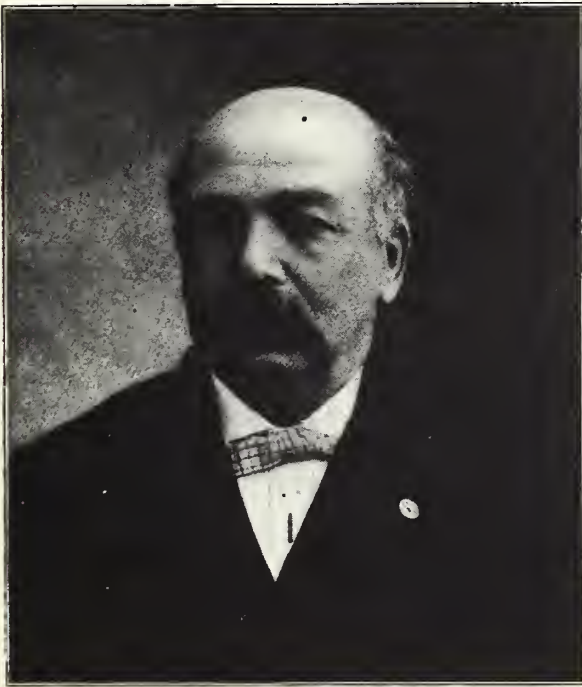
MISS VIRGINIA C. CLAY.

It seems fitting to record in the Last Roll the name of Miss Virginia Clementine Clay, of Huntsville, Ala. She was not born until 1862, but by inheritance and association she had lived a life as devoted to Dixie as any comrade who fought in the battles. She was for a long while editor of the Huntsville Democrat, and its columns were ever loyal to the cause of the Southern people. Her two sisters, Susanna and Eloide, and the two brothers, William Lewis and J. Winters Clay, will ever cherish the memory of this noble member of the family. Francis Tappey wrote for the Democrat a sentimental and beautiful sketch of Miss Virginia.

ISAAC E. HIRSH.

Isaac E. Hirsh was born in Germany in 1836. He came to the United States when fifteen years old, lived in Buffalo, N. Y., about five years, then went to Sidon, Miss., in 1857, and from there enlisted in the Confederate army.

On April 6, 1861, he was mustered into the Black Hawk



J. E. HIRSH.

Rifles, known as Company G, 22d Mississippi Infantry. This regiment was in reserve at Columbus, Ky., while the battle of Belmont, Mo., was fought just across the river; it was with Gen. A. S. Johnston at Bowling Green, Ky., and was one of the first to receive the enemy's fire at Shiloh. This first volley totally disabled the colonel and major, and killed or mortally wounded the lieutenant colonel and five captains, also a number of other officers and men. Company G was the rear guard on the retreat to Corinth and again on the evacuation of Corinth; was under fire of warships and gunboats at Vicksburg in the summer of 1862, and fought at Baton Rouge, La., August 5, 1862 (the colonel was killed there), had a brisk skirmish with the enemy at Van Buren, Tenn., in September, and on October 3 it opened the battle of Corinth on the extreme right. In this battle Comrade Hirsh received in the left breast a bullet which was never extracted. He fought at Coffeeville, Miss., and participated in the campaigns of Deer Creek and Fort Pember-

ton. He was in the battle of Baker's Creek, Miss., and came out with Loring and fought at Jackson, Miss. At New Hope his regiment was on the extreme left of the line when he was struck by a fragment of the first shell that came over, having his leg fractured and disabling him for field duty. While in the hospital at Forsyth, Ga., he was detailed as acting assistant surgeon by Dr. John Patterson, of Murfreesboro, and assisted Dr. Daniel DuPre, of Nashville. He went with the hospital to Columbus, Miss., during the campaign in Tennessee and back again to Forsyth.

After Johnston's surrender, Comrade Hirsh started for home, and got his parole at Selma, Ala., May 10. He married in 1869, and a few years later had to leave the South on account of the climate. He lived a few years in Chicago, then moved to Iowa, where he found the Yank who fired the first shell on the extreme Federal right at New Hope, Ga., which had disabled him. In 1880 he removed to New York City, where he was a member of the Confederate Veteran Camp. He went to New Hampshire in 1903, making his home at Westmoreland Depot. His death occurred there on February 22, 1911. He had aged very rapidly after the death of his wife, in 1906. Two sons and two daughters survive. One of his sons writes: "Father was a good soldier, a good Mason (Treasurer of Kismet Shrine, Brooklyn, 1894-1903), a good philosopher, a good farmer, and a good father." What better could be said of any man?

A. J. HARRELL.

A. J. Harrell, who died at Oklawaha, Fla., on January 7, was born in Gates County, N. C., but removed early in life to Greenville, Ala. He enlisted when eighteen years of age in an Alabama regiment of infantry, and was soon assigned as a sharpshooter to the 23d Battalion of Georgia Sharpshooters, and served faithfully with that command in all the campaigns of the Army of Tennessee. He was captured at Nashville, Tenn., on December 16, 1864, after the remnant of his battalion had been killed or wounded. He was sent to Camp Douglas, where he remained until paroled at the close of the war. He was the best shot in the battalion at six hundred yards. While in prison, under the trial of cold, hunger, and the hopelessness of exchange he was offered the inducement, along with others, to enlist in the United States service with a pledge that they would be sent west to guard the Pacific Railroad, with plenty of rations, warm clothes, and little service. His reply was characteristic of the man and soldier that he was: "I will stay here and leave my bones to rot before I will desert my country and prove false to my oath."

JAMES T. HOUSTON.

James T. Houston, a native of McNairy County, Tenn., died at Corinth, Miss., on the 23d of November, 1910, aged sixty-eight. At the beginning of the war he enlisted in the 13th Tennessee Regiment, commanded by Col. John V. Wright. He was with the regiment at Belmont and Shiloh, and was afterwards transferred to cavalry and served under Gen. John H. Morgan until his death. He was with him in his raid into Ohio. He served the latter part of the war under Forrest as a member of the 19th Tennessee, Bell's Brigade; was at Brice's Crossroads, Harrisburg, Sulphur Trestle, Pulaski, and Johnsonville; was with Hood on his march to Nashville, and surrendered at Gainesville, Ala.

Comrade Houston was a member of one of the oldest families of the State, and leaves many relatives in Tennessee, one of whom is Judge M. H. Meeks, of Nashville. No one was more loyal than James Houston to the cause he loved.

CHARLES L. RIDLEY.

[A beautiful tribute by one who knew and loved him.]

Taps have sounded for the noble, lovable, chivalrous spirit of Charles Lewis Ridley. He has answered the last roll call, and by this call to heaven the world has lost a good man—one who was loyal to his friends, upright in his principles, devoted to his family, indulgent, yet just, always cheerful and cheering, helpful, and useful. He heard God's call, and passed away at his home, Ridley Place, Nashville, Tenn., on March 24, 1911. His was a beautiful falling asleep—conscious until the last, surrounded by those he loved best on earth, and smiling gack at them as the gates of God's paradise shut him in from mortal view.

His was a truly home-loving heart, shown in tenderness for wife, children, and grandchildren. He lived close to nature; he loved his trees and grass and vines. The birds and squirrels on his lawn he always cared for and fed, and the faithful servant Anna, who had ministered to him and his for many years, was always remembered.

The funeral services at the residence were very impressive. Exquisite floral tributes gave evidence of the high esteem in which he was held. There were prayers and Scripture reading by Dr. J. H. McNeilly, his lifelong friend and minister. "Just as I Am" and "Crossing the Bar" were sung by Mrs. Graham Hall, and the farewell of the Bivouac, with its "Rest, Soldier, rest," as they placed the Confederate flag among the lilies that covered him was very impressive. The song of a mocking bird was a fitting tribute to the occasion as he sang out of doors in the sunshine so bright, so golden.

The Bivouac, the honorary and active pallbearers, relatives, and friends followed his remains to the Union Railway Station, whence they were taken to Murfreesboro for interment. In Murfreesboro friends of his boyhood were pallbearers. The funeral sermon was preached by Dr. McNeilly, and prayers were said by Dr. J. Addison Smith, pastor of the Presbyterian Church. He was then laid to rest in Greenwood Cemetery with the many loved ones who had gone before.

Charles L. Ridley was born in Murfreesboro in 1847, the youngest of five sons of Chancellor Bromfield Lewis Ridley. The four older boys, Jerome, Lucas, George, and Bromfield, enlisted early in the Confederate army. The family then moved from Murfreesboro to their country home, Fairmont, near Old Jefferson, where Mrs. Ridley lived with her daughter and young son, Charles, with faithful servants until the stately home was burned by the Federals.

Fairmont was located by the historic Stone's River, and during the battle there was seen from the gallery a severe engagement between the contending forces of Bragg and Rosecrans. Mrs. William Blackmore, who was Bettie Ridley, wrote of this in 1867: "The flash, smoke, and deafening noise of the artillery, the click of small arms, deploying troops in an open field, the shouts and curses of the infuriated soldiers created a memorable scene. At last the bloody struggle ended. Bragg withdrew, and we were surrounded by a desperate but victorious foe. My father left home for safety, taking with him my youngest sister, thirteen years of age. My five brothers and husband were with their respective commands, leaving my mother, grandmother, and me alone with no protection." Fairmont was burned shortly after this engagement at dead of night. The family were saved by being awakened by the dog, Carlo.

Young Charles had urged his mother to let him join his brothers, but he was too young to enlist. One day he rode up the Jefferson Pike to see a friend who, he heard, had been

arrested, and he was also arrested under charge of being a bushwhacker. He was carried to Murfreesboro, tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. He was confined in the Murfreesboro courthouse with a lot of Confederates, but that night Forrest liberated all the prisoners there confined. In the crisis of this reversing of prisoners Charles gave his little gray mule to a Federal (who had said to him, "You will dangle at a rope's end to-morrow morning") on his honor that he would go to Fairmont and tell his mother that he had joined Forrest's men. This the Federal did as he passed through Jefferson on his way to La Vergne.

Lieutenant Ridley thus joined the army, but was not regularly enlisted until the latter part of the war. Gen. Ben Hill made him one of his aids, and he was highly esteemed by General Hill, who often complimented him for his daring service



CHARLES L. RIDLEY.

in carrying orders on the battlefield. He surrendered in 1865 with Gen. Ben Hill at Chattanooga.

Charles L. Ridley was married in 1871 to Miss Hettie B. Fitzpatrick, of Lauderdale County, near Ripley, Tenn., a beautiful and charming woman, who survives him with their three children, Mrs. Robert W. Nichol, Charles Lewis Ridley, Jr., of Nashville, and Bromfield Lewis Ridley, of Birmingham.

CAPT. F. F. TIDWELL.

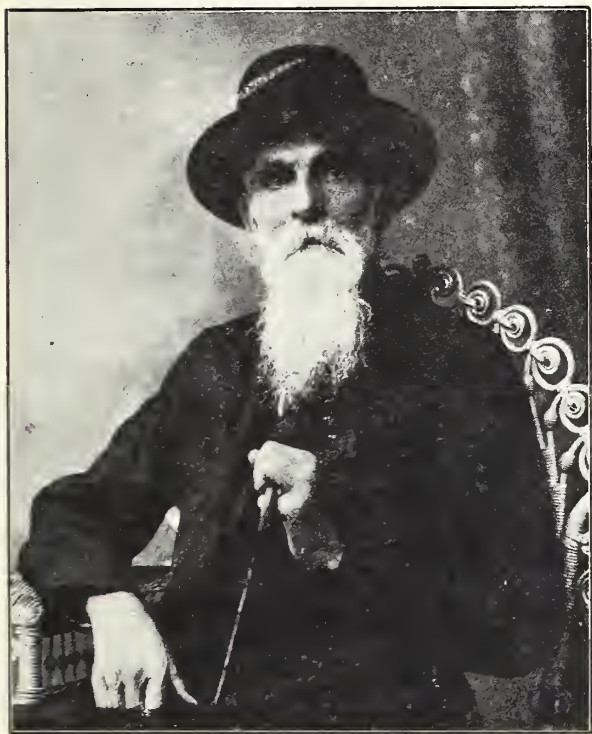
On Monday, February 20, 1911, at his home at Burns, Tenn., Capt. F. F. Tidwell died, aged seventy years, eight months. Funeral services were held at the Christian church at Burns by Elder I. B. Bradley, assisted by Rev. A. J. Luther. He was buried in Union Cemetery, Dickson, Tenn. The burial service was conducted by the local Lodge of F. and A. M.

COL. JOSEPH DILLARD WILSON.

Joseph D. Wilson, who was born in Pittsylvania County, Va., near Danville, May 20, 1824, was the fifth of twelve children born to Greenberry and Frances Holderby Wilson, who were married in Virginia in 1798. His grandfather, Jesse Wilson, a Marylander, was in the Revolutionary War.

In his early manhood the family removed to West Tennessee, where he engaged in the manufacture of tobacco and in the mercantile business until the breaking out of the Civil War. He enlisted as a private in Captain Weldon's company of the 46th Tennessee Infantry, under the command of Col. John M. Clark. He was in the garrison of Island No. 10 during the bombardment, and after the abandonment of New Madrid surrendered with the forces under General McCall April 8, 1862.

He was held as a prisoner at Johnson's Island and Camp



COL. J. D. WILSON.

Chase, Ohio, until exchanged at Vicksburg in August. The regiment was then reorganized at Jackson, Miss., and he was elected major. In this rank he was attached to S. B. Maxey's brigade at Port Hudson, under fire of Farragut's fleet, and was with Gen. J. E. Johnston in his Mississippi campaign against Grant, including the siege of Jackson. Subsequently he was on duty at Mobile under the brigade command of General Quarles until just after the battle of Chickamauga, when they joined Bragg's army at Missionary Ridge.

After spending the winter at Dalton, Quarles's Brigade was sent back to Mobile, but was recalled in time to participate in the Atlanta campaign, and won special distinction at New Hope Church, on Kennesaw Mountain, and in the battles around Atlanta.

Major Wilson was promoted to lieutenant colonel, and was in command of his regiment at Atlanta until the battle of Ezra Church, July 28, 1864, when he was shot through the body near the enemy's works and taken prisoner. The "Official

Records of the War of the Rebellion" contains an official document of General Quarles to the effect that Colonel Wilson was killed, stating: "Among the killed of Quarles's Brigade was Col. John R. White, of the 53d Tennessee. Major Richardson, who succeeded to the command, was mortally wounded, and the gallant Col. Joseph D. Wilson was desperately wounded and by the brigade commander reported killed. They fell in front of their regiments, leading them on the enemy's works. Truer and more earnest patriots never lived, and the purity of their private characters gracefully softened the ruder qualities of the soldier."

Colonel Wilson lay in the Federal prison at Marietta for a short time, and was then removed to Johnson's Island, where he remained a prisoner until July 26, 1865.

In 1868 Colonel Wilson was married to Miss Annie E. Cox, daughter of Rev. Asa Cox, a Baptist minister and Confederate soldier, at Paris, Tenn. He made his home at Buchanan, near Paris, where he engaged in the tobacco, cotton, and mercantile business. He sold out here in 1884 and removed to Winchester, Tenn., where he engaged in mercantile business, from which he retired in 1892.

Eight children were born to Colonel Wilson and his wife—four sons and four daughters—all of whom survive except a son and a daughter. He was an extensive observer and reader, especially after his retirement from business. He was a man of deep and positive convictions, but never gave offense to those who differed with him in their opinions. His manners and habits were of the simplest and most modest character. As a devoted and faithful member of the Church, he was sustained by an unflinching faith. His death occurred on February 21, 1911.

J. WEAKLEY CUNNINGHAM.

The death of J. W. Cunningham occurred on November 14, 1910, at the old homestead, near Rogersville, Ala., where he had lived the greater part of his life. He joined the 57th Alabama Infantry in the spring of 1862, and served to the close of the war, surrendering with Johnston's army in North Carolina. He and John Smith, a neighbor, were the only survivors to represent the 57th Alabama at the surrender. He had been offered the adjutancy of an Alabama regiment by Colonel Cunningham, but preferred to remain as the sergeant major of his regiment.

A cousin who knew and loved him thus writes: "We were reared under the same roof from early childhood, and never did an unkind word fall from his lips. He was the soul of honor and was respected by all who knew him. He died in full faith of the justice of the cause for which he gave three years of his life and under the banner where he had been for many years a faithful Nazarene."

DR. J. R. CULBERTSON.

Dr. J. R. Culbertson, Commander of Camp Richard Robertson, U. C. V., at Gray Court, died on December 15, 1910. He entered the Confederate army in September, 1864, becoming a member of Company C, 3d South Carolina Battalion, Kershaw's Brigade. At the close of the war he studied medicine, and was successful in its practice, which he continued up to a few months before his death. He was a true and loyal friend, and those in need or distress found in him sympathy and help. He was noted for his good and charitable deeds in relieving the suffering of those to whom he ministered, and he was a devout member of the Church. His devoted wife and many relatives and friends survive him.

MAJ. E. O. WOLF.

Maj. E. O. Wolf, of Izard County, Ark., died at his old home, near Myrom, on October 20, 1910, at the age of eighty-three years. He was known and loved by all who knew him. His home had been in that community since the war. He served as a soldier in the Mexican War, and was also a major in the Confederate army. Readers of the VETERAN will remember Major Wolf's story of his experiences which appeared on page 380 of the VETERAN for August, 1910. He was the major of Ford's Cavalry Battalion, and was captured on one of Price's raids. Major Wolf had a remarkable career during the war. (See page 380 of VETERAN for 1910.) He was under sentence of death, and the correspondence of himself and wife is in "War Records," Part I., Volumes XXXIV. and XLI.; Part II., Volumes VI. and VII.

Major Wolf leaves a wife and seven children. For nearly half a century he had been a faithful Church member.

DAISY O'BANNON CANNON.

After tedious days and nights of grief, Daisy O'Bannon Cannon (Mrs. Thomas L. Cannon) has passed over the river and rests in the shade on the other side.

She died March 14, 1911, at six o'clock, having been in a hospital since last August. There had scarcely been a day since that time that there was any hope of her recovery; but by God's good will she has been spared this long to her loved ones. She was a loving wife, a devoted child, and a loyal Daughter of the Confederacy.

[The foregoing was sent by Mrs. A. E. Morgan, St. Louis.]

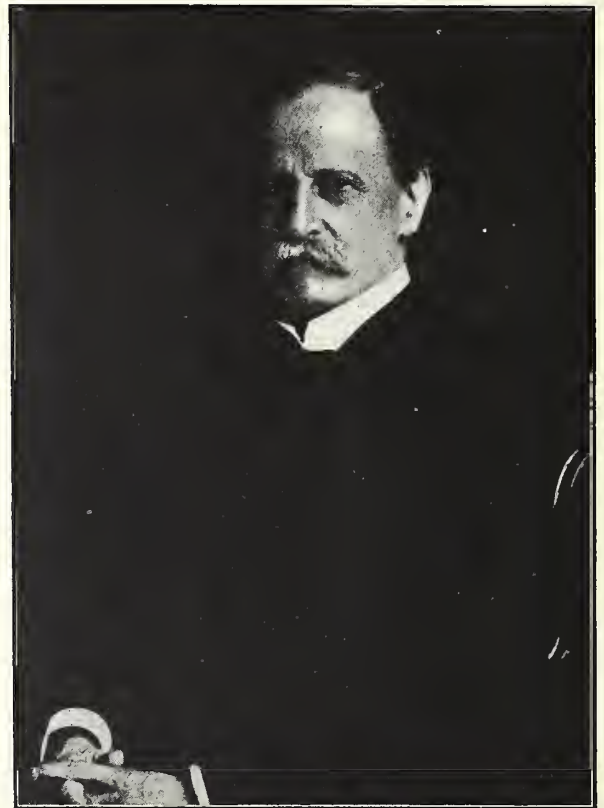
MAJ. ROBERT RANDOLPH HUTCHINSON.

Robert Randolph Hutchinson was born in Petersburg, Va., August 28, 1837, the son of Rev. E. Carter Hutchinson and Lucy Burwell Randolph. He was educated at the University of Virginia, and then went to the University of Berlin, Germany. He was admitted to the bar in St. Louis, Mo.; but the war broke out about that time, and he became one of the Missouri Minute Men, the first organization of Southern sympathizers in Missouri, which came into existence in 1860. He aided in raising a company of the 2d Infantry Regiment of the Missouri State Guards, which went into camp at Lindell's Grove on May 3, 1861. This camp became known as Camp Jackson, and Major Hutchinson was serving as first lieutenant of a company at the time the camp was captured. He soon afterwards went to Memphis, Tenn., where he enlisted in the 1st Missouri Infantry Regiment. Commissioned a lieutenant at the beginning of his military career, he was soon made adjutant of his regiment, then promoted to major and assistant adjutant general of Bowen's Brigade, and later of the division. He was in active service in the field thereafter throughout the war, participating in most of the engagements fought in Mississippi up to the time of the capture of Vicksburg. After the surrender at Vicksburg, he was adjutant general of paroled prisoners at Demopolis, Ala., until returned to the Confederate service through an exchange of prisoners.

In the fall of 1863 he joined the Army of Northern Virginia as assistant adjutant general of the division commanded by Gen. Robert E. Rodes, which constituted a part of Stonewall Jackson's corps. He was promoted to the rank of major, and subsequently to that of lieutenant colonel, serving continuously in the field and participating in all the battles of the campaign, from the Wilderness to Richmond, until captured at the battle of Cedar Creek, in Virginia, in the fall of 1864. He was held

prisoner at Fort Delaware until June, 1865, when he was released on parole and went to St. Louis. Under the restrictive provisions of the Drake Constitution, then in force in Missouri, those who had borne arms against the Union or who had sympathized with, aided, or encouraged the Southern Confederacy were debarred from engaging in any profession. This disability turned Major Hutchinson temporarily away from the law, his chosen profession, and he entered the banking business, from which he retired as President of the Mechanics National Bank of St. Louis, Mo., in 1906.

Major Hutchinson married Miss Mary Mitchell, daughter of Col. D. D. Mitchell, in 1865, three days after his release from prison. Their engagement had existed during the four years



COL. R. R. HUTCHINSON.

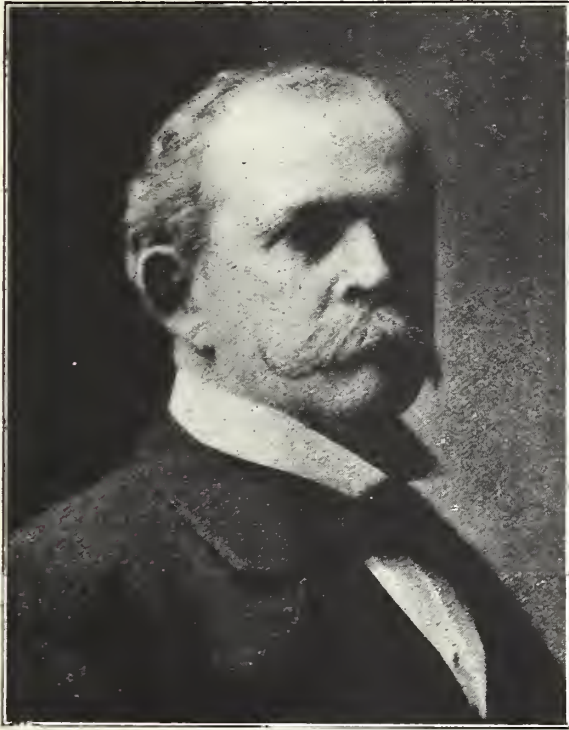
he was in the war, a period of total separation excepting a visit made in 1865 by Miss Mitchell to Fort Delaware by special permission of President Lincoln. There were eight children of this union, all of whom are living. Major Hutchinson died November 21, 1910.

[The "War Records" give a singular experience of Major Hutchinson's. On March 9, 1865, B. Gratz Brown, United States Senator from Missouri, wrote Colonel Hoffman, commissary general of prisoners, that Major Hutchinson was on General Ramseur's staff when the general was wounded and captured. General Ramseur dying soon after this, Major Hutchinson was paroled to take charge of his body and convey it to Richmond. Upon reaching General Grant's lines the parole was disregarded, and he was ordered back to Washington and put into the Old Capitol Prison. General Hoffman replied to Senator Brown that Lieutenant General Grant had the right to recall the parole to Major Hutchinson, so he was undoubtedly held until the war ended.—EDITOR VETERAN.]

JUDGE JOHN H. ROGERS.

The passing away of Judge John R. Rogers, of the United States Court (appointed by President Cleveland), who died recently in Little Rock, will sadden many a comrade and friend at the Reunion. He was holding court in Little Rock, and, failing to appear, as was his custom at the hour of opening, a messenger was sent to his room, and found him dead. Heart affection evidently caused death. Judge Rogers was born in Bertie County, N. C., October 9, 1845. His father reared a family of twelve children in Pitt County, N. C., but removed the family to Madison County, Miss., in 1852. He was a wealthy man of the time.

In addition to an academic education, John Rogers became efficient in military matters, and in his eighteenth year enlisted in the 9th Mississippi Infantry at Canton in March, 1862.



JUDGE JOHN H. ROGERS.

Early in his service he was wounded in the foot at Munfordville, Ky. He was in the battles of Murfreesboro and Chickamauga, and then did his part in the Atlanta campaign, and was wounded again at Jonesboro, Ga. He was in the battles of Franklin and Nashville. As first lieutenant of his company, he was in command at the end.

Returning home from Mississippi (marching on foot about one thousand miles), he soon entered college, and finished his education at the University of Mississippi in 1867. He taught school for a time, and began the practice of law in Fort Smith, Ark., which place was ever afterwards his home.

In the early seventies he was a partner of Judge William Walker, and later was circuit judge for five years, but resigned on account of impaired health. He next served in three Congresses, the Forty-Eighth and on to the Fifty-first consecutively. While in Congress he became eminent in many ways. He was most conspicuous in combating the arbitrary methods of the Speaker. He was made United States judge in 1896, and continued in office till his death.

In October, 1873, Judge Rogers was married to Miss Mary Gray, only daughter of Dr. Theodore Dunlap, of Danville, Ky. Four sons and one daughter were born to them. Miss Rogers will be delightfully remembered with her father on the occasion of his delivering the great address, "The South Vindicated," at the New Orleans Reunion, published in the *VETERAN* for June, 1903, and extensively in pamphlet form.

While Judge Rogers was a prominent and most useful man, it was with those who knew him intimately that his charming personality created ardent affection.

DR. G. T. GULLETT.

Dr. G. T. Gullett, who died at his home, in Atkins, Ark., on January 3, 1911, was born in Carroll County, Tenn., in 1836. He had just completed his medical course in the schools of his native State when the War between the States began, and he was among the first volunteers of Tennessee to enlist in the Confederate army. He returned only after the bloody struggle was over, having taken part in many hard-fought battles, including Shiloh, and was near when Gen. A. S. Johnston was killed. During the last eighteen months of the war he was a prisoner at Rock Island. He went to Arkansas in 1882, and practiced his profession in and around Atkins, where he was esteemed as a good citizen and friend. His wife and son, Marvin Gullett, survive him.

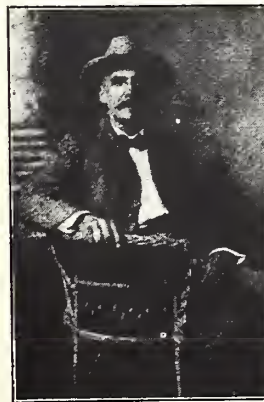
HENRY E. JOYNER.

Henry E. Joyner, who died at Rockdale, Tex., on January 21, 1911, was a native of Edgecombe County, N. C., where he was born in 1831. The family removed from there to Knoxville, Tenn., in 1841 and to Mississippi in 1842. He was married to Miss Mary Hudson in 1852.

He served throughout the entire war as a member of Company K, 10th Mississippi Infantry. He went to Texas in 1884, and became a resident of Rockdale in 1887. He had been a member of the Sam Davis Camp, U. C. V., from its organization. He was a good citizen and liked by all who knew him.

PERRY W. ALLEN.

Perry W. Allen was born April 28, 1841; and died at his home, near Semmes, Ala., January 10, 1911. At the beginning of the war he enlisted in Company I, 21st Alabama Volunteers, and served through the many hardships to the end. He was in the battles of Corinth and Farmington and in the siege of Fort Morgan. When the fort fell, he was taken prisoner and sent to New Orleans, kept there two months, and was then taken to Elmira Prison, where he remained for nine months, through cold and starvation, till the war ended. He was paroled and sent home June 15, 1865.



PERRY W. ALLEN.

After the war he was married to Miss Temple Pierce, and of this union were born nine children, five of whom died in infancy. Three sons and a daughter, with the mother, mourn the loss of a devoted father and husband. He was a loyal Church member for fifty years. He was devoted to his old comrades, and was buried in his Confederate gray.

PRESIDENT OF THE DABNEY H. MAURY CHAPTER.

Much sorrow occurred in Philadelphia on March 28, 1911, in the death of Mrs. Henry Bohmer, who died at the elegant family residence in Edgewater Park.

Mrs. Bohmer was Miss Lyons, of Richmond, Va. She was closely allied to many families of distinction. She was a great-niece of Governor Wise, of Virginia. She was a granddaughter of the eminent jurist, Judge Lyons, of Richmond. Early in life she married Mr. Henry Bohmer, whose father for thirty-five years was German Consul in Richmond. For the past fifteen years Mrs. Bohmer had lived at Edgewater Park, Philadelphia. She was President of the Dabney H. Maury Chapter, U. D. C., of that city. The Philadelphia Bulletin states that "through her executive ability and untiring energy the Chapter owes much of its present flourishing condition." She was also a Daughter of the American Revolution and a member of the Colonial Dames.

The Philadelphia Press of April 12 states of the service: "For the first time in the history of the Daughters of the Confederacy a memorial service was held in the North for a Chapter President. Rev. Dr. Richardson, rector of St. James Church, conducted the memorial service. He always made the prayer at the Chapter celebration of the birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee for Mrs. Bohmer."

MRS. HELEN DABNEY SMITH.

The Ed S. Rugeley Chapter, U. D. C., of Bay City, Tex., reports the death of a much-loved member, Mrs. Helen Moore Dabney, wife of Dr. Baxter Smith, on the 24th of February. She was born in Fredericksburg, Va., in 1844, and was the daughter of John Milton Dabney and Elizabeth Taylor Moore, who was a great-granddaughter of Patrick Henry. Through her mother Mrs. Smith was also a descendant of the Colonial Governor of Virginia, Sir Alexander Spotswood, whose daughter, Catherine, married Bernard Moore, of Chelsea, on York River, Virginia. The name of this old home was taken from Chelsea on the Thames, the home of Bernard Moore's great-grandfather, the celebrated Sir Thomas More, Lord High Chancellor of England under Henry VIII.

Mrs. Smith formerly lived at Wharton, Tex., where she was a member of the J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, but later removed to Bay City. She was an earnest worker in the U. D. C., devoted to the old soldiers of the South, and noted for her good work in Church circles. Resolutions of tender sympathy with the family and friends were passed by her Chapter. The Confederate Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy took part in the burial services. The casket was covered with the Confederate flag and many beautiful floral offerings.

CAPT. JUNE KIMBLE.

[By Judge C. C. Cummings, Historian of the Texas Division U. C. V., and his intimate friend.]

Junius Kimble was born at Clarksville, Tenn., April 1, 1842; and died at Eastland City, Tex., April 4, 1911.

In the first complete history of Texas by Henderson Yoakum (1856) there is a facsimile of the Texas Declaration of Independence from Mexico, dated March 2, 1836, in the handwriting of June Kimble's father. Mr. Kimble married Miss Farmer, to whom was born this son Junius six years later.

Junius Kimble inherited the revolutionary instincts of the father, holding that governments were made for man and not man for governments; so when the South called for men to uphold the vital guarantee of liberty, this son, not yet merged into man's estate, volunteered in the ranks of Company A,

14th Tennessee Infantry, on April 9, 1861, at his native place, serving under Lee till Appomattox, four years to the day from his enlistment. The October VETERAN of 1910 gives the remarkable experience at Gettysburg of this boy soldier with his regiment in Archer's Tennessee Brigade. That brigade was at the opening of the three days' battle on the first day and advanced with Pickett in the famous charge of that division the last day. Archer's Brigade while in Heth's Division shared equal honors with Pickett's men in thus reaching the high-water mark of the great American conflict on that ensanguined field. [This article of Comrade Kimble's elicited many comments in succeeding numbers of the VETERAN.]

Comrade Kimble soon after the war followed the example of his father, who aided in laying the foundation of Texas independence, and became a citizen of the Lone Star State. In 1886, four years before the general organization of the United Confederate Veterans, he assisted Dr. S. H. Stout in forming at Eastland Camp Stout, the oldest Camp in the entire State organization. Dr. Stout was medical director of hospitals for the Army of Tennessee. Last year (1910) was the twenty-fourth anniversary of this Camp, and Comrade Kimble was its Commander from the beginning. At his request he was buried in his suit of gray in a coffin trimmed with gray.



CAPT. JUNE KIMBLE, A NEPHEW AND NIECES.

For more than thirty years Captain Kimble took a foremost stand as one of Eastland's prominent citizens. He was editor of a local paper, and was a clear and most forceful writer. He was a consistent member of the Christian Church, served four years as county clerk, and died as vice president of one of the local banks. In 1886 he married Miss Rebecca Connelley, of Eastland, Tex., who died in 1890. They had no children. "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

MAJ. HENRY BUCHANAN.

Henry Buchanan died at his home, in Hickman, Ky., on January 22, 1911. He had rounded out eighty-seven years, and up to within three months of his death he was in perfect health and was as cheery and bright as though but fifty years had been the time which he had journeyed along life's pathway. He had been permitted to celebrate his golden wedding. By his judgment and integrity he had amassed a fortune, and he carried sunshine wherever he went. He was the survivor and hero of three

wars. He fought the Rogue Indians in Oregon. He was at Buena Vista with Zachary Taylor in 1847. In the mighty struggle from '61 to '65, although a prosperous merchant in Louisville, he promptly enlisted in Company H, 9th Kentucky Infantry. He was elected second lieutenant, first lieutenant, and captain. He was in company with some of the most daring and successful scouts during the war. His courage was of that calm, noble sort which discharges without fear every

duty that war can bring. He was a worthy member of the Orphan Brigade. No greater tribute could be paid. Everything he had was swept away by the war.

In 1865 he began in a subordinate position. He had nothing but a dollar and fifty cents. By his industry, his honor, and his marvelous good judgment a few years ago he was able to retire, and with his devoted wife enjoy the fruits of his toil.

Generous in all his thoughts, considerate in all his expressions, just in all his dealings, honorable in all his transactions, brave wherever duty called, broad-minded, patriotic, he rounded out a beautiful and wonderful life.

The Confederate States had no more loyal son nor the South a more devoted citizen. His liberality in all matters that affected the South and its causes ever excited the admiration of his friends. He leaves behind him memories which establish his claim to true greatness. His presence ever made life brighter and more joyous for his fellow-men.

[From sketch by Col. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville.]

JOHN WHITEHEAD BURROUGHS.

John W. Burroughs on January 19, 1911, at Savannah, Ga., "crossed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees." He was born August 9, 1840, in Savannah, and was the sixth son of the late Joseph Hallett and Valeria Berrien Burroughs. His mother was the eldest daughter of Judge John M. Berrien, Gen. Andrew Jackson's Attorney-General. He was descended from a long line of distinguished ancestors, including the Eatons, Moores, Halletts, MacPhersons, and May-

hews. Before reaching his majority he graduated at Oglethorpe Presbyterian University.

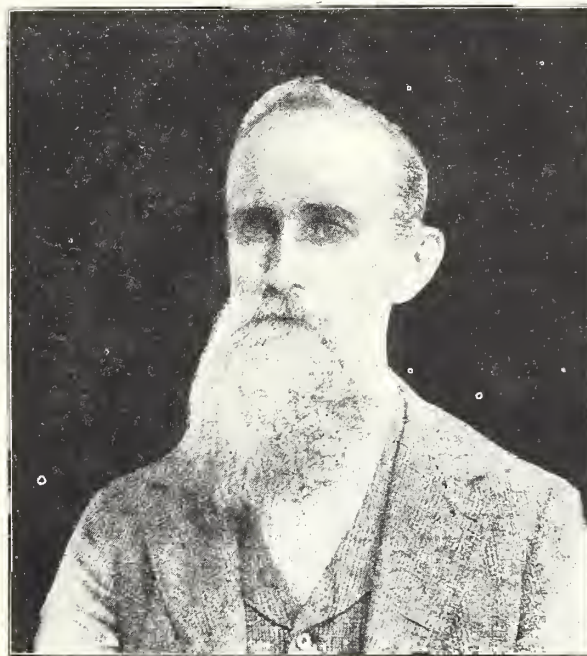
At the beginning of the Civil War he was a member of the Savannah Volunteer Guards, and was transferred to the 21st Battalion of Georgia Cavalry and made ordnance officer. Soon afterwards this battalion was consolidated with the 24th Battalion of Georgia Cavalry and formed the 7th Georgia Cavalry. John Burroughs participated with his regiment in all the battles of the Army of Northern Virginia, and surrendered with his command in North Carolina. Returning to Savannah, he studied law with his distinguished father-in-law, the late Hon. Edward J. Harden, and practiced this profession the rest of his life.

By his first marriage, to Miss Ellen Harden, a daughter survives. His second marriage was to Mrs. Robert Charlton Guerard, who is left with two daughters and two sons.

Comrade Burroughs was a gallant soldier, a consistent member of the Church, and a wise and able lawyer. It was to his high attributes as a man and citizen that the love and affection of his community were given. Upright, honorable, kind, charitable, and benevolent, he made his record.

CAPT. MITT LIVINGSTON.

Mitt Livingston was born in Alabama. He removed to Texas prior to the Civil War, and was a practicing physician. At the beginning of the war he enlisted in Company C, 4th Texas Infantry, Hood's Brigade, of which he was made third corporal, but was elected lieutenant at the first vacancy in 1862, and promoted to captain in 1864. He was a gallant soldier, and participated in all the battles that Hood's Brigade engaged in; was wounded at Chickamauga and at Gettysburg.



CAPT. MITT LIVINGSTON.

After the war he returned to Milam County, Tex., and engaged in farming. In 1868 he was married to Miss Eugenia Streetman. He was elected sheriff of Milam County in 1876. Death came to him on November 3, 1910, at the age of seventy-four years.

[Other Last Roll sketches are unavoidably held over.]

SOUTHERN COMMERCIAL CONGRESS.

WHAT WAS SAID OF ARKANSAS BY COLONEL FORDYCE.

[One of the most inspiring gatherings of representative men in the South's interest was that of the Southern Commercial Congress which was held in Atlanta March 8-10. In compliment to the Reunion Host-State for this year and month illustrative extracts are given about Arkansas by Col. S. W. Fordyce, one of her most forceful citizens, who "was in the Union army during the war and in the Confederate since."]

I am glad to be here, and feel honored at being appointed by the good business Governor Donaghey, of Arkansas, to speak for my adopted State. This convention will emphasize more than any event that has occurred in the last fifty years the fact that the war is over and that our people are all moving harmoniously together. This is the time and place to say: "All honor to the memory of the old soldiers, both living and dead." With the soldier the war was over when the last gun was fired; not so with the political demagogue, both in and out of Congress, who, like the poor, we have always with us. To these I commend the words and actions of the great Roosevelt; and to our wise and good President Taft, who has shown in many ways his national and patriotic spirit—notably by his appointment of Southern men to United States judgeships, one of whom he has honored with the appointment of Chief Justice. He is certainly preaching peace and good will to all mankind. My hope and prayer is that we may have more broad-minded and patriotic men when occasion requires it to rise above party for the good of the country, and that at least one result of this Congress will be to eliminate the last shadow of bitterness that may have been caused by the events of fifty years ago. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battlefield and patriotic grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land will yet swell to the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

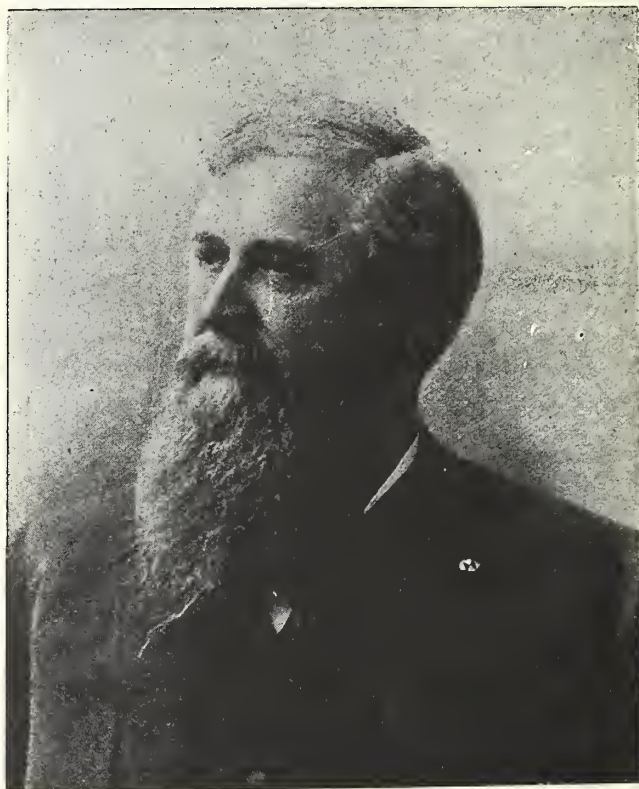
It was the dying request of General Grant that the pallbearers at his funeral should be selected from among the officers of both the Northern and Southern armies.

President McKinley, one of the most lovable of men and wisest of Presidents that ever occupied the presidential chair, told me on first entering Congress in 1877 that his ambition was to live long enough to see his country united in bonds of affection and brotherly love; that no government could long endure unless founded upon the respect and confidence of its people.

My experience of forty-five years as a citizen of the South teaches me that the sentiments of distinguished men of the North are echoed by men in the South no less patriotic. Most notable among these are the distinguished Georgians, the lamented gallant Gordon and the illustrious Grady. What a bright and happy omen is before us and our children—the country reunited in heart and hand. Verily the year of jubilee has come.

For forty-nine years I have been identified with the South and Southwest as a citizen and otherwise (the otherwise as a Federal officer during the unpleasantness between the States). No one realizes more than the Northern soldier that no braver or more knightly people ever went forth to battle for a cause they believed to be just, and no people ever met with more courage than they the difficult problems that confronted them on their return to their impoverished States and homes. Men and women reared in the lap of luxury and who never wanted

for money, bread, or raiment set vigorously to work with head, heart, and hand at first to gain a mere subsistence and eventually to restore their lost fortunes. How well they have succeeded is now demonstrated by their comfortable homes, their splendid churches and schools, their material well-being, and the great development in their agriculture, mines, and manufactures, etc. The day of the demagogue in politics is fast passing away, and the people are beginning to understand that their interest lies more in the practical upbuilding of their respective sections than it does in giving heed to the howling political demagogue, who seldom practices what he preaches.



COL. S. W. FORDYCE.

From choice at the close of the War between the States I cast my lot in the South—ten years in Alabama and thirty-five years in Arkansas. I shared with her in her trials and tribulations during the dark days of Reconstruction, and united with her in the upbuilding of her once down-trodden land and sorely oppressed people. I rejoice with her in her peace, prosperity, and happiness, which I trust is assured for all time.

Forty-five years ago the same unsettled and poverty-stricken condition that attached to Arkansas prevailed more or less in each of the Southern States. Her citizens returned home from war without money or credit. With little live stock or tools or machinery of any kind, they virtually commenced life anew.

The vast undeveloped resources of Arkansas at once attracted the railroad promoter and builder, and from one short railway of forty-seven miles, between Little Rock and De Valls Bluff, on White River, we now have in operation 6,228 miles, an undeveloped tonnage in sight for more than 20,000 additional miles.

We have telegraph and telephone lines all over the State, and the rural mail delivery reaches to the door of almost every family. We are all proud of our State, and are glad to have

this opportunity of proclaiming to the world that Arkansas is a most important factor in the business of the solid South.

She has Mammoth Spring, the largest spring in the United States, and the greatest number affording good, wholesome drinking water, besides a large number of mineral springs of varied medicinal qualities, including the famous Hot Springs (owned and controlled by the national government). Her streams teem with fish of many edible varieties. The average quantity of cotton produced per acre equals that of any other State, and she ranks fourth in point of production. Her cotton averages with the best grade.

Arkansas has more miles of navigable water than any other State in the Union. She has the largest deposit of bauxite in the world, the largest deposit of fuller's earth in the United States. She has the largest deposit of what is known as smokeless semi-anthracite coal. She has the largest deposit of slate with the greatest variety of colors in this or any other country, the greatest variety of soil and minerals, and the largest quantity and the greatest variety of novaculite oil stones in the world. She has the largest quantity and best quality of clay, which is used in the manufacture of pottery; it is exported to Japan and China, and from it the finest china is produced. Her building stone is of a quality and quantity sufficient to meet every demand.

Nothing has so united the North and South as business, intermarriage, and the Spanish War. The South to-day is more loyal to the government than any other section of the country, because she has more native-born American citizens in proportion to population, and to these the government must look for aid in the event of foreign wars. Her loyalty was demonstrated in the Spanish War beyond all question.

Her Capitol, while not the largest, is the finest in the South. She pays the highest per capita school tax in the Union.

A brighter day still is dawning upon us in the soon-to-be Panama Canal, and it is hard to predict the great revolution in commerce that will then take place, as millions of tons of the South's products will be transported over our railways that now go east to the Atlantic Seaboard and west to the Pacific.

It has within its borders the only genuine diamond mine that has been found in the United States from which more than 1,200 diamonds have been taken, thoroughly tested, and pronounced by the best authorities to be as genuine and fine as those from South Africa. Fresh-water pearls, valued as high as ten thousand dollars each, have been found in this State.

She has the largest rice yield per acre of any State in the Union, the largest fruit distillery, the largest sawmill in the United States, and ranks seventh in quantity of yellow pine.

The world wants what we can produce most and best—cotton, tobacco, lumber, and many other useful commodities. It is not necessary for the people of our State to leave it for change of climate or scenery. We have many cool health resorts in our mountains and elevated plateaus.

She equals any State in her intelligent, law-abiding citizens, in the sobriety of her people; in her Church and educational advantages; in the character and ability of her courts, lawyers, and lawmakers; in the stability and good management of her financial institutions; in the conservative management and debt-paying qualities of her merchants.

Arkansas bids a hearty welcome to all law-abiding people, and when they come we will not give them a stone for bread. We cannot offer life everlasting, but we do offer a most potential blessing in the way of the greatest variety of mineral and thermal waters in the world.

Come to Arkansas, and you will receive as warm a welcome

as the hot waters that flow from her mountain sides, and you can by industry soon place yourself on as firm a footing financially as the rock on which our beautiful capital city stands.

She is the equal of any State in the loyalty of her citizens to the national government, and last but not least in the beauty and accomplishments of her fair daughters.

The late Senator Benton, of Missouri once used the expression, "Westward the star of empire takes its way," and that may now be truthfully said of the South.

[The splendid donation of Colonel Fordyce to the Little Rock Reunion demonstrates proof of faith by works.—Ed.]

ARKANSAS' INVITATION TO THE VETERANS.

BY MRS. J. A. LIVINGSTON, RUSSELLVILLE, ARK.

Come over and see us, Old Soldier;
Come out in the spring of the year.
We'll give you a big, hearty welcome,
And hail you with rousing cheer.

We'll offer you berries and apples
And the best there is in the land,
And the homage that's due to all heroes
Is yours at the slightest command.

We'll show you our city of roses,
In which we take pard'nable pride,
And the key of the city is yours;
The doors of our homes open wide.

We'll show you our Capitol building,
The old Statehouse, with its quaint lore,
The storehouse of Arkansas relics
And the hist'ry and myst'ry of yore.

And if you feel jolly or boist'rous,
You foxy old "sixty-one" boys,
We'll let you fire off "Lady Baxter"
If you think she won't make too much noise.

For the day of the cannon is over—
The gun is all rusted and old,
And the part that she played for our Southland
Remains but a tale that is told.

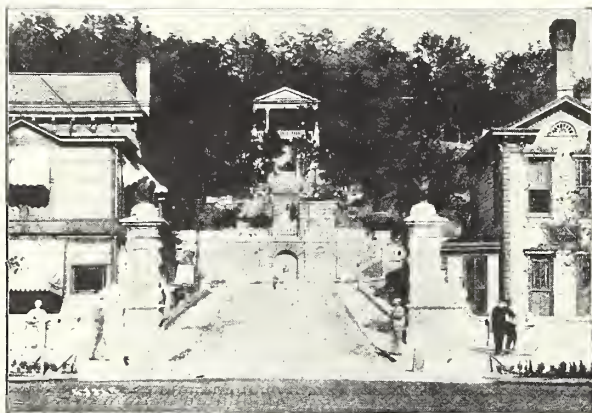
Then, come and see us, Old Soldier;
The best that we have we bestow,
And we trust that God's blessings attend you
As you sit in the camp fire's glow.



A MOUNTAIN DRIVE, HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

HOT SPRINGS INVITES LITTLE ROCK GUESTS.

A great treat will be offered the veterans and other visitors at Little Rock in the opportunity to visit the famous Hot Springs, Arkansas. With all the fame of these springs but few really know much of them. There are forty-four of the springs, flowing from the side of one of the most beautiful mountains in the world, and the discharge of the hot water, averaging 147° Fahrenheit, exceeds one million gallons a day; this quantity might be tripled. These springs are more nearly free from minerals than any other thermal waters in the world, and are the only hot waters capable of throwing out perspiration on the rest of the body by a simple foot bath with the water at a temperature of less than body heat.



GRAND ENTRANCE TO GOVERNMENT RESERVATION.

Ask your doctor how hot water would have to be in your own bathtub at home to secure this result.

More than one hundred and fifty thousand health seekers went to Hot Springs last year, twice the number who went to Carlsbad. While a large percentage of the citizens of Hot Springs have gone there for their health, the city has the smallest death rate for a similar population in the world; and, strange to relate, ninety-five percent of the patients of the army and navy general hospital are either cured or at least enabled to return to duty.

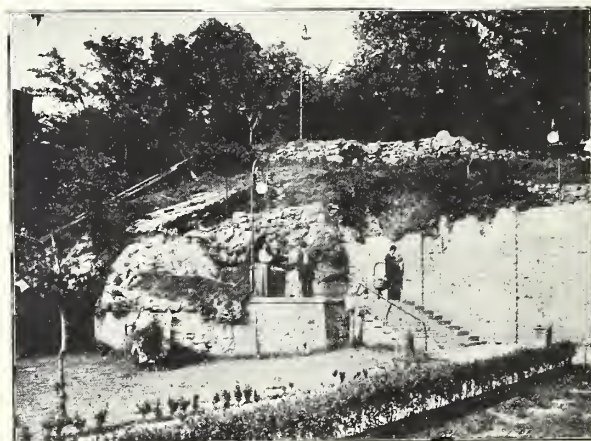


HOT WATER FOUNTAIN ON BATHHOUSE ROW.

The Reunion guests will not be health seekers so much, however, as sight-seers, and this class should not miss the opportunity, as they will be less likely to go there again. The place, aside from the wonderful springs, is of rare interest. It is stated that the population, including visitors, is from

twenty-five to thirty-five thousand people throughout the year, and it is claimed that Hot Springs could entertain the full attendance of the Reunion in her hotels and boarding houses without inconvenience. Indeed it is asserted that in Hot Springs there are more than one thousand hotels and boarding houses, and that four of them can care for more than three thousand guests. Each of these four hotels cost more than half a million dollars, and many other hotels on side streets in the city would rank well in a city of a hundred thousand population. Many of the hotels and sanitariums have palatial bathing establishments in connection, and patients are wheeled down halls to and from their rooms and baths, never leaving the hotel. Same of the bathhouses are magnificent, costing from \$15,000 to \$100,000 each. The government bathhouse furnishes the indigent poor more than a third of a million baths a year free.

The United States owns and controls the water, but leases it to the bathhouse owners. The mountains surrounding the springs are owned by the government also, and are intersected by driveways and paths, altogether a perfect fairy land of trees and shrubs, grasses, and flowers. Beautiful views of mountains and valleys are to be seen from the mountains that surround Hot Springs. At the south end of the western slope of the mountain on which the Hot Springs are situated is the army and navy general hospital, costing, with the improvements, more than a million dollars; at the north end is a mag-



ONE OF THE HOT SPRINGS.

nificent hotel, and connecting these is a broad tree-lined promenade of concrete. Facing this walk, with plots of green, are the bathhouses on the reservation which are elegant bathing establishments.

Across the paved street from Bathhouse Row is the eastern slope of West Mountain, along the foot of which are built some of the most splendidly equipped office and commercial buildings in the country. Here are Oriental stores not equaled elsewhere in this country, containing hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of rare importations in rugs, ivory, bronze, china, silver, laces, and silks. There are souvenir stores, leather stores, ostrich feather stores, photo galleries, etc., that it would take days to see. There is a spring house built over a cold spring; in this house you can hear music and read or write letters and be served with the purest of cold water. It is the finest water-drinking pavilion in the world, costing \$75,000. Costly fountains supply the hot water free for drinking purposes, and you can drink quantities of this hot water at any temperature. It is a stimulant rather than an emetic; it is an exhilarating tonic to the weakest stomachs.

so don't be afraid that you will not like it, for it has never yet found an ungrateful stomach. There is an ostrich farm where there are many of these great birds, an alligator farm, many beautiful parks, and more rides, drives, and walks than



CENTRAL AVENUE LOOKING SOUTH.

the most romantic lover ever dreamed of. There are many suburban hotels built at famous cold water springs; a magnificent golf course and clubhouses also. The finest livery stable in the United States, not only in point of building, but in equipment as well, is at Hot Springs. More Kentucky saddle horses are there than in any city five times its size in America.

You may find much to see in Hot Springs after dark. Central Avenue is beautifully lighted. All of the larger hotels maintain splendid orchestras, and there is a ball in some one of these hotels nearly every night. Thousands of men and women throng the streets, fill the rotundas, ballrooms, restaurants, and theaters in the evenings, reminding visitors of Broadway, New York, from 8:30 to midnight. There are an air dome, three theaters, and many moving picture shows. One of the theaters has the finest vaudeville of its kind in the United States, outside the large cities.



ARMY AND NAVY GENERAL HOSPITAL.

Some of the best blood of the Old South claims Hot Springs as its home. There lived Arkansas's war Governor, H. M. Rector, and there resides his distinguished son, Col. E. W. Rector. Dr. A. S. Garnett, who was of the Confederate States navy, is one of Hot Springs distinguished physicians; while the dearly beloved Dr. J. M. Kellar, known to every veteran in the South, and Drs. E. A. Shippey, J. B. Payne, and J. A. Blaydes, all old Confederate army surgeons, are practicing medicine at Hot Springs. In fact, Hot Springs, you must know, is a Southern city in a Southern State. Some Hot

Springs young ladies traveling in Europe last year met many people who knew nothing of the State of Arkansas, but almost every one knew of the famous Hot Springs.

The silicate rock from which the Washita oilstones are made comes from Hot Springs. The two most famous products are the hot water and the whetstones. Wherever sharp-edged tools are used in any part of the world Washita oilstones are in demand.

There are many trains between Little Rock and Hot Springs, and the time is about two hours. Leaving Little Rock at about 5 P.M., you will get supper in Hot Springs.

Special railroad facilities are being arranged to get you into and out of Hot Springs from the Reunion, so you can visit the capital of the world's resorts for health and pleasure.

There is a splendid Camp of Veterans and also a Chapter of the Daughters at Hot Springs, who will be busy in looking after your comfort and special entertainment.

When you arrive at Hot Springs, ask a policeman to point out the Business Men's League Building, go there, and you will be given descriptive literature and be courteously advised. The entertainment of visitors at Hot Springs is the



UP THE MOUNTAIN BY CURVES.

business of every one, and you can ask any question of a resident and be sure of a courteous reply.

A word in regard to Hot Springs' progress along religious and educational lines. There are more than twenty churches, nearly half of which are brick and stone. The finest is the Central Avenue M. E. Church, South, a magnificent structure of stone costing some \$90,000 and with a seating capacity of about 1,200, and yet it often has "standing room only." One Sunday school class of young ladies—most of them sales girls in stores—in this Church raised more than \$500 for Church purposes last year. The Southern Presbyterian Church is a \$50,000 stone structure. There is soon to be a building for the flourishing Y. M. C. A. There is also to be a building to house the W. C. N. L. Association. It already has a splendid library, of which Miss Alta Smith is the efficient librarian. She is the local representative of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and with the blood of the Alexanders of North Carolina and the Forneys of Alabama she is one of the most active of the Daughters of the Confederacy. She will be on Gen. A. C. Oxford's staff at the Reunion. There are five splendid school structures. The high school building, costing more than \$100,000, is one of the most complete institutions of its kind to be found anywhere.

The Arkansas State Fair is held every fall at Hot Springs in the beautiful million-dollar Oaklawn Fair Grounds. In the Business Men's League Building there is an exhibit of Arkansas products. Hot Springs has done much to advance Arkansas in all progressive lines.



THE ARKANSAS STATE REUNION, U. C. V., 1909, WITH GEN. CLEMENT A. EVANS AS GUEST.

RAILROAD RATES FOR SIDE TRIPS IN ARKANSAS.

In a recent address before the Executive Committee of the Confederate Reunion Col. B. B. Chism, of Paris, Ark., former Secretary of State, called attention of the committee to the great amount of "beneficial advertising" that the State will receive from the Reunion and of the benefits that will result from having thousands of visitors go to all parts of the State after the Reunion. He said: "The people of this State should be brought to a realization of the fact that Arkansas, and not merely the capital city of the State, is to act as hostess to the Confederate Veterans and show them that Arkansas has good lands, good people, and a good city for its capital. This Re-

union is worth more to the State as an advertisement than anything that ever took place within its borders."

Judge W. M. Kavanaugh, Chairman of the Executive Committee, stated that all the railroads in their Reunion folders are offering special rates of one fare plus 50 cents for side trips from Little Rock after the Reunion is over. It is expected that thousands of Reunion visitors will take advantage of the opportunity to inspect a great and rapidly developing State.

While this is the first General Reunion of United Confederate Veterans in Arkansas, the United Daughters have held two conventions in the State—the first in Hot Springs in 1898, and the other in Little Rock in 1910.



FROM GROUP OF UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY AT LITTLE ROCK IN 1910.

YOUNGEST MEMBER OF THE U. S. SENATE.

United States Senator Luke Lea, of Tennessee, was thirty-two years of age on April 12, 1911. He is the son of Mr. Overton Lea and a member of one of the best families of Tennessee. His maternal great-grandfather, William Cocke, was the first United States Senator from Tennessee, and Luke Lea is the second youngest man that has ever been elected to the United States Senate, Henry Clay being the youngest to reach that distinction. Both were born April 12, one hundred and two years apart—Clay in 1777, Lea in 1879.

Mr. Lea graduated from the University of the South (Sewanee), and later, in 1903, from the law school of Columbia University, of New York. Adopting law as his profession, he has practiced in Nashville since his graduation. He married a daughter of Mr. Percy Warner, and there are two bright sons.

In 1907 Mr. Lea organized the Tennessean Company, a morning newspaper. In September, 1910, the Tennessean purchased the Nashville American, and Mr. Lea is the owner.

His entry into politics occurred in 1906, when he espoused the cause of Patterson for Governor, and two years later supported Carmack, his competitor. He was a leader in the successful movement for an independent judiciary in 1910.

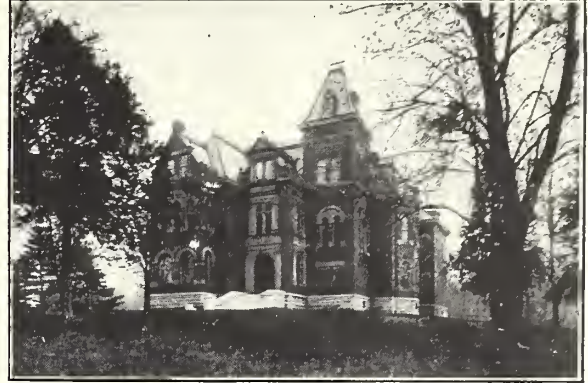
The grandfather of Senator Lea, the late John M. Lea, might be classed as Tennessee's first citizen. For many years before his death, which occurred about a decade since, he seemed to concern himself almost entirely in making bequests for the public good. His friendship for the Editor of the *VETERAN* is pleasantly remembered. Frequently for years preceding his death when with friends about him on the street Judge Lea would call the writer and, addressing him, say: "I tell C— I hope he will get to heaven. I don't know of his fitness, but I have never been anywhere yet that I didn't see him."

The father of the young Senator called at the office to subscribe, and, detecting that he was writing a check for \$4, mention was made that the price was only \$1. He then said, "The *VETERAN* has been published four years, hasn't it?" and added, "I ought to have been taking it."



UNITED STATES SENATOR LUKE LEA.

When Mr. Luke Lea was elected Senator, his parents were in Bermuda, and in response to a congratulatory letter Mr. Overton Lea wrote: "Luke fully realizes the great responsibilities that rest upon him, and will be untiring in his endeavor to discharge faithfully the duties of his office, and I feel absolutely sure he will always prove honest in its broadest sense, and no one will ever be at a loss where to place him on all public questions." Overton and Lea are significant names.



LEALAND, RESIDENCE OF MR. OVERTON LEA, THE BOYHOOD HOME OF SENATOR LUKE LEA.

The last day Paul Davis Cunningham [whose death occurred in the Rio Grande July 13, 1901, and will be recalled by many] spent in this city he was a guest at Lealand, this magnificent suburban place, from which General Hood witnessed much of the disastrous battle of Nashville.

"SHALL I TAKE THE VETERAN?"

BY MRS. ANNA E. MAYES-M'FALL, MAYFIELD, KY.

Yes, I shall take the *VETERAN*. Nine and sixty months have passed since a soldier in gray of that noble band of the 7th Kentucky Regiment read to me evenings from its sacred pages, pausing erstwhile to recount some incident relative to the subject-matter not chronicled therein. But—the soldier has gone away! His home is now in that delectable place where verdure endures forever, where the gray hosts rest from the long, weary marches and bask in the sunlight of eternal day.

Yes, I shall take the *VETERAN*, because it comforts and soothes in many a lonely hour to read of the paths that were pressed by the hallowed feet of the Confederate soldiers, the unswerving loyalty to the cause they espoused, the indomitable energy to overcome obstacles, the clean hands and tender hearts unchanged by the vicissitudes of war.

Yes, I shall take the *VETERAN*. Sometimes I greet it with tears when a vision of my older brother, Capt. George A. Cochran, looms up before me as he grandly leads his men into the fray at Fort Donelson, and later bravely cuts his way out with the peerless Forrest. A valued souvenir of the sixties is Special Order No. 23 issued by Major General Forrest from headquarters department, West Tennessee, Como, Miss., January 4, 1864: "You are hereby appointed A. Q. M. of the consolidated command of Forrest's Regiment and McDonald's Battalion, and will enter on the discharge of your duty in the position assigned." Three years in the navy at Mobile was my "little brother," Capt. Hayden Jones Cochran. Out of the battle in the bay came he unscathed.

At Shiloh fell my kinsman, Capt. John Sutherland, born and reared in Kentucky, later of Ripley, Tenn., where the U. C. V. Camp bears his cherished name.

Yes, I shall take the *VETERAN*, because I want the truth.

MONUMENT AT OPELIKA, ALA.

The Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., dedicated its Confederate monument at Opelika, Ala., on April 6, 1911, in the presence of three thousand people. It was a gala day for the town, and it marked the crowning of the efforts of the women of Lee County who have worked so untiringly for years. The day fittingly chosen was the anniversary of the battle of Shiloh. Confederate veterans from all parts of Lee County and adjoining counties were present.

The veterans were the guests of Opelika, and at twelve o'clock they formed line and marched in a body to the Clement Hotel, where dinner was served. Many visitors were taken to private residences for dinner, and the members of Gen. George P. Harrison's staff were his guests, as was Judge Thomas G. Jones, the orator of the day. The veterans lined up in front of General Harrison's residence, and there a photograph was taken. Many of the old heroes were one-armed and one-legged, but a majority of them were vigorous, hale, and hearty men.

Two o'clock was the hour for the opening of exercises at the courthouse, and shortly before that hour the line for the grand parade was formed. The parade was headed by the Auburn cadet band, while Col. B. M. Washburn, of Montgomery, was marshal of the day. Then followed General Harrison and his staff, all mounted, and behind the staff the other veterans marched in a body. Behind the veterans were many gayly and appropriately decorated automobiles and carriages, upon which the Confederate colors were conspicuous. At the courthouse space had been reserved for the veterans. All seats were taken and standing room was eagerly sought. Many people who could not gain admittance waited on the outside about the monument.

The Rev. George E. Brewer, Chaplain-General of the Alabama Division, U. C. V., opened the exercises with eloquent and fervent prayer. This was followed by "The Bonnie Blue Flag," sung by thirteen children, representing the thirteen States of the Confederacy.

General Harrison, who had been chosen presiding officer for the occasion, took the stand and tendered a gracious welcome to the visitors, and especially his comrades. He paid special tribute to the women of Opelika and Lee County, through whose instrumentality the monument had been erected and the unveiling brought about. General Harrison expressed special gratitude that monuments are going up all over the

South in honor of the veterans of the Civil War, and he predicted that at no distant time there would be a shaft to commemorate the cause at every courthouse in Alabama. General Harrison introduced T. D. Stamford as a representative of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, and he made a fine address worthy of the occasion.

The exercises were then turned over to the ladies, and Mrs. Andrews, President of the R. E. Lee Chapter, in a few words presented Mrs. B. B. Ross, President of the Alabama Division, U. D. C. Mrs. Ross's address was full of affection for those who suffered for the Confederacy and appreciation of the bravery with which the Confederates met the difficulties that confronted them, and her words of praise for the women who had worked for the erection of the monument were most warmly received by the audience. Mrs. Ross is sincerely beloved in every locality where there is a Chapter of Daughters, and she was the object of tender affection among the ladies of Opelika.

Following the address of Mrs. Ross, General Harrison again assumed the gavel, and in warm words of appreciation for the orator of the day as a Confederate veteran, as a statesman, as a judge, and as a patriot he introduced Judge Thomas G. Jones, of the United States District Court for the Middle District of Alabama. Judge Jones made a profound impression upon his audience. He logically and clearly stated the questions leading up to the great struggle between the North and the South, and showed wherein the South in training, education, and heritage could not avoid entering into the struggle.

After the address of Judge Jones and music by the Auburn band, the crowd proceeded to the site of the monument, and there the program was as follows:

Song, "We Are Old-Time Confederates," by thirty little girls.

Unveiling by Miss Virginia Burt and Master George P. Harrison.

Presentation on behalf of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, by Mrs. W. A. Andrews, President.

Acceptance on behalf of the city, by Hon. R. B. Barnes.

Benediction by Rev. D. M. Banks.

Firing salute by A. P. I. Military Company.

Music by Auburn band.

Thirteen girls, representing the thirteen Confederate States, marched around the shaft, and as each passed the front of the monument she placed a wreath before it.



GRAND GATHERING OF VETERANS AT THE RESIDENCE OF GEN. GEORGE P. HARRISON, OPELIKA, ALA.—CIGARS FOR THE CROWD.

When the two children, George Paul Harrison, III., and a little girl, pulled the cord and the monument was revealed, a great shout burst from the thousands of people standing about the shaft. Many of the spectators were moved to tears. It is said to have been the most thrilling scene ever witnessed in Lee County.

After the dedication and the dinner, General Harrison invited the veterans to his elegant home for a smoke. A notable feature in the picture on the opposite page is the multitude of very old men. Rarely is such a picture seen, the number and ages of the men considered. (It is a pity to omit a full view of the tall building and its colonial columns). Master Harrison is doubtless the youngest American whose father was a general officer in the Confederate army.

The monument, as stated, was erected through the efforts of the women of Lee County, which included the membership of Robert E. Lee Chapter and the Monument Association, of which Mrs. James Burt is President.

The Robert E. Lee Chapter was organized in 1898, and Mrs. A. L. Dowdell was its first President. The Chapter now has a membership of about fifty. It was the primary purpose of those who organized the Chapter to bring about the erection of a befitting monument to the memory of the Confederacy. They worked hard and succeeded in raising sufficient money to build the shaft. Work was begun about a year ago. To-day their hopes were realized, and it was with gladdened hearts and bright faces that they saw their work completed.

The monument is located near the courthouse, and the locality has been named Monument Park.

The shaft of the monument is made of fine Italian marble and is surmounted by a handsome figure of a Confederate soldier in heavy marching order. From the base to the top it is over thirty feet.

On the east side of the base is the following inscription: "Erected December 7, 1910, by the Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Opelika, Ala."

On the north: "Defeated, yet without stain."

On the west: "1861," under the date are crossed flags; "1865—To our Confederate dead and Lee County Veterans."

On the south:

"Nor shall your glory be forgotten
While fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps."

A vote of thanks was tendered Judge Jones for the appointment of Adjutant General Harvey E. Jones to the clerkship of United States Court at Montgomery. The Chapter also adopted resolutions of condolence with Maj. S. T. Wescott on

the death of his son, and Col. W. B. Leedy, of Birmingham, on the death of a close relative. These members of the staff were prevented by their loss from attending.

The members of General Harrison's staff present were: Col. Harvey E. Jones, Adjutant General, of Montgomery; Lieut. Col. B. M. Washburn, of Montgomery; Lieut. Col. Dr. J. W. Bartley, Chief Surgeon, of Birmingham; Lieut. Col. G. E. Brewer, Chaplain General, of Montgomery; Lieut. Cols. D. M. Scott, of Selma, G. W. Ely, of Montgomery, and W. W. Screws, of Montgomery; Maj. W. W. Wadsworth, of Wadsworth, Felix L. Smith, of Rockford, H. C. Davidson, of Montgomery, and B. F. Weathers, of Roanoke; Dr. A. H. Read, Assistant Surgeon General, and Maj. A. D. Williams, Aid, both of Opelika. Judge Jones also was the guest of Gen. Harrison.

THE U. D. C. AT DENVER, COLO.

BY MRS. I. M. P. OCKENDEN, FORMERLY OF ALABAMA.

The Charter Chapter, No. 1, of Colorado, was formed by Mrs. B. A. C. Emerson, a descendant of Virginia and Kentucky parentage. In her girlhood she gave valuable aid to the Confederacy, which cause she still loves to honor and work for. When she came to Denver, four years ago, the U. D. C. had no existence in Colorado. She called to her assistance Mrs. I. M. P. Ockenden, the Poet-Historian of the Memorial Association of Montgomery, Ala., the first Historian of the Sophie Bibb Chapter, U. D. C., one of the oldest.

Notice was given in the Denver papers of the meeting on June 22, 1909. Twenty-two enrolled as charter members; the Chapter now has a membership of sixty-eight. As far as possible all needy Confederate veterans in our city have been assisted, the sick cared for and helped back to recovery, and money was raised to send one back to his old home in Georgia. We coincide with the other States concerning the Boyson essay, and denounce the "Elson History of the United States." We realize the importance of obtaining a true history for the children of the South.

Memorial Days of our honored President, Jefferson Davis (June 3), of Robert E. Lee (January 19), and also Founder's Day (September 10) in honor of Mrs. Goodlett are observed.

Crosses of honor have been bestowed on thirteen veterans of Camp Beauregard in Denver and on six descendants of veterans.

Our Chapter was organized on the day we received the sad news of the death of Margaret Howell Davis Hayes, the last daughter of President Davis to pass away. We gave our Chapter her name without a dissenting voice.

Our contributions for the year were: To the Shiloh fund, \$5; to the Arlington monument, \$5; educational, \$5; and as director for said monuments Mrs. Emerson secured for each of them \$7.50 and for the Dan Emmett fund \$5.

This Chapter also had a hand in the erection of the memorial, consisting of altar and reredos, to Margaret Howell Davis Hayes in the church at Biloxi, Miss. The exquisite altar cloth, the gift of loyal hearts and willing hands, was presented by this Chapter, at a cost of \$75, as their tribute to the memory of Mrs. Hayes.

The Editor of the VETERAN, ever loyal to our cause and country, is helpful in recording the heroism of the noble women who helped to make history during the sixties, and who are now striving to give the true history of those who so nobly gave their lives for home and liberty.

Mrs. B. A. C. Emerson, our first President, is noted for patriotic and untiring energy. Her successor, Mrs. F. I. Smith, is filling the responsible position faithfully.



GEORGE PAUL HARRISON, III.

CONFEDERATE OFFICERS AFTER APPOMATTOX.

W. T. Hill, of the 5th Texas Regiment, writing from Maynard, Tex., refers to the article by John A. McNeel, of Lexington, Va., page 513, November VETERAN, in which it was stated that a certain biographer of General Lee mentioned an engraving of him which represents General Lee as starting alone on the long ride from Appomattox C. H. to the city of Richmond, about which Mr. Hill says: "Hood's Texas Brigade was the last of the rear guard on the road that General Lee used when he passed out of his lines. He passed within seventy yards of the 5th Texas, which I was commanding, and we had a plain view of him as he passed, and we saw an escort of four or five mounted men with him, whom we took to be his staff officers. How far this escort followed him is not known to his troops. It is not natural that General Lee would thus expose himself, nor was it natural or kind that his staff would permit him to do so."

In "Recollections and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee," written and compiled by his son, Capt. R. E. Lee, Jr., it is stated that "a day or two after the surrender General Lee started for Richmond, riding Traveler, who had carried him so well all through the war. He was accompanied by some of his staff. On the way he stopped at the house of his eldest brother, Charles Carter Lee, who lived on the Upper James, in Powhatan County. He spent the evening in talking with his brother; but when bedtime came, though begged by his host to take the room and bed prepared for him, he insisted on going to his old tent, pitched by the roadside, and passed the night in the quarters he was accustomed to. On April 15 he arrived in Richmond." This shows conclusively that he did not make the long journey alone.

[This recalls a recent conversation (March, 1911) with Gen. Clement A. Evans which represents the unusual conditions about Appomattox. The division that General Evans commanded was of the last to be paroled. He rode away entirely alone, and it was not regarded as any lack of devotion of his staff or other men of his command that he was not attended, for the burden of his mind on that day was that he would ever devote himself as fully as practicable to the welfare of those men. He started on the long journey by himself, riding on and on until nightfall. When he reached a camp of Federals he alighted and walked to the officers' tent. No one knew him personally; but as he wore his uniform with the stars and wreath of a Confederate general, the men greeted him most cordially and invited him to spend the night with them, which he did. They extended the most cordial hospitality to him and cared for his jaded horse as thoroughly as for their own. General Evans refers to this as one of the pleasantest experiences of that eventful time.]

UNITED SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

On page 215 appears a list of the U. S. C. V. general officers and Brigade Commanders. Herewith is the additional list.

Executive Council: Fontaine W. Mahood, Secretary (deceased); W. W. Old, Jr., Norfolk; E. N. Scudder, Vicksburg, Miss.; Thomas E. Powe, 3100 Hall Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Committee Chairmen: Historical Committee, George W. Duncan, Auburn, Ala.; Relief Committee, A. D. Smith, Jr., Fayetteville, W. Va.; Monument Committee, R. B. Haughton, St. Louis, Mo.; Finance Committee, vacant.

Department Commanders: A. N. V., A. D. Smith, Jr., Fayetteville, W. Va.; Army of Tennessee, J. P. Norfleet, Memphis, Tenn.; Trans-Mississippi, Cloyd H. Read, Dallas, Tex.

Division Commanders: Alabama, John L. Moulton, Mobile; Arkansas, Henry S. Hartzog, Arkadelphia; District of Columbia, E. C. Dutton, Washington; Florida, C. Seton Fleming, Jacksonville; Georgia, Charles C. Harper, Home; Kentucky, R. E. Watkins, Owensboro; Louisiana, B. H. Richardson, New Orleans; Maryland, J. Mercer Garnett, Jr., Baltimore; Mississippi, J. O. S. Sanders, Jackson; Missouri, Seymour Stewart, St. Louis; North Carolina, A. L. Cox, Raleigh; Oklahoma, Tate Brady, Tulsa; Pacific, Merritt F. Gilmer, Mukilteo, Wash.; South Carolina, A. L. Gaston, Chester; Tennessee, Thomas B. Collier, Memphis; Texas, John G. Wilson, Dallas; Virginia, W. McDonald Lee, Irvington; West Virginia, B. F. Hutton, Huttonsville.

HONORARY SPONSORS OF THE U. S. C. V.

Commander in Chief Owens has invited to Little Rock all the past sponsors in chief of the organization, and has commissioned them honorary sponsors in chief for that occasion. They are requested to notify his Adjutant General, N. B. Forrest, of Memphis, so that they may be shown the courtesy and honor due them.



MISS VARINA COOK, BATESVILLE, ARK.,
Who was Sponsor-in-Chief U. C. V. at Memphis Reunion.

NOTES ON THE WORK OF MISS L. BYRD MOCK.

"At the Sign of the Mocking Bird" is the unique insignia of one of the most unique book-making concerns in the West, perhaps in all the world, for it is the only one owned and operated by a woman, who confines her publications to her own writings, and sells nothing but that which she herself produces, and she has produced some of the most remarkable specimens of the bookmaker's art yet seen.

Miss Lucy Byrd Mock is the proprietor of this establishment in Seattle, Wash. She expects in the near future to hang out "The Sign of the Mocking Bird" in a beautiful spot in the San Juan Islands, where greater inspiration will be furnished for her work amidst idyllic surroundings not surpassed anywhere on the earth.

Miss Mock has produced an exceedingly clever and artistic book, written after the manner of Kipling's "Mandalay," a legend of the famous lake near Spokane, Wash. It is entitled "The Maid of Pend d'Oreille," printed in three different editions and beautifully illustrated. The book is vividly what the author describes it, "Just a breath of the West," being a distinctly Western production. The Siwash edition is bound in Japanese paper and tied with strips of cedar bark, the work being done by Indians. It is "dedicated to a passing race, the one-time kings of the glad wild West."

There are two other editions of the "Maid of Pend d'Oreille" one bound in sheepskin in several different colors with an Indian head in gold. But the most unique of all is the "Cowboy Edition," dedicated "To those daring souls who made the New West possible." It is bound in the skin of baby calf, tanned with the hair on, showing all the wonderful beauty spots of nature's markings. Some of them are really wonderful, resembling dragons, donkeys, and human heads and faces. One of these books, which has been sent to the Congressional Library at Washington, D. C., shows a perfect profile of George Washington's head; many of the figures are similar to those found in the Garden of the Gods in Colorado. A beautiful copy has been sent to King George of England as a coronation gift. These books are branded with an Indian good-luck sign, which embodies all the religion, mythology, and poetry of the Northwest tribes.

Many celebrated visitors to Miss Mock's studio have signed their names in her "Cowboy Blue Book." Elbert Hubbard during his recent visit to Seattle paid her a visit. He had owned a copy of the "Maid of Pend d'Oreille" for some time.

Fra Elbertus said, "You are a regular mental dynamo," and later added, "You will do big things. Go ahead and work out your dreams."

Miss Mock is a musician as well as poet. She has published three songs entitled, "Why I Like You," "You Kissed Me in a Dream," and "Forgetting," having written both words and music to all but one, which was set to music by her talented

sister, Genevieve Mock. Miss Mock was a violinist of some note before taking up journalistic work in St. Louis three years ago, and she also held the chair of Greek and Latin in Forest Park University.

The Mock home, which is a beautiful type of the old Southern mansion, is in Fayetteville, Ark., where Miss Mock graduated from the State University in 1905 with the degree of M.A. She is a member of the Chi Omega Sorority, which had its origin in the University of Arkansas.

Since Miss Mock has been in Seattle she has adopted the unique profession of "Advertising Specialist," and, besides writing magazine stories, devotes a great deal of time to writing and publishing advertising booklets that are real literary gems. A motto in Miss Mock's studio reads: "If You Would Prosper in Business, Trust the Lord and Continue to Advertise."

President Taft, Colonel Roosevelt, and the CONFEDERATE VETERAN own copies of the Cowboy Edition of Miss Mock's Indian book, "The Maid of Pend d'Oreille." Miss Mock's writings are all being translated into German and published in leading German periodicals by a writer in Leipsic, a member of the General Society of Authors in Germany, who was attracted by her articles.

Some of her recent articles are as follows: "Silver Fox Farming in Alaska," "Uncle Sam's Big Land Lotteries," "The Clay and Limestone Industry in Washington," "Possibilities in the Paper Pulp Industry," "Opportunities in Bolivia," "The Significance of the International Irrigation Congress," "The Dian of the Olympics," "The Lucerne of America," "A Week's Cruise among the San Juan Islands," "A Marble Mountain in Alaska," "Arkansas's Awakening."

Miss Mock will publish a dainty little magazine entitled "Le Moqueur" (the mocker), beginning with the July number, to be issued "Every Time the Mocking Bird Sings," each issue to be designated "Song No. 1," "Song No. 2," etc. The first issue will be called "The Prelude," and will contain "Chirpings of the Mocking Bird."

The first issue will be known as the "Golden Potlatch Number" in honor of Seattle's big carnival of that name to be inaugurated this year commemorative of the arrival of the first shipload of gold from the Klondike in Seattle July 17, 1897.

THE HISTORIC MAXWELL HOUSE.

The Maxwell House stands for a period in which solidity of material and honesty of purpose characterized the nation at the time it was constructed. Many of the great men of America have been sheltered within its walls, besides it has a history, "a history of war and conflict." It was a rendezvous for representatives of two of the greatest factions ever dividing a nation. Its rooms at present speak of the hospitality of peace and comfort when forty-five years ago they were the scenes of the greatest conflict the world has ever known. During the war and before the completion of the hotel it was seized by the military authorities and used as a barracks for Federal troops. At that time the house was known as Zollicoffer Barracks, and now in the upper stories the stone window sills are covered with names of soldiers of both armies.

After the war the construction of the building, which had been interrupted by the hostilities, was completed, and it was opened for business in 1869.

The house has recently been thoroughly overhauled, refurnished, and redecorated, so that facilities are offered for insuring correct service in all departments.



MISS LUCY BYRD MOCK.

From Arkansas.

Help to Represent the South

Are you proud of the magnificent struggle that the great armies of the South, vanquished only by starvation, made fifty years ago? Will you help to perpetuate the memory of their deeds? We want photographs of the War, **taken direct from nature**, between 1861 and 1865, because we are publishing

THE FIRST IMPARTIAL HISTORY

of the War, and such photographs cannot lie. The wife of a great Southern General never knew there were any photographs of the Army of Northern Virginia. We have found some. We have sent representatives throughout the South to collect photographs for our **PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY**, and they have brought us many photographs of the Confederate armies and the assurance that every one was eager to help a publication which is doing justice to both sides in the great struggle. Photographs are returned if desired. We want squads, pickets, companies, regiments, batteries, camps, officers, messes, pontoons, war vessels, hospitals, prisons, fortifications, artillery—all that show **WAR** and the devotion and self-sacrifice of the great armies that defended the South. Write us what you have, or send us the photographs by express, collect.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS CO., ROOM 1207, 752 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

"UNDER THE MALTESE CROSS."

A handsome volume of 850 pages, liberally illustrated, was issued some time since with the above title, and gives the story of the campaigns of the 155th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers. This work was in charge of a committee of the survivors of that regiment, who have done what should be done for every regiment on both sides in the Civil War—which is, give it a place in history. The narrative begins with the "Loyal Uprising in Western Pennsylvania," and gives faithful account up to the last volley at Appomattox. There are many contributed articles of experiences in camp and battle from those who served with this regiment. Charles F. McKenna, who is Secretary of the 155th Regimental Association, at Pittsburg, Pa. (702 Frick Building), and assisted in editing and compiling the work, will fill orders. The price is \$5.

"The Story of a Cannoneer under Stonewall Jackson," by Capt. E. A. Moore, of Virginia, is now in its second edition, and in its new and fresh form will make a pleasant impression even before the contents are sampled. What has been said of it before will bear repetition with added strength, and this, which comes from the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, is extra good: "It is a simply told tale without ornament of rhetoric; but the two covers of a single book have seldom held between them chronicles of more hard fighting or more of war's heroisms and tragedies." It is better to read the book than to hear of it. Price, \$2, postpaid. The VETERAN.

"Prison Life in the Old Capitol and Reminiscences of the Civil War"

BY JAMES J. WILLIAMSON

Author of "Mosby's Rangers"

Mr. Williamson sends us the following:

In the early part of last fall I sent out to some old friends and comrades the following circular:

"I contemplate publishing in the fall of 1910 a work entitled '**Prison Life in the Old Capitol**' (taken from a Diary which I kept while a prisoner there), with '**Reminiscences of the Civil War**.' This, I think, will appeal to a large number of the old soldiers and their descendants, as well as others interested in the general history of the South during the Civil War.

"A limited edition is proposed, and before deciding upon the publication and determining the quantity to print, it is necessary to solicit advance subscriptions.

"Those desiring copies are respectfully requested to fill out and return the blank herewith attached."

Price, cloth, \$1.50 net.

The number of blanks filled out and returned in response to this circular encouraged me to place the work in the hands of the printer.

Owing to my continued ill-health, the work was delayed far beyond my expectations, but the book is now ready for delivery.

If your bookseller cannot supply you, send order direct to

J. J. WILLIAMSON,

132 Valley Road, West Orange, N. J.

In remitting, it is safer to send money by money order, or by registered letter.

DON'T FORGET ROCK ISLAND ROUTE
TO HOT SPRINGS **The Best and Quickest**

THE PRISONER OF FORT WARREN

Written Intimately and Coming Directly from the Vice-President of the Confederacy
This Record of a Distinguished Southerner Has an Unusual Interest

Recollections of Alexander H. Stephens

CONTAINING HIS "PRISON DIARY"

Edited and with a biographical introduction by

MYRTA LOCKETT AVARY

"A heart-melting record" is the term applied by a reviewer in the *New York Times* to this book. He continues: "Of the true stories of literature, we know of none more touching and appealing than this book with which the great Georgian sought relief from the horror of his confinement." The only companion Stephens had in his imprisonment was a mouse. In his diary occur such touching entries as:

"Saw nothing of my mouse to-day. If he is about, he kept close, though I noticed that a piece of potato which I placed on the floor for him, should he seek food while I was asleep, was gone when I got up. Whether Geary [the soldier who was detailed as his attendant] or the mouse removed it I do not know. I will bait my mouse again." And again: "Unless the little mouse is eying me from his hole, I have no other companion." And this unconsciously pathetic touch: "I think he is about somewhere; he may not be alone."

Net, \$2.50 (postage, 25c.)

OTHER BOOKS OF SOUTHERN MEN AND WOMEN

A Belle of the Fifties. By Mrs. Clay (of Alabama). Memoirs of Social and Political Life at Washington and the South, 1853-66. Put into narrative form by Ada Sterling. Twenty-two portraits, two in color, from daguerreotypes of famous beauties and distinguished men. Cloth. Net, \$2.75 (postage, 25c.).

"A striking picture of conditions, social and political, during those critical and eventful times."—*New York Sun*.

"A valuable addition to the story of American social life."—*Chicago Evening Post*.

Dixie after the War. By Myrta Lockett Avary. With an Introduction by General Clement A. Evans. Thirty-two illustrations from old paintings and daguerreotypes. Cloth. Uniform with "A Belle of the Fifties." Net, \$2.75 (postage, 25c.).

"The book is written in a lively anecdotal style. The author has a keen sense of humor and a profound conception of the value of a good story. She has the right knack of selecting the most striking facts

and presenting them at the proper time and place in her narrative. Her work will throw many side lights on the dreary political history of the times."—*The Dial*.

Recollections and Letters of General Lee. By Capt. Robert E. Lee. Four photogravure portraits. Cloth. Net, \$2.50 (postage, 25c.).

"It reveals a charming personality, in which the devoutly religious element is a marked feature. It needs no commendation to Southern people, but their Northern brothers—now happily such in reality—should not overlook it."—*The Critic*.

A Southern Girl in '61. By Mrs. D. Girard Wright. Thirty-two illustrations from old photographs. Cloth. Uniform with "A Belle of the Fifties." Net, \$2.75 (postage, 25c.).

"Mrs. Wright, with her quaint, old-fashioned photographs of the long ago, and the portraits of the beautiful Southern women, makes alive their sacrifices and heroism. She has the wisdom not to dig too deep into the war, lest its wounds bleed anew. She waters the ground with sweet self-abnegation that insures a future crop of peace and good-will."—*Book News Monthly*.

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If any of our readers know of a "Confederate Scrapbook" that may be procured, please write to B. S. Dennis, Pine Ridge, Cal., who is desirous of getting a copy.

S. A. James, of Hillsboro, Tex., Route No. 7, wants to find a copy of "How G. W., or George, Peck Put Down the Rebellion," a humorous story written by a recruit in Sherman's army on his march to the sea, where he stole the cotton.

W. W. Edwards, of Abbeville, La., would be pleased to hear from some of his old army comrades of Wright's Arkansas Cavalry Battalion and the 29th Arkansas Infantry, especially those who intend being at the Reunion in Little Rock.

W. T. Howell, of Comanche, Tex., who served with Company K, of the 1st Georgia Regiment of Infantry Volunteers, Sims's Brigade, Kershaw's Division, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V., would like to hear from any survivors of his company.

Mrs. Isabella Yerion, of Ravenna, Tex., wants to find some member of the command of her husband, J. R. Yerion, who was in Capt. Frank Dority's company, 11th Texas Cavalry, under Col. Bill Young. She needs to prove his service in order to secure a pension from the State.

Mrs. Dorcas Eskridge, of Sunset, Tex., Montague County, makes inquiry for any comrades of her husband, Oliver Newton Eskridge, who knew of his service in Captain Addington's company, which was from Cleveland, Shelby County, N. C. She is trying to get a pension, and wants to know the company and regiment in which he served, as well as to hear from the comrades who can testify to his service.

Mrs. G. L. Thompson, 304 McKinley Avenue, Kewanee, Ill., wishes to secure proof of the service of her uncle, Lilburn A. Cochran, of Marion County, Mo., who was under Gens. Jo Shelby and Price. Some surviving comrades may be able to supply proof of it. She has letters from him while in prison at Little Rock, Ark., and at Alton, Ill., and there may be comrades of those days as well now surviving who will confer a favor by writing to Mrs. Thompson.

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Dr. Mudd's writing is clear and to the point, and his book includes details of some of the most interesting and thrilling events of the war.—*Memphis (Mo.) Democrat*.

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who, during the Civil
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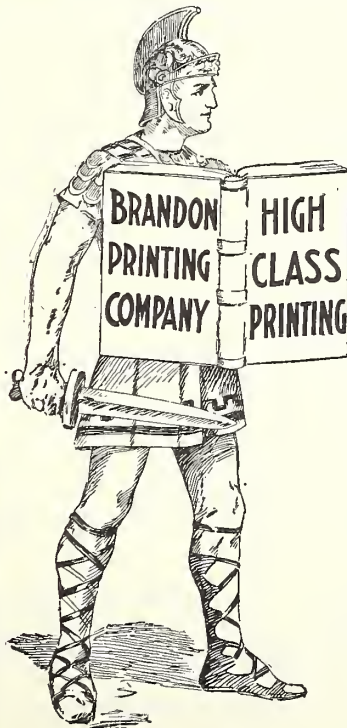
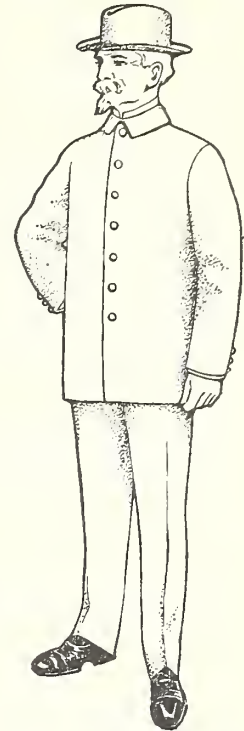
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Mrs. N. J. King, Box 3, Otto, Tex.,
who seeks to establish her claim for a
pension, will appreciate hearing from any
surviving comrades of her husband, M.

D. King, who enlisted at Meridian,
Miss., in Company K, 13th Mississippi
Regiment of Volunteers, and served in
the Virginia Army.

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W. H. Cely, of Greenville, S. C., writes that information is wanted of Robert Gavin, of Texas, with whom he served during the war at Richmond, Va. He will appreciate any information from or of him in later years.

Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, 113 Third Street, Richmond, Va., needs the following numbers to complete her file of the *VETERAN*: 1893, January, February, March; 1897, January, February, March, December; 1902, January. Write her as to condition and price asked.

Mrs. Belle Trimble, of Yellville, Ark., is trying to secure her husband's war record in order to get a pension, and asks that any comrades who remember him will kindly write to her. Ben H. Trimble served with the Kentucky troops under Morgan, but she does not know what company or regiment.

Mrs. Joseph R. Yerion, of Ravenna, Tex., wants to hear from any surviving members of Capt. Frank Dority's company of Col. Bill Young's Texas regiment who remember her husband, J. R. Yerion, who joined the command at Gainesville, Tex., in 1861. She needs a pension, and will have to get their testimony as to her husband's service.

Inquiry is made by John R. Cook, of Fort Dodge, Kans., for the war record of John G. Crump, who served in the Virginia Army. Any surviving comrades will confer a favor by writing to Mr. Cook, who, although a veteran of the Northern army, has been a father to Comrade Crump's son, and is anxious to get the father's record for this boy. He took the child when but four years of age and reared him to manhood.

C. G. Rives, Jr., of Shreveport, La. (First National Bank), is anxious to secure the record of his grandfather, Nathan Lane Williams, as a Confederate soldier. It is thought that he enlisted from Wharton, Wharton County, Tex., as he had lived there some years before the war. He was a graduate in engineering, and may have been in the engineering corps. It is also thought that he was in the battle of Mansfield, La. He had several brothers who also fought through the war, but their records are not known either. Any information will be appreciated.

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P. L. Moore, of Commerce, Tex., makes inquiry for any comrades who served with him in Company B, 3d Missouri Infantry (Captain Smith), White's Regiment, and wants to hear from any survivors.

Dr. John Cunningham, of Ravenna, Tex., asks correction of an error in the VETERAN which stated that he belonged to the 4th Texas Infantry, when it should have been the 4th Kentucky Regiment, Company G.

E. Berkley Bowie, 811 N. Eutaw Street, Baltimore, Md., wishes to procure a sword, gun, or revolver made in the Confederacy and stamped with the letters "C. S." Perhaps some of our readers can supply.

Miss Louise Pyle, 928 Marino Street, Nashville, Tenn., seeks information of the service of her grandfather, Frank Cunningham, who served in Col. Baxter Smith's regiment. She will be glad to hear from any of his comrades surviving.

Mrs. Mollie Prieto, of Union City, Tenn., asks for information of the war record of her husband, Dr. Jose Augustin Prieto, who was a surgeon in the United States army during the war. He was in the smallpox hospital at Memphis when Forrest made his raid there.

Mrs. S. F. Downs, of Comanche, Tex., wants to hear from any surviving members of Captain Bradley's company (A) of Waul's Legion who remember her husband, D. T. Downs. He first joined the cavalry in Waul's Legion, but was transferred to the infantry under Captain Bradley. His widow is trying to secure a pension, as she is old and poor, and needs another witness to certify to his service. Write her promptly.

Joseph Hutcheson, of Decatur, Ga., who was a member of the 37th Georgia Regiment, Bate's Brigade, Johnston's army, wishes to know if A. O. McDonald, who belonged to a Florida command and was captured in front of Atlanta on the 7th of August, 1864, and sent to Johnson's Island with Capt. Thomas A. Hill, of the 42d Georgia Regiment, Mr. Hutcheson, and several others, is still living. If so, he wants to hear from him.

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Mr. Z. T. Hicks, of Kennett, Mo., makes inquiry for a soldier of the 7th Mississippi Regiment named Dolph Laney. Doubtless some surviving comrades of that command may remember him.

A. Reese, 216 South Franklin Street, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., surrendered with the Crescent Regiment, Louisiana Troops, under Kirby Smith, at Natchitoches, La., on June 6, 1865. He wishes to correspond with any survivors of the original regiment.

Cicero Allen Burton, who was a member of McCullom's Rangers, of Canton, Cherokee County, Ga., would like to communicate with some surviving comrades who can testify as to his service and thus help him to get a pension. Address him at Pine Bluff, Ark., care Ragland & Company.

Mrs. Elizabeth Dozier, of Leesburg, Fla., is seeking to establish the war record of her husband, Matthew W. Dozier, who, to the best of her knowledge, was recruited in July, 1864, either in Bibb or Houston County, Ga., and assigned to Company D, 3d Regiment State Troops, then transferred to the regular army, and served in South Carolina until the surrender.

Capt. H. W. Henry, of Company K, 22d Alabama Regiment, Deas's Brigade, Army of Tennessee, desires to be put in correspondence with First Sergeant William H. White or any member of Company K who went with the company to North Carolina, as he wishes to complete the history of the company, which participated in that campaign and surrendered under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston on April 26, 1865. Address, Capt. H. W. Henry, Lake Weir, Fla.

Mrs. Oscar Woodruff, 423 Cherry Street, Springfield, Mo., is very anxious to learn the company and regiment in which her father, Felix Miller, served. He joined a company of infantry at or near Hillsboro, Tex., in 1862, or about that time. Being a fine mechanic, he was detailed for the gun shops at Little Rock, Ark., and remained there till the shops were removed to Tyler, Tex., where he also went, serving at least fifteen months in these shops. She will appreciate hearing from some of his old comrades.

Capt. Jo A. Wilson, of Lexington, Mo., wishes to secure a copy of Col. Charles Marshall's "Life of Robert E. Lee." Write him as to condition and price asked.

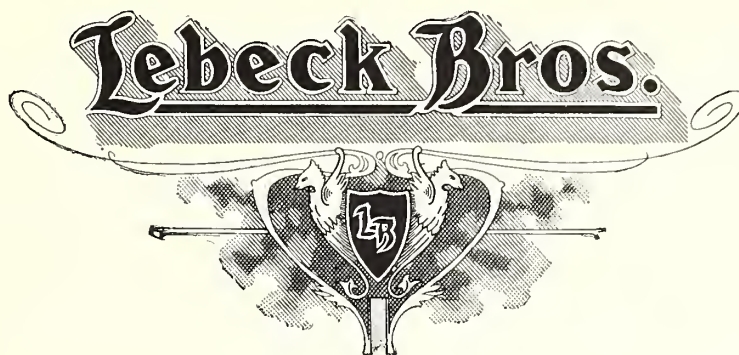
M. J. Cleary, 3740 Cote Brillante Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., wants to know if there was an Irish regiment in the Army of Northern Virginia which carried a green flag. He wants to settle some arguments about this.

Joseph A. Mudd, of Hyattsville, Md., wants every Confederate survivor of the battle of Wilson's Creek, or Oak Hills, to send his name and address on postal card to him and state if willing to meet on battlefield, ten miles south of Springfield, Mo., on August 10, 1911, the fiftieth anniversary of the battle.

J. D. Newbury, of Millsap, Tex., wants to hear from any surviving comrades of James W. Merritt, who served in Company D (Capt. Levi Collins), 34th Virginia Battalion, under Col. V. A. Witcher. He enlisted from Wytheville, Va. His former home was in Georgia. This inquiry is for the purpose of securing a pension for the comrade, who is helpless and in need.

An inquiry from a correspondent for some information of the song writers of the South brings the thought of how little we know of those who have composed the songs of patriotism and sentiment which have made the melody of Southern life. It is due these writers that they be known by future generations, and the VETERAN hopes to give sketches now and then of such writers, and will appreciate contributions of that character. Old scrapbooks could be referred to for articles about these old songs and their writers.

Thomas A. Morris, of Batavia, Ark., who was a member of Company B, 18th Virginia Battalion Artillery, would like to hear from any of the old boys, as he wishes to get the names of all of Captain Price's and Captain Henderson's men. Captain Price's company was from Fluvanna County, Va., and Captain Henderson's from Norfolk (City) Va., and in the latter part of the war they were consolidated, Captain Henderson taking charge of the camp. He would especially like to correspond with any who were in the battle of Sailor's Creek and in prison at Newport News, Va.



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NINETEENTH YEAR

JUNE, 1911

NUMBER SIX

Greeting to Our Heroes at Little Rock Reunion

VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE, POET LAUREATE, U. C. V.

What shall we say, O heroes of our golden Southern day,
When we listen to the stories that your silver tongue can tell?
There's magic in your somber coats, O stalwart line of gray,
And a potent charm forever in your ringing Rebel yell!

Ye are here who fought with Cleburne, ye are here who stemmed the tide,
With your gallant Gordons leading, from the mountain to the sea;
Ye are here who followed Forrest, drooped the flag when Johnston died;
Ye are here with dreams of Jackson and the memory of your Lee!

How the knightly ranks come trooping through the shadows of the past—
Martyrs for their Southland's honor, with a frowning fate for odds!
Look about you, ye who loved them, for the ægis fame has cast,
Shines undimmed in ancient splendor through the twilight of your gods.

Shines upon the land ye builded on the ashes of your hope;
Shines upon the strength ye gave it, through your poverty and woe.
Forward, in the lead of progress, with all nations ye can cope,
For the eyes that saw you vanquished, now the Southland's grandeur know.

Blessed ye who lived to tell it, hallowed ye who lived to see;
Who have heard your hoof beats echo on the granite heart of fame;
Ye who raise your glistening marbles for a Southland yet to be,
By the low green tents of silence, where ye write a warrior's name.

Let the autumn hoarfrost gather, let the snows of winter drift,
For there blooms a fruit of valor that the world may not forget.
Fold your faded gray coat closer, for it was your country's gift,
And it brings her holiest message—there is glory in it yet.



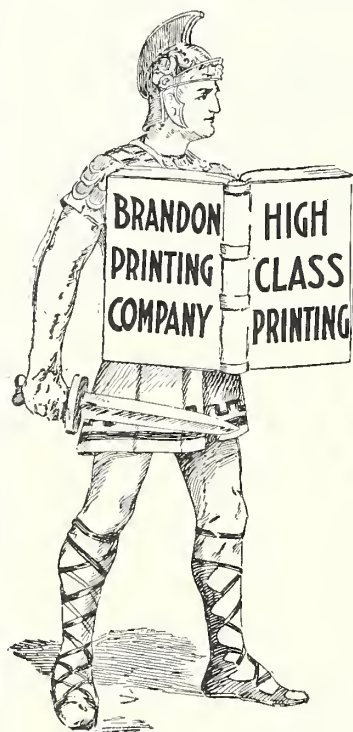
¹⁸³⁵ **Beaumont College** ¹⁹¹¹

HARRODSBURG, KY.

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COL. TH. SMITH, A.M., President (Alumnus of University of Virginia)



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their widows and children, who have claims for horses and equipments taken from the soldier by Federal troops, in violation of the terms of his surrender, must file same before **June 25, 1912**, or they will be forever barred. The undersigned prosecutes these claims; makes no charge unless the claim is allowed; 25 per cent if collected. I also prosecute claims for cotton taken after June 1, 1865. Respectfully,
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Ku Klux Klan

This booklet, published by the Mississippi Division U. D. C., to be sold and all proceeds to go to erection of monument at Beauvoir, Miss. (home of Jefferson Davis), to the memory of Confederate Veterans, contains absolutely correct history of the origin of this famous Klan. Price, per copy, 30 cents, postpaid. Address

MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, President
Mississippi Division U. D. C., West Point, Miss.

Mrs. S. E. Mason, of Kansas City, Mo. (General Delivery), wishes to secure the war record of her father, Chesley Appleton Lester, who at the breaking out of the war was living in Tallapoosa County, Ala., some fourteen miles from Dadeville, on his plantation. He was wounded in the battle of Manassas (First or Second, she does not know which), his leg was amputated, and he died in a few weeks. She will appreciate hearing from any surviving comrades who can give her his company and regiment and any details of his service which will be helpful in strengthening the record.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XIX.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1911.

No. 6. S. A. CUNNINGHAM
PROPRIETOR.

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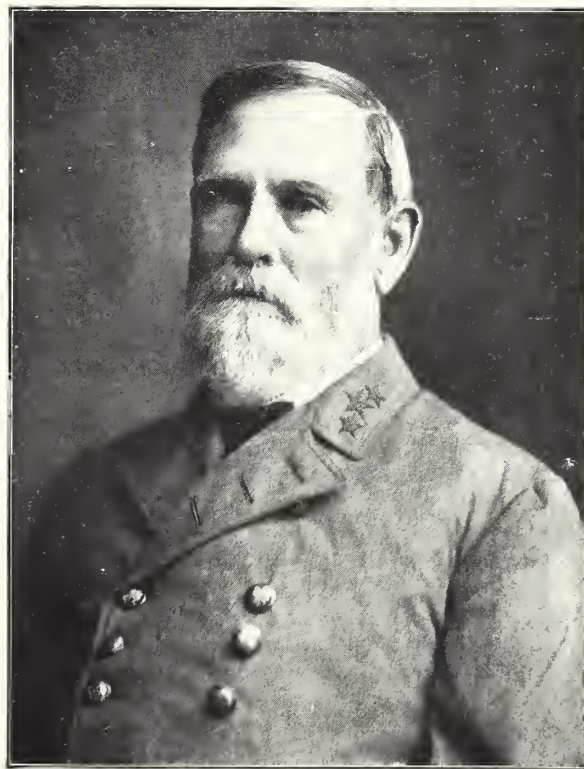
DELAYED NOTICES AND LATENESS OF ISSUE.

Much that was intended for this issue of the VETERAN fails to appear. The old rule prevails that many promises to send data about Reunion matters are delayed. Veterans are wearied by the trip, as soldiers wearied after a long march, so that Reunion reports may be expected from time to time rather than in the first issue following. An account to the Montgomery Advertiser by its president, who has been connected with the paper almost since the close of the war and is its editor in chief, is given as a model report. Many other testimonials verify the accepted assertion that no city has ever excelled Little Rock in generous hospitality. Thanks to the management and honor to the unselfish men who labored as they would not for money to give every veteran a good time and every other visitor so cordial a welcome that he will not only remember delightfully his visit, but want to go there again.

The amazing feature of this Reunion is that at least twice as many veterans as were expected were present. It seemed that the management exceeded economic proprieties in preparing for so many; but it was "lucky" that they determined in the outset to be lavish of hospitality, as all ended well.

Through the inability of Gen. George W. Gordon, Commander in Chief, to preside much of the time, Gen. K. M. VanZandt, of Fort Worth, Tex., successor to Gen. W. L. Cabell as Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, took his

place. General VanZandt is one of the most beloved of all comrades living, and through profound respect for him there was much more considerate attention than could otherwise have been expected from so great a crowd. While a Texas



GEN. K. M. VANZANDT, FORT WORTH, TEX.,
Who presided during much of the Reunion.

major VanZandt served much with the Army of Tennessee, and he therefore has an extensive acquaintance with his comrades from whatever State.

REPORTS IN "WAR RECORDS" OF MAJOR VANZANDT.

Notes from "Rebellion Records" show that Maj. K. M. VanZandt had a singular experience in the severe battle of

Raymond, Miss. Captain Tibbs, of the 23d Indiana, was captured, and in the conflict he struck at Major VanZandt with his sword, but was disarmed by Sergt. J. M. C. Duncan, of Company K, of the 7th Texas.

In Colonel Granbury's report of that battle he states: "The cool bravery of Lieutenant Colonel Moody, on the right, and of Major VanZandt, on the left, sustained the regiment for so long a time in that unequal conflict."

In his report as commander of Gregg's Brigade on Missionary Ridge, Tenn., Col. C. A. Sugg mentions that Col. J. D. Tillman, commanding the 41st Tennessee Regiment, was wounded in the shoulder while nobly leading his men, and that a Federal brigade was made to re-form under the steady fire and unbroken front maintained by Col. C. H. Waller, commanding the 50th Tennessee, and Maj. K. M. VanZandt, commanding the 7th Texas.

Gen. Bennett H. Young, who has been so magnetic and so helpful at our general conventions, was present; but he had not recuperated sufficiently from his trip to Johns Hopkins Hospital to do his usual part in the convention.

THE RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL.

Comrades, Friends: Would you like to have part in the memorial to Col. Richard Owen, who without a known exception bears the gratitude of every one of the four thousand prisoners, living or dead, who were under his charge at Camp Morton in 1862?

The sentiment wherever expressed is one of hearty approval. Capt. M. S. Cockrill, of Nashville, Tenn., manifests delight in the movement, offering his hearty concurrence, and will give liberally, adding: "There never was a kinder hearted man than Colonel Owen." He was not under Colonel Owen as a prisoner, but as a college student.

This movement is so unique that every patriot should take a pride in making it a peace tribute that would be national in its influence. If readers approve and would like to help, will they not respond at least by letter at once? The effect of spontaneous action would be all the more beneficial to the cause involved. Will every one who is interested in this most worthy undertaking write at once? The subject deserves attention by every friend of the VETERAN; and if every one who approves would say so at once, the result would be known and action taken. The idea of a "memorial tablet" was the conception of the Editor, who had determined to erect one himself, but the sentiment of approval was at once so generous as to inspire hope that the memorial would take the form of a statue or a monument in the capital of a Northern State that would be a lasting honor to the people of the South.

LATE CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE OWEN MEMORIAL.

S. J. Alexander, Macon, Tenn., \$1; P. E. Allen, Grand Cane, La., \$5; Mrs. Nora Owen Armstrong, Memphis, Tenn., \$25; a friend, West Virginia, \$5; Miss Nannie Nutt, Alva, Fla., \$1; John B. Stone, Kansas City, Mo., \$1; J. S. Rosamond, Durant, Miss., \$1; Sidell Tilghman, Madison, N. J., \$10; A. B. Hill, Memphis, Tenn., \$2; William H. Jewell, Orlando, Fla., \$1; F. S. Hewes, Gulfport, Miss., \$2; J. H. Gilfoil, Omega, La., \$1; Emmett Sutton, Pulaski, Tenn., \$1; J. M. Arnold, Covington, Ky., \$1.

MEMORIAL SERVICE AT CAMP CHASE.

Al G. Field writes from Columbus, Ohio, that Dr. H. M. Hamill was the orator this year, on June 3, and that "his address was the most scholarly and eloquent ever delivered at Camp Chase."

Dr. Hamill writes of the beautiful flowers and the interest shown by his audience. It was his first address in memory of those boys who died in prison so far from home, and he could not help "crying to himself" in reminiscence. The South will ever feel grateful to Col. W. H. Knauss, who inaugurated these annual memorial services, and to Al G. Field for his unstinted liberality in maintaining them.

SENATOR LUKE LEA MEANS BUSINESS.

United States Senator Luke Lea, the youngest Senator since Henry Clay, a century before him, does not propose to follow precedents and wait a year or so as auditor, but with becoming modesty goes to work. He said: "I do not intend to let any false ideas of 'senatorial courtesy' or 'senatorial sensitiveness' interfere with the performance of what I believe to be my duty. If the performance of a duty must be abandoned or 'senatorial courtesy' and 'senatorial sensitiveness,' it shall be the latter and not the former."

Senator Lea is opposed to whitewashing Lorimer, whose seat is to be recontested, and he favored a new committee of investigation. He provoked laughter when he asked: "Suppose you had appendicitis, had called in a physician who operated, endangered your life, and cost you a large sum, yet the physician never found your appendix. Would you, if again you felt those symptoms coming on, employ the same physician, who had failed to find the appendix, rather than wound his feelings, or would you get another surgeon? Mr. President, another operation is necessary in this case before us; the appendix of corruption was not found before, and I for one am in favor of a new surgeon."

The committee was revised and Senator Lea was made a member of it.

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.

BEAUTIFUL POSTAL CARD GIVING THE DESIGNS IN COLORS.

There were printed in oil 25,000 postal cards to be sent out with the May VETERAN, but by some misunderstanding with the Post Office Department a ruling was made against it, after a loss of over \$30 had been sustained; so there are about 18,000 of these cards on hand for distribution by patrons. The card states, "This card comes to me with the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and is sent to you with my compliments," etc. The card bears a facsimile of the title-page of the VETERAN, with the flags in colors. They will be sent free, of course, to all who will kindly use them. Indicate by postal and ten or more will be sent. This would be a tax to friends of one cent for each card sent out by them, and it will be of much benefit to the VETERAN.

Will you be one of the two thousand to write a postal for these cards at once?

Besides this card, there were sent to Little Rock badges on which was printed: "I am a subscriber—CONFEDERATE VETERAN." These badges will be sent to those who write for them with the post cards.

DAILY PAPERS COMMENDED BY THE VETERAN.

Alabama: Mobile Register, Montgomery Advertiser.
Arkansas: The Gazette, Little Rock.
Georgia: Atlanta Constitution, Atlanta Journal, Rome Tribune-Herald.
Kentucky: Courier-Journal, Louisville.
Mississippi: Vicksburg Herald, Vicksburg Post.
New York: The Times.
South Carolina: Charleston Post.
Tennessee: Nashville Banner, the Tennessean and American.

CONFEDERATED MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The twelfth annual Convention of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association met in Little Rock, Ark., May 15-18, 1911. The opening session was held in the Council Chamber at 4 P.M. Monday, May 15. It was largely attended, and the deep interest and enthusiasm shown by the audience proved that the work of the women of the Confederacy was deeply appreciated by the younger generation as well as by their contemporaries, the Confederate veterans.

Patriotic addresses were made by Hon. Charles E. Taylor, Mayor of Little Rock, Congressman Joe F. Robinson, Hon. Charles L. Coffin, on behalf of the veterans, Mr. Hal L. Norwood and Mrs. Orlando Haliburton, for the Sons and Daughters of Little Rock, and Mrs. Jennie Beauchamp, one of the Mothers of the Confederacy.

Officers and delegates were present at the opening of the U. C. V. Reunion by invitation.

In a few complimentary words Gen. George W. Gordon introduced Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, to the veterans assembled. Mrs. Behan responded in a most gracious manner, conveying a heartfelt greeting from the Memorial women, the women of the Confederacy, to the "heroes of many hard-fought battles," and said: "Great as you were in war, you are greater now since the dawn of peace, and you enjoy the proud privilege of having contributed to the greatness of this reunited country."

A very handsome reception was tendered the members of the Association by the Memorial Chapter, U. D. C., of Little Rock. It was held at the new Concordia Club, which had been kindly placed at the disposal of the ladies.

Reports of officers showed continued activity in the ranks of the memorial women and increased zeal in the performance of their sacred task, the caring for the graves of Confederate soldiers and the solemn observance of Memorial Day.

It was generally admitted that the Southern Memorial Associations should unite on June 3 as Confederate Memorial Day, thus making their day one of national importance and historic significance.

Under the head of new business a protest was read against the use of Elson's history in any school or college, North or South, as we are one people. We should strive to teach true and impartial history and reject any textbook that vilifies either section.

A resolution from the J. B. Gordon Camp, U. S. C. V., of Atlanta, proposing to create a highway to be known as the Confederate Memorial Highway, through which in course of time monuments will be erected commemorative of Confederate valor, was cordially approved.

A joint memorial service was held as usual in the U. C. V. Auditorium on the second day. Rev. R. Lin Cave, Chaplain General U. C. V., presided at this service. A special tribute was paid to the late Gen. W. L. Cabell, Honorary Commander U. C. V.

The memorial hour was observed with simple but impressive exercises. These consisted of prayer, the reading of the memorial poem by Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, poet laureate of the C. S. M. A. and of the whole South. The Secretary, Miss Hodgson, read the last roll, and the drum and fife corps beat the funeral dirge.

The C. S. M. A. officers were assigned the place of honor in the parade immediately following the staff of Gen. George W. Gordon, Commander in Chief U. C. V.

All left for their homes full of praise for the Little Rock Reunion committee and with grateful appreciation for the many favors and courtesies extended to the memorial women, the "Mothers of the Confederacy."

OFFICERS FLORIDA DIVISION, U. D. C.—President, Sister Esther Carlotta, St. Augustine, Fla.; Vice Presidents, Mrs. Charles E. Davis, Madison, Mrs. J. H. Livingston, Ocala, and Mrs. W. H. Combs, Miami; Recording Secretary, Mrs. D. O. Henry, Live Oak; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. R. B. Jarvis, St. Augustine; Treasurer, Mrs. Clarence Maxwell, Jacksonville; Registrar, Mrs. J. W. Stephens, Ocala; Historian, Miss Caroline Brevard, Tallahassee; Chairman Soldiers' Home, Mrs. W. J. Cook, Jacksonville; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. W. M. Minter, Monticello; Registrar of Crosses, Mrs. B. T. Wilson, Pensacola. All were elected unanimously.

Mrs. Samuel A. Pleasants, 2409 Thirty-Eighth Avenue, Oakland, Cal., who is Custodian of Flags for the California Division, U. D. C., is desirous to secure an original Confederate flag for her Division—even a piece of one, she says, that was in actual service would be thankfully received. Any information as to how she can get one will be appreciated.

Mrs. J. T. Eason, of Grand Lake, Ark., seeks to establish her father's war record, and will appreciate information from any of his surviving comrades. He was Jules Thibodeaux, and she thinks he served with the Delta Rifles of the 4th Regiment from West Baton Rouge, La. He may have been an officer, she thinks.

Maj. T. H. Blacknall, 209 East Forty-Second Street, Chicago, Ill., who was major of the 37th Arkansas Regiment known as Bell's Infantry, Trans-Mississippi Department, inquires as to the whereabouts of Lieut. Col. Jephtha C. Johnson, of the same regiment. He may have gone to Kentucky after the war.

Mrs. G. E. Pickett, now at 24 St. George Street, St. Augustine, Fla., wishes to hear from some surviving comrades of her husband, Michael Pickett, who served in Company C of a South Carolina Regiment, under Captain Hayne. He enlisted at Charleston, S. C. She is in need of a pension.

In order to secure a pension, of which she is in great need, Mrs. R. D. Reynolds, of Quincy, Wash., asks that surviving comrades of her husband, R. D. Reynolds, who served in the 9th Texas Infantry, C. S. A., will kindly assist her in procuring his war record. He entered the army October 4, 1861.

Mr. W. McShan, of Brady, Tex., seeks to prove the war record of Charles Williamson, who served in Company H, 15th Louisiana Volunteers, York's Brigade, from April 3, 1861, to the close of the war, and asks that any surviving comrades will kindly write to him.

The notice in the VETERAN for April, page 183, of the "Proposed History of the 5th Kentucky Regiment," in which Col. Hiram Hawkins is so interested, gave his address as Hawkinsville, Ga., when it should have been Hawkinsville, Ala.

J. L. Marshall, of Perdue Hill, Ark., makes inquiry about a book of "Prison Prose and Poetry," written by Col. B. H. Jones, of Virginia, while a prisoner of war on Johnson's Island in 1864.

READ THIS IF YOU ARE A PATRIOT.

Those who regard Jefferson Davis as very bad may feel less bitter if they will look a little more closely into his character. See, for instance, the concluding paragraph to the preface of his work on "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government:" "Much of the past is irremediable; the best hope for a restoration in the future, to the pristine purity and fraternity of the Union rests on the opinions and character of the men who are to succeed this generation; that they may be suited to that blessed work, one, whose public course is ended, invokes them to draw their creed from the fountains of our political history, rather than from the lower stream, polluted as it has been by self-seeking place hunters and by sectional strife."

REMEMBER THE ARKANSAS GAZETTE.

Much praise is given to the people of Little Rock and of Arkansas, and too much will never be given. Special mention is made of Judge Kavanaugh, who, while heading the movement to entertain worthily, was one of the workers along with subordinates. All these deserve well of citizen and guest.

But there is another source of which but little has been said. The Arkansas Gazette of Little Rock deserves first and strongest praise. The Gazette was well patronized, and yet its direct outlay in the thousands of dollars expended by it regardless of returns should not be forgotten. With watchfulness of these things long before and during the Reunion the VETERAN gives the Gazette first praise of all the great dailies in all the cities where Confederates have been entertained.

As long as the people of Arkansas recall with gratitude and with pride their first great Reunion of all the South special gratitude should be quickened by the service of the Heiskells and what they did through their splendid daily paper.

The Gazette concludes its greeting and comment as follows:

"In fact as well as in the full acceptance of the great abatement the war is over. The issues have been settled. Reconstruction and its bitterness are gone. The nation has been born anew. It is forever one. This city is decked to-day with the stars and stripes and the stars and bars for we do honor both to the Union and to the Confederacy. The latter now exists only in the memories of the veterans who fought its battles, in the proud monuments that have been raised to signalize their deeds, in the hearts of the women of the South—of those that did their part in the years of conflict and of those that now with the precious works of sentiment do honor to the cause that failed—in the pages of universal history, and in the glorious chronicle of good conduct and brave deeds that will be handed down to every generation.

"Now half a hundred years from the time the Southern hosts went forth to battle we shall see the march of the rear guard of the Confederacy. Shot and shell and sickness killed their tens of thousands in the years of war, and tens of thousands more have fallen since, as all of mortal men must fall. Feeble, few in number, and bearing the heavy weight of years are these survivors of the forces that were mustered after the guns that fired on Sumter had been heard. That matchless infantry, that cavalry that rode so hard and struck so hard, that artillery whose thunders were heard on many a field of blood and fire—they have done their great part upon this earth, and with their battle standards their regiments of gray have marched before. But the soldiers of the South will live in memory and in honor long years after the last man of them has fought his last fight and crossed over the river to "rest in the shade."

STATISTICS ABOUT THE TWO ARMIES.

BY E. R. HUTCHINS, ROCKVILLE, MD.

I am going to ask of you a favor for a small army of the blue and gray and a much larger one of the younger generation, North and South. I am gathering the data for a volume of real incidents of the old war—the war of the sixties. It will be made up entirely of descriptive articles told by participants—eye-witnesses—by men who were there. One or two of these out of many in your experience doubtless have impressed themselves on your mind above others. It may be a battle, a victory, a retreat, a hospital or prison scene.

Will you not write me such an account of whichever you prefer? If you will and I succeed, you shall have public credit for the article, and I shall gladly see that you have a copy of the book. You can readily see that such a work would be of great historical value and of thrilling interest to the "old boys," to their children, and grandchildren. There were never two such armies, and there never will be again. Let us preserve all the stories of heroism of both sides as we can.

COMMEND THE WORK OF U. D. C. CHAPTER.

[Senator L. B. McFarland sets a good example in his comment as set forth in the following of recent date. He requested that if publication be made it be attributed to what a Confederate veteran said.]

The R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 1192, U. D. C., of Humboldt, Tenn., composed of the representative women of the town and vicinity, was organized in March, 1909, and under the motto "Love and Sacrifice," has since organized the Tyler Auxiliary with thirty-five members and raised and sent to the Soldiers' Home \$85 in cash and two large boxes of various articles of equal value and five crates of strawberries valued at \$10. Each Christmas a bazaar is given by the Chapter, and donations are made to the Home. The Auxiliary entertains the public for the same purpose.

The Chapter has donated to the Arlington monument, to the Jefferson Davis Home, and to a memorial window in Blandford Church, Virginia, and has given aid to many a veteran and veteran's widow.

Veterans are invited to visit the Chapter or to write or give war reminiscence of the Civil War or to furnish written accounts of the same, for such is a source of much pleasure and inspiration to the membership. Such writings are filed with the Chapter for preservation. One of these, "The Life of Admiral Semmes," by his grandson, they value very highly, and others written by neighbor veterans are appreciated.

The Chapter has seventy-one members, a few associate, and twenty-four honorary members, veterans of this vicinity. The noble women seek in the true spirit of modest womanhood to help the old veterans and their families without thought of personal renown. They are intelligent, high-spirited ladies who love the right and do the right for the surviving Confederates with wholly unselfish motives.

So much correspondence is entailed on this office by subscribers who are not keeping up with the expiration of their subscriptions, that special request is made of them, to look to the date given on label of their copy. By doing this when remitting on subscription they will understand whether any advance has been made after their payment, and thus the office will be saved the necessity of writing about it, especially in reply to their inquiries. The figures given after the month refer to the year, not to day of month.

COCKRELL'S BRIGADE BAND AT FRANKLIN.

BY CAPT. JOSEPH BOYCE, ST. LOUIS, MO.

I take pleasure in answering the inquiry by S. C. Trigg in his excellent article in the January VETERAN: "Whose band made the music?" Several years ago I wrote the following paper and read it before our Confederate Historical Society:

"THE CHARGE IN THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN, TENN.

"About four o'clock the corps of Lee and Cheatham were ready for the grand assault. The sun was going down behind a bank of dark clouds, as if to hide from his sight the impending slaughter. His slanting rays threw a crimson light over the field and intrenchments in front, prophetic of our fate. Our brigade was in the rear, formed in the same order as at Allatoona's bloody field, recollections of which were so many thrilling reminders that it was no boy's play to charge this veteran Western Federal infantry when well intrenched. General Cockrell gave orders to march straight for the position, and not to fire a shot until we gained the top of the works; then when the decisive moment arrived, in clear, ringing tones gave the final commands, 'Shoulder arms!' 'Right shoulder shift arms!' 'Brigade forward!' 'Guide center!' 'Music!' 'Quick time!' 'March!' and this array of hardened veterans, every eye straight to the front, in actual perfection of drill and discipline, moved forward to our last and bloodiest charge.

"Our brigade (Cockrell's 1st Missouri) had one of the best brass bands in the army. It went up with us, starting off with 'The Bonnie Blue Flag,' changing to 'Dixie' as we reached the deadly point.

"As it was an unusual thing for the 'tooters' to go up in a charge with the 'shooters,' I give the names of the veterans composing this band. Every one had carried his musket in the ranks for two years and through many battles, and I believe all of them would have instantly exchanged their instruments for muskets if ordered to remain in the rear. They were: Prof. John O'Neil (leader), John and Chris O'Neil, James and Thad Doyle, Charles Ketchum, Samuel Lyon, James Young, Shelby Jones, James Roboinet, and Simeon Phillips."

[Captain Boyce is asked by the VETERAN if the band went to the deadly point, presuming that means the main line of breastworks built and occupied by the Federals.]

C. E. St. Clair writes from Monrovia, Cal.: "I see that Comrade Yates claims for the 28th Tennessee the music that was played on the battlefield of Franklin. I don't know anything of his regiment, but I do know that Cockrell's Brigade did go into the battle of Franklin with a band playing. I belonged to the 6th Missouri, and was at Franklin at the time, and Cockrell's Brigade generally went as far as any other troops. It lost one hundred and thirty in that battle, when it didn't number more than a full regiment."

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX ON A LONG JOURNEY.—The London Times of May 12: "A luncheon to welcome Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox on her return from a journey in Japan, China, Burma, India, and Ceylon was held at the Connaught Rooms. Mr. S. B. W. Gay presided. It was mentioned that Mrs. Wilcox never made speeches, but instead an ode written by her in honor of the coronation was read. Replying to the toast of 'Literature,' Mr. W. T. Stead said that, though Mrs. Wilcox might not be a woman suffragist, one of her poems had been adopted with enthusiasm as a war song of that cause. Mrs. Wilcox replied that her muse might be a suffragist, but she was not."

TALK ABOUT THE FIRST C. S. A. FLAG.

Maj. O. R. Smith, the designer of the Stars and Bars, on the presentation of a gold badge of the Daughters of the Confederacy to Mrs. Winborne, who made the first Confederate flag (as designed by Mr. Smith), made an address at Wilson, N. C., in which he said:

"Just half a century ago my old friend, Becky Murphy, made the first flag of the Confederate States of America. It was a mere model 9x12 inches.

"It was the middle of February, 1861, that I went to John Barrow's store at Louisburg, N. C., where I was then living, and bought some red, white, and blue dress stuff and carried it to Miss Rebecca Murphy (now Mrs. Winborne) and asked her to make me a little flag. I tore the strips and cut the five-pointed stars while she put in the stitches. As soon as finished I sent it to the flag committee at Montgomery.

"After the flag had gone, I began to think: Suppose they did not select my flag as the model for the Confederate flag. Then there would never be one of my flags raised aloft. So I bought some worsted goods and took it to Miss 'Becky' and asked her to make me a large flag, 9x12 feet, just like the small one. By the time this flag was finished the people of the town and in the county were all interested, and on Monday, March 18, 1861, when I raised it to the top of a pole one hundred feet high Louisburg was filled with people who had come to see the new flag. They showed much enthusiasm, and made the day a big holiday. The flagpole was erected on the corner of the courthouse square, the county seat of Franklin.

"To-day, May 10, 1911, fifty years later, we are the guests of the John W. Dunham Chapter, U. D. C., of the hospitable and friendly town of Wilson, to do Mrs. Winborne honor and to present to her the badge of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, which I was asked to pin on her with my hands. It was our flag, hers and mine. It is now our flag, yours and mine—the Stars and Bars—the flag that led the men in gray to the greatest deeds of heroism and to the highest glory won by any soldiers of any country."

HELPFUL RECIPROCITY FOR THE VETERAN.

This attractive circular was sent "to the friends who contributed to the Jefferson Davis monument at New Orleans:"

"Dear Friends and Coworkers: It is with pardonable pride that the members of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association announce that on February 22, 1911, in the city of New Orleans a monument was unveiled to the President of the Confederate States of America.

"With the generous coöperation of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to convey our thanks to one and all who contributed to this patriotic work.

"We take this occasion to thank Mr. Cunningham for favors and courtesies extended to our Association at all times and to commend in the highest terms his conscientious and persistent effort to furnish the truth in connection with Confederate history. He is entitled to the encouragement and financial support so necessary for the publication of such a magazine. Men and women of the Confederacy, young scions of these noble men and women, we owe it to ourselves to extend the circulation of the VETERAN until it finds a place in every Southern home, also in our schools and libraries.

MRS. W. J. BEHAN, President, Ex-Officio Chairman.

"Monument Committee: J. B. Levert, Allison Owen, B. T. Walshe, Mrs. Benj. Ory, John Holmes, Mrs. J. G. Harrison."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

GENERALS JOHNSON AND JOHNSTON.

While "New South" and "Lost Cause" are terms that loyal Southerners—even some Confederates—use, it is grievous to admit that there are other inaccuracies of statement that contributors make inexcusably. Take "General Johnson," for instance. Who can tell what it means except by the connection in which the term is used? There were four Generals Johnson and three Generals Johnston. Of the first, there were Brig. Gens. Adam R. and Bradley T. Johnson, and Maj. Gens. Bushrod R. and Edward Johnson; of the Johnstons, there were Brig. Gen. George D. and full Gens. Albert Sidney and Joseph Eggleston Johnston. The brigadier generals of both names were all gallant and worthy officers. Maj. Gen. Bushrod R. Johnson deserves the homage of every man who reveres Dixie; for while of Northern birth, he was as gallant, faithful, and capable an officer as commanded any division in the army. Maj. Gen. Edward Johnson went into the war early, and, according to Adjutant General Cooper, on December 2, 1862, "was not fitted for service because of wounds received in battle." All these deserve distinctive mention in their places; while Albert Sidney and Joseph E. Johnston would each have been a credit to any army in any country. Let every writer, therefore, in writing of these generals use the name properly. It is rare that the name Johnson occurs in important commands and of events occurring except early in the war. General Johnston usually refers to Joseph E., as Albert Sidney gave his all for the Confederacy (at Shiloh) April 6, 1862.

RALLY, COMRADES AND FRIENDS, RALLY.

Astounding things occur in these later years to the veterans of the sixties, and it sometimes appears that all men are crazy. Even comrades in tragedies, whose faith in each other seemed fixed as the stars, conclude that the other fellow has gone astray beyond the pale of redemption. Then, again, young men are so advanced that they esteem "academic freedom" above those principles of truth that caused their ancestors to sacrifice all of comfort, and even life. These dreadful issues are upon us, and should be dealt with by the golden rule.

Another fact should concern comrades of the Confederate army beyond all else in this life. They did their duty well and have lived to enjoy personal commendation even of the enemy, and in a sense they are compensated. But there is a holy duty resting upon them that should nerve every man to diligence, "lest we forget," or, rather, that posterity may remember. Veterans are forgetting; it is the order of human existence. The days are at hand when many a gallant, chivalrous man is tired and will rest. His senses are becoming dull, and that which inspired him years ago is now passed with indifference. This is the order of life, and the assertion is not made in censure, but to indicate the importance of zeal and heroism of all who can render them to the last. In the great day when all are to appear—when comrades are to face each other in the blazing light of deeds done—do let the survivors be ready to face their comrades who rushed to death with a

conscience clear of having done what they could for the cause inspired from heaven.

Let duty be the watchword. The VETERAN is doing all that is possible. Commendation animates it to more and more efficiency, but it is helpless without the continued coöperation of friends. There is nothing so important as to enlist new people in its interest. Its friends know this, and yet many never make an effort to secure such interest in those who would be delighted to coöperate. Will you do your part—what you can? There can be no substitute. There is no other way possible to maintain success. The VETERAN has attained a power and an influence that can never be equaled. Its owner gives it and himself to this cause, but he must have the zealous coöperation of those who concur in extending its influence. There is no standstill now. Let each person who wills the cause well help it forward.

SHERMAN'S PICTURE ON U. S. POSTAGE STAMPS.

PETITION TO THE POSTMASTER GENERAL BY CITIZENS OF TEXAS.

We, the citizens of Huntsville, Tex., respectfully petition the Postmaster General to place on sale in this State no stamps or postal cards bearing the likeness of W. T. Sherman. We are loyal citizens, we love our country, we wish to forget past differences and bitterness; but there are two things which no true Southerner will ever forget or cease to teach his children to remember. These are the deeds of W. T. Sherman and the period of Reconstruction.

There were enough brave and chivalrous Union generals in the Civil War to furnish subjects for stamps, and we object to the face of a ruffian who made war on women and children being placed among the faces of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Lincoln, Grant, and other honorable men and forced upon our children when we have done nothing to deserve insult. Sherman observed the laws of civilized war only when he had a hostile army to fear. * * * When Hood was defeated and the people were helpless and defenseless, he set his bummers upon them and boasted of it. Union armies were not bad unless they had bad leaders. Among civilized people war is not hell unless a devil wages it. * * *

If this man's face is forced before us in this way, we shall be forced to teach in public those lessons in history which we teach by the fireside, even if those with goods for sale preach that all should be forgotten.

If W. T. Sherman's face must be held up to view, send it to those who love his character and celebrate his victory in song, but not to those whose homes he robbed, whose daughters he insulted, whose sons he murdered, and whose cities and homes he burned.

ANSWERS TO REQUEST FOR APPROVAL.

Tommy O'Rourke, of Raphael Semmes Camp, No. 11, U. C. V., Mobile, Ala., has this to say: "The purpose and intention of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN should be its primary claim on the old soldiers of the Confederate States and their children for financial support and maintenance. As a literary effort it is worth many times more than the price asked for it. As a repository of historical material, reliable for the source from which it is derived, it has not had, nor cannot have, an equal. As an expositor of the patriotism and love of the women of the South for the cause of the South, together with their labors of love and those of their children, to preserve to future generations the testament of that patriotism and love and the glory of that cause, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is above price.

It is impracticable to use many gratifying tributes.

"PROFESSOR ELSON'S DEFENSE."

A circular of three columns under the above caption was received by the VETERAN some weeks ago, and it was shown to friends. Reflection caused regret for having shown the print, the conclusion being that the author must be above such comment upon such a man as Judge Moffett. However, under date of May 11, 1911, from Athens, Ohio, comes another copy of the circular with this letter, signed by H. W. Elson, addressed to the Editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN: "I feel that I have been wronged by the recent agitation against my history. The pain of it all lies in the fact that I like the Southern people and never meant to offend them. In the name of 'square-deal' fairness, I ask you to publish the inclosed defense."

The VETERAN appreciates its reputation for fairness as shown by the President of Roanoke College, the student body, and the author of the history all looking to it for fair dealing, but this Elson history passes the limit. The author's circular is stated particularly to be a "reprint from various New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago newspapers, and many others." In it quotations are made from several of the papers. The New York Herald, for instance, is reported to have said that "the author's prejudices, if they exist, are not offensively displayed." The Baltimore Sun is quoted: "The work is one we can as highly recommend to a Southern as to a Northern reader." The circular concludes: "I shall be glad to have this petty agitation cease, even though it is increasing the sale of my history. For heaven's sake, let the old sectional feeling die out. Let us recognize our common brotherhood and work together for the advancement of our common civilization."

When this unhappy sensation was started, it was instinctively concluded that ultra sentiment prevailed in the criticisms; but upon investigation of the book it is found to be, as heretofore stated in the VETERAN, sugar-coated, just enough to mislead. It contains unstinted tributes to General Lee and others, and the hasty book reviewer may think it fair and unbiased; yet a perusal of the book shows it to be a fit companion piece of the Reconstruction period. The Baltimore Sun, under its changes within a decade, is not expected to be as faithful to the element that it represented for forty years and more before that change; but that paper would certainly not deliberately reiterate its commendation after careful examination.

Elson is perhaps not as deliberately unjust as the critical student of the book would infer. His forte seems to be that of compiling. He should be pardoned for his exultation over the adoption of his book in the South, but he does not realize the extent of the wrong he has committed. The shame of it is that the book was not at once repudiated, and the Southern people should see to it that no publishers' product should circulate in the South if they print such a work even for the North. Elson seems to aspire to gentility, but his incapacity is shown by his comment upon Judge Moffett. It is that comment that caused the suspicion that Elson was not the author of the circular: "It seems that a certain person—a local judge, I believe, who had a daughter in the college at Roanoke—suddenly discovered something in the history (which they used as a class book) about the miscegenation of the races in former times, which he did not want the girl to read. Working himself into a rage, he wrote a blustering, dictatorial letter to the professor of history, practically demanding that the book be instantly removed from the roll of textbooks, with dire threats that he would take his daughter out of the college. The professor answered with courtesy and dignity. But the irate

judge, who evidently enjoys cheap notoriety, scented delay, and he fumed and stormed. The newspapers took the matter up, and then a number of people, who probably never read the history, joined the huc and cry at the horror of a Southern college using a book that vilified the South, and there was almost a riot at Salem."

This puerile exhibition of smallness by the conspicuous Elson elicits pity. He must feel that he is sustained by "the student body of the Southern college that had the misfortune to have for a long time 'an irate judge,' a seeker of 'cheap notoriety,' as a member of its trustees. Let us read extracts from Judge Moffett's letter in connection with this affair, which Elson had evidently done, and contrast them with the comment of this man who so likes the South and desires the esteem of the people. These extracts are given to show the spirit of the man that Elson seeks to advertise throughout the country.

JUDGE W. W. MOFFETT'S LETTER TO THE PUBLIC.

After the trustees of Roanoke College had undertaken in some poor way to put Elson's history out of the college, I consulted with conservative and high-spirited Virginians and determined to resign as trustee without assigning any reasons therefor. This course I subsequently pursued, believing that the fact of my resignation would be accepted by the public as a dignified protest against the use of Elson's history in Roanoke College, against the action of the faculty, and against the way in which it had been attempted to be excluded from the college by the trustees. Of course I chafed under the action of the faculty and of the trustees, but I felt that I had done my full duty both as trustee and as patron. I had taken my daughter from school. I had called the attention of the president to the book. After that I had engaged in an extended correspondence with the professor of history, the president of the college, and the chairman of the faculty. At the meeting of the trustees the president of the college submitted along with his report a resolution retaining Elson's history, and in his speech urged its retention. He said that the opportunity was now presented to Roanoke College of becoming a leader among Southern educational institutions by decrying the sectional issue which had been raised by the opponents of the book, and that such sectional cries had retarded the development of the South for thirty-five years.

In a speech I combated with all my mind and heart the above proposition, and maintained that the book, and not its opponents, made a cruel and libelous assault upon one of the sections of our beloved nation. I showed the character of this book, and said its calumnies stirred the very depths of the human heart. * * *

In the afternoon Mr. Logan introduced his resolution expelling the book, which I seconded. Thereupon the president of the college said that if Mr. Logan's resolution was adopted it would reflect on Dr. Thorstenberg and he would resign; that he could not tell how many of the faculty would resign, and he did not know how it would affect him as the president of the college. When the president finished, Mr. Greever suggested that Mr. Logan's resolution go to a committee for consideration. At this juncture Hon. Henry S. Trout, of Roanoke (president of one of the largest national banks in the State), a man who in peace is as gentle, generous, and conservative as he was noble, brave, and chivalrous in war, arose and said in substance: "All that Judge Moffett said this morning against this book is true. I have kept down meetings already in Roanoke. Something must be done to-day to put

the book out of Roanoke College. I know what a riot is; and if you send me back to Roanoke without enabling me to say that the book is out of Roanoke College, I would be afraid of the results." * * *

I must say in great sorrow and not in anger that I am not fully satisfied that "the faculty" which commended the man who introduced and required young ladies and gentlemen to study this vile book, and that "the faculty" who commended the "wise method of instruction" with this villainous libel "as a basis of instruction and discussion" is now competent in this case to determine what is or is not an indignity either to a lady or a gentleman. Again, "the faculty" knows, or ought to know, that the posting of the name of a student on the bulletin board for not attending a class is notice to the miscreant that if the conduct requiring this posting is continued the end will be expulsion. I could not ask and my daughter could not ask to be excused from exercising a natural right. Besides, I was a trustee, and to save my child by such procedure would have been unworthy in me as trustee, for other people's children would be left in the class and probably would not notice this "nasty, lying, and blackguard book" (I quote from a letter to me written by a distinguished alumnus of Roanoke College) until they reached the vile filth contained in the book. * * *

Though I could not and did not approve of the resolution of the trustees, my position in this particular was not made known to the public until Mr. Logan's article appeared in the Roanoke Times.

JUDGE MOFFETT'S POSITION INDORSED.

Judge Moffett submitted his correspondence in regard to the Elson history to Messrs. C. A. McHugh, C. B. Moomaw, and E. W. Robertson, who wrote to the Judge:

"On leaving these papers Mr. Broun stated that it was your desire that we should give you a frank expression of opinion as to the propriety of the course pursued by you in this entire matter.

"Agreeably to this request, we have each carefully examined the Elson history and all of the documents above referred to. We are convinced that the course which you pursued, both as a patron and as a trustee of the institution, was eminently proper.

"The record shows that several months ago you directed the attention of the president of the college and on February 3 and 16, 1911, of the professor of history to the gross calumnies upon the South which destroy the value of the book as a text work of history in any institution of learning, and that you were throughout solicitous to insure the rejection of this book with the least possible publicity.

"We are persuaded that your course in this matter merits and will receive the approbation of all fair-minded persons, whether in the North or in the South, and more especially those institutions of learning which had adopted the book without knowledge of its demerits.

"It is to be regretted that the faculty and trustees of Roanoke College did not act more promptly, and when finally rejecting the book did not adopt more efficient means to protect the receptive minds of the youths intrusted to its care from its poisoning effects.

"In view of the numerous statements appearing in the public prints since the meeting of the board of trustees, we deem it proper that the entire correspondence between yourself and the professors of the college be made public."

No intelligent Northern patriot can read this Elson history

without indignation, and doubtless many a Union veteran would contribute to a fund for its utter destruction. No publisher whose book reviewer is competent—and only such a critic should be employed by reputable publishers—would be excused for printing such a volume for circulation even at the North unless he desired to renew the spirit of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Apology has been made in the VETERAN for the teacher of that history in Roanoke College. He was more deferential than others of the faculty, and the reports show him more conservative than the student body; and now Elson's exposed hand shows him unable to comprehend the situation and that he is evidently not so wicked as the language in his book would indicate. A man of industry and diligence as a compiler, with surroundings in his rearing entirely different from those of the people of the South, he is to be pitied rather than condemned for his shortsightedness. Meanwhile his book should be destroyed.

The Elson book is bad all through. On page 769 the author states: "At Orangeburg a slight battle was fought and another before Columbia, the enemy (!) being led by Gen. Wade Hampton. Columbia surrendered on February 17, Hampton escaping after setting fire to five hundred bales of cotton. The fire soon spread, and a large part of the town was consumed." This statement creates doubt as to the merit of condemning Elson as above. Is it reasonable to think that he never read Sherman's "Memoirs," wherein he admits that he made the charge falsely against Hampton? Could he have expected indorsement in Virginia in the use of the term "the enemy" instead of "Confederates," who were led by Gen. Wade Hampton? No fair-minded patriot of any section, regardless of which side he fought on, can indorse this Elson book—book named instead of history. He ingenuously makes the charge that Columbia was burned by order of General Hampton.

The Veterans and the Sons of Veterans in convention at Little Rock passed resolutions condemning the Elson book. The author may procure "increased sales" of his book, as he states he is doing, "by the agitation;" but he will be among a class like that at the North who would have "sectional feeling die out" in a manner so disgraceful to the Southern people that it would lower the morals of the nation. That book is a discredited to author and publisher, and the South will not have it.

CONDEMNATION AT BIRMINGHAM.

Camp Hardee, of Birmingham, through a committee composed of J. T. S. Wade, D. R. Dunlap, J. F. Foster, and J. W. Bush passed the following resolution condemning the Elson history: "Camp Hardee enters upon its registry an unqualified condemnation of the author and his book, and protests against its use in any of the schools, colleges, or universities of the South, and appeals in the name of truth and justice to the unprejudiced mind of those having charge of institutions of learning throughout the North to give their assistance in stamping out this vile production."

MARYLAND AND THE ELSON HISTORY.—Mrs. Cornelia Powell Odenheimer, President of the Maryland Division, writes from Jessup, Md.: "I find that Elson's history is not used at the Western College, and, as far as I can ascertain, nowhere in Maryland. I feel very bad about covering my State with such a cloud. The Macmillan Company gave Western College in the list of colleges using the history. Maryland has a new Chapter this month and will have another next month, so I feel quite encouraged."

ELSON'S HISTORY NOT IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

Mrs. Harriet P. Lynch, of Cheraw, S. C., writes:

"In the April *VETERAN* there was a just and emphatic protest by the Maryland Division, U. D. C., against the use of Elson's history in Southern institutions of learning. As Chairman of the Historical Committee of the South Carolina Division, U. D. C., I would say that I heartily indorse the stand taken by the Maryland Division.

"In this day, when there are a number of good histories, fair to the South as well as to the North, it is inexcusable that such an untruthful work should be found among the text books or even on the library shelves of Southern schools.

"Among the number of State universities using Elson's history, Mrs. Odenheimer, President of the Maryland Division, has placed the University of South Carolina. At the time of her writing this statement was correct; but it gives me great pleasure to say that the use of this author has been discontinued in the university, and I would be glad to have this fact known.

"As far as I have been able to discover, Elson is not used in the other educational institutions of the State; but it is difficult to give exhaustive data about the textbooks of private colleges. The fact that the university has banished it from its course of study may have a salutary influence if it should be in use in any small private college.

"I wish to add in closing that the recent numbers of the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* have been unusually interesting to me. I consider that this magazine has been a power in educating a historic conscience in the South as well as in preserving important historic records."

The District of Columbia Division of the U. D. C. protests in the name of truth and justice against the use of Elson's history in the schools, colleges, and universities of these United States, to the end that the youth of our country may not be taught falsehoods which cast opprobrium upon the fair name of the South, her people, and her past institutions.

[Much more should be said about the Elson book now. There can be no compromise with it.]

GENERAL GRANT FREED A SLAVE IN 1859.

In October, 1909, the *VETERAN* reported addresses made at a negro fair in Nashville by Secretary of War Hon. J. M. Dickinson, and Gen. Fred D. Grant, in which the former stated that Gen. R. E. Lee's absence from the army during the war was for a visit to his home formally to free all of his slaves. General Grant followed Mr. Dickinson in a speech, in which he stated that his family owned slaves when the war began, and that the ownership continued until the slaves were freed by President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation.

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch thus describes its discovery of an interesting record: "A document showing that Ulysses S. Grant liberated a negro slave March 29, 1859 (before the Civil War started), was unearthed by Lawrence Moskop, a clerk, at the courthouse Tuesday. The document signed by Grant reads: 'Know all men by these presents that I, Ulysses S. Grant, of the city and county of St. Louis, in the State of Missouri, for divers good and valuable considerations hereunto moving me, do hereby emancipate and set free from slavery my negro man, William, sometimes called William Jones, of mulatto complexion, aged about thirty-five years, and about five feet seven inches in height and being the same slave purchased by me of Frederick Dent. I do hereby manumit, emancipate, and set free said William from slavery.'"

OFFICIAL ABOUT LITTLE ROCK REUNION.

BY DURAND WHIPPLE, CHAIRMAN LODGING AND EATING COMMITTEE.

The eleven members of our committee, with our clerks, went on duty at six o'clock Saturday morning before the Reunion and stayed on duty, practically without cessation, until after the Reunion was over.

Booths were located in each of the four railroad stations, with the main headquarters of the committee at the old State-house. At the railroad stations every visitor was personally cautioned not to leave the depot until he had arranged for his lodgings. Thousands of visitors were assigned to lodgings at these booths, and the rapidity and ease with which they were taken care of was amazing. The plan adopted for this work, although put to the supreme test of such a crowd, operated without a flaw, and the only complaints arose when people in the city refused to abide by their contracts with the committee and turned away visitors assigned to them or tried to raise the rates agreed upon. Fortunately there were very few instances of this kind.

More than 110,000 people were taken care of at these booths. Of this number, some 12,000 were Veterans and were assigned to Camp Shaver, while the balance of the crowd was sorted out and sent to either paid lodgings or their destination in hotels or private residences, where they had made arrangements to stop.

Every Confederate veteran who would accept the hospitality of the city was housed and fed free and every one of the other visitors had a place to sleep at not exceeding one dollar a night. There was an abundance of eating places, where good meals could be found for from thirty-five to forty cents, the latter being the top price charged for a regular meal in any of the restaurants, outside of the principal hotels.

In spite of this unexpected and enormous crowd, this committee had on hand at the close of the Reunion 8,223 lodgings in private houses that were never occupied and more than 500 lodgings in the public schools that were empty—a total of 8,723 lodgings more than were needed. We emphasize the fact that these lodgings were all obtainable at not exceeding one dollar a night.

Our eating-places committee watched very closely. We investigated every claim or rumor of overcharge that reached us. In nearly every instance the story proved untrue, and in a few instances where actual overcharging occurred, an end was promptly put to the practice. It is perfectly safe to say that there were not one hundred instances of real overcharging during the entire four days of the Reunion.

There were so many extra eating places opened up for the week that most of them were never more than half filled at any time, and even at the height of the rush at meal time no one had to wait an unreasonable time to be served. Little Rock could have fed twice the number of people that came, and did feed them comfortably and at fair prices.

Our committee took especial pains to watch the situation day and night, having in mind the usual charge that cities entertaining the Confederate Reunion could not accommodate their crowds and that "Veterans had to walk the streets all night for want of a bed." We patrolled the streets of the city day and night and found the following to be true:

All veterans invited to Camp Shaver were told that the only thing necessary for them to do was to let the committee in charge know that they were coming. Only 1,500 did so, while more than 12,000 came. Of these 12,000, a great many arrived Sunday and most of the remainder Monday, from one

to two days before the time that they were invited. This led to great confusion and discomfort, and made necessary tremendous readjustment of the arrangements, which it took time to complete. By midnight of Monday, however, every veteran had a good bed to sleep on. Up to that hour many veterans were walking the streets, but they were on their way to the schoolhouses to which they had been assigned for the night.

An interesting fact developed, however. At 3:30 Tuesday morning a visit of inspection to the schoolhouses disclosed many of the veterans up and dressed, while their cots lay empty. Upon being urged to go to bed and get a good night's sleep, they replied that they had already had a good night's sleep, and that as it was almost daybreak they were up and ready for the day. Many of our so-called early risers saw these gentlemen later in the morning strolling about sightseeing, and thought they had been walking the streets all night. This condition was true all through the Reunion, and the committee in charge found it impossible to persuade the veterans to stay in bed after four o'clock in the morning. Suffice it to say that from midnight of Monday every Confederate veteran in the city had a good bed and plenty to eat without charge.

Another illuminating fact was discovered. Tuesday night more than seven hundred men and boys were asleep on the benches and ground in the old Statehouse yard. Members of our committee roused them and offered them good beds for the remainder of the night at twenty-five cents each. Thirteen people accepted this offer, while the remainder said they would rather sleep on the ground than pay a quarter for a bed. Of this seven hundred, only four were Confederate veterans. These were offered free transportation to one of the schoolhouses and free cots there; but they replied that it had been years since they had slept out on the ground with the boys, and they were not going to be cut out of the chance then. It is entirely safe to say that the crowds of sleepers that occupied the parks and plazas about the railroad stations the last two nights of the Reunion were composed of people who were not willing to pay twenty-five cents for a bed for the night.

To the young men and boys, employees of the Lodging and Eating Committee who, white-lipped and exhausted, stuck to their posts of duty until the guests were called for, Little Rock owes a debt of gratitude which the small sum we are to allot to these gentlemen does not begin to repay. Though exhausted to the breaking point, not one of these young men failed in his courtesy and consideration to any visitor, but gave to each the attention that might have been exacted by personal guests. The success of the Reunion rested largely on the grit and politeness of the clerks at the booths and headquarters of the lodging committee.

Little Rock took care of the more than 110,000 visitors reported brought in by the railroads, housed and fed some 12,000 veterans of these free, housed and fed at rates not exceeding \$1 a night for bed and fifty cents a meal for board nearly 100,000 of the other visitors, and yet had on hand 8,723 lodgings at \$1 a night, and was ready for more had they come, to say nothing of the additional lodgings we refused to list when we saw we could not possibly use them. And the city could have fed twice as many people as came at this time. And yet they said Little Rock was too small to take care of a Confederate Reunion.

WHAT OTHERS SAY OF THE LITTLE ROCK REUNION.

Col. John P. Hickman, Adjutant General Army of Tennessee Department, writes his first letter on such a subject: "It has been my good fortune to attend every Reunion of the

United Confederate Veterans. In fact, I went to New Orleans in June, 1889, representing Tennessee, when the association was organized, and I have never visited any city more elaborately decorated in Confederate colors than was Little Rock at our Reunion May 16-18, 1911. Independent of the decorations, we had the hearts of all of the people. They were glad to receive us, and want us again. I thank God that the spirit of '61-'65 still predominates with most of the people of the South. They revere the Confederate soldiers and women in their traditions, love of country, and ready sacrifice for liberty. There was only one discordant note at the Reunion which was that some of the maids unthinkingly appeared in our parade astraddle. This is against the laws of our organization, and I hope it will never occur again. These girls are put forward to represent the mothers of the South, and we all know it is unthinkable that one of our mothers would have appeared astride in public."

ECHOES FROM THE LITTLE ROCK REUNION.

BY REV. E. A. WRIGHT, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

At the Mobile Reunion in 1910 a young lady from Arkansas stood upon the rostrum in the spacious auditorium and sang a soul-inspiring song that extolled the military merits of the commonwealth of Arkansas, the chorus ending with, "All things nice in Arkansas and all things rosy in Little Rock." That song induced some of us gray-headed veterans to vote for Little Rock. This was one of the largest Reunions ever held except Richmond, in 1907, and was one of the best except Birmingham, in 1908. [The writer is from Birmingham.] We certainly found "everything nice in Arkansas" and "everything rosy in Little Rock." In truth, Little Rock did herself proud.

I helped to organize a Confederate Camp in my (then) home town, Goldsboro, N. C.—Camp Tom Ruffin—and I favor holding reunions as long as there are enough old vets left to do so with—the object for which the organization was formed.

One of the most pleasant episodes that came to me at the Little Rock Reunion was on Tuesday evening, May 16. As I emerged from the mess tent at Camp Shaver I encountered a band of veterans dressed in uniform and armed with old-time war muskets. They were standing in a circle singing "My Old Kentucky Home," and as they reached the chorus I joined in with a voice as melodious as in the days of "auld lang syne." At the close of this song they begin to "shoulder arms" ready to march back to their tents, when I said: "Captain, don't leave until we sing together 'In the Sweet Bye and Bye.'" The captain then invited me into the circle, when we two stood side by side and made the welkin ring.

When we finished this song, one veteran in the band dropped his gun and, running to me, threw his arms around my shoulders in an old-fashioned comrade hug, exclaiming: "God bless my soul! This is my old lieutenant, E. A. Wright." We served nearly four years together in Company I, 35th North Carolina Regiment, Gen. Matt W. Ransom's brigade. I immediately recognized him as my old soldier boy, Tom Regan. I was one of General Ransom's trusted picket officers during the long siege of Petersburg, Va., and frequently Tom Regan was with me on the picket lines. We had not seen each other since about September, 1864, and we will hardly ever meet again on this mundane sphere, but I hope we may in the "Sweet Bye and Bye" when we "cross over the river."

This band of veterans was from Fort Worth, Tex., commanded by Captain Barr.

GREAT MUSIC PARADE IN LITTLE ROCK.

Fourteen bands, aggregating three hundred and ninety musicians, a large drum corps not included, combined in one colossal band, marched through the streets of Little Rock, producing such a spectacle as was never seen before and making "a cyclone of melody." This feature was a pleasing surprise to the public. It was a happy thought of the committee on music so to combine the bands engaged for the Reunion. These bands assembled on the old Statehouse grounds and formed in solid phalanx on Center Street between Markham and Second.

At one time in the old Capitol grounds seven bands simultaneously played different airs, each ending with "Dixie," to the deafening cheers of thousands of listeners who packed the grounds and the adjacent streets.

The combined bands were formed under the direction of C. H. Becker, Charles Shoemaker, Prof. Wilbur Schumacher, and Walter Harlan, the latter being given credit for the idea. A fanfare of bugles from the Robert C. Newton Drum Corps announced the starting of the parade, which proceeded past the Hotel Marion to Main Street, thence to Tenth Street, and from there to the City Park, where the consolidated organization disbanded.

The bands in line with the number of musicians was as follows: Bay City, Tex., 25; Van Buren, Ark., 20; Corinth, Miss., 15; Grand Saline, Tex., 35; Nowata, Okla., 35; Arkadelphia (Henderson College), 29; Arkadelphia (Ouachita College), 30; Fayetteville (Arkansas University), 30; Clarksville, Tex., 18; Sweetwater, Ark., 22; Louisville, Ky., 25; El Dorado, Ark., 15; First Regiment Band, Little Rock, 30; Saltillo, Miss., 15. Total, 344.

In addition, there were thirty members of the Memphis Drum Corps and the sixteen members of the Robert C. Newton Drum Corps, making a combined total of three hundred and ninety in this consolidated band parade, the like of which probably was never anywhere else on the earth.

A large silk flag that cost \$150 was carried by James B. Dickinson in front of the grand procession. The flag was presented during the convention to the Robert C. Newton Camp, U. S. C. V., by a grandson of its namesake in a fine speech.

The formation of the great consolidated band was as of one band. The cornets, the trombones, the clarinets, the bass drums, the snare drums, and all instruments were grouped in the parade. Following the Robert C. Newton Camp Drum Corps came the trombones, of which there were thirty-five; then followed more than one hundred cornet players, fifty clarinets, and a solid phalanx of drums. All other band instruments were appropriately placed in the parade so that, even though the entire column compactly filled a block of street space, the consolidated groups played as one grand band.

ORDER OF THE GRAND PARADE.

The grand parade of Confederate Veterans, Sons of Veterans, with maids and sponsors, was as follows:

The parade formed on West Markham and the cross streets between Main and State. It moved east on West Markham to Main, down Main to Tenth, east on Tenth to the City Park. There by the fountain of the City Park appropriate songs were sung by several thousand school children. The parade then countermarched out Tenth to Main and back to Markham and west on Markham to the old Statehouse, where the veterans were reviewed by the Commander in Chief. The stand in the old Statehouse yard was reserved exclusively for veterans who were unable to march and their wives.

ORDER OF MARCH.

The following is the formation and assignment to positions in the parade: Mounted police, chief marshal and staff, parade committee, and band. The Commander in Chief, with staff, sponsors' carriages and band, formed on South State Street with head of column resting on Markham. Representatives of Southern mothers and Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association in carriages were followed by another band.

The Army of Northern Virginia came next in the following order: South Carolina Division, North Carolina Division, Virginia Division, West Virginia Division, and Maryland Division.

The Army of Tennessee moved on South Arch Street, head of column resting on Markham and followed by the Army of Northern Virginia, with Divisions in the order as follows: Louisiana Division, Tennessee Division, Florida Division, Alabama Division, Mississippi Division, Georgia Division, Kentucky Division, with a band.

The Trans-Mississippi Department formed on South Broadway, and followed the Army of Tennessee, with the Texas Division leading, then Oklahoma Division, Missouri Division, Arkansas Division, Northwestern Division, Pacific Division, with a band.

The Sons of Veterans formed on Center Street, head of column resting on Markham and followed with a float of the Reunion queen, with first, second, and third departments.

The carriage conveying the Governor of Arkansas and staff took up position on Louisiana Street at the intersection of Markham and leading citizens in carriages in the rear of the Sons of Veterans.

MAJOR SCREWS, OF MONTGOMERY, REPORTS THE REUNION.

[Maj. W. W. Screws, editor in chief of the Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser, attended the Reunion at Little Rock and wrote to his paper.]

Confederate soldiers invaded the State of Arkansas during the past few days. Little Rock is a city of 45,000 people, according to the last census. Naturally there was doubt and misgiving as to whether or not it could handle such a crowd as usually attends these Reunions. Doubt and misgiving gave way to satisfaction and pleasure when it was seen to what extent the people of Little Rock had opened their hearts and purses to give a few days' pleasure to the veterans of the gray.

This Reunion must have cost the people of this city in the neighborhood of \$50,000 in actual money, to say nothing of the vast amount of hospitality that was extended in the homes to visitors.

An idea of the immense preparations that had been made can be gathered from the fact that the beautiful City Park was used as a camping place for those veterans who were not able to bear their own expenses at hotels or boarding houses. The camp was named Camp Shaver, in honor of Col. R. G. Shaver, a distinguished C. S. A. officer, who was present to help make the Reunion a success, and 11,000 men were there provided for. The best of United States army tents were loaned by the government for their shelter. Cots were provided for them all and splendid sanitary arrangements made by the citizens' committee. No better meals were provided anywhere in Little Rock than those which were furnished these men. It is no small job to take care of 11,000 men for four days, feed them, house them, and keep them in a good humor by good treatment accorded. This was all done

at Little Rock and without friction, and things worked so well that it seemed to be without effort.

The camp was crowded all day and until late at night with visitors from all over the Union who had friends there, and at all times everything was done decently and in order. To cap the climax of kind treatment, after breakfast at the last meal furnished before camp was abandoned, every veteran received a basket containing luncheon enough to last him until he reached his home.

There was no extortion in Little Rock. It seemed to be the consuming desire of the people to have visitors go away satisfied and pleased with their town. They succeeded. There is a soft spot for the town in the heart of every veteran who was inside the gates of Little Rock during the three and four days of the Reunion. It is rare that occasions like this occur, and attempts at cornering and holding up may be looked for; but it can be said to the credit of Little Rock that there has been as little of it practiced here as was ever undertaken in any city in the United States under similar conditions. The very best citizens of the town, young and old, acted as policemen and watchmen to look after any who might become disabled, to aid the police, to escort visitors, answer questions, to do anything and everything within their power for the convenience and comfort of the thousands who were in the city.

Railroads radiate from Little Rock in every direction, and from Sunday night until Thursday morning every one of them poured thousands into the city. Yet there was no congestion, no confusion. Everything worked with the regularity of a clock.

It took great executive ability to do these things, and to Judge William M. Kavanaugh, a gentleman well known to many in Montgomery and in the Southern States, must be accorded a great deal of this success. He was the real head of the executive management, and no man ever had better or more faithful assistants. Judge Kavanaugh is the President of the Southern Baseball League from the pure love of outdoor sports. He is also the president of one of the biggest trust companies in the city of Little Rock. For years he was probate judge of Pulaski County, and is one of the finest all-round business men in Arkansas. All the old soldiers tip their hats to Judge Kavanaugh and to all the men and all the women who aided in making the Reunion such a complete success.

Of course the largest number of soldiers in attendance came from Arkansas and Texas, while Oklahoma poured in its thousands. It was not, however, a trans-Mississippi affair, for Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, Florida, Tennessee, Louisiana, Kentucky, and Mississippi sent many thousand veterans. * * *

Little Rock is a modern commercial and manufacturing city. Veterans enter through the large and commodious passenger stations from which street cars and taxicabs carry them in all directions over smoothly paved streets, lined with substantial buildings. Several of the hotels are palatial, and many small ones are very comfortable. The public buildings are elaborate and private homes among the most attractive in the South.

On Markham Street stands the old Statehouse, whose grim walls recall the glory of the ante-bellum times. The grounds are extensive and shaded. While the building to the casual observer is not very attractive-looking, it has been said that a distinguished architect says that he had rather have the reputation of being the architect of the old building than of the new magnificent Capitol that is very nearly completed. There

are many things about it that make it unique, and no doubt those who have an eye for such things can find the great beauties to which the architect referred.

Thousands of dollars were spent in decorations of streets and houses for the occasion. Several miles of streets were draped with flags, and patriotic colors floated from almost every building, private and public. Confederate Way was the title given to the thoroughfare extending from the free bridge to Camp Shaver via Main and Tenth Streets, a distance of fifteen blocks. Along this way stood sixty Ionic columns, each six feet in circumference and sixteen feet high, resting upon a square pedestal and surmounted by a globe glowing with two transverse circles of red lights, which in contrast with the white lights on the cap of the column carried out the red and white emblematic color scheme. These columns were connected with more than 10,000 feet of electric garlands, and the trolley poles along the way were wrapped with Confederate and United States flags, gathered and held in place by shields bearing the portrait of Confederate commanders. By day and by night this thoroughfare presented a scheme of gorgeous light and colors.

Markham Street was similarly decorated from one main passenger station to another. Capitol Avenue from Main Street to the Statehouse was canopied with flags and bunting and strung with white and red lights. These decorations extended to all parts of the city, and it was indeed a city of gorgeous beauty.

Convenient headquarters were arranged for every State. That for Alabama was in the county courthouse, a splendid structure. Men from every State of the Confederacy called there constantly, inquiring for friends whom they hoped they might meet or for friends back in Alabama from whom they were seeking tidings. There were many pathetic incidents of brother meeting brother and friend meeting friend from whom they had been separated for many years.

The general meeting of the Reunion was in an immense auditorium. It adjoined the city hall, and a most unique plan of decoration for this immense building was adopted and carried out. The largest Confederate flag ever made was used as a drapery for the ceiling of the auditorium and covered the entire length and breadth of the building. The pillars were draped in flags, and each section of the hall was decorated in honor of some Confederate hero.

One of the most pleasant incidents of the Reunion was the greeting extended to the veterans by President Taft. [That greeting and the response are given in full in this VETERAN.]

There was not a word uttered during the Reunion that indicated anything else than the most fraternal relations between all of the people of this country. If there had been any other sentiment, the splendid words of President Taft would have changed the current of thought.

GREETING TO U. C. V. BY PRESIDENT TAFT.

THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, May 15, 1911.

To the Confederate veterans who are now assembled in Little Rock I send heartiest greetings and express the hope that they will have a pleasant and successful Reunion.

The men of the Confederate army fought for a principle which they believed to be right and for which they were willing to sacrifice their lives, their homes—in fact, all those things which men hold most dear. As we recognize their heroic services, so they and their descendants must honor the services rendered by the gallant sons of the North in the struggle for the preservation of the Union. The contending forces

of nearly half a century ago have given place to a united North and South and to an enduring Union, in whose responsibilities and glorious destiny we equally and gratefully share.

During my visits South it has gratified me greatly to see those who fought for the blue and those who fought for the gray mingle together, worship the old flag, and feel a common pride in the deeds of heroism that were displayed in the Civil War. One of the most pleasant incidents of my visits through the South was the evident desire on the part of its people to confirm to the world that we are getting closer and closer together.

I congratulate the South on the wonderful progress which it is now making and on the spirit of civic pride which it is displaying.

WILLIAM H. TAFT.

RESPONSE TO THE PRESIDENT'S GREETING.

Voicing the sentiment and appreciation of the people of the South of the attitude of the Chief Executive of the United States in sending a telegraphed greeting to the Confederate veterans gathered in Little Rock, the United Confederate Veterans on May 17 sent a response to President Taft. The telegram, which follows, was read before the convention of the United Confederate Veterans, and upon motion of S. A. Cunningham was unanimously indorsed by a rising vote:

"THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

"*President W. H. Taft:* The United Confederate Veterans' Association assembled at Little Rock, Ark., in annual convention, representing the Confederate survivors of the War between the States, desire to express their appreciation of the kind telegram sent by you.

"Viewed from either a personal or an official standpoint, it brings to the association greatest pleasure. It speaks volumes for the breadth and generosity of the sentiments the American people now hold of the gigantic conflict of 1861 to 1865 and the universal recognition that the men of the South fought for what they esteemed a great principle and which they backed by unflinching courage.

"This feeling plays a most important part in the restoration of perfect harmony and the confidence felt both by the North and the South. As brave men we are not unmindful of either the courage or patriotism of the Federal army. As of our own soldiers, we emphasize the achievements of those who followed the stars and stripes.

"No patriot would change this spirit of peace and unbounded faith felt by all Americans in the superb destiny of the republic and which fills the hearts of all true men in every part of our country.

"Intensely loyal to the memory of our gallant and chivalrous Confederate dead, we cheerfully accord those with whom we battled due praise for what they did in the course of the most dreadful war of modern times.

"As Confederates we cannot forget the splendid sentiments which prompted you when Secretary of War to set aside in Arlington Cemetery a lot for the burial of our deceased comrades who died in prison or fell in the vicinity of Washington, nor can we fail to think gratefully of your appointment of many of our distinguished sons to high office. In your association with the Southern people you have always manifested a spirit which has won our esteem and which assures you of a welcome in the Southland of the most cordial kind. You can rest assured that the spirit and sentiments of your message are fully appreciated by every living Confederate."

The committee whose names were published are: William E. Mickle, Adjutant General; George W. Gordon, K. M. Van

Zandt, Bennett H. Young, T. H. Castleman, C. Irvine Walker, James F. Smith.

[The foregoing is most significant. Its tendency will be to pacify those who a few years ago refused to sanction the gatherings of old comrades and who chafed at the "outrage" of Confederate flags being displayed on these occasions.]

WELCOMED BY MAYOR OF LITTLE ROCK.

Gen. James F. Smith, chairman, introduced Hon. Charles E. Taylor, Mayor of Little Rock—"a loyal and patriotic son of a gallant Confederate soldier" and a citizen who looks above material things. Mr. Taylor said:

"For twenty or more years, since the first Reunion of old Confederates, Arkansas has sent to each her full quota of delegates. Arkansas and Little Rock have been represented always by loyal, enthusiastic men and women, loyal to the cause for which your grand old organization stands, and now that you have come to visit us, we bid you cordial welcome. Our welcome is not of words only, but in every way the people of our city are endeavoring to prove to you the sincerity of our welcome. In Little Rock we have been working arduously and systematically for months in an effort to make your visit a memorable one. Especially have we planned for your comfort, and I believe you will find that Little Rock has succeeded in providing excellently for your entertainment and happiness as well.

"During several weeks past many of our busiest business men have literally quit their business and have given their time to perfecting these arrangements. Among the many committees that have done noble service in this work have been the sons of those who wore the blue, working side by side with the sons of those who wore the gray.

"One of the pleasant incidents of your visit will be the welcome that is extended to you at the headquarters of the G. A. R. of this city. Their banner displayed on the street shows two hands clasped with the words, 'The G. A. R. welcomes the U. C. V.' I mention this incident to show that your courage and valor appeal now as they did fifty years ago to the courage and valor of all brave men, for you have won the admiration of the entire world, and to us younger men of the South the record of the Southern army is a priceless heritage, and your presence is a benediction to us. May your visit with us be pleasant to you! It will be a treasured memory and a blessing to us of Little Rock."

MAYOR TAYLOR TO THE SONS OF VETERANS.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and my Comrades, the Sons of Confederate Veterans: It becomes my pleasant duty as Mayor, as well as my esteemed personal privilege as a citizen, to extend a welcome to this organization on behalf of our people.

Little Rock is an up-to-date, stirring, progressive city, vying with other cities of the South and of the country in a wholesome rivalry as to accomplishment in those things which make cities great. In the development of our natural resources we are working out the same problems that confront a hundred other cities of the South. But we are learning the lesson in Little Rock that there are other resources than material that are of great value to us. We realize that, while we are building a city of factories, we must also build a city of homes; that while we are locating a new railroad, we should be building a new college and encourage the building of another church; that while we are offering inducements to the capitalist to invest his money with us, we must also offer to the poor young man from the country a city wherein he can rear his little family in comfort and peace and happi-

ness; and, gentlemen, we are stopping to consider in Little Rock to-day whether we have not given just a little too much time to planning for a brilliant future for our city and too little time to studying the glorious past of our State and of our people. Your coming among us with the old veterans will set a new standard for our people in this matter, and Little Rock will be tremendously the gainer through your visit.

As one born and reared in the South and whose kinsmen fought for the Confederate cause, I cannot be thought disloyal to their memory nor untrue to that cause when I say that no people more loyal to the great flag of the united nation can be found to-day than those of this city, of our State, of the entire Southland. Ah yes, my fellow-Americans, those of us who are Southern-born are showing to you to-day in Little Rock a sight at once beautiful, impressive, touching—it is the stars and stripes interwoven and intertwined and interwreathed with the stars and bars—the conscious strength of the present united with the hallowed memories of the past.

Your coming arouses within us those finer and nobler sentiments which make us better individually as citizens and collectively will make us greater as a city.

John W. Bratcher, Commander of Sterling Price Camp, Waldron, Ark., writes: "I have just returned from the Reunion of the veterans at Little Rock. That city cannot receive too much praise for the manner in which it managed the entire Reunion. Every department and military discipline was illustrated in every way. The management of the crowd was most harmonious, and the business department was well conducted. There were no slow trains, practically, in Arkansas, and everything was up-to-date. This Reunion is said to be the best of all. Hurrah for Arkansas!"

[Many other tributes have been received which cannot be used now.]

WHENCE THE DEAD AT CAMP CHASE.

SUSTAINING MEMBERSHIP SOLICITED BY THE R. E. LEE CHAPTER.

The dead Confederates in Camp Chase Cemetery, Columbus, Ohio, from the Southern States are as follows:

Alabama, 431.	Mississippi, 202.
Arkansas, 55.	Missouri, 8.
Florida, 62.	South Carolina, 85.
Georgia, 265.	Tennessee, 239.
Kentucky, 158.	Texas, 22.
Louisiana, 52.	Virginia, 337.
Maryland, 9.	Unknown, 280.

The Robert E. Lee Chapter, No. 519, U. D. C., of Columbus, Ohio, is doing everything in its power to beautify and maintain Camp Chase Cemetery, but it has a membership of only thirty-six. The Chapter desires to raise a fund to perpetuate this work through the veterans, the sons, and the daughters of veterans, and it solicits associate memberships.

The annual membership fee is \$1, while the minimum life membership is \$5.

Kindly interest your local newspaper in giving this work much publicity as possible. A press notice with a copy of application blank printed just below will reach many you cannot see.

Blank applications will be supplied by Mahlon Brown (of Mississippi), 347 W. Broad Street, Columbus, Ohio, Chairman of Membership Committee, or by Robert Bryan Harrison (of Georgia), 56 N. Grant Avenue, Secretary Publicity Committee.

MRS. LEROY ROSE, *President*.

MEMORIAL SERVICE TO GEN. W. L. CABELL.

HONORARY COMMANDER OF THE UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

At noon May 17 in the Auditorium at Little Rock the usual joint service of the United Confederate Veterans and the Confederated Southern Memorial Association was held, the officers of the latter and the various Division Commanders of the U. C. V. being on the stage. The Chaplain, Dr. R. Lin Cave, presided, opening the service with an invocation. Mrs. Eugene Douglass, of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Quartet, accompanied by Herbert Bingham, of the Junior Confederate Memorial Drum and Fife Corps, led in singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

During the beating of the Dead March by the Junior Confederate Memorial Drum and Fife Corps of Memphis the flag of the Texas Division was drooped before the assemblage and veiled with crepe by Miss Frances Howell Younger, sponsor for the Texas Division, and Mrs. Joseph B. Dibrell, matron of honor. The eulogy was well delivered by Mr. W. L. Meng, of Texas. He reviewed the military career of "Old Tige" and gave a thrilling account of his charge with his men in the battle of Corinth. His services did not include personal tributes of army officers and soldiers that were expected. An account of the military funeral in Dallas is delayed longer than was expected.

MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE READS DIRGE.

O sunkissed South, thy birds are singing,
Through perfumed vales thy bees are winging,
On every bank thy buds are clinging
Ere day is done;
But to thine eyelids Grief is bringing
Tears for thy son.

Droop, droop thy Stars and Bars, low trailing,
List to his grieving people's wailing,
Love's sorrow crown, thy joy veiling,
For he is dead;
No more thy troops with zeal unfailing
March where he led.

Thine are the deeds that live forever,
Thine is the Cause no time can sever,
Thine is the prowess fame can never
Blot from her day!
No braver soul than his has ever
Fought in thy gray.

Come to the muffled drums' low rolling,
Come to the deep bells' slowly tolling,
Come with a hushed prayer softly doling
Ere he shall sleep;
Above earth's cloud line dark and rolling
Love's watch shall keep.

To him the valiant soldier's dower,
To him the glory of his hour,
To him the laurel from Fame's bower,
Though low he lies;
For truth was his, and winged with power
Truth never dies!

At the conclusion of the reading a bugle rang "taps" from the stage, followed by an echoing bugle from the Texas Department, the chaplain pronounced the benediction, and the twenty-first annual memorial exercises ended.

SUMMARY OF BATTLES IN TENNESSEE.

[From address delivered by Ernest Mead November 15, 1910, to H. P. Woodbury Camp, No. 149, Sons of Veterans, Manchester, Mass.]

At the outbreak of the Civil War the "boundary line" between the North and South may be given as follows: Starting from Chesapeake Bay and following the course of the Potomac River to its headwaters, then crossing over to the Ohio and thence down that river to the Mississippi.

Strenuous efforts were made by the government at Washington on the part of the North, and the government at Richmond on the part of the South, to win over the border States to their respective sides. The South especially desired to secure Kentucky, and planned to bring this State in and retain it within the Confederate lines. The victory of General Grant at Fort Donelson in February, 1862, which was the first Union victory of any importance in the war, shattered this hope and brought the State of Kentucky within Union control. The military operations of General Bragg during the summer and fall of 1862 were directed with the view toward recovering control of Kentucky, but without success. The importance of Nashville as a center of communication early made it the scene of military operations, and the close of the year, 1862, found two armies, one Union under Rosecrans, and the other Confederate under Bragg, facing each other at Murfreesboro, a pleasant town on Stone's River, about thirty miles south-east of Nashville.

For several weeks both armies watched each other, and finally both commanders took the offensive, and by a singular coincidence both generals prepared the same plan of battle. Rosecrans, holding his right as a pivot, proposed to swing his left heavily against Bragg's right and by driving it in gain control of Murfreesboro and the roads leading southward therefrom, thus cutting Bragg off from his lines of retreat and overwhelming his army. Bragg's plan was identically the same in purpose. Holding his right as a pivot, he proposed to move his left heavily against Rosecrans's right and, gaining control of the roads to Nashville, compel the surrender or destruction of Rosecrans's army. Both armies were equally matched, the Union army having a slightly greater strength. The figures, as nearly as can be estimated from the best authorities, placed Bragg's strength at about 38,000 and Rosecrans's at about 43,000.

Such was the situation on the morning of December 31, 1862, when both armies moved forward to battle. Both plans were excellent, but Bragg by striking first secured a very important advantage. The Union right was not as properly posted for defense as it should have been, particularly in view of the fact that Rosecrans intended it to hold its ground. Consequently Bragg's attack was successful. The Union right, after a day of incessant fighting, was overwhelmed and driven back with heavy losses in men and material.

While all this was going on the Union left had advanced against the Confederate right, but had not gotten into position to make their attack when word came to Rosecrans that his own right was being driven in and the safety of the Union army imperiled. The alarming nature of this news obliged Rosecrans to suspend the offensive and bend every effort to maintaining his own position, and accordingly the Union advance against the Confederate right was hurriedly recalled, while Rosecrans made every possible endeavor to restore and reform his broken lines.

Such was the situation at the close of the first day. The Confederates had gained much ground, but the Union army as an organization was still intact. On the second day of the battle the fighting was continued, though not so heavily as on the first day, and still without decisive result to either side. Throughout these two days Rosecrans displayed the utmost personal bravery, fearlessly exposing himself in the thickest of the fight, disdaining all thoughts of retreat, and infusing his personal spirit and courage into his army.

On the third day Bragg formed a heavy column of six thousand men in an effort to overwhelm the Union left. To meet this onset Colonel Mendenhall, the Union chief of artillery, massed a battery of fifty-eight guns on a little knoll commanding the ford over Stone's River over which the Confederate lines advanced. The Confederate attack, though made with the utmost gallantry and spirit, was subjected to such a terrific fire from these guns, aided by infantry supports, that it was repulsed with a loss of between 1,800 and 2,000 men in forty minutes.

Thus ended the Confederate offensive, and that night a council of war was held by General Bragg, in which it was decided to retreat, and as a result the Confederate army fell back to Tullahoma; while the Union army advanced and entered Murfreesboro. Thus ended the battle of Stone's River. Both sides had claimed the victory. [Was not Rosecrans preparing to fall back also?—ED. VETERAN.] When we look only at the losses on either side, the Confederate had the advantage, for the Union loss was 13,300 against a Confederate loss of 10,300; but when we judge the battle by its results, it was then a Union victory, because it saved the States of Tennessee and Kentucky from the Confederate invasion which would have followed if Bragg had driven back the Union army.

After this battle there were several months of inactivity, which were succeeded in the summer of 1863 by the advance of the Union army under Rosecrans in what is known as the "Tullahoma Campaign." The Confederates fell back, and after several months of maneuvering, the great battle of Chickamauga, in September, 1863 followed, and this battle in turn was succeeded by the operations around Chattanooga in November of 1863. After Chattanooga there were no further military operations of magnitude until the opening of the campaign of May, 1864, when Sherman began his advance against Atlanta, which, after four months of constant marching, maneuvering, and fighting, resulted in the fall of Atlanta in September of 1864, which was the cause of great rejoicing throughout the North, and was correspondingly realized as a great blow to the South.

We are justified in believing that the Confederate President Davis unwittingly gave the Union cause great assistance when he removed General Johnston, who had so ably resisted Sherman's advance, and appointed General Hood in his place. General Hood, while a brave and dashing officer, lacked the prudence which is so necessary a quality in an able commander. He was a bold fighter—bold to a reckless degree—and he wasted the strength of his army and the lives of his men injudiciously by assuming the offensive without due regard to consequences.

The fall of Atlanta was followed by two months of inactivity, the Union army under Sherman and the Confederate army under Hood watching each other, each one wondering what the other was going to do. Finally Sherman started on his march to the sea, and at the same time that Sherman was

making his plans to march southward Hood was making his preparations to march northward, so that we have the unusual spectacle of two armies which had been facing each other for six months marching away from each other. It is the spectacular that appeals to us, and Sherman's march to the sea has always been considered one of the great spectacular events of the war, as it undoubtedly was; but I think that historians have never rated at its proper value the grand work of Thomas, assisted by Schofield, in repelling Hood's invasion of Tennessee; for there is no question that if Hood's movement had been successful and he had been able to carry out his cherished dream of occupying Nashville, Louisville, and possibly Cincinnati, his success would have more than counterbalanced the advantage to the North of Sherman's march.

When Hood started for Nashville he had a force of about 54,000 men, 41,000 infantry and artillery and 13,000 cavalry. At the outset of the campaign, and, in fact, all through, from the beginning to the end, he encountered great difficulties. In fact, it seemed as if everything in this campaign went against the Confederates, just as in the ill-fated Fredericksburg campaign everything went against Burnside. In the first place, Hood had to face severe weather, which delayed him for about three weeks and greatly hindered the accumulation of the necessary supplies before he could begin his advance. Finally, this being accomplished, he began his advance about the middle of November. At this time the Confederate forces were much stronger than the Union forces. Thomas was at Nashville, where he had his headquarters, and the troops in the field directly opposed to Hood were in the immediate command of Schofield, with General Cox as second. Schofield did his utmost to retard Hood's advance. There was some sharp skirmishing, rising almost to the dignity of a battle at Columbia and also at Spring Hill, where Hood made an effort to cut off the Union army; but this effort failed from a combination of causes too lengthy to be given here in detail, and the Union army retired safely to Franklin, where they arrived between midnight and dawn of November 30, 1864.

Franklin is a little town located on the south side of the Harpeth River, twenty miles south of Nashville. It was Schofield's intention to retire to Nashville, but when he reached Franklin he found the bridges destroyed, and these had to be repaired before he could get his wagon trains and his troops across the river. Accordingly, while a portion of his soldiers were repairing the bridges to make a crossing, the remainder threw up a semicircular line of intrenchments, beginning at the river west of the town and continuing across to the river east of the town, forming a line about three miles in length. These intrenchments were occupied by six brigades of the 23d Corps and three brigades of the 4th Corps, while two small brigades were posted about half a mile in front of this line in observation.

The intrenchments hurriedly completed, the wearied soldiers lay down to get such rest and refreshment as they could. About noon the Confederate advance appeared. The afternoon wore on, until finally it looked as if no attack would be made. About four o'clock, however, the Confederates could be plainly seen from the Union lines forming for the attack, and they advanced about 4:30. The advance comprised two corps of Hood's army. Their strength has been variously estimated at from 20,000 to 27,000 men. General Hood reports the number at 22,000.

It was a most beautiful afternoon, and those who were present say that the advance of these troops in perfect order and

alignment was one of the most magnificent sights of the war, not even excepting Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. The two Union brigades posted in advance should have been withdrawn to the main line, but by an unfortunate mistake of their commander they were told to hold their ground, when every one could see the impossibility of their maintaining their position against the Confederate attack. As the Confederate advance came forward they received the fire from these two brigades, which retarded the center, but on the right and left the Confederates came on unchecked, and the two brigades were obliged to give way and retreated to the Union lines, closely pursued by the advancing Confederates. This mistake came near giving the Confederates the victory, for the Union troops in the center were obliged to hold their fire until the retreating Union soldiers had passed over the works, and the advancing Confederates followed so closely on their heels that they came over with them and made a break in the line on each side of the Columbia Pike for a distance equal in all to the front of three regiments, and for a moment the Confederates thought they had carried the works; but General Cox, who was in immediate command of the field, foreseeing the possibility of this occurrence, had stationed a strong reserve, and, seeing the peril of the situation, these troops, without waiting for orders, advanced and drove back the Confederates and reestablished the original line as far west as the Columbia turnpike. West of the turnpike for a short distance the Confederates held the original line, and the Union troops established a new line some twenty-five or fifty yards in the rear of the first one. Across this interval the battle raged with the utmost fierceness, and eyewitnesses state that after the battle ended the dead were found lying from three to seven deep. One account states that a Confederate officer the next morning was found dead, standing upright against the bodies of his fallen companions, who were so piled up that he literally could not fall down. Another Confederate general was wounded, and before he could be carried away from the field was struck twice more and killed. One brigade came out of the battle with a captain as the highest officer unhurt. On the right and left of the Union center, where this temporary break occurred, the Union troops held the works firmly and repulsed every effort of the Confederates to carry them. The battle raged from 4:30 until about 7:30 P.M., though it was well on to ten o'clock when the firing finally ceased and the field became quiet.

The Confederate loss has been estimated by the best authorities at 1,750 killed, 3,800 wounded, and 700 captured. I am inclined to think that this estimate of wounded must be too low. The usual ratio of wounded to killed is four or five to one, occasionally even higher, and even if we put it at only four to one it would make the loss in wounded 7,000. In all, seven Confederate divisions were engaged, and the last one, Johnston's division of Lee's corps, which was not put in until after dark, reported a loss estimated at 800; while the other six divisions must have lost from 1,000 to 1,200 each. One competent authority estimates Hood's loss at not less than one-third of his attacking force. It would seem, therefore, as though this destructive battle must have caused a loss to the Confederates of from seven to eight thousand men. The Union loss as reported totaled 2,326.

I was very much interested in visiting this battlefield, and made the acquaintance of two Confederate soldiers, Gus Watson and James McGann. Watson had been a member of Stewart's corps, while McGann was a member of the 2d Ten-

ennessee Cavalry under Forrest. Upon visiting the battlefield with my brother, we engaged a carriage, and in company with these two gentlemen were taken over the field, and, upon seeing how interested I was, they took the utmost pains to explain to us every point of interest. They showed us the location of the Union lines and where the different generals fell. No account of this battle would be complete without mention of the gallantry of General Adams, commander of one of the Confederate brigades, who gallantly led his men forward and fell with his horse astride the breastworks, his body falling into the Union lines.

Another point of special interest in connection with this battle is the Carter house, located on the Columbia Pike right in the Union center, where the fiercest fighting took place. When the battle was over, some of the ladies of the family ventured out with a lantern to render what help they could to the wounded, of whom there were thousands, and almost the first one they came across was their own brother, mortally wounded, within a few yards of his own home. They carried him into the house, where he died the next day. This incident shows us how the Confederates were sometimes literally killed while fighting on their own doorsteps.

We in the North cannot fully realize and appreciate what the people of the South endured during this war—their fields ravaged first by one army and then the other, their stock and crops carried off, their homes burned and destroyed, the members of their families killed or captured or perishing by the frightful waste of war. The North suffered the same loss of life as the South—more, in fact, as far as numbers go—though not more in proportion to the numbers engaged; but with the exception of some occasional raids of comparatively limited extent, the North was free from the physical horrors and ravages of the war. We cannot wonder, then, that these scenes are burned deep in the hearts of Southerners, especially of the women, who stayed at home and had to see and endure all these things, nor can we wonder that the generation who endured them does not forget them.

After showing us over the battlefield, our guides took us down to the Confederate Cemetery, a short distance outside of the town. Here are buried the Confederates who were killed at Franklin. Several of the States have monuments with the number lost inscribed thereon. For instance, the Texas monument has this inscription: "Four hundred and twenty-four killed at Franklin." By actual count the total number of burials as taken from the inscriptions on the different monuments is 1,492. Besides these, there were many natives of Tennessee who fell on the Confederate side who were carried away and buried in their homes, so that it seems a reasonable statement to place the Confederates at 1,750 killed.

Mr. McGann told us of seeing the bodies of five Confederate generals which had been carried to one house, that of Col. John McGavock, and the lady had carefully covered the faces of these five dead generals with fine linen handkerchiefs.

Following the battle of Franklin, the Union army retired to Nashville. The Confederates followed, but Hood detached his cavalry and a portion of his infantry to menace Murfreesboro, occupied by a strong Union detachment. These operations were without decisive results, and they so weakened Hood's army that his force was not sufficient for a proper investment of Nashville. In the meantime Union reinforcements had assembled from various quarters, but severe storms set in and rendered any movements impossible for several days. The weather finally clearing, General Thomas began the battle of Nashville on December 15. The first day's

operations were entirely successful on the Union side, and resulted in driving the Confederates back in some parts several miles, when General Hood established a second line, and on the 16th the battle was renewed and resulted in complete success to the Union army. The Confederate army was driven back with heavy losses, and all further possibility of their continuing a successful offensive completely destroyed.

The reckless loss of life in the battle of Franklin had so impaired the morale of Hood's army and destroyed the confidence of his soldiers in his ability as a commander that any further successful offensive was out of the question; and while General Thomas has been given and deserves great credit for the battle of Nashville, the real victory was won two weeks earlier at Franklin by the courage of Schofield and his command who were there engaged in deadly combat with their own countrymen.

The battlefields of Nashville, Franklin, and Stone's River, three of the most important battles of the war, are entirely unmarked save only two monuments at Stone's River, one of which has been placed there through the interest of the late John W. Thomas, who was President of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railroad. It would seem that the importance of these battlefields should entitle them to be suitably and properly marked, and I am taking this matter up with the Commander in Chief of the Massachusetts G. A. R., and also with the national Commander in Chief, with whom I have had a conference in an effort to interest them in this undertaking, and hope may be successfully carried out.

My Dear Captain Gibson: In reference to the foregoing account would say that while I do not of course claim to state facts with the accuracy and detail of a historian, yet I have endeavored to give a truthful account of the matters treated, endeavoring to deal fairly with both sides.

The story of the Civil War should be told with perfect truth, which, perhaps, was not always done, and perhaps could not be done before the heat of the conflict had died away.

BRIG. GEN. T. J. HENDERSON, U. S. A.—The National Tribune reports the death of Brevet Brig. Gen. Thomas J. Henderson, of Princeton, Ill., who was born at Brownsville, Tenn., in 1824. He went to Illinois in early life. He was admitted to the bar in 1852. He was an ardent politician and one of the original Republicans. "He raised and commanded the 112th Illinois, but much of the time he was in command of a brigade. He was in the thick of the operations when Schofield tried to arrest Hood's advance across the Tennessee, and the opening of the battle of Franklin found him in bed, prostrated from illness and fatigue. As soon as he heard the firing he arose, resumed command of his brigade, and fought through the battle with the greatest gallantry. He was brevetted a brigadier general for this. Returning to Illinois, he became a leader in the Republican party, was presidential elector in 1868, and then served ten consecutive terms in Congress. He was a prominent candidate for Speaker of the Fifty-Third Congress."

IDENTITY OF THREE BROTHERS ESTABLISHED.—The identity of the three soldiers appearing in the pictures on page 70 of the February VETERAN has been established through this publication. A letter and clipping come from Orangeburg, S. C., stating that the three soldier boys are W. V. Izlar, Theo Kohn, and Ben P. Izlar, who enlisted from that community. Only one of them now survives, Maj. W. V. Izlar, of Orangeburg, who is now in correspondence with Dr. Jones in regard to the pictures.

SERVICE OF COL. W. O. COLEMAN.

HIS OWN ACCOUNT, WRITTEN FROM SAN BENITO, TEX.

In the October (1910) *VETERAN* an article from Capt. A. B. Barnes speaks of me at the battle of Wilson Creek erroneously in several particulars which I wish to correct.

I was adjutant of Wingoe's Regiment, McBride's Brigade, Missouri State Guards, in Price's army. Capt. Archibald McFarland was adjutant of the 2d (Foster's) Regiment, McBride's Brigade, and Col. E. Y. Mitchell was adjutant general of the brigade or seventh division of Missouri State Guards. Col. E. Y. Mitchell, father-in-law of Dick Bland ("Silver Dick"), lives at Waynesville, Mo.

General Price's army had been camped on Wilson's Creek five days before the battle which came off on the 10th of August, 1861. General McBride's brigade was camped on Wilson's Creek; the balance of Price's army was farther up the creek toward Springfield. General McCulloch's command was farther down the creek toward the Arkansas line. The Federal army, under Lyon and Sigel, was in Springfield, Mo., ten miles away.

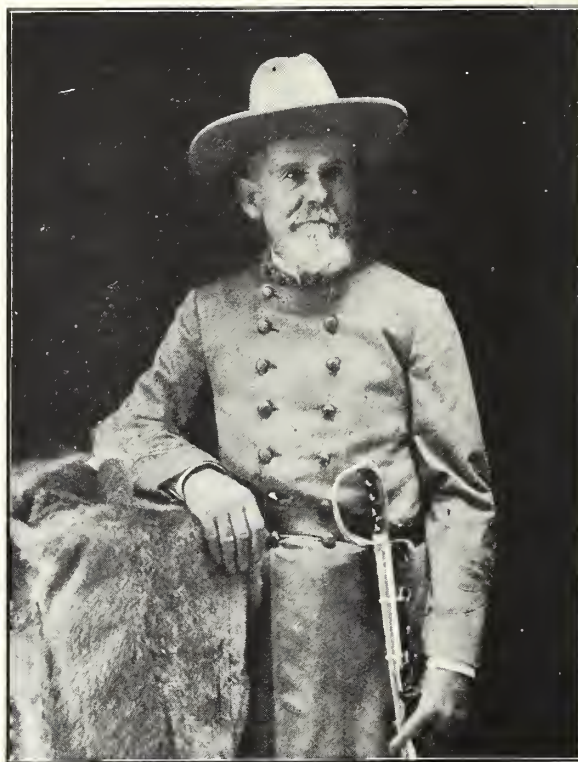
On the night before the battle we received orders to be ready to march toward Springfield at a moment's notice; it was very cloudy and dark. We received the order at nine o'clock, and then at 1 A.M. we received orders to turn in, it still being dark and cloudy. Just at daybreak I mounted my horse and went to a spring, about half a mile southwest of the camp, to water my horse, take a wash, and fill my canteen with good water. I was just in the act of mounting when General Lyon's artillery fired their first gun. I ran my horse to our camp, where I found the men trying to form line. I saw none of our field officers but General McBride. I rode up to him and said: "General, what disposition do you wish to make with the men?" He replied, "You had better move them off in that direction and take a position," pointing to the west, which was directly across the Springfield and Arkansas road.

I gave the command accordingly to form into line. I sent Sergeant Meese to Captain McFarland, adjutant of the 2d Regiment, to follow us. Then I gave the command to "Left face, march!" Directly we crossed the Springfield road we came into the range of the Minie rifle balls and artillery shot of Lyon's command. I gave the command to "Double-quick," and sent Capt. Douglass McBride, son of the General and aid-de-camp, back to the rear end of the column to see that the line kept up and then for him to report to General McBride, naming the position I was going to take, as I knew the ground.

There was a steep ridge, fifteen to twenty feet high, directly in front and parallel with the front of the Federal troops and about one-fourth of a mile from them. It was steep on the south side, and then level or rather a little inclined to the north clear up to the position of Lyon's Federal forces and Totten's Battery (six guns). By the time that both regiments got under cover of this ridge and in position I saw that Lyon's forces were moving on us. I rode down and met Captain McFarland. No field officer was in sight; both Colonel Wingo and Colonel Foster had been wounded in getting to the position. Captain McFarland and I decided to have the men withhold their fire (our men were armed with shotguns and squirrel rifles) until the Federals got close to us. I took position about the middle of the 1st Regiment with my horse high enough up the hill so I could see the movements of the enemy; and when they got close to our line, some of them within fifty or seventy-five feet of us, I gave the

command, "To the top of the ridge and fire!" which they did, both regiments with the precision of old trained veterans. This volley of slugs, chunks of lead, buckshot, and balls completely upset the line; and just as we fired Major Woodruff, of the Little Rock Battery, which was stationed on a hill east of the creek, turned loose on them, which completed the rout of the enemy. In that position our part of the fight lasted about six hours. They charged us six different times, but with the assistance of Woodruff's Arkansas Battery and General Parson's ("Gibbons") Missouri Battery, we completely repulsed every attack that they made.

General McBride never made his appearance on the battle line during the day. His aids, Capt. Douglass McBride and Lieutenant Colonel Asbury (now of Higginsville, Mo.), came up several times. General McBride had established his headquarters somewhere in the rear. General Price came around to us once, just as Captain McFarland and I had con-



COL. W. O. COLEMAN.

cluded to flank Totten's Battery and try to capture it; but General Price directed us to remain in the position that we were then in, as it was the key to the battlefield. He said that we had checked General Lyon's advance on General McCulloch's rear. The rest of Price's army fought to our right, our line forming an "L" to the rest of the Missouri line. General McCulloch was south of us, and whipped General Sigel in short order.

After the third or fourth charge on McBride's Brigade, Colonel Churchill's regiment came up and formed a line directly in our rear. Some of them moved forward through our lines to the top of the ridge and undertook to advance on the enemy from that position, but the firing was too heavy so they moved off to our left, northwest of us. Captain Harper, the adjutant of Churchill's Regiment, was killed near the right flank of our line. Soon after Churchill left General Price with the Arkansas Regiment came up and moved off in

the same direction that Churchill had taken, which placed them to the west of General Lyon, and the most of Price's Missouri army was to the east of Lyon. McBride's Brigade and a part of General Parson's Missouri Brigade, were both southeast of Lyon. General Lyon's last charge faced west and south. General Lyon was killed directly in front of McBride's Brigade, not over three hundred yards from our line. Just about the time he was killed his forces commenced to retreat. We discovered it at once, and moved forward at quick time to follow them. Captain Armstrong's company of the 2d Regiment moved right over General Lyon's body. His gray horse was about thirty to fifty feet from him. Lieutenant Armstrong was the first man to discover his body, not knowing who he was, but saw that he was an officer, and started to cut a button off of his coat. A wounded German sitting up against a tree close by him called out: "Don't do that; that's General Lyon." I turned immediately to the spot. In less than a minute's time a hundred men or more got around him and his horse, cutting souvenirs—buttons off Lyon's coat and hairs from his horse's tail. The men that were near took a look and moved on at a rapid gait. We followed them for perhaps a mile; and as no one else followed close or near to us, and as the men were all tired and worn out and about one-third or more of them were barefooted, I marched them back to our camp.

I had two horses killed under me, the first one a noted race horse. Totten's whole battery got a broadside shot of grape and canister into him, striking him from his head to his tail, and the left stirrup and left bridle rein were shot in two. I jumped over his head, and one jump took me down the ridge. The horse fell sidewise over the ridge, and the men counted sixty-seven bullet holes in his hide. The quartermaster, Col. Joe Love, sent me another horse, and I started to look over the ridge when a Minie ball struck him squarely in the forehead and passed through the rim of my hat about one inch from my head, making a hole about three inches long in the rim of my hat.

General Price learned after the battle that General McBride was not with his men during the battle.

General Price moved back to Southwest Missouri, and finally back to Springfield. Our term of service, six months, was up in December. We were then discharged, and nearly all of our men went into the Confederate army. General Price sent for Captain McFarland and me and told us he would like for us to go with him into the Confederate service. We assured him that we intended to do so. He had his inspector general to make out a commission to each of us to raise a regiment for the Confederate service. Mine was to be cavalry, as I had served in the United States cavalry, and Captain McFarland, having served in the English army, his regiment was to be infantry. Each of us organized a regiment. Colonel McFarland's regiment moved with General Price east of the Mississippi River, had one of General Price's crack regiments at Corinth, and at Iuka was severely wounded in the head. The last I ever heard of him he was warden of the Missouri State Penitentiary at Jefferson City. My regiment was left in North Arkansas and South Missouri. My record and my regimental service can be learned by reading the "Records of the War of the Rebellion" in all the volumes that relate to Missouri and Arkansas.

[The "Records" above referred to contain elaborate reports of the Colonel Coleman. An inspection of them shows much of the prodigious service he rendered the Confederacy.]

QUANTRELL'S DEATH VERIFIED.

BY O. L. JOYNER, GREENVILLE, N. C.

Last fall I read in the *VETERAN* an article by a Colonel Coleman, from Texas, in which he gave an account of the operations of guerrilla warfare in Missouri, and incidentally stated that Quantrell, captain of the band, was still alive and prosperous and was living somewhere on the southwestern border of Texas, near Brownsville. Now I have repeatedly seen this statement in the newspapers during the past twenty-five years. Much has been said concerning the fate of this man, and I have always felt a keen interest concerning it.

Several years ago some one purporting to have been a member of Quantrell's raiders wrote an article in which he stated that Quantrell, after witnessing an almost complete annihilation of his band in some battle in Missouri, made his escape across the continent, and finally settled on a sheep ranch in Australia, where he had become immensely wealthy. Two years ago I was in Southwest Oklahoma, and spent two hours most pleasantly with Frank James, one of the noted followers of Quantrell. Learning that Mr. James lived near Fletcher, Okla., I secured two Texas ponies, and with a friend rode out to his farm. It is one of the most beautiful spots I have ever seen, nestled on the side of a gently sloping plateau of prairie land, from which to a distance of twenty-five to thirty miles the vision is unobstructed. We found Mr. James sitting on a riding cultivator, plowing his corn. He conversed freely on almost any topic; especially was he well versed and his memory vivid as to the events of the Civil War. Realizing that he might know as well as any living man the fate of Quantrell, I asked him to tell me.

He writes:

"FLETCHER, OKLA., November 14, 1910.

"O. L. Joyner, Esq.—Dear Sir: Your favor of October 27 received some time ago. As to statement in the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* that Quantrell is alive, it is not true. Two comrades and myself were the only ones of the command that saw him alive after he was wounded at Major Wakefield's, in Nelson County, Ky. Quantrell with a small detachment of his command was scouting in that section. Being attacked by Capt. Ed Terrill's troop of cavalry in a blinding rain storm, they were routed. Each man then took care of himself. At that time Richard Glasscock and Clarke Hockersmith were both killed while attempting to save Quantrell. At that time I was at Judge Alex Sayers's, near Samuels's Depot, Ky., about twenty miles from the scene. About sundown two of the boys rode up to where I was and informed me what had happened. They soon procured fresh mounts. We ate supper at the Judge's and started back for Major Wakefield's house, where we arrived at 2 A.M. My two comrades kept guard. I went immediately into the house, and found Quantrell lying on a trundle-bed. He immediately said: 'Frank, I have run a long time, but they have got me at last.' I urged upon him to let us move him to 'Knobs,' a rough and broken section of country near Samuels's Depot. 'No,' he said; 'I will die, and it is no use.' So I bade him good-by, went out, and the two boys went in and said their farewell.

"Next morning a troop of cavalry came to the house and carried him to Louisville, Ky., and placed him in a Catholic hospital, at his request. Mrs. Nev Ross, who had refugeeed from Jackson County, Mo., went immediately to him. He died in a short time. Mrs. Ross came immediately, or in a day or two, to see us at Samuels's Depot, and her son, who was with us, in my presence and in that of others said that Quantrell was dead."

PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS AT GETTYSBURG.

BY WM. YOUNGBLOOD (LONGSTREET'S STAFF), FLORENCE, ALA.

In June, 1863, Lee's army commenced the movement to Pennsylvania. I was then a private soldier in the 15th Alabama Regiment, commanded by Col. William C. Oates. Our division crossed the Blue Ridge Mountains at Ashby's Gap, and soon came to the Shenandoah River, where our commander, General Hood, was sitting on his horse directing the crossing. I approached General Hood and asked for permission to take off my clothes before wading the river, but was told to go in, so in I went with the rest; and although it was a hot day, the water was so cold that I crawled upon a projecting rock in the middle of the stream, and stayed there until I was forced to leave it. We moved down the river, where we camped for several days. At Millwood, in the valley of Virginia, I went to General Longstreet and appealed to him to detail me to his headquarters as courier upon his staff. [Comrade Youngblood had a grievance against his colonel, Oates, and for that reason sought a change.—Ed.] He sent the order to General Lee for approval, making it special. I was given ten days' leave of absence to obtain better clothes and to mount myself. Within the ten days I joined Longstreet six miles to the north of Hagerstown, Md., on the pike to Chambersburg, Pa., where we halted. In a few days we moved on toward Gettysburg, less than a day's ride. We were near where the line of battle was being pitched about four o'clock in the afternoon.

General Longstreet looked over the field and surroundings that evening (the 1st of July), went back behind Cashtown, and pitched tents for the night. The troops had approached to within three or four miles of Gettysburg, arriving about night, and had gone into camp. I had not unsaddled my horse before Colonel Sorrell called me to his tent and told me I must go back to Chambersburg for General Pickett; that I would find him on the east side of the town, and await orders. I asked for time to feed myself and horse, and was given thirty minutes, after which I started on my dark night's ride to Chambersburg. The ride was lonesome, although a few hours before our army had passed. I found General Pickett, as I expected. His sentinel called out: "Halt! Who comes there?" I answered: "A courier hunting General Pickett."

A man lying upon the ground at the foot of a tree arose to a sitting position and said: "Here is General Pickett. From whom do you come?" I replied: "General Longstreet." One of his staff struck a match, and the General read the dispatches which I had brought and said to the staff officer: "We must move at once to Gettysburg. Order the men into line and lead the movement."

There was not ten minutes' time consumed in this movement. Pickett and staff and I all rode off together, the men following silently in a steady tramp behind. I had been in the saddle from early morning till then, except the thirty minutes referred to. It was about one o'clock in the morning. About four o'clock I turned my old jaded horse into a clover field, dropped his rein upon the ground, lay down in a fence corner, and in a few minutes was sound asleep. I was awakened about six o'clock by the tramp of soldiers going by. I hurried into a long trot until I overtook General Pickett, told him of the road in front of him; and as he was instructed to halt near Cashtown, I forced my horse on to General Longstreet, who was in a wheat field. That was about 8 A.M. Some of the troops were passing into position on the battle line. I begged food from one of the couriers. My horse ate the heads of wheat.

In the afternoon, about two o'clock, General Barksdale's Brigade of Mississippians having taken position, General

Wofford, with his brigade of Georgians, filed in on Barksdale's right, and a South Carolina brigade passed very near to General Lee. I was sitting on my horse within hearing of Generals Lee, Longstreet, and Hood. General Lee was standing upon the ground, an orderly holding his gray near by, while the others were in their saddles. General Hood said to General Lee: "My scouts report to me that there is a wagon road around Round Top at its foot (which has been used by farmers in getting out timber) over which I can move troops. I believe I can take one of my brigades, go around this mountain and attack from the rear, and capture Round Top." General Lee asked General Longstreet's opinion. Longstreet said: "I have great faith in General Hood's opinions and his ability to do whatever he plans to do." This was all the reply Longstreet made. General Lee stood with head bowed, apparently in deep thought, for, it seemed, a long time. When he raised his face to look at Generals Longstreet and Hood, he said: "Gentlemen, I cannot risk the loss of a brigade. Our men are in fine spirits, and with great confidence will go into this battle. I believe we can win upon a direct attack." Extending his hand to General Longstreet, he said: "Good-by, General, and may God bless you!" Then shaking General Hood's hand in farewell, he said: "God bless you! General Hood, drive them away from you, take Round Top, and the day is ours." And with tears in his eyes he turned, mounted the iron gray, and rode away.

Hood went to his command. Longstreet dismounted and held his reins over his arms, and dispatched his staff officers and couriers along the line of battle to watch the movements and report to him. He ordered me to remain with him. The South Carolina men had passed and the line was formed, and thirty minutes after General Lee left us. The cannonading gave the signal for attack. General Longstreet quickly mounted. I followed suit, and we spurred to the front; the men were upon the charge. Just as we rode from the timber into the open, which brought us face to face with the Union army, I noticed that we were riding in front of Wofford's men. I called General Longstreet's attention to this, and suggested the danger of being shot down by our own troops. He checked his horse and waited until Wofford's men had gotten in front of us. The Union army was found between our people and the peach orchard upon a road along which they had piled rails and whatever else they could get in making breastworks, and were lying behind these rails awaiting our attack. The peach orchard was on Wofford's left and Barksdale's right. General Longstreet from the minute he came into the open where he could see Round Top had his field glasses constantly upon that end of his line, deeply interested in Hood's movements. Upon approaching the peach orchard the Union forces had fallen back beyond the orchard. Our people were driving them; but General Barksdale's brigade had halted behind the small breastworks which the enemy had abandoned, while Wofford's men had gone on. I called General Longstreet's attention to this, and said: "Do you want General Barksdale to halt?" He looked and said: "No. Go tell him to retake his position in the line." I turned my horse and dashed to Barksdale, jumping a fence to do so, when I fell, pulling myself back into the saddle by my horse's neck. I found General Barksdale on his horse standing behind a brick milk house and gave him the order from General Longstreet. He put spurs to his horse, dashed a little way along his line, gave an order to "charge at double-quick," when I distinctly heard a shot strike him and saw him fall from his horse. I went back to General Longstreet and told him of Barksdale's fall, when he said: "Go on beyond this orchard and tell General Alexander

to advance his artillery and to keep in touch with Wofford's left." I hunted my way to this battery through the smoke, hissing of balls, noise of shells, and thunder of cannon. One of the artillerymen led my horse to General Alexander, whom I found a few feet in front of his own guns, his glasses to his eyes, standing the bravest of the brave. I gave him the order, and he pointed and said: "Tell General Longstreet that as soon as I drive back this column of the enemy I will advance." The enemy was entering the space caused by Barksdale's halt.

Simultaneously Wofford's men, seeing that they were not supported on the left, had begun to retreat, which Longstreet's and Wofford's personal appearance prevented from becoming a panic. I aided in rallying Wofford's men, got the line re-established, and rested for the night. Just at this moment Major Walton, of Vicksburg, a member of Longstreet's staff, came up to me, face powder-stained from biting off the cartridges, told me that his horse was killed, and, being afoot on the battlefield, he got a gun from a fallen Confederate and went into the fight. He asked me for my horse, telling me to go seek the headquarters and wait there for him. I gave him my horse, and as he rode away I looked around, when a Georgia soldier directed my attention to a horse saddled and bridled grazing between the two lines of battle. I told him how dangerous it was to get that horse. He laughed and said: "It is easy." So I went upon hands and knees, keeping the horse between me and the enemy. The horse was so tired and hungry to scape. I mounted him and put both spurs into his flanks, and was soon out of range.

The next day (July 3) General Longstreet took his position in full view of both lines, and upon the booming of one hundred guns which our side had placed to open upon the enemy's line General Pickett was to attack. He and his men rushed to the charge. Later General Pickett was seen coming back in a gallop, his long black hair waving in the wind, and he asked: "Where is General Longstreet?" I was dispatched to intercept him; and as he approached General Longstreet in agony, he cried out: "General, I am ruined. My division is gone; it is destroyed." General Longstreet consoled him with the assurance that it would not be so bad as he thought; that in a few hours he would get together quite a number of his men. What occurred after that I know not.

That night about midnight I was called to Colonel Sorrell's tent, and he told me that I was to hunt up some officers along the line and give them sealed orders. It was then drizzling, and the night was dark. I had but little trouble in finding the officers I was sent to except Colonel Walton, chief of artillery, Longstreet's Corps.

On my return to the Black Horse Tavern I found General Longstreet's wagon, and he and staff in the road waiting for somebody or for some signal. We moved on in the rain for an hour or more. We did not know but had a presentiment that our move was a retreat. It was a hard, very hard march. The roads were muddy, wagon ruts deep, the night awful. We had besides our own army about 7,000 prisoners to take care of. After a hard march of a day and night, we approached Falling Water on the Potomac, where the pontoons had been laid to cross into Virginia. The rain had swollen the Potomac, and all had to cross on the pontoon. I had been doing courier work all day and night, and arrived a little before midnight at the pontoon, where General Longstreet was on the ground directing the men, wagons, artillery, etc., across. I moved off to one side out of the way and out of sight, tied my bridle reins to my arm, and slept by the root of a tree until after daylight, when to my horror I found myself within a few feet of the river, and my horse so close that one step

more would have put him over the bank. I made my way to the bridge and crossed over. I went up the bluff into the main road. I saw General Lee on his horse, accompanied by some of his staff, watching the men cross the pontoon.

While there a man whom I did not know rode up and said: "General, there is a rumor throughout the army that General Longstreet's failure in his duty is the cause of our disaster at Gettysburg." General Lee with firmness and fire replied: "It is unjust. Longstreet did his duty. Our failure is to be charged to me."

Thus ends what I know of the battle of Gettysburg. Who knows what might have happened if General Hood had been permitted to make the flank movement he suggested? Who knows what might have happened if General Barksdale had not lost his position in the line of battle when we had the Union army going to the rear? No State ever furnished braver or better soldiers than that grand old State of Mississippi. No troops were ever commanded by a braver man than General Barksdale; while Wofford's, Kershaw's, and Law's Brigades were beyond reproach, as game and true as ever carried sword or gun. This was Hood's Division, "that could cut their way through any line that could be formed against them," so boasted General Hood.

FUN IN CAMP.

BY CLARENCE KEY, PIKEVILLE, MD.

When the 2d Texas Cavalry were camped on Skull Creek, near San Antonio, Tex., a Mexican appeared in the camp and complained that a hog had been stolen from him by one of our men and that he could identify the thief. The adjutant of the regiment had the only tent in the command, and the Mexican was directed to go there and enter his complaint. He went immediately to the tent, and there at a table covered with papers sat the thief, bedizened with gold braid. The Mexican at once proclaimed the fact to the astounded camp, and demanded payment for the hog and that the thief be punished.

In vain he was assured that he was mistaken, that it was absurd, and that such a thing could not be. He persisted in his statement, and finally became so violent that he was summarily kicked out of camp.

Thereafter "oft in the stilly night, ere slumber's chain had bound us" and the camp fires were burning low, a stentorian voice might be heard asking the question, "Who stole the Mexican's hog and wouldn't pay for it?" and equally strident and stentorian came the reply, "Adjutant P—!"

Some fellows from another regiment stopped at our camp fire and entered into conversation with us. Somehow the question of graybacks came up, and our first sergeant began to speak, and suddenly stopped, saying: "Wait a moment; I will not tell this story without witnesses." He looked around and called two men whom he saw; and when they came, he resumed the story. "One of our fellows," he said, "had a pair of buckskin trousers, and the graybacks in them were so numerous that they almost drove him crazy. One day when we camped at noon he took advantage of the hot New Mexican sunshine and laid off his trousers. A few moments later he looked for his trousers, and the graybacks had dragged them into the shade of a wagon. Is not that so?" he asked his witnesses. "Yes," they said; "it is true, for we saw it."

Seated around a camp fire one night an old fellow who had begun his military career in the East (he was about forty, but we youngsters called that old) said: "I liked to soldier in Ferginny." "Why?" said some one. "'Cause you could always get good water to drink and good terbacker to chaw."

INCIDENTS OF WHEELER'S RAID.

BY W. G. ALLEN, ASHBY'S COMMAND.

About August 11, 1863, under orders from General Hood, Wheeler's Cavalry rendezvoused at Carter's Station, on the Chattahoochee River. Here Colonel Ashby was ordered to keep well in front of the cavalry. I was sent with a hundred men to the Western & Atlantic Railway, south of Dalton, Ga., with orders to tear up the road and to destroy the Federal store of commissaries at Dalton. We filled our haversacks with all we could carry, and were setting fire to the depot when the Yankees opened fire upon us with two pieces of artillery; and the grape and canister striking the iron roof of the station made a terrific noise.

My orders were to keep open the road leading out of Dalton. A short distance from there we encountered the advance guard of General Steedman's negro brigade. We drove them back until they were reinforced by other commands. Their line formed with about a four-hundred-yard front, and our men were in a field head high with hogweed. After about an hour's skirmishing, they charged our lines, in which charge we lost several killed and wounded. We then retreated. Leaving Cleveland, Tenn., we cut the telegraph wires and tore up the road between Cleveland and Charleston. On the Hiwassee River we met Colonel Morrison's infantry, which was posting the ridge across the river. We crossed the Ocoee River near the mouth and tore up the road at Riceville. Here I was ordered to meet Colonel McKenzie, my regimental commander, at Blevin's Mills, on Goldfield Creek, to unite with the other portion of the regiment in the capture of a detachment at Stewart's Landing, on the Tennessee River. I moved at once, but missed Colonel McKenzie; and when about a mile above Stewart's Landing, I heard firing and hastened forward. We met a squad of fleeing Yankees, who killed my horse.

Colonel McKenzie captured about three hundred men, and with them released twelve of his own men who were prisoners. At daylight I tried to cross the Tennessee River, but had no boat. A Miss Jane Luske told me there was a hog trough hidden in the willows, and in this I crossed over and made my way toward my old home in Washington in search of a horse. I managed to get one that could hardly walk, and I was woeefully tempted to go on to Washington, where my wife was; but I rode back to find my command at Pine Gap, Walden's Ridge. My confiscated horse was so poor that I sent it back.

I was in an orchard filling my hat with apples when I heard some one coming, and recognized one of the 9th Tennessee Battalion. When I told him I was trying to get to Ashby's Brigade, he said they were at Pikeville, and took me on his horse with him. We met others of the 9th Battalion who said our men were at People's College, eight miles below Pikeville. There I found Major Atkin, commander of the 9th Battalion, who gave me something to eat, as I had eaten nothing but apples for two days. He also promised me a horse. The next morning I rode with the battalion to Altamont, in Grundy County, to join Colonel Anderson, of the 4th Tennessee Cavalry, who was preparing to attack Col. Bill Stokes in his fortified stockade. Colonel Anderson called for volunteers to scale the stockade, and Lieutenant McLain and a number of men, including myself, responded. We stormed up the side, but were repulsed, and Lieutenant McLain was killed. Some one struck at me with a saber, splitting my horse's ear. I took shelter behind the stone house in my retreat. As I rode away I saw a negro in full Federal uniform, captured him, and took him to Colonel Anderson's headquarters.

Shortly after we started for Winchester we saw a wagon train and at once gave chase. In their efforts to get away boxes of crackers were broken open and wagon beds rolled down the mountain, till the whole place was strewn with provisions of every sort. At Winchester we came again to the railroad, which we tore up, and destroyed all the enemy's provisions that we could find. Riding from this place, I was with Dr. McLain at the rear of the column. It was very dark; and when those in front of us halted, we waited also, until I became impatient and went forward to see what was the matter. I found some of the men asleep on their horses, quietly awaiting orders to move on. They were the most surprised men imaginable when we awakened them; but the command was gone, and we had to follow as best we could. Dr. McLain and I rode around in the dark until we came to what we thought was Colonel Anderson's camp. We went to it and asked for Colonel Anderson before we found that it was a Yankee picket post. Then we got out in a hurry, followed by several shots.

Shortly after this we heard a train coming, and we put a lot of crossties on the track, thinking to wreck it. Instead, it only stopped the train, and the whole load of Yankee soldiers jumped out and swarmed all over the place to see what had stopped them. I knew they would get me, so I hid in the river, with only my head sticking out. They got my horse, and possibly Dr. McLain, as I did not see him again, but found Colonel Anderson about daylight.

General Williams, with his Kentucky brigade and Colonel Anderson's regiment, determined to attack Murfreesboro and burn the stores there, and while preparing for this assault we heard General Wheeler's guns at La Vergne. We were repulsed, and just then General Robertson, of Texas, came up and took command; but we were again repulsed, and moved on to Cornersville, trying to effect a junction with General Wheeler. Leaving Pulaski at our left, General Williams, General Robertson, General Dibrell, and Colonel Anderson held a council of war. I acted as guide for General Williams across the country, while the other generals joined General Wheeler.

DIED IN HOSPITAL AT WINONA, MISS.

In the shadow of the monument erected by the B. F. Ward Chapter, U. D. C., of Winona, Miss., are the graves of over fifty Confederate soldiers who died in the hospital there. This list, which was found in the Mayor's office, was kept by Dr. Holman, surgeon in charge (1862-63), but is not complete, as only thirty names are given:

T. S. Hooper, Co. G, 34th Miss. Regt.; E. Mullens, 1st Miss. Bat.; F. W. Evans, Co. K, 5th Miss. Regt.; Christian Cantoline, Co. E, 42d Ala. Regt.; Irwin McGilise, Co. K, 28th Miss. Regt.; P. McGowing, Co. K, 28th Miss. Regt.; Young C. Dunbar, Co. B, 2d Bat. Tex. Legion; G. T. Holles, Co. K, 42d Miss. Regt.; A. P. Smith, Co. H, 6th Miss. Regt.; R. P. Gray, Co. B, 20th Miss. Regt.; James L. Click, Co. F, 1st Bat. Tex. Legion; G. P. Williams, Co. C, 43d Tenn. Regt.; J. A. Thomas, Co. K, 6th Miss. Regt.; A. Guyton, Co. C, 1st Corps Bat.; J. B. Huabee, Co. 37th Miss. Regt.; Ed Jarrall, 1st Corps Bat.; James Rankin, Co. A, 1st Ark. Cav.; E. D. Wise, Co. L, 12th La. Regt.; G. W. Hudspole, Co. B, 40th Miss. Regt.; H. James, Co. A, 41st Tenn. Regt.; Patrick Gallobo, Co. H, 5th Mo. Regt.; B. F. Rodgers, Co. E, 1st Miss. Regt.; Moses G. Hays, Co. H, 1st Ark. Regt.; W. H. McCroy, Co. G, 8th Ky. Regt.; Sandy Malone, Co. D, 1st Tenn. Cav.; John A. Goss, Co. I, 1st Tenn. Cav.

Without company or regiment are the names: E. M. Furguson, J. W. Beville, Elihu Kacy, and J. W. Skinner.

HOW I BECAME A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

BY R. M. HEATER.

I was born in Kentucky October 24, 1842. My father died, leaving one other boy besides me and two girls. One sister died, one married, and my brother joined the 30th Tennessee Regiment. This left my mother and me alone on the farm. Up to this time I had never done anything radically wrong. I felt that I was a servant of the Master, and had strong leanings toward becoming a preacher of the good old Baptist Church, of which Church my father was a devout member.

At this time it was very hard to hear from those in the army or to get a letter to them. My brother had a chance to send a letter to us, which letter, together with many from his regiment to friends in Robertson County, Tenn., was sent by private conveyance. These letters reached Pleasant Hill Meetinghouse one meeting day and were laid on the horse block. There they were discovered by J. W. Swan, who proceeded to act as postmaster. Among these letters was one for me, but I never received it. Not far from the church lived a man who reported the letters to Col. Sam Johnson, the commander of the Federal troops at Franklin, Ky. Colonel Johnson ordered the arrest of Swan, and found on his person the letter addressed to me. He subsequently ordered my arrest, and had me carried to Franklin and put in jail. Subsequently he offered me release if I would join the Yankee army, which I refused.

A few days after this offer I was carried to Bowling Green, Ky., and put in the military prison. There were about thirty prisoners, and every few days some were taken out. What was done with them, I don't know; but shortly there were only eighteen of us left. I was very impatient in prison, and determined to do all I could to escape. I took into my confidence one O. W. Laney, of Scott's Louisiana Cavalry, and John Gafford, a member of Morgan's command. Working together, we pulled the lathes and plastering from the ceiling overhead, catching the litter in a blanket, so it would not make a noise. We crept through this hole up into a garret, which had a back window. From there we got onto a roof next door, then to a shed roof, and onto the ground. (After we had been gone some time, eleven other prisoners escaped through the same hole.) We got out about one o'clock in the morning. I followed Laney and Gafford up the bank of Big Barren River. They said they were making for Floyd Lick, Jackson County, Tenn., on the Cumberland River.

However, at sunup the next day as we were making for the timber we were overtaken by a squad of cavalry and ordered back to Bowling Green under their escort. When we reached Bowling Green, we were carried before Colonel Maxwell, the commander of the post, and very roughly received. He cursed and swore vengeance against us, and told Laney and Gafford that he was very much inclined to have them both shot. He said to me that my looks showed I was a country boy, and if I had not attempted to escape he would have sent me home in a day or two, but now he did not suppose I would ever see my home. He sent us to a blacksmith's shop and had a thirty-pound ball and chain put on my leg and handcuffs on my wrists. The other two he had handcuffed together and their legs chained together, for he said he "would fix us so he could find us when he wanted us." We were then put in a small cell in jail, with guards all around. I soon began to realize that Colonel Maxwell was in earnest when he said he would put us where he could find us when he called for us.

Vick Potter, a Campbellite preacher, was the jailer. He

locked the doors of the cells every night about nine o'clock. In the morning when he went to feed the prisoners he would turn some of them out in the hall of the prison; but he always kept locked the small inside cell in which we were confined. With the assistance of some of the prisoners who were turned into the hall we opened the door of our cell one dark night in December and hid ourselves to wait for the coming of the jailer. I had managed to slip the handcuff over my hand, and with the heavy ball I beat off the chains, but could not get the band off my leg. With the same ball I managed to free both my companions, though they also had the shackles still on their legs. We had planned for Laney to knock down Potter and make the break; but when he heard the jailer turn his key in the great door, an ague struck him, and he began to back down the hall. I was desperate; so when the jailer-priest had opened the door and stooped to pick up his lantern, I jerked open the door and threw myself upon him. So utterly unexpected was the onslaught that he fell in a heap on the floor, and we three escaped through the open door. Laney came last, and Potter grabbed him as he rushed by; but Laney was a very stout man, and succeeded in tearing loose from him. We knew that the guard house was next to the jail, and the sentinels were then making their rounds. We knew too that if they failed to stop us they would shoot us down; so we ran with all our might up the road, and if any fellows ever made good time we did. We ran about half a mile; and being entirely breathless, we hid in a dark place in a field to rest. Lying there concealed, we could hear the sentinel calling "Halt!" and then some shooting, I supposed, after us.

It was a dark night, and this time I was leading. We started for what I thought was the South, and I was right, for presently we struck the Louisville and Nashville Pike. Gafford and I were wearing boots; but Laney had on shoes, and the shackles rubbed and galled so that he stopped to try to stuff his pants in between the iron and his leg. While in this position stooping over we heard cavalry coming at full speed right in the direction we were going; so we crawled into the woods and hid in the bushes. I knew that they would guard the turnpike and railroad; so we left the pike, went on the east side, and traveled all the rest of the night, as we thought, southward. In some way we must have turned round, for at daylight next morning we heard the drum and fife for roll call at Bowling Green. We were just a mile from where we started, and it was snowing fast. We stayed hid in the bushes all that day; and if the land has not changed very much, I know I could find the path I walked up and down all day to keep from freezing.

We started again on our tramp at dark, and struck the railroad twelve miles from Bowling Green, traveled the ties till nearly to Frankfort, Ky., made a detour around the town, and again made the railroad our guide. We followed this till near daylight, when a short walk through the woods brought us to my brother-in-law's house and in a short distance of my mother's home. My brother filed the shackles from our legs and gave us the best breakfast I ever did eat. After breakfast we separated. Mr. Short took Gafford and Laney through Macon County down to the Cumberland River, and that night's journey was the last I heard of them. I went down into what is known as the Greenbrier country, which is in Robertson County, Tenn., where I spent the rest of that winter, and in the spring of 1864 I joined a Confederate company commanded by Capt. George Page. This is how I entered the army; how I got out is another story.

THE MAXWELL HOUSE DISASTER IN WAR TIMES.

BY JOHN M. DICKEY (44TH TENN. REGT.), KELSO, TENN.

I was one of the four hundred Confederate soldiers confined in the Maxwell House (Zollicoffer Barracks), Nashville, Tenn., when that terrible disaster of September 29, 1863, occurred. The accident is described in a Banner of recent date, and the writer says the victims fell to the third floor, also that some of the prisoners were at breakfast. That is incorrect. I was standing near the head of the stairway when breakfast was announced, and the hungry men were crowding when they were stopped by the guard. All at once the floor gave way, and down we went to the first floor. We fell near where the pool tables were. I fell lengthwise between two joists, and a man fell across me. His brains were scattered over my coat, and the spots were on it when I left prison in 1865. I lay pinned down until the rest of the wounded and dead were cared for. When they prized the rubbish off of me, I was carried into the lobby.

There were one hundred and twenty-six of us in the fall; forty-five killed outright or died in a short time. One man, a Mr. Dodd, went with me to Rock Island, and died there of his wound. I had this statement from the best authority. John P. White, whom I had known all my life, visited me almost daily. He was a merchant in Nashville at the time and long afterwards. He said there were one hundred and twenty-six. I was surprised to see in the Banner that we fell only to the third floor. [That evidently was intended to mean that they fell three floors.]

I was taken to the Central Baptist Church, which was used as a hospital, and it was twenty-two days before I could stand up. After sixty-five days, I was sent to the penitentiary, and from there to Rock Island Prison, Barrack No. 44, from which I was discharged May 4, 1865.



THE MAXWELL HOUSE AT THE TIME OF THE DISASTER.



MR. AND MRS. JOHN OVERTON.

[Colonel Overton built the Maxwell and named it for his wife, who was Harriet Maxwell.]

[W. C. Jennings, in Tennessean and American.]

There were one hundred and four Confederates who fell. There were four killed in the fall and four died within a few minutes. Fifty were sent to the hospital, several of whom died. Several of my company fell: R. A. McGill, who died in Texas some years ago; Burrell Brown, who died in prison at Chicago the next year; Thomas Lain, who died at Camp Morton, Indianapolis, Ind., the next year; T. H. Woods, who is a conductor on the N., C. & St. L. Railroad, Shelbyville; G. B. Harral, of Beech Grove; and myself of Hillsboro, Tenn., of Company G, 17th Regiment, were captured in the battle of Chickamauga, September 19, 1863. We were on the top floor of the Maxwell House, and every floor fell through to the bottom. A guard standing on the second step with his gun was slightly injured. Realizing the danger, I kept back.

I will never forget how the guards pushed the good women of Nashville with their bayonets (they were bringing bandages and trying to relieve the crippled men), but they were ordered to do so by the officers. I always have loved the women of Nashville, and hope they will be rewarded for their goodness in trying to relieve those poor sufferers.

We left there Friday morning for Camp Douglas, Chicago.

I was the first volunteer from the third District of Coffee County and the last one to get home after the war was over. I am in my seventieth year and badly crippled. I know of but eight of my company now living—five in this county, one in California, and two in Texas. I have a complete roll of the company. A. S. Marks was colonel of the regiment.

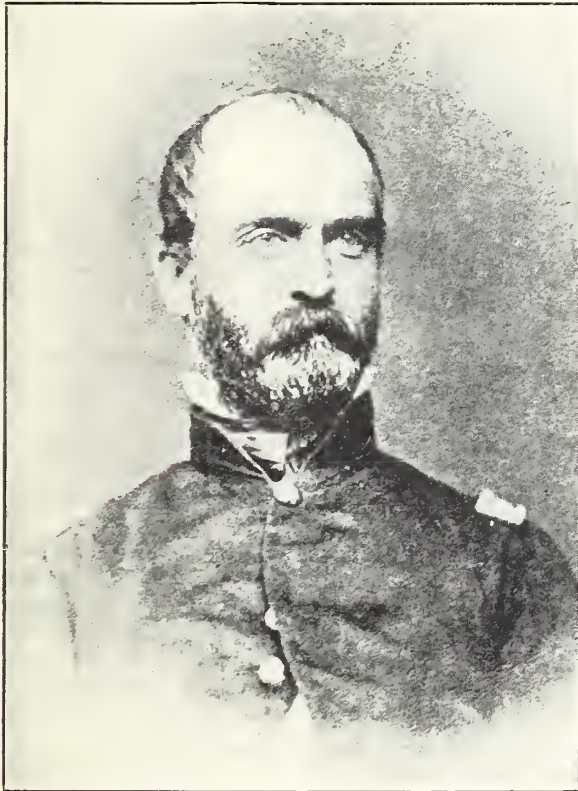
[This was one of the noted calamities of the war. The Maxwell has ever been and still is one of the best hotels South.]

GENERAL ARMISTEAD AT GETTYSBURG.

Gen. Louis Addison Armistead, on foot, his hat waved on the point of his sword as a conspicuous guidon for his heroic followers to rally around, crossed the stone wall at Bloody Angle, and rushed forward to attack the battery, exclaiming: "Who will follow me? Who will follow me?"

With a hundred and fifty devoted men who would have followed the General anywhere, he pierced the mass of combatants, passed the earthworks, and reached Cushing's guns. He laid his hand upon a cannon, called out to his followers, "Give them the cold steel, boys," and just then fell, pierced with balls, at the foot of the clump of trees which marks the extreme point reached by the Confederates in that battle.

Where Armistead fell is where the tide of invasion stopped.



GEN. LOUIS A. ARMISTEAD.

Louis Addison Armistead was born in Newbern, N. C., February 8, 1817. His father, Gen. Walter Keith Armistead, and four of his brothers served in the War of 1812. He was appointed a cadet to West Point in 1834, and on July 10, 1839, he became second lieutenant in the 6th United States Infantry. He served in the Mexican War, and was brevetted to captain and then to major. He continued in the United States army until the beginning of the Confederate war.

He was made major in the Confederate army on March 16, 1861, then colonel of the 57th Virginia Regiment, and on April 1, 1862, he was promoted to brigadier general. On September 6, at the outset of the Maryland Campaign, he was assigned to duty as the provost marshal general of Lee's army. In his report of Gettysburg General Lee stated that Armistead, Barksdale, Garnett, and Semmes "died as they had lived, discharging the highest duties of patriots with devotion that never faltered and courage that shrank from no danger."

CONFEDERATE TROOPS AT SPOTTSYLVANIA C. H.

BY CAPT. RANDOLPH BARTON, BALTIMORE.

J. M. Lewis, of Macon, Ga., writes: "On May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania C. H., when General Hancock broke the Confederate lines, General Gordon made a countercharge and retook most of the works that had been captured by General Hancock's forces. General Gordon reported that he would have retaken all of the lost ground, but his line was too short. Now I would like to know what Confederate brigades occupied it before Hancock's charge." [VETERAN of March, 1911.]

I was in the battle called the battle of the "Bloody Angle," fought on May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania C. H., being adjutant general of the "Stonewall Brigade," commanded by Gen. James A. Walker; and as our division took up the position on May 9, I became thoroughly familiar with the situation. During our several days' occupation of the line at that point I walked frequently from one end of the division to the other, and recall very distinctly the fortifications we made, and especially do I remember the fatal angle. On one of the days of our occupation of the line I crossed over the works and went out to our skirmish line, there being no firing of a dangerous kind at the time. [Mr. Barton draws an outline of the angle and the line on both sides.] An exact representation of it can be found in numerous published narratives of the battle. The line was hastily adopted on the 9th, and the angle was no doubt adhered to because of its being on a slight elevation.

General Lee having observed it, and as an engineer immediately detecting the fault, provided a new line across the base of the angle, in order that our line could withdraw to it in case of disaster. It was this foresight no doubt which enabled General Lee, under the more particular and excellent management of General Gordon, to prevent the further rush of Hancock's men.

Beginning on the right, the line was occupied by the brigade of Gen. George H. Stewart, then General Stafford's brigade, or John M. Jones's brigade, I am not certain which, then Stafford's Brigade (if Jones was on the left of Stewart or Jones's Brigade if he joined Stewart's left), and then on the extreme left of the division came the Stonewall Brigade—four brigades in all.

I do not think General Gordon retook much of the original line, but I believe it was all he could do to hold the new or base line. Both General Walker and myself were wounded somewhat early in the action. Most of the division to the right of our brigade, and, indeed, a portion of our brigade, were captured by the rush of Hancock's immense attacking column. [In the drawing Captain Barton indicates the tree which was cut down by the bullets, the stump of which is preserved in a glass case in the Smithsonian Institution.]

[Reply was sent Mr. Lewis, but was unclaimed.—EDITOR.]

CHAPLAINS NOT PROPERLY RANKED IN ARMY.

In a letter to Hon. J. Wesley Gaines, of Nashville, dated January 15, 1902, Col. D. C. Kelley, of Forrest's Cavalry, wrote: "My first acquaintance with chaplains in the army and navy was when I was in the East in the fifties. This acquaintance led me to avoid the chaplaincy in the Confederate army. The chaplain's position needs some more honorable recognition, for neither as officer nor private was he properly recognized. Between the two he was not honored. I trust you will give aid to the adoption of House Bill No. 16503, which promises tardy relief, but is a just recognition of the dignity and value of the army chaplaincy."

THE LAST ROLL

JOHN B. HAZARD.

The death of the brave and chivalrous John B. Hazard, which occurred at Corinth, Miss., on March 18, 1911, at the home of his nephew, George Hazard, marked the passing of one of the South's bravest spirits. He belonged to the 5th Company, Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, and was in active service throughout the war. He was in many skirmishes and twelve bloody battles. He requested his general to let him stand next to the cannon; and when told that that was the most dangerous place, he said: "That is why I ask it." The detonations of the cannon made him deaf. The same thing affected General Bragg's hearing in the battle of Buena Vista. One who knew him intimately says that in his nature there was much of the spiritual. Love amounted to worship, self-sacrifice, with a gentleness and reverence for women. In his work for others there was noted a purity of purpose.

PROF. A. S. TOWNES.

Prof. A. S. Townes, a well-known educator of South Carolina and "a soldier of the legion" (Hampton's), died at the home of his daughter, in Clemson, on November 26, 1910. He was born in Greenville, S. C., in 1842. The son of a prominent lawyer, his educational advantages were good, and at nineteen he was ready to graduate at Furman University. Just then his State called for defenders, and he enlisted in Company F, Hampton's Legion. After a season of drilling in Columbia, his company reached Virginia in time to take part in the battle of First Manassas. He was also in the battles of Yorktown, White House, on York River, Seven Pines, the campaigns on the Chickahominy, Fredericksburg, and other battles in Southern Virginia. He was in the siege of Suffolk, and was with Longstreet at Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, and other battles in East Tennessee. His company returned to Virginia to the defense of Richmond as mounted infantry in Gary's Brigade, and he was in several engagements repelling Grant's army. He was with the troops evacuating Richmond and in the battle of Farmville. His company, B, of the same regiment, under Colonel Nicholson, was at Lynchburg, fifteen miles from Appomattox, the day of Lee's surrender. The command left Lynchburg to join Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army at Greensboro, N. C.; but a corps of Sherman's army intervening, Companies F and B disbanded at Spartanburg, S. C., to rally under the flag of the legion "when ever summoned," which summons never came.

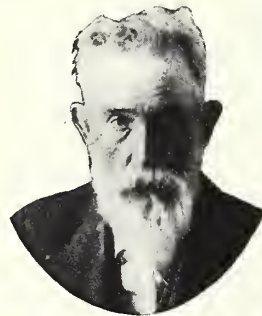
Reaching Greenville, S. C., dejected and forlorn, Comrade Townes rode through the back streets and reluctantly told of Lee's surrender, which statement was met by the few elderly men of the village with the statement that it must have been only a part of Lee's army; but the first bearer of the dreadful tidings stuck to his assertion with melancholy insistence.

Although he did not formally surrender, he accepted in good faith the results of the war and went to work as a teacher. After a few years he went to Germany and studied at Leipsic, Heidelberg, and Berlin. After his return, he was married to Mrs. Lavinia Brooks White, and went to Georgia

to take charge of the Madisonville High School. In 1874 he was elected President of Cherokee College at Rome, Ga. After the death of his wife, he returned to South Carolina with his little son and engaged as principal of Carryton Academy in Edgefield County. In 1878 he became President of Greenville Female College, in which he continued until 1894, when he organized the College for Women, which he conducted until failing health led him to give it up and remove to Clemson to make his home with his daughter. He is survived by his second wife, two sons, and three daughters.

DEATHS DURING 1910 IN SUL ROSS CAMP, DENTON, TEX.

Capt. Robert H. Hopkins was born in Cass County, Ill., in 1832. He went to Texas in 1854, and had since been a resident of Denton County, where he died on October 28, 1910. He entered the Confederate army in November, 1861, as a



ROBERT H. HOPKINS.

member of Company G, 18th Texas Cavalry, and was elected first lieutenant. In 1863 he was promoted to captain, winning the love of his men and the high esteem of those with whom he associated. Since the war he had twice served as sheriff of his county, and held the office of Justice of the Peace for ten years, declining further service. He was Commander of Sul Ross Camp at the time of his death. He leaves two sons and a daughter in Texas, a sister in Illinois, and a

brother in Kansas. The G. A. R. Post of Denton took part in the services at his funeral.

Walter J. Lacey was born in Kentucky in 1843. He went to Texas with his parents in 1854. When the war broke out, he enlisted in the 11th Texas Cavalry, and served faithfully to the close. He was under Joe Wheeler and in all the campaigns in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Georgia, and always ready for duty. When the war closed, he returned home and worked as a blacksmith, gaining the confidence of his fellow-men by his honest, upright life. He was a City Alderman for years just before and up to his death; was also Commander of Sul Ross Camp for several years, and in 1908 had been made a Brigadier General of the Fifth Texas Brigade.

W. H. Taylor was born in Ohio in 1835, but in 1858 went to Denton County, Tex., enlisting from there in Company A, 29th Texas Cavalry, in 1862. He made a good soldier to the end. He was married in 1862 to Miss Jane Stroud, and the seven children born to them are all living.

D. F. Kirkpatrick was born in Wilson County, Tenn., January 29, 1827; and died in Denton County, Tex., October 20, 1910. He went through the war in the cavalry service, faithfully doing his duty to his country, and had since made a good and upright citizen.

W. B. Phelps was born in Salem, Ill., April 13, 1827, going in 1848 to Texas, where he died on the 30th of October, 1910, in his eighty-fourth year. He served in Company H, 1st Texas Cavalry, Confederate army, giving gallant service, and believed to the end in the principles for which he had fought.

W. O. Dunham was born in Randolph County, Mo., September 22, 1842; and died in Denton on May 10, 1910. He served through the war under General Price, and was a member of his escort. He was a good soldier, a good citizen, a true friend, honorable and upright in his daily life, and an affectionate father.

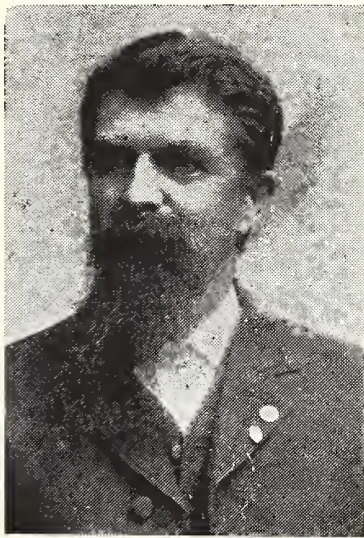
ANDREW JOHNSON McBRAYER.

Andrew J. McBrayer was born in DeKalb County, Ala., November 11, 1835; and died at his home, near Saltillo, Tex., January 4, 1911. He was married to Miss Mary Walters in DeKalb County, Ala., in 1862, and to them were born eight children. As a Confederate soldier his service began in May, 1861, with Company I, 10th Alabama, Wilcox's Brigade, A. P. Hill's corps, and he surrendered with Lee at Appomattox. He was severely wounded at Williamsburg and taken prisoner, and after being exchanged he returned to his command. Comrade McBrayer was a member of Ben McCulloch Camp, No. 300, U. C. V., and was proud of having shared the hardships of the Confederate soldier. He made a good citizen, and was truly a Christian.

JOHN W. CUBINE.

John W. Cubine was born in Bland County, Va., November 1, 1845; and died at Coffeyville, Kans., January 28, 1911. He joined the Confederate army at the age of sixteen years and became a corporal in the 8th Virginia Cavalry. He was captured at Point Valley, Va., in the fall of 1862 and taken to Camp Chase, Ohio, where he was kept prisoner until just before the close of the war, when he was exchanged. Living in Kansas, where there was no Confederate Camp, he secured membership in the D. H. Hammons Camp, of Oklahoma City, Okla.

Comrade Cubine was a boot and shoe manufacturer, and his trade extended over the entire Western country and into several foreign countries where fancy hunting and cowboy boots are used. He died very suddenly of heart failure. He was ever a true Southerner.



J. W. CUBINE.

TWO DEATHS IN J. H. LEWIS CAMP, GLASGOW, KY.

W. L. Chenault died November 4, 1910, at the age of seventy-three years. He entered the Confederate army in October, 1861, in Company B, 6th Kentucky Infantry, and served to the end, making a good soldier.

Nelson Harlow was born in Barren County, Ky., in 1826. He enlisted for the Confederacy in a Tennessee battery at the beginning of the war, and served faithfully through the war. He died on December 5, 1910.

THOMAS WALTER GARDNER.

From the resolutions passed by Camp Bowie Pelham, of Bowie, Tex., in memory of Comrade T. W. Gardner, whose death occurred in January, 1911, his record in the sixties is given as follows: "Thomas W. Gardner enlisted for service in the Confederate army on May 1, 1861, and became a member of Company E, 14th Alabama Regiment, under Capt. A. J. Allen. He was wounded at Gettysburg, and in other bat-

ties had distinguished himself as a soldier of more than ordinary courage. Especially was his kindness to his fellow-soldiers conspicuous. He often defied shot and shell in his efforts to help them in the hour of their peril and suffering. He was captured on May 24, 1864, at Cold Harbor, Va., and sent to Elmira, N. Y., where he remained in prison until June 3, 1865, when he was released."

OWEN T. MATTHEWS.

Owen T. Matthews was born in Oldham County, Ky., in 1830, but removed to Texas in 1852 and became a permanent citizen of that State, where he died on April 15, 1910. He made a visit to Kentucky in 1855 and married Miss Annie E. Oyler, of Louisville, and to them were born nine children—five sons and four daughters.

During his long and useful life Comrade Matthews had combined the occupations of farming and school-teaching except in the tragic years of the Civil War. He entered the Confederate army in 1862; and after eighteen months' service, he was detailed to the Indian Department service at Oakville, Ind. Ter., where he continued to serve until the close of the war.

The life of this comrade was an example of all that is best in our American citizenship. His life was spent in loyal service, devotion to family, and adherence to the high principles of honor and integrity. He was ever held in esteem.

DAVIS.—Thomas Davis, a native of San Augustine County, Tex., died there on the 6th of January, aged seventy-five years. He was an exemplary citizen. At the beginning of the war he joined Capt. D. M. Short's company of the 3d Texas Cavalry, and served as orderly sergeant throughout the war, never being absent from the firing line, though he received several wounds. He was never married, but was as a father to numerous nieces and nephews.

JUDGE JOHN M. BROOKS.

Judge John M. Brooks died at his home, in Fairburn, Ga., December 5, 1910, at the age of eighty years. He was born in Jackson County, Ga., but his parents removed to Calhoun County, Ala., where they died when he was only seven years of age. He was taken to the home of his uncle, Col. William Storey, at Newnan, Ga., where he grew to young manhood. He then went to Mississippi for a while, then to Nicaragua. Returning to Mississippi when the Civil War broke out, he enlisted in Company K, 23d Mississippi Regiment, Adams's Brigade, Loring's Division, and was made orderly sergeant of his company. He lost his left arm in the battle of Nashville, December, 1864, and was captured and taken to Camp Chase Prison. After the war he made his home in Campbell County, Ga., and held several county offices. In 1868 he was married to Miss Elizabeth Posey, and is survived by her and four children—three daughters and a son.

On the day that this comrade was laid to rest an invitation came for him to be the guest of a friend in Little Rock during the Reunion in May. His reunion now is with those who have passed into the better land.

CAPT. EMANUEL STURLESE.

Capt. Emanuel Sturlese, whose death occurred at Grand Chenier, La., on December 25, 1910, was born in Italy, near Genoa, in 1840. He came to America in 1858; and although unnaturalized, he enlisted in the Louisiana State Guards, organized for coast defense. He was in the Confederate States service for twelve months. Then his time of enlistment hav-

ing expired, he was mustered out of service with the State troops of Louisiana. He then went on a blockade runner to Vera Cruz, Mexico, and on the return trip they were chased into Galveston by a blockader. He there enlisted in Cooke's Battery of Artillery, and served until the close of the war.

Returning home in June, 1865, he bought a schooner and went into the coast trade, and afterwards into the mercantile business. He was very active in all public enterprises, giving much of his time and efforts to such without remuneration of any kind. Although foreign-born, he was as public-spirited as any native-born son of the country. He lived to a ripe old age, surrounded by his loved ones, in the land for which he made much sacrifice. He is missed in his community for his usefulness and kind and lovable nature, for which his memory will be kept green.

THOMAS LOGAN BIRDSONG.

Thomas L. Birdsong was born in Giles County, Tenn., January 23, 1845; and died at his home, near Pulaski, on February 17, 1911. In his early life the family removed to Alabama, where he lived until the breaking out of the war. At the age of sixteen years he enlisted in the 4th Alabama Regiment, and bravely followed the lead of Forrest until paroled and honorably discharged as a soldier of the Confederacy. No less honorable and true has he been as a private citizen since he laid down his arms. His loyalty to the principles for which he fought and the leader whom he followed never faltered; and though a sufferer for many years past, his pleasure has been to receive his old comrades and meet them in reunion. His attractive disposition drew people to him, and his home was long known as the "Home for the Weary," be they rich or poor, and the good that he has done in his unpretentious life cannot be estimated. A devoted wife, three sons, and a host of friends mourn for him who now sleeps "the sleep that knows no waking" until the resurrection morn.

COL. R. HEBER SCREVEN.

Col. Reginald Heber Screven, Commander of Camp Palmetto Guard, U. C. V., of Charleston, S. C., and one of the prominent citizens of that community, died on March 2, 1911. He was born in 1838, a son of N. B. Screven and Septima McPherson Edwards.

As one of the most enthusiastic young men of South Carolina, Reginald Screven was among the first to respond to the call of patriotism when the State seceded. After performing active duty around Charleston Harbor until the surrender of Fort Sumter to the Confederate forces, he volunteered for service in Virginia as a member of the Palmetto Guards, commanded by Capt. George B. Cuthbert. This gallant company went to the Old Dominion in the spring of 1861 and became part of the famous 2d South Carolina Regiment, under that valiant colonel (afterwards major general), Joseph B. Kershaw. His command took a prominent part in the battle of First Manassas, and added to its fame in many other engagements of the noted regiment. Comrade Screven was the embodiment of courage and constancy, a true type of Southern chivalry, and had faith in the ultimate success of the Southern cause up to Appomattox.

During Reconstruction days he did effective service in the cause of honest government, and he worked ceaselessly until the triumph of the knightly Wade Hampton and home rule. He reentered mercantile life after the war, and was known for his attention to duty and conscientious work. He was the latest Commander of Camp Palmetto Guards, was also a

member of Camp Sumter, and was colonel of the regiment of Confederate veterans of Charleston County. He had been sick for some months. Colonel Screven is survived by two sisters, his wife, who was Miss Annie DeVeaux, of St. John's, Berkeley, having preceded him to the grave.

DR. MARTIN J. THOMPSON.

Dr. M. J. Thompson, whose death occurred at Meridian, Miss., December 5, 1910, was a son of William H. and Alice Rosser Thompson, natives respectively of Georgia and Alabama. Martin Thompson was born in Choctaw County, Ala., in 1845;



M. J. THOMPSON.

but in 1847 the family removed to Clark County, Miss., where this son was reared. He was educated in private schools. At the age of sixteen he enlisted in Company D, 14th Mississippi Regiment, Adams's Brigade, Army of Tennessee, in which he served until the surrender.

Soon after returning home he began the study of medicine, and in 1872 was graduated from the Alabama Medical College at Mobile. Later he took a post graduate course at the New York Polyclinic. He practiced for a time in Lauderdale County, Miss., and in 1880 removed to Meridian, where for twenty-nine years he had practiced his profession. His services were sought in many critical cases, especially for surgical operations, throughout the State. He took a prominent part in all public interests; served as vice president of the State Medical Association, President of the Lauderdale County Medical Association, as vice president of the Alumni Medical Association of Alabama. He was a member of all the principal Masonic bodies, including the Blue Lodge, the Chapter, the Commandery, the York Rite, and the Shrine. He was a devoted Church member from young manhood, and his faith had strengthened with the years.

Dr. Thompson is survived by his wife, who was Miss Augusta Stennis, of Lauderdale County, and six children. The burial was conducted with Masonic honors.

SAMUEL KITCHENS WOODWARD.

Samuel K. Woodward was born in Franklin County, Tenn., August 31, 1837, a son of J. B. and Nancy (Kitchens) Woodward. His father was a native of Tennessee and his mother of North Carolina. They were of English and Scotch origin respectively. Samuel Woodward was the youngest but one of eight children—six girls and two boys. In August, 1862, he enlisted in Company F, 8th Texas Regiment, C. S. A., and served as a private through the hardships and the perils of the war period. Although never wounded, seven horses were shot under him. He never surrendered, but, had a hard trip home.

In April, 1868, he left his native section of Tennessee and went with other brave companions on the long journey across the plains and mountains of the West, their goal being California. While a resident of Los Angeles County, Cal., he was there married in 1871 to Miss Mary B. Dunn. His death occurred at the home, Inglewood, in November, 1910. His wife, five sons, and a daughter survive him. Comrade Woodward was a member of the California Camp, No. 770, U. C. V., in 1895.

MAJ. NOYES RAND.

Major Rand, a gallant soldier, died at his home, in El Paso, Tex., March 19, 1911, and by his expressed wish he was laid to rest in Charleston, W. Va., where sleep his ancestors.

Born seventy-one years ago on the banks of the beautiful Kanawha River, Noyes Rand responded to the first call to arms, and in his first baptism of fire displayed great gallantry. He soon won his promotion to the adjutantcy of the 22d Virginia Infantry, and later became adjutant general of the brigade. He was almost recklessly brave when there was an emergency. He was twice wounded and once made prisoner. He had the painful experience of being marched right in front of his home on the way to Camp Chase.

After the close of the war he became prominent in Charleston's business circles; but about thirty years ago he went to El Paso, where up to his death he filled honorable and important rank as a business man. "Plus" Rand, as he was intimately known, was not only a dashing, knightly officer, but a beloved, genial gentleman. He leaves a widow, two sons, and two daughters.

CAPT. E. NELSON.

A venerable and beloved veteran, Capt. Edwin Nelson, of Manassas, Va., is numbered now with the great majority. Through near fourscore years he had been a servant of God and a helper of his fellow-man. The funeral service was conducted in the Primitive Baptist Church at Manassas on land donated by Captain Nelson and built largely through his contributions. Although the pressing claims of the community in which he lived and was so useful induced him to equip a substitute and remain sheriff of his county, he resigned from that office to enter active service early in 1862 as lieutenant with Company H, 15th Virginia Infantry. In addition to service with his regiment, he was guide for Gen. J. E. B. Stuart on an important raid. During the time of the raid he was with General Stuart and staff at a dinner when a cannon shot from the enemy knocked a pitcher of milk from the table. In June, 1863, he was captured and held as prisoner to the end of the war, enduring the privations of Point Lookout, Old Capitol, Fort Delaware, and Johnson's Island.

Captain Nelson was married in 1861, and leaves three sons and two daughters. One of the sons, John H. Nelson, is a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

[The notice of Captain Nelson doesn't give dates of birth and death.]

CAPT. GEORGE W. NOREN.

The passing of Capt. George W. Noren, of Maben, Miss., furnishes occasion for a glimpse of "frontier" life in the South that will interest the present generation.

George Noren was born in Coweta, Ga., April 16, 1828, the third son of nine children born to Thomas and Mary Noren, natives respectively of South Carolina and Kentucky. In 1833, they removed to Chambers County, Ala., in the Creek Nation. In the disturbed relations of the time, Thomas Noren volunteered for service with his white friends, although he was obliged to leave his wife and six children among unfriendly Indians. In 1842 he moved his family to Mississippi, going by Columbus, a mere village, and crossing Big Black River, located in a sparsely settled section known as the Chickasaw Strip, not then subject to entry. Two years later the family moved west, and located at the present thriving city of Little Rock, Ark., where, in 1844, Thomas Noren died, and his wife died two years afterwards.

Six months after the death of his parents, George Noren volunteered in a company of eighty for the Mexican War. They marched to Greenwood, eighty miles, where they took a steamer for Vicksburg, whence by a Mississippi River boat they went to New Orleans, where they were detained three weeks before they could secure transportation to the Rio Grande and join General Taylor. This company was engaged in the battle of Monterey and Saltillo.

Returning to Mississippi in 1849, George Noren was married to Miss Mahala Few, a native of Morgan County, Ga. Seven children were born to them. The mother died in 1890.

In April, 1862, George Noren enlisted in the 37th Mississippi Regiment. He was promptly elected 2d lieutenant, and ere long was promoted to 1st lieutenant, and then to captain of his company. He was wounded three times. He served at Chickasaw Bayou, Baker's Creek, Jackson, then under Gen. Jos. E. Johnston on the Dalton-Atlanta campaign; and then in the severe battles of Franklin and Nashville. After the retreat to Tupelo he was with General Johnston in North Carolina, and surrendered with his army. He walked back to Mississippi with Senator N. B. Crawford. During those four perilous years his family sustained their full share of privations.

Captain Noren was a member of the F. A. M., first with Lodge No. 392, and later with Lodge No. 224, of Maben, Miss. In 1875 he began a successful business career in Atlanta, Miss., which he continued later at Maben. It is said that for forty years "everything he touched prospered."

After an illness that confined him to his room for three months, his earthly career ended on March 1, 1911, at the age eighty-three years. He had already prepared a large, fine vault for his wife (who died in 1890) and himself.

[From sketch by Comrade J. W. Allen, Maben, Miss.]

CAPT. S. B. THOMAS.

Samuel Brown Thomas, whose death occurred recently at his home, near San Augustine, Tex., was a native of Texas. He was born October 7, 1831, under the Mexican flag in the old homestead near where his remains lie. His parents, Shadrach and Sarah Thomas, were among the earliest settlers of Texas; and this son saw the sovereignty of his native land pass from Mexico to the Republic of Texas, to the United States, and after four years in the Confederacy back to the United States again, and to every flag while it was his he was loyal and true. Filled with the adventurous spirit of the West, he went to California in the fifties to try his fortune in

the hunt for gold. The outbreak of the Civil War caused his return to Texas, and with his brother John he enlisted in Capt. Hiram Brown's company of Angelina County, of which Comrade Thomas was made first lieutenant. Later, when Captain Brown resigned, he was elected captain, and with his men was enrolled in the 13th Texas Cavalry Regiment under Colonel Burnett. Later it was dismounted and known as "dismounted cavalry." It belonged to Waul's Brigade of Walker's Division, and served in Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas. Throughout the four years Captain Thomas was a gallant soldier and an efficient officer, ever fighting at the head of his company.

When the war closed, Captain Thomas returned home and faced the hardships of ruined fortune with unflinching fortitude. He was married first to Miss Phœbe Sharp, daughter of Dr. B. F. Sharp, but after two happy years the young wife was stricken by death, leaving a little daughter. In 1871 he married Miss Mary Garrett, and removed to Nacogdoches County, where he made his home until a few years since, when he returned with his family to San Augustine County, near the old homestead.

CAPT. MICAJAH WOODS.

Many a comrade sorrows in the death of Capt. Micajah Woods, of Charlottesville, Va., which occurred on March 14, 1911. The cultured and patriotic people of Albemarle County, including the University of Virginia, were blessed with a leader, an ever-popular, cultured, and conservative fellow-citizen. He was a distinctively representative Confederate, and his treasures in letters and souvenirs from eminent Southerners should be preserved in the relic hall at Richmond and designated the Micajah Woods collection. He was foremost among his people. As an artillery officer in Jackson's Virginia Battery his conduct was so conspicuous that the commander of the artillery reported officially upon his good conduct. (See "War Records," Volume XXIX., page 547.)

Rosewell Page writes the Southern Churchman about him, from which the following is taken:

"A country boy, trained on a big plantation, attending a school where scholarship and character were prized, the war found him ready to ride away from the university with that band which was to become immortal as Confederate soldiers.

"After the war he came back to the university, and was graduated therefrom in 1868 as Bachelor of Law. He settled in his native county, and at once took high rank at the bar, which was one of the best in the State. In two years he was elected Commonwealth's Attorney, a position which he filled for forty-one years, having in all that time had opposition but twice. Unique and extraordinary is this record. His first idea was to do justice to the prisoner at the bar as well as to the commonwealth. He loved mercy and walked humbly with his God.

"While a conscientious lawyer, he was fearless. His life was that of an upright man who feared God. He loved every incident connected with Virginia history. He had known the ancient régime—its courtliness, its graciousness, its dignity, its kindness, and its worth. Fond of the society of his fellow-men, in the presence of women there was no more courtly gentleman. His home life was radiant with happiness.

"His wife, who was Miss Tillie Morris, of Clazemont, in Hanover County, and three daughters (Mrs. William J. Rucker, of Chicago, Mrs. Frank Lupton, of Birmingham, and Miss Lettie Woods, of Charlottesville) survive him.

"After a life well spent in the service of his own people,

whom he so much loved, he laid down its burdens whose weight had overborne his strength and made it impossible for him to go even a day's journey farther.

"Many who mourned for him entertained the sentiment, 'He lived for the right.'"

OTHER TRIBUTES TO CAPTAIN WOODS.

The Richmond Virginian states:

"The death of Capt. Micajah Woods in Charlottesville removes from Virginia one of her most gifted and accomplished sons, a Demosthenes in oratory, a Chesterfield in manners.



CAPT. MICAJAH WOODS.

He was a brilliant warrior, most eloquent speaker, a stanch and tireless advocate at the bar, a relentless prosecutor, a patriotic Virginian, and a lovable man.

"As a lawyer Captain Woods was held in such high esteem, respect, and affection that he was elected President of the Virginia Bar Association.

"Tall, erect, handsome, with his snowy hair and mustache emphasizing a countenance of the most delicate pink, and sparkling eyes, ever alert yet kindly, Captain Woods was always a most imposing and impressive figure in court. He was as courtly a knight as ever won the admiration and heart of Southern womanhood. To illustrate his feelings Captain Woods once recited an incident which occurred in his office while prosecuting attorney: 'A farmer whose wife had been insulted by another man came to me and said he had felt in duty bound to horsewhip the scoundrel, and asked if I would prosecute him for cowhiding the insulter. He seemed deeply affected by the insult, and I said to him: "If you cowhide him genteelly and thoroughly and feel satisfied with the job, you can rest assured that Micajah Woods will not prosecute you."'"

Many will remember the exquisite tribute to his beautiful daughter, Miss Maud Coleman Woods, as the first article in the VETERAN for March, 1904.]

MICAJAH WOODS RODE WITH LEE.

Dead he lay upon his bier;
Friends passed by and dropped a tear.
Some one said in sympathy:
"In his youth he rode with Lee."

Well he bore his part in life,
Calm amid its cares and strife,
Doing all so bouyantly;
In his youth he rode with Lee.

Things that others thought so small
Made to him a special call;
Careful, patient, faithful, he;
In his youth he rode with Lee.

Men said: "This man worketh well;
Why so hard? 'Tis hard to tell."
Yet he worked so manfully,
For in youth he rode with Lee.

Loved he was by hosts of friends,
Each one his good name commends,
Some forgetting, tho' not he,
That in youth he rode with Lee.

Many years have passed since he
Rode away so merrily;
Now his people's pride shall be
That in youth he rode with Lee.

—Rosewell Page.

CAPT. FRANK CUNNINGHAM.

"Richmond was shocked and grieved beyond expression at the news of Capt. Frank Cunningham's death. While he was very sick, it was not supposed that the end was so near at hand. Perhaps no man in the city had so wide a circle of friends. They were among all sorts and conditions of people. His genial, lovable temper enabled him to win and to hold the esteem and affection of a great multitude. He was best known by his wonderful gift of song. For many years he had used it gladly and generously for the comfort of the sorrowing and for the pleasure of his friends. He sang at thousands of funerals. He went cheerfully to the homes of the unknown and obscure. His plaintive and sympathetic voice was ever at the disposal of those who were bereaved, and at many of the great public meetings his singing was a welcome feature. A quarter of a century ago, when the Southern Baptist Convention was held in Richmond, the great assemblage was swept by a tide of emotion created by his singing. It was on the first night of the session. The great auditorium of the First Church was filled. There was a lull in the business proceedings, when, without previous announcement, the organ began to play softly, and he came to the front of the choir loft and, leaning almost carelessly on the music rack, began to sing, "Hark, the voice of Jesus calling." Every word was distinct, every note as clear as a silver bell, every tone of his voice surcharged with feeling. A great hush fell over the audience, broken here and there by a half-suppressed sob; and when the singer ended, the whole audience was in tears.

His funeral services, attended by a great concourse, were held from the First Baptist Church, of which he was a member, and he was buried in Hollywood Cemetery.

He must have been young for service in the Confederate war. He was a liberal contributor to the Sam Davis monument and for many years a subscriber to the *VETERAN*.

MRS. G. C. SANDUSKY.

The *VETERAN* records the death of the widow of the late G. C. Sandusky, of Shelbyville, Tenn., who was a gallant Confederate officer, enlisting in his native Kentucky. (A sketch of his military career may be seen on page 545 of the *VETERAN* for November, 1904.)

Mrs. Sandusky was a noble woman, truly a helpmeet to her husband and an inspiration and a blessing to those who knew her best. Devoted sons and daughters share the sympathy of many friends in her death. A quiet, gentle woman, her presence was a blessing to the community in which she spent the ripper years of her Christian life.

JOSEPH M. MOORE.

Joseph M. Moore, of Shelbyville, Tenn., whose death occurred in April at the age of seventy-three years, was a member of Captain Blanton's company of the 23d Tennessee Regiment. He enlisted in 1861 at Unionville, Tenn., and went with the regiment to Bowling Green, Ky.; but he was in the service a short time only, as he became disabled by rheumatism and was honorably discharged from the army. He was an appreciated member of his community, having been twice high sheriff of Bedford County and for many years its Tax Assessor. He was a member of the Frierson Bivouac of Confederates from its organization, and was always true to the principles for which he had fought. His wife and children—two sons and two daughters—survive him.

CAPT. GEORGE W. BRECKENRIDGE.

Capt. George William Breckenridge, whose death occurred on April 13 at Fincastle, Va., was the youngest son of Capt. Cary and Emma Breckenridge, of Grove Hill, Botetourt County, Va. He was the youngest captain in the Confederate army and the youngest of five brothers who volunteered, and of whom three were killed in battle. These were Gilmer, James, and John. Cary Breckenridge, who was colonel of the 2d Virginia Cavalry, is now the only survivor. At the age of sixteen George Breckenridge resigned his cadetship in the Virginia Military Institute to raise a company and follow the example of his elder brothers, and took the field on May 2, 1864, as captain of Company E, 2d Battalion Junior Reserves, which did service equal to the veterans on the Chesterfield lines before Richmond.

Captain Breckenridge was twice married—first to Miss Annie Hamner, of Buchanan, and then to Mrs. Lyllian St. Martin, of Louisiana. He is survived by his wife and ten children. He had filled the office of Commissioner of Revenue for several terms, was county judge for six years, and served as a member of the legislature in 1907-08.

W. A. WRIGHT.

W. A. Wright, whose death occurred in Blanco, Tex., on September 12, 1910, was born at Warm Springs, Va., in 1844, the son of Stephen Wright. He enlisted in the Confederate army in 1861 from his home in Seguin, Tex., as a member of Company K, 8th Texas Volunteer Infantry, and served gallantly throughout the great war. He was a consistent Church member.

BENJAMIN GEORGE WHITE.

Benjamin G. White died at the home of his nephew in Centerville, Miss., on December 31, 1910. He was a member of Company D, 21st Mississippi Regiment, Barksdale's Brigade, and served as a soldier until wounded in the charge on the second day at Gettysburg. He had reached the age of seventy-two years.

WILLIAM F. JACKSON.

William Floyd Jackson died at his home, near Tirzah, S. C., on December 1, 1910. He was born and reared in Winnsboro, S. C., and received his early education at the famous old Mount Zion Institute. At the beginning of the Civil War he enlisted as a member of the 6th Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers, and served faithfully until October, 1864, when he was severely wounded in battle near Richmond. He served in Longstreet's Corps, and was a gallant soldier, as his comrades attest. Since the war his service to his country has been in exemplary citizenship and as a Christian, and with the same brave spirit that animated him as a soldier he met the end.

COL. NORBORNE BERKELEY.

Col. Norborne Berkeley, of the 8th Virginia Infantry, Hunton's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, "crossed over the river" on January 16, 1911, and joined the beloved comrades whom he had gallantly led on many a bloody field. He was in truth a gentleman, courteous and kind to his men; and when it was necessary to make a detail where his men would be much exposed, he always called for volunteers, and his men always responded.

This old Virginia family may justly be called the fighting Berkeleys. Col. Norborne Berkeley, Lieut. Col. Edmund Berkeley, and Maj. William Berkeley were the gallant field officers of the old 8th Virginia. They were all wounded in Pickett's famous charge at Gettysburg. Capt. Charles Berkeley, of this regiment, died from exposure in camp; Edmund Berkeley, Jr., was one of the wounded Virginia Military Institute cadets at New Market, Va., when fifty-three out of two hundred and twenty-five of those noble boys were killed and wounded.

At the grave of Colonel Berkeley gray-haired Sergeant Compton remarked: "He was the most universally popular colonel in the division. I never heard him criticized."

[Sketch sent by J. R. Rust, Haymarket, Va.]

JOHN J. SANDERS.

On May 2, 1911, John J. Sanders died at his home, on Jones Creek, in Dickson County, Tenn. No soldier of the Confederacy was more faithful than this man. Enlisting at the beginning of the war, he was a lieutenant in Company D, 49th Tennessee Infantry, and he shared in all the service of the regiment until he was disabled by a severe wound in the battle of Franklin, November 30, 1864. He was my messmate for over a year, and I can bear testimony to the excellencies of his character. He was modest, gentle, kind, and brave as a lion. He never shirked a duty, however hard or dangerous.

After the war he married and settled on a farm near where he was born, and for forty-five years he was as faithful in all the duties of citizenship as he had been in service as a soldier. He was for more than fifty years a member of the Southern Methodist Church, and a consistent Christian.

Mr. Sanders was born November 3, 1839. He leaves his wife, a son (Len Sanders), and a daughter (Mrs. Clara Holley) living in Dickson County.

Every one of his comrades will indorse this testimony. He was a true, honest, brave, kind man. As soldier, citizen, and Christian he was faithful to every duty.

[Brief sketch by Rev. James H. McNeilly, Nashville, Tenn.]

J. P. MURRAY.

A message reports the death at Columbus, Ga., of the "gun-maker of the Confederacy" as follows: "At the opening of the

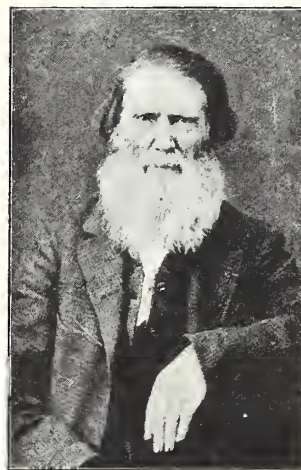
Civil War Murray was placed in charge of the Confederate gun factory here, and he continued to manufacture arms for the armies of the South until the factory was destroyed by Wilson's raiders in 1865."

ISAAC SYLVESTER LOVE.

Isaac S. Love, whose death occurred on April 25, 1911, at his home, in Lamar, Ark., was born in Mississippi in 1844, but removed to Arkansas some thirty years ago, settling in Johnson County, where he had since lived. He served as a private in a Mississippi regiment during the war. He was a good citizen, and always interested in anything to promote the good of his loved Southland.

CAPT. AUGUSTUS CHANDLER BEALL.

Augustus C. Beall was descended from a long line of ancestors who served with distinction in the Indian wars of colonial times, the Revolutionary War, and the War of 1812, and first bore arms himself in the Creek War of 1837. He was a brother of William O. Beall, of the 3d Georgia Volunteer Infantry, who at the age of fifteen served as a cavalryman in the Seminole War; of Capt. Noble N. Beall, of the 2d Georgia State Line; of Lieut. James M. Beall, Company G, 2d Regiment Georgia Volunteers; and of Col. J. B. Beall, of the Tallapoosa Rangers G. M., now living in Nashville, Tenn., the sole survivor of the five brothers. His mother was a daughter of Joseph Chandler, of Franklin County, Ga. When the war clouds were breaking, her youngest son said to her: "Mother, this war will probably go on a long time, and all your boys may be called to arms. How do you feel about it?" She replied: "I have been praying about it, my son, and I have given all of you up to the country." From such Spartan mothers do patriots spring, and of such were the Southern mothers of the sixties.



A. C. BEALL.

A. C. Beall was born at Carnesville, Ga., January 20, 1819. He was married in 1845 to Elizabeth, daughter of

James Coltharp, and soon afterwards emigrated to Texas, where he was living in Tarrant County when the South began to prepare for defense against threatened invasion. Having been appointed captain of militia in 1862, he engaged for some time in drilling and training for service the arms-bearing men of his district. Subsequently having removed to Van Zandt County, he joined Captain Bates's company of the 36th Cavalry, which became a part of Terrell's Brigade. His regiment was for some time employed on the Gulf Coast, and later it was with the army in Louisiana. When the war ended he returned to his home, near Chandler, Tex., and during the remainder of his life he was engaged as a country merchant and farmer.

A devout and consistent Christian, a generous neighbor, a faithful friend, in the eighty-fourth year of his age he went peacefully and trustfully to sleep, leaving to a sturdy and numerous posterity the priceless legacy of a spotless name.

[Other Last Roll sketches unavoidably held over.]

CAPT. F. A. TAULMAN.

An honored citizen was lost to the community of Hubbard, Tex., in the death of Capt. F. A. Taulman, which occurred, after a short illness, on December 4, 1910. He had been a factor in the upbuilding of the country of which he was a citizen, using his best energies for the promotion and maintenance of those things which were for the good of his fellow-men.

Francis Asbury Taulman was born in New Washington, Jennings County, Ind., on October 8, 1841, the son of Evan L. and Laura Comstock Taulman. The family removed to Trimble County, Ky., where he was with them until 1860, when he went to Texas, and from that State enlisted in the Confederate service as a member of Company G, 32d Texas Cavalry. He saw much hard service during the four years, and in the battle of Blakely, Ala., April 9, 1865, he was captured and imprisoned at Ship Island. He was paroled in August, 1865, and arrived at his home, in Brazos County, Tex., during that month. He then turned his best energies to business and was zealous for the development of the State. He was in the mercantile business in Bryan from 1870 to 1880, when he removed to Hubbard, and was the first to open up business there. He was its first Mayor, and served two years. For over forty years he was an Odd Fellow, and was a member of the U. C. V. Camp of Hillsboro.



CAPT. F. A. TAULMAN.

In January, 1866, Comrade Taulman was married to Miss Emma Jane Hill in Brazos County, and of this union there were three children—two sons and a daughter, the sons still being residents of Hubbard.

The father of this comrade was an ultra-Unionist, and he had written the son to leave Texas before the country became involved in war; but the advice came too late, as Comrade Taulman was then enlisted for the Confederacy. He was with the 32d Dismounted Cavalry, Ector's Brigade. He went to Fayetteville, Ark., in September, 1861, and joined Gen. Ben McCulloch's escort at Camp Jackson, and was in the battle of Elkhorn (Pea Ridge), where that general was killed.

H. T. LOVE.

[A committee composed of William Huddle, J. E. Roach, and H. O. Brown reports the death of Comrade H. T. Love.]

H. T. Love was born in Montgomery County, Ala., August 9, 1839, and went to Texas with his father at an early day. In 1861 he returned to Alabama and entered the Confederate army with the 4th Alabama Regiment, Law's Brigade, and Hood's Division. He saw much hard service in the Virginia army; was wounded in battle upon three separate engagements, and after the war came home on crutches. He settled in Lamar County, and made a good citizen.

He was one of those true, chivalric Christian gentlemen whose memories we honor and whose lives we respect. In him there was no guile; and if he ever had an enemy, it is not

known. He was an enthusiastic and devoted member of our Camp, and we shall miss him in our meetings. His death occurred January 14, 1911, in his seventy-second year.

To his large family of children we extend our warmest sympathy and offer the love and affection of this Camp.

JUDGE R. T. BEAUREGARD.

Happy it is for the departed when the chords of their dirge are resonant with manly praise, and thus it is with the passing away of the late Judge R. T. Beauregard, of New Orleans, La.; and while the note of sorrow is being prolonged, there is one who would testify to the calm beauty of his life.

If to be true to high ideals and to pursue the straight path at the sacrifice of personal interest, to exemplify the principles of chivalry in the arena of life, and to observe its gentler precepts in the bosom of his family; if this constitute the true gentleman in its highest acceptation, Rene T. Beauregard had surely his best claim to that which in their hearts all men covet. Those who were familiar with his daily life acknowledge that it was a liberal education to witness in him the practice of those amenities which tend to purify and elevate the intercourse of home. As the head of a family he ruled with faultless sway, as a host he presided with patrician elegance and dignity. He sought the refining influences of intellectual culture as what was due to himself. Taken from his school bench at the outbreak of the war, he was thrown, almost a mere boy, into his father's camp. He did brave service, and was true to his name throughout; and when the great struggle was over, he made the noblest efforts to adjust himself to new requirements. In the face of every difficulty and encountering stern opposition even on the part of those who should have aided him he undertook with rare fixedness of purpose the study of law, and his after career on the bench showed how effectual had been his labors. In his judicial capacity he served with the highest distinction. No man ever kept with more unerring step the even tenor of his way.

"His armor was his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill,"

and in the aftermath of his serene and beautiful life his children will realize their precious legacy.

REST, SOLDIER!

BY JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE.

He lay on his bier; around the room
The glory of spring in its guerdon of bloom.
His comrades stand round in their old suits of gray,
And over his bosom their battle flag lay.
Bowed are their heads in the last silent prayer,
And now the last look at their dead comrade there.
Friend of Sam Davis, soldier of Lee,
In war and in peace the noblest was he—
Rest, soldier!

Under the soil of his loved Tennessee
They lay him to rest, this soldier of Lee.
Noble in life, in his passing sublime
Model and type of his country and clime.
Blest by his comrades, loved by his foe,
The blue grass above him, the laurel below.
The thin gray line files silently on.
Hats off, comrades, the noblest has gone—
Rest, soldier!

[The foregoing was inspired by the author's attendance at the funeral of his old friend, Charles L. Ridley.]

SIXTH LOUISIANA REGIMENT.

[From the Mobile Tribune of 1863: "We publish the following beautiful tribute by Welthea Bryant to the 'battle-worn flag' of this gallant regiment, commanded by Col. Monaghan, being one of the regiments forming Hays's famous Louisiana brigade, Stonewall Jackson's corps. The 6th has been in over twenty battles. * * * It entered the service over one thousand strong, and during the war has had thirty officers and about four hundred noncommissioned officers and privates killed and wounded. The poem was written by a young lady not yet fifteen years of age who is a pupil at Professor Dimitry's Orleans Academy, at Arcola, La."]

TRIBUTE TO A BATTLE-WORN FLAG.

Hark! 'tis the cannon's dread resound
That peals in notes of shrill alarm;
It seems to mutter sad and slow:
"Go arm ye, Southrons! quickly arm!"
Grim-visaged battle reigns supreme
And blood and carnage now are rife,
And brothers lift the avenging sword
In freedom's consecrated strife!

The gallant Sixth goes marching past,
Whose glittering bayonets gleam aloft;
And Louisiana boasts their deeds
With warlike words and love notes soft.
A shining banner waves above,
Where thirteen silken stars unite,
To form in unison a bond
Of faith and love, of truth and might!

Still onward sweeps the glorious flag,
Enveloped now in smoke and flame,
Now riddled by the leaden shower,
But ever leading on to fame.
Still onward press those fearless men,
Though war's dread missiles thin their band.
"Still onward!" shout the leaders brave;
"Strike deep for this, our sunny land!"

Beneath that flag there fought and died
Full many a brave and noble man;
And 'neath it too our Stonewall stood
And fought, the bravest of the van.
Yes, Stonewall saw its tattered shreds,
Its stained and bloody silken "bars;"
And he shall say with Southern pride:
"Brave men have died beneath thy 'stars.'"

McArthur on his milk-white steed
Speeds over Winchester's red plain;
His long beard hangs to his waist
And mingles with his charger's mane.
On, on he sweeps; still ever on,
Till forth the fatal missile darts;
Then, glancing at the flag, he sinks,
Insensible to human arts.

'Twas gallant Smith who onward rushed
And bade them fight as soldiers should,
Till, high above the din, was heard
The thrilling "On!" from heath to wood.
He fell on Port Republic's field,
But lived till victory's shout rang clear;
And then death claimed him as his own,
And bore his soul from earthly fear.

Where rise the Everglades to view,
Far in De Soto's flowery land,
There Seymour once had nobly fought,
There onward cheered a patriot band.
But on Virginia's hills he fell,
Defending all his heart held true;
The fearless, snow-haired hero sunk,
And whispered there his last adieu.

Yes, Seymour fell at Gaines's Mill,
But died he with a patriot pride;
For as he gazed he saw the flag,
And felt 'twould still to glory guide.
He saw the rents where hundred balls
Had pierced it like the driving hail,
And then with one last loving look
He left us there his loss to wail.

In twenty fights amidst the band
Its silken folds right graceful hung,
And waved o'er Sharpsburg's bloody heights,
Where Strong's loud voice so cheerful rung.
He also fell, and hosts besides
Were jarred by many a fatal stroke;
They sank while hearing cannons peal
Amidst the fire and amidst the smoke.

But officers fell not alone,
For hundreds' blood bedewed each plain;
Full many a one lay dying there
Who ne'er would see the morn again.
Right nobly had they fought and died,
While o'er them waved the banner proud.
Ah, would that it were large enough
To form their winding sheet or shroud!

Flag of the free, these are the deeds
That consecrate thy tattered shreds,
And may those cling around thee still
Which o'er thy form a halo sheds!
Now honored banner, fare thee well,
But wake sometimes the hero's thought
And tell him how beneath thy folds
A thousand brave men nobly fought.

FATALITIES IN THE SIXTH LOUISIANA REGIMENT.

The foregoing poem showed that at that time this regiment (the 6th Louisiana, Army of Northern Virginia) had lost two colonels and a major, killed outright on the field of battle. Take up the history from that date and it shows that Col. William Monaghan, the next commander, was instantly killed in the skirmish with Federal cavalry near Leesburg, Va., in August, 1864. This record of the 6th Louisiana Infantry is believed to be without a parallel in the great War between the States. It will be seen, there, that this regiment had four field officers killed in battle, three colonels and one major.

After diligent inquiry it is believed that there are only sixteen survivors of this command—viz.:

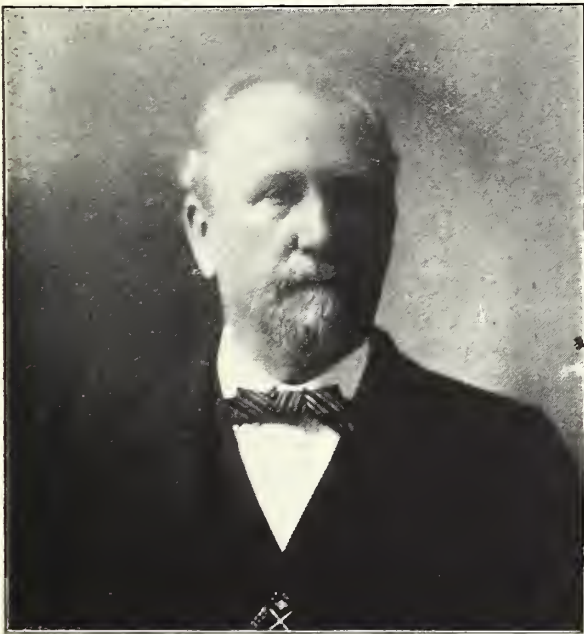
John H. Murray is captain and Superintendent of the Soldiers' Home, State of Louisiana New Orleans. As a member of Company E he was from May 12, 1864, to September 19, 1864, the only soldier of his company on duty, and being shot through both legs on September 19, 1864, the last battle of Winchester, Va., he was retired from field service and assigned to post duty at Augusta, Ga., and surrendered in April, 1865.

P. J. Flanagan is a director of Louisiana Soldiers' Home. Alex Reed and A. F. Foote are inmates of the Home.

Capt. John Orr while adjutant of the regiment was severely bayoneted at Winchester, Va., while saving the flag which some Federal soldiers were trying to carry off after the surrender of the fort. He is living at Austin, Tex. [Captain Orr has written the *VETERAN* a most interesting account of Johnson's Island Prison. He was postmaster of Mess 1, Block 8, in the prison, and sends a list of one hundred and twenty-five fellow-prisoners and the commands to which they belonged. That he has preserved this list through the vicissitudes of nearly half a century is remarkable. It may be expected in the *VETERAN* ere long.]

Philip Bulger is in the Texas Soldiers' Home in Austin.

Maj. John J. Rivera, the only living field officer of the 6th Louisiana, is living in New York, and is connected with the press of that city. He was formerly the President of the Typographical Union of New Orleans, but for some years has been living in New York and at this time he is ill in a hospital.



CAPT. B. T. WALSHE.

Capt. B. T. Walshe was severely wounded in the ankle at Gaines's Mill, before Richmond, Va., and the same day promoted to captain, but subsequently assigned to staff duty. He had been retired from infantry service on account of the wound above mentioned. At the close of the war he commanded the post of Osyka, Miss., and as provost marshal had direction of the troops in East Louisiana in the Lake Shore district. Captain Walshe is well preserved. He is one of the most active veterans living and is ever zealous for the honor of his surviving comrades and the memory of those who are dead. He resides in New Orleans.

Samuel W. Hill, now in his ninetieth year, was promoted to the engineer corps, and surrendered with Gen. Harry Heth, under whom he was serving at Appomattox as lieutenant of engineers. Lieutenant Hill now resides at Monroe, La.

John K. Collins is a valued employee, holding a responsible position with the Board of Liquidation of the city of New Orleans. He left an arm in Virginia.

James Waldron, who left New Orleans as a drummer boy,

and was a gallant soldier when he grew up, is holding a position under the city government of New Orleans.

Capt. Robert Lynne, after being severely wounded in 1864, was transferred to the Trans-Mississippi Department, and served there until the close of the war. He is now a prosperous farmer (and well preserved for his age) near Independence, La.

Patrick Rowe, another one-armed veteran of the 6th, is living in New Orleans, and at this writing is in very poor health.

Michael Nuss, New Orleans, is in his seventy-seventh year.

Philip Jacobs is in his seventy-ninth year and partially paralyzed. He resides in New Orleans with his children.

John D. Mahoney is one of the leading boss draymen in the city of New Orleans. He is in good health and prosperous.

All of these "sixteen survivors" were wounded and one of them, John Collins, lost an arm in the service. This regiment was ever to the front from the First Manassas to the close of the war at Appomattox. The 6th Louisiana belonged to the Stonewall Jackson corps, and was of course under the command of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

Since the foregoing was put in type Captain Walshe, of New Orleans, who has procured data with patriotic diligence, writes that others of the 6th "have turned up." The sketch may be supplemented later.

"BRIGHT SKIES AND DARK SHADOWS."

Maj. W. F. Foster, of Nashville, writes an excellent review of this book in which he states: "The distinguished author evidently writes with the kindest feeling and with the sincere purpose to do ample justice to the people about whom he writes. I almost wish that the chapters about the negro had not been written, but I suppose they were inevitable. Even these, however, are not offensive, although saturated with the assumption of superior wisdom inborn in every visitor from the North who attempts to write about the negro and tell the people of the South how to deal with him. Every one of this class of writers is convinced that he knows it all after a more or less hurried trip through the South, and that those who from birth to old age have lived with the negro are strangely ignorant and must be instructed. We know that the negro and the native Southerner understand each other perfectly, and that this well-meant advice, if it were not so tiresome and unnecessary, would be amusing to them both. The description of the battle of Franklin is superb and truthful, the best I have ever seen, and the magnificent chapters about Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee and the frank and honorable praise all through the pages of this most interesting book, of the patient endurance and superb bravery of the Southern soldier, and the skill and gallantry of the officers who led them are most admirable."

This book is a series of letters, after several visits to the South, by Rev. H. M. Field, D.D., one of the four most distinguished brothers of this country, David Dudley, Stephen J., Judge of the United States Supreme Court, and Cyrus being the others. The author was "a world traveler," and had written many books of many countries. This last and best was his pride. It was published by Scribners at \$1.50; and being anxious to have his many Southern friends see it, Dr. Field sent to the *VETERAN* the sheets left over. They have been bound and are offered for fifty cents, with postage ten cents.

The Editor corresponded with Dr. Field in regard to omitting the chapters on the negro question, but he preferred that they remain, and so the book is supplied as a sort of memorial to him. This book will be sent, postpaid, to any friend who will supply two new subscriptions.

FIRST CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS IN ARKANSAS.

BY JUDGE R. T. SIMPSON, OF THE SUPREME COURT OF ALABAMA.

As apropos to the recent Confederate Reunion at Little Rock and reminded of an incident by an article in the May VETERAN, I give an account of the first act of war in the State of Arkansas. I had just commenced the practice of law at Des Arc when our disturbances began.

Arkansas had not seceded, but we had organized a company in Des Arc, and were drilling when we received a telegram from Little Rock, stating that a boat was coming up the river with reinforcements for the Federal arsenal, situated there, and we must take the arsenal. Our company was not large, but we started at once for the trip of six miles in hacks. As we traveled on we met a number of persons who told us marvelous tales, such as that the boat with Federal troops had just come up, had been fired on, and the fire was being returned from the boat. We punished our poor horses to hasten their pace, and finally reached Little Rock, to find it as calm and peaceful as a May morning.

We were the first troops to reach there. Our numbers were not formidable, and Little Rock was strong for the Union. Placards were placed on the street corners to the effect that a lot of lawless people from Des Arc were there, and if we were not very careful the vigilance committee would take charge of us. We, however, took possession of one thousand Minie muskets, with the ammunition, which were in the possession of the adjutant general, and rested on our arms until we received a message that there was another company down at the river; and we met a fine company from Helena.

I did not know until I read in the May VETERAN, page 212, that the afterwards distinguished Gen. Pat Cleburne was with that company. Shortly after that another company was welcomed, about which time the "vigilance committee's" placards disappeared.

We had at least eight hundred men in our impromptu army when we made a formal demand on Captain Toten, who was in charge of the arsenal with eighty-two men. He asked to be given until twelve o'clock the next day to answer, which request was granted. That night our scouts reported that Toten was limbering up his artillery, loading his muskets, placing them by the embrasures, etc., and we thought we were to have a desperate battle. At twelve o'clock the next day, however, Toten's answer came, stating that he would surrender if we would allow him to march out with side arms and the honors of war, which condition we graciously acceded to. So the Federals marched out and we took possession. We left a company in charge of the arsenal to hold it until the State seceded.

I have often smiled at those proceedings and wondered how we would have forced our way into that arsenal, as it was a stone structure with thick walls, and we had no arms except muskets and one small piece of artillery which had been used for firing salutes.

While we justly claim that we Confederate soldiers were not rebels, as our States had exercised their undoubted right to secede and we were fighting for them, yet I suppose those of us who took part in that affair before the State seceded could not deny that we were rebels at that time.

WANTED—"A SOLDIER OF HONOR."—A most attractive sketch of Gen. Earl Van Dorn was published by the Abbey Press. The edition was limited and a few copies are wanted. Please let the VETERAN know of any copies that may be purchased.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE U. D. C.

Dr. Thomas M. Owen, of Montgomery, Ala., Historian General of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans and the Director of the Alabama State Department of Archives and History, is collecting all that he can of publications issued by our Confederate organizations. He has already collected several hundred items.

In this he has a twofold purpose—namely, the preservation of the publications themselves and their availability in his history work.

Dr. Owen desires publications of all Chapters and such items as they can supply. Where any considerable number of documents are sent he requests that they be shipped by express at his expense, but for smaller numbers send by mail, and the postage will be returned at once.

Remember that Dr. Owen wants a copy of every document or paper published by Divisions, Chapters, or individuals, including minutes, yearbooks, programs, amendments, circulars, leaflets, reports, etc., in case any such are published.

He especially desires reports of the general organization minutes for 1894, 1895, 1897, 1898; Alabama Division minutes for 1899, 1905, 1907, 1908; Arkansas minutes from 1896 to 1907, inclusive; Arizona minutes and other publications; California minutes and other publications, except for ninth session, 1909; Colorado, District of Columbia, Florida, and Georgia minutes for 1895.

He also desires reports of Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mexico, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, and Pennsylvania, and South Carolina minutes from 1896 to 1903, inclusive; Tennessee minutes for 1897 (2), 1898, 1900, 1902, 1903, 1905; Texas minutes from 1896 to 1910, inclusive.

He also requests reports of Chapters in Utah, Virginia, and Washington, and West Virginia minutes from 1898 to 1905, inclusive, and 1910.

He wants reports from the Children of the Confederacy, all circulars, announcements, reports, and other publications.

INJECT A LITTLE LOVE INTO THE LAW.

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, a native of Jackson, Tenn., "the juvenile reformer" of Denver, Colo., speaking before the Harvard students, said that our whole jurisprudence in criminal matters has been based upon a recognition of the sacredness of property rights rather than the sacredness of human rights. Judge Lindsey said in part:

"The young offender is in the ordinary court made to feel a great fear of the law, looking upon the policemen as his enemy and upon the court as a place leading to jail. The remarkable work that has been accomplished in the Denver juvenile court has been done through sympathy wisely directed and by carefully studying the conditions of the young offenders and not through following out the old principle of respecting property rights at any cost to the individual.

"In the majority of juvenile offenses the culprits are not really bad. They have loyalty, but the loyalty is misdirected because there is no director. They have energy, but it is likewise misdirected, and that misdirected energy we used to call crime.

"The jail will never solve the problem of crime; it must be solved by the home, the school, and the Church. We are merely putting for the first time in the history of the world a little love into the law."—*Boston Post*.

SENTIMENT OF BANKERS OF MISSISSIPPI.

[Extracts from the minutes of the convention of the Mississippi bankers held at Greenwood, Miss., May 11, 1911.]

Mr. B. W. Griffith, President of the Association, said:

"Mrs. L. P. Yerger and Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough, both of this city, on behalf of the Daughters of the Confederacy, have brought to my attention a matter which I feel sure this association would be glad to hear about.

"Gentlemen, the accommodations of the Soldiers' Home at Beauvoir are now insufficient, and there are not enough cottages to house all those of our old and dear friends, the Confederate veterans of this State, who need a roof tree under which to spend their last years. I have learned from these ladies that from fifty to sixty old soldiers have applied to the Home at Beauvoir, but are unable to gain admission. The legislature will be appealed to at its next session to build new cottages; but in the meantime these old soldiers must be maintained, and so a public appeal comes from the descendants of veterans—their daughters and their granddaughters—and they in turn have appealed to us.

"We know what a solid rank the graycoats presented when they covered breasts true and loyal—an army whose superior upon the field of battle or on the sea has never been seen. I saw not long ago a picture called 'The Vanishing Race.' It represented an Indian taking his trail on his long journey away from the haunts of men, vanishing from the sight of the world like a hunted beast to die. The picture was a pathetic one, but the pathos of it was double to me when I thought of the vanishing Confederate soldier. Those ranks which were once solid have now become decimated, and the long, thin gray line is but a trace, scarcely visible; and so I feel that any appeal made to us now in the name of those old men so dear to all our hearts will never fail to meet with ready response.

"If I were on the floor of this convention, I would ask that it make an appropriation of two hundred dollars toward the maintenance of these soldiers until permanent accommodations can be provided for them at Beauvoir; but the chair will be glad to entertain such a motion from any member on the floor."

Mr. C. H. Williams, of Yazoo City, said:

"I do not know of anything that could appeal to a Southern man more deeply than the matter that the president has just brought to our attention. I am the son of one who wore the gray and gave his life for the cause that he knew was right. Though I have no recollection of my father, there has never been a moment in my life that I have not felt a pride in the heritage that he left to his sons; and no matter what other honor might come to the family and whose name I bear (and I am grateful to say that we have not been without honor at the hands of the people of Mississippi) there has been none and never will be one that can for one moment awaken in me the pride that I feel in the career of my father as a Confederate soldier who laid down his life for his country.

"I am going to make a motion, somewhat different from the suggestion of the president. We represent here the banks of the State of Mississippi; we represent the wealth, so to speak, of the State. I am not willing to vote for a resolution that we, the associated banks of the State of Mississippi, give two hundred dollars for the care of these veterans. I notice that we have some money in the treasury, and after that is all gone we can put some more there. I move that we appropriate out of our treasury the sum of one thousand dollars for the main-

tenance of the soldiers who are unable to find accommodations in the home at Beauvoir."

This motion, promptly seconded, was put to vote, when the convention rose in a body, and the motion prevailed.

Mrs. L. P. Yerger, being present, said:

"*Gentlemen:* As chairman of the committee appointed by the Daughters of the Confederacy of Mississippi to secure funds for the support of the homeless Confederate soldiers of our State, I thank you for this magnificent gift, so far beyond our highest expectations, and again I wish to thank you for the generous contribution of six hundred dollars, which you gave me when your convention met in Vicksburg to help buy a home for them. To me those dollars represented six hundred diamonds, scintillations of a noble impulse that prompted your timely gift. And now you have added one thousand jewels to your crown of generous deeds. In the name of our old heroes and the Mississippi Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, I thank you."

TRIBUTE TO MRS. LUCY GREEN YERGER.

The Mississippi Division, U. D. C., assembled in its convention in Meridian, honored its beloved President, Mrs. Lucy Green Yerger, of Greenville, with the gift of a very handsome Confederate pin set with rubies and diamonds, "red, white, and red." Miss Mary Craig Kimbrough, the popular author, who has recently written the life of Miss Winnie Davis, presented this beautiful gift of the U. D. C. to Mrs. Yerger.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Kimbrough's felicitous address, as she stooped to kiss Mrs. Yerger, addressing her as "our Mother," the audience was treated to a most beautiful and touching tableaux: Mrs. Yerger a gracious, stately "Mother of the Confederacy," a lovely dame of the Old South, clasping the hands of the fair young Daughter of the Confederacy—the old generation and the new—beautiful representatives of Southern womanhood.

In Miss Kimbrough's address, which was rendered with exquisite grace, she moved the audience to tears. She said:

"*Daughters of the Confederacy:* You have given me the sweet privilege of expressing your sentiments on this happy occasion, the most beautiful of the convention. I am grateful, but I feel that you have given me an impossible task. As one of our Southern poets has said, some thoughts, like virgins, are too sacred for the touch of a word. I am sure that no words could express the thoughts that are in your hearts to-night.

"For two terms the Mississippi Division has enjoyed the administration of one of our 'Mothers of the Confederacy.' She is with us now, sweet, serene, and gracious—a beautiful woman, a capable officer, whose impartial rulings and wise counsel will be an inspiration to all who succeed her.

"When those grim, gray war dogs, our fathers, fought and froze and starved, and fought again, from Sumter to Appomattox, when thousands leaped into battle's red embrace for the sake of a principle that could never die—to such as she they pledged their faith. For she was one of those saints in homespun who wept and prayed and wrought, who cooked to feed starving legions, who sewed to clothe an army of ragged heroes. Because of such as she they held honor and duty above all earthly considerations and left to us a glorious heritage.

"Through the blood of such women as she we can look in the future for a race as brave, as chivalrous, as noble as was

God's supreme intention when he created man. To the memory of such as she our children and our children's children shall look for inspiration, depending upon the divinity that illuminates such pure souls to faith.

"And so, sweet mother of the Confederacy, by our hallowed banner steeped in such a costly dye, by the sacred ashes of our martyred dead, we, your Daughters, pledge you with this small token our reverence forever."

MISS KIMBROUGH'S HISTORY OF WINNIE DAVIS.

Among the many interesting things done during the U. D. C. State Convention a committee composed of Mrs. Birdsong, of Edwards, Mrs. Collier, of Vicksburg, and Mrs. Leigh, of Columbus, was appointed to read Miss Mary Craig Kimbrough's history of Winnie Davis to see if the work was worthy of indorsement, that it might be listed among Southern histories of note.

The Meridian Dispatch states: "Miss Kimbrough is a brilliant young woman and gifted in every way. Naturally her work will reflect great credit upon her, and there is no doubt that it will be indorsed."

MRS. YERGER'S REPLY.

Surely when Van Dyke said, "There is nothing in all this world so life-giving as to be told that you are loved," he spoke a true as well as beautiful thought. My dear Daughters, you have told me that I am "loved;" you have sent me a beautiful message of approval, and from the depths of my heart I thank you, and you, my sweet young Southern girl [addressing Miss Kimbrough], have most beautifully borne this message to me. It is not easy to find words to thank you for the eloquence—may I not say the brilliant fancy?—with which you have graced me, your subject. My head swims from the dizzy heights on which you have placed me. In the wide range of your genius, my dear girl, you cannot help making everything or every subject you touch beautiful.

My dear Daughters of the Confederacy of the Mississippi Division, I wish I could tell you how happy you have made me to-night. As I look upon the lovely Mississippi Division, U. D. C., badge, your gift to me, and catch the blessed light of that glorious banner with the Southern cross upon its fiery folds and see with what precious jewels you have had it encircled, the thought springs from my heart how well you have brought forth the ideal glory of the battle flag of the Southern Confederacy. The sparkling diamonds around the precious banner are symbolic of the brilliant achievements of the men who wore the gray, who bore this banner, red handed, to the cannon's mouth on the many bloody battlefields of the four years of dreadful war. The pure white of these diamonds is not purer or whiter than the stainless cause for which "the men in gray" fought and for which so many died that it might live. The rich red of the rubies midst the diamonds is not richer or deeper than the precious Southern blood shed for us and for the honor and glory of our dear Southland and for our Southern rights.

Rare and priceless as these red rubies are, bright, beautiful, and sparkling as are the diamonds encircling this loved banner which Miss Mary Craig Kimbrough, our young U. D. C. and Mississippi's gifted authoress, has just pinned for you over my heart, they are not yet as priceless or do they shine a more brilliant spark than the jewel of your love, which I shall as long as my life lasts wear in my heart. Far more mighty, far more dazzlingly brilliant is that love than all earth's riches. Far more priceless above all rubies is that jewel. The wealth of Ophir's gold could not purchase that

brightest jewel from me. Thank you, dear Daughters, for this gift. Thank you, my sweet girl of the South, for bringing this love-gift to me. God grant that I may prove worthy of this love for me and for this your trust in me!

WHAT A SOUTHERN WOMAN HAS DONE.

ACHIEVEMENT OF MISS MARY HANNAH JOHNSON, NASHVILLE.

Among the women of the South who have achieved success and become prominent in lines of educational advancement is Miss Mary Hannah Johnson, the Librarian of the Carnegie Library of Nashville, Tenn. Not only has Miss Johnson by her intelligence, tact, thorough knowledge of library work, technical and practical, her initiative faculty, and her fine administrative ability made the Nashville Library in its service to the community which sustains it one of the most useful and progressive in the country, but she has also made the institution one of far-reaching influence in the promotion of civic improvement, art, culture, and philanthropy in Nashville, in Tennessee, and in the South. Her policy has been to make the library not only a cultural center and resourceful depository and distributor of learning and information, but also by bringing it in close and constant touch with other educational and beneficent agencies, to make it an inspiring factor in the widest field of progress and uplifting activity.

She has been a leader in the organization of library associations and departments, literary and civic clubs, storyteller's leagues, etc. In all of her varied achievements Miss Johnson never forgets the cause of Confederates.



MISS MARY HANNAH JOHNSON.

Although giving so much of her time, strength, and thought to practical and business affairs, she is womanly and gracious withal and socially brilliant and attractive.

SINGULAR THINGS DONE JUST BEFORE THE WAR.

GEN. E. T. SYKES WRITES OF HIS EXPERIENCES.

Immediately following the adoption by the States of Mississippi and Alabama of their ordinances withdrawing from the Federal Union their respective Governors dispatched State troops to the vicinity of Pensacola, Fla., to coöperate with troops of the latter in maintaining possession of the navy yard, Forts Barrancas and McRee, and the contiguous property that the Governor of Florida had, previously and before the adoption by Florida of its ordinance of secession, taken possession of. Lieutenant Slemmer, commanding the small force of United States troops in Fort Barrancas, had anticipated such action, and, acting under special orders from General Scott, commander in chief of the United States army, issued without the knowledge of Governor Floyd, Secretary of War, or of Col. S. Cooper, adjutant general of the army, evacuated Fort Barrancas and removed his forces across the bay to Fort Pickens.

I went from this place as a member of the Columbus Riflemen, one of two companies leaving for Pensacola under the call of Governor Pettus. On reaching our point of destination the Columbus companies with the other companies from Mississippi were quartered in the Marine Hospital and organized into a regiment, to the command of which Charles H. Abert was elected colonel. After several weeks, during which time there was no material change in the military situation, Gen. Charles Clark, commander in chief of the Mississippi State troops, came to Pensacola, and in conjunction with the commander of the Florida troops entered into a truce with the opposing forces, to the effect that the military situation was to remain in statu quo until it was seen what the convention called by the seceding States to meet at Montgomery in the near future would resolve. Accordingly the troops were ordered to be mustered out of service, and returned to their respective homes.

During the afternoon of the first day of the truce the sloop of war Wyandotte, commanded by Lieutenant Commander Berryman, which, during our stay there had been coöperating with the command in Fort Pickens and out of reach of our guns, came to the landing near the navy yard to coal. It so happened that I was one of three Mississippians there at the time when there stepped ashore a courtly looking young medical officer who at the time impressed me as being a "paragon of proudest men." On being introduced and learning that I was a Mississippian he straightway inquired if I was related to a lady whose name he mentioned and whom he had for several successive summers met at the Virginia Springs. Being informed that I was, he insisted upon my spending the night with him aboard the Wyandotte, and I have ever since congratulated myself on having the privilege of doing so.

Now to the heart of this episode. Finding both the surgeon and the lieutenant commander to be Virginians, I was soon made to feel at home in my new surroundings out in the bay. Until a late hour of the night we enjoyed ourselves in company with members of the staff of naval officers not then on duty, and were made merry with the rich wines that mellow the soul and sublimate the lips with words of social commune. On retiring to the doctor's stateroom he remarked with considerate grace that ordinarily he would ask me to occupy the lower berth; but as he had to respond to the morning sick call at sunrise, and fearing if he slept above he might arouse me in getting down, he invited me to occupy the upper one. Sleeping soundly, I was awakened soon after sunrise by a

servant with a cup of hot coffee and bearing an invitation from the surgeon to dress and come above and witness a sight which he thought, as it proved, would be novel to me. Responding to the invitation, I went on deck, where I beheld suspended high up in the masts one of the twin brothers (brown colored and as much alike as were the two Dromios in Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors") who as cabin boys had served at the banquet the night previous. This one, I learned, had after the guests retired indulged too freely of the champagne left over, and as a punishment was being subjected to the "spread eagle," as known in naval parlance.

Shortly after breakfast I was asked by my friend to give him the names of a few of my comrades whom I thought might before leaving for their homes enjoy a few hours of cruising in the bay, and he would send the commander's gig ashore with an invitation to them to visit the sloop of war. I did as suggested, and soon thereafter Gen. Charles Clark, commanding the Mississippi State troops, Col. Charles H. Abert, commanding the Mississippi regiment, Capt. William Baldwin, of the Columbus Riflemen, Dr. B. A. Vaughn, surgeon of said regiment, and a civilian friend (later Capt.) Randle Blewett responded to the invitation, and spent a most enjoyable half day cruising in the bay and as guests of the officers of the Wyandotte, partaking of liquid refreshments which "cheer," but inebriate only when quaffed to excess.

The next day Colonel Abert's regiment of Mississippians began their return trip homeward, the Columbus companies, the Riflemen and Wade's reaching Columbus in the early morn of February 8, and were publicly banqueted by awaiting home folks.

I next saw Pensacola and the scenes of my pleasurable experiences aboard the Wyandotte when a member of Capt. George Lipscomb's company, which with Wade's company left Columbus March 27, 1861, under the first call for troops made by the Confederate States government. Reaching the vicinity of the navy yard a few days afterwards, the Wyandotte was no longer to be seen; and its commander, as I learned years after the close of the war, had died aboard his vessel soon after the departure of the State troops from there in February previous. Had the tall and superbly looking Capt. Otway H. Berryman lived until the organization of the Confederate navy, he, like my surgeon friend, would have resigned from the "old service" and become an officer therein.

In order to stimulate the interest of his reader, the climax of the novelist is reserved for the closing chapters; so the name of my friend has not till now been given, in order that the numerous invalids who from time to time during a long series of years have been the recipients of his professional skill and attention will be startled and surprised to learn that the eminent gentleman who stands at the head of the medical profession at Hot Springs, Ark.—Dr. A. S. Garnett—is the hero of the episode.

I can imagine the look of surprise, if not amazement, that will mantle the cheeks of the now sedate and matter-of-fact business and professional man on being reminded of this incident in his young unmarried life when the red blood coursed vigorously and a frolic or a gathering with friends and fellows at the "genial and generous board" was the delight of this cultured and refined Virginian.

Another incident that often recurs to me in moments of retrospection grew out of my official position as brigade adjutant general during the perilous position of Walthall's Brigade (then commanded by Gen. J. Patton Anderson) on the night of January 2, 1863, just following the repulse of

Breckinridge's Division in its attack on Rosecrans's left in the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn. As reported by Brigadier General Anderson, he was ordered by the general commanding about 4 P.M. January 2 to hasten with his brigade (Walthall's) to the support of General Breckinridge. Not being familiar with that part of the field, Lieutenant Colonel Brent, of General Bragg's staff, was directed to conduct Anderson to the desired position. "Wading Stone's River and pushing forward at a double-quick for more than a mile to the scene of Breckinridge's bloody conflict," darkness had separated the combatants when the brigade reached the spot indicated by Colonel Brent, it being an open wood between two fields. The brigade was there halted and faced to the front; and soon learning that there was no line between him and the enemy, Anderson promptly threw forward skirmishers. About then General Breckinridge, to whom Anderson had previously reported his near approach, rode up and personally directed Anderson to withdraw his line to the woods, several hundred yards in the rear. This was done, but without withdrawing his line of skirmishers.

General Anderson reports that "having arrived at his new position about 9 P.M., a reconnoissance was made to his right and left, which disclosed the fact that on his left an interval of eight hundred yards or more existed between it and the right of Hanson's Brigade, and that there were no troops on his right." This condition of affairs was promptly reported through his adjutant general to Major General Withers, Anderson's division commander, and within a reasonable time thereafter a staff officer from General Bragg appeared at Anderson's headquarters, where and when he and I were seated astride a log with capes thrown overhead to protect us from the downpour of rain, and directed one or the other of us to report at army headquarters, accompanying him for that purpose. Owing to the isolated position of his brigade and the uncertainty of the enemy's movements, General Anderson considered it hazardous for him to absent himself from it, and directed me to report and explain his imperiled position.

Accompanying the staff officer for a distance of several miles, we finally drew up in front of one of the finest mansions in Murfreesboro. Alighting and making myself known to Lieutenant Ellis, a brother-in-law of and aid-de-camp to the commanding general, I was invited to a large room, elegantly furnished, where sat General Bragg, surrounded by his corps and division commanders, and with army maps spread upon a table before him. Wet and besmeared with mud, I felt entirely out of place in this galaxy of generals; but on entering the room I was in a measure relieved from embarrassment by General Withers rising and introducing me as the officer who had penciled for General Anderson the communication they were then considering. Whereupon the commanding general invited me to be seated. After a few words responsive to the pertinent and laconic questions propounded to me, followed by questions put to General Breckinridge as to the reported isolated position of Anderson's command. I perceived that General Bragg was satisfied with the accuracy of Anderson's report, and that General Breckinridge was in error as to the facts. Being dismissed, I returned to my brigade headquarters and reported to General Anderson the substance of what I had seen and heard at army headquarters and the inferences drawn by me. I did not know the result of that consultation. We were, however, relieved before daylight next morning to find the brigades of Generals Pillow, Preston, and Adams, of Breckinridge's Division, prolonging our right, and a little later the brigade of Brigadier General Jackson

filled most of the interval between Anderson's left and Hanson's right. (The brave and eloquent Hanson had been the afternoon before mortally wounded while in the active command of his brigade.) With this realignment established, the right of Bragg's army was once more in an offensive position.

My presence at a conference of such an array of distinguished army officers on the occasion referred to was so unique and unusual for a subaltern and the subject matter of the conference so pregnant with the fate of the army that I feel justified in recording it in this sketch.

[General Sykes took a day off on May 17 from the Little Rock Reunion to visit Dr. Garnett at Hot Springs. Upon his return to Little Rock he mentioned his interesting visit with the Doctor, whom he had not seen since their delightful meeting in Pensacola early in February, 1861. They repaired to the Arlington Hotel and "celebrated" the event. Seated at a table with sparkling juice of the grape, they rehearsed the incidents of their delightful acquaintance fifty years ago.]

INTERESTING DAY FOR A BOY AT GETTYSBURG.

BY J. F. M'KENRICK, ESQ., EBENBURG, PA.

In reply to your request for a renewal of my subscription and a word of commendation for the *VETERAN*, it gives me pleasure to send you the subscription price for three years. Two years ago my attention was called to your publication by Mrs. General Pickett. I sent the price for two years' subscription, and I have read it with much interest and profit.

I was not a Confederate veteran in the sense that an enlistment and term of service would imply; but it was my singular fortune to participate with Pickett's Division at Gettysburg from daylight on the morning of July 3 until dawn of July 4, 1863. Living at that time near Cashtown, and anxious to witness the battle and render aid to the wounded, I went into the ranks of Kemper's Brigade, and was permitted to accompany it to its position on the field.

When the division went into action, I followed as a volunteer, and participated with the ambulance corps in caring for the wounded, saw the advance, repulse, and retreat, and remained on the field until early morning of the following day, when the remnant of the division took up its march for the Potomac. In that single day I saw enough to satisfy my boyish curiosity, and witnessed the most daring, heroic, and disastrous achievement of soldiers upon the battlefield—the charge made by Pickett and his men on that field, which far surpassed that of the Old Guard at Waterloo.

Forty-seven years later it was my pleasure to meet the widow of the hero whose name is so intimately associated with that reminiscence of my life.

Your readers know what a noble work you are doing. The surviving veteran and his children owe you a debt of gratitude. The *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* is the only publication that has preserved the story of those times in its simplicity, truth, and details. It has revealed the story from living witnesses, corrected the inaccuracies of history, and preserved unsullied from the efforts of critics to detract the glorious record made by the men who wore the gray in a cause to them as sacred as ever inspired soldiers upon any battlefield.

Until the historian corrects the falsehoods of history and writes into the account of the heroic deeds of the American soldier the truth, there is a necessity for the continuance of the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*, and every loyal and true man and woman of the Southland owes it a debt of gratitude, which can only be compensated and appreciated in a substantial way by contributing liberally to its support.

COL. R. W. BANKS ON BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

BY REV. JAMES H. M'NEILLY, CHAPLAIN, NASHVILLE, TENN.

With deep interest I have just read a little brochure on the battle of Franklin by Col. R. W. Banks, at the time serving as adjutant of the 29th Alabama Regiment, Cantey's Brigade, Walthall's Division, Stewart's Corps, but regularly with the 37th Mississippi as sergeant major. The little book is a tribute to the gallant Mississippians in that awful battle. It gives deserved praise to Mississippi's *preux chevalier*, Maj. Gen. E. C. Walthall, handsome as Apollo and chivalrous as Sir Philip Sydney.

The especial feature is the story of E. L. Russell, color bearer of the 41st Mississippi, Sharp's Brigade, Lee's Corps, who, with a few comrades, in hand-to-hand encounter forced his way into the enemy's works and returned with two stands of captured colors. There is also modest mention of the author's planting the flag of the 29th Alabama on the enemy's works, where it remained for four hours, riddled with bullets, while the bearer lay beneath it, amid dead and writhing, wounded men, until he escaped from his awful position and carried his flag back to General Walthall.

I had opportunity to see something of the heroism of that day. I had a brother killed in a few yards of the old gin house. I was a chaplain of Quarles's Brigade, Walthall's Division. It was my custom to go with the men into action. In the charge I went forward until my men fell so thick and fast that I had to stop and care for them, and I can testify to the magnificent courage of all of our troops, and also to the steady heroism with which our assaults were met and repulsed by the enemy.

Of course this little book makes only small reference to other troops in that great battle, for its avowed purpose is to tell only of the events in the author's own immediate observation and of the deeds of the Mississippians. It is a thrilling story; and if others would record their experiences of the war as Colonel Banks has done, it would furnish most valuable material for a complete history of that great conflict.

There is one little mistake that needs correction for the sake of accuracy. The distance from Spring Hill to Franklin is not "over twenty miles," but is just thirteen miles. I am not disposed to criticize this interesting volume; but I seem to detect an undertone of disparagement or depreciation of General Johnston as compared with General Hood. It may be that my admiration, even love, for "Old Joe" makes me sensitive.

This book from the Neale Publishing Company (price, \$1.25) has been purchased in bulk by the VETERAN, and will be sent with the VETERAN for \$1, or it will be sent free to every person who will send three new subscriptions with \$1 for each.

POEMS OF JAMES RYDER RANDALL.

Some extracts from a letter addressed to the President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy are given for better dissemination of the purposes of the Randall Literary-Memorial Association, which was organized in 1909 with the special aim to "cherish the memory and extend the appreciation of James Ryder Randall, author of 'Maryland, My Maryland.'" Its first care has been to publish his complete poems, with a biographical and historical introduction, and now a crusade will be inaugurated against the spurious verses which have been substituted for the noble words of Randall's poem. It is thought that this can best be done by a campaign of education throughout the country as well as in Maryland, which will lead to a national appreciation of Randall as a great American poet, and which will effectually do away with all imitation or plagiarizing of his work.

Matthew Page Andrews, of Baltimore, Md., is President of the Randall Literary-Memorial Association, and has taken a leading part in the effort to secure due appreciation of this Southern poet. His letter is, in part, as follows:

"In the name of the Randall Literary-Memorial Association of Maryland, I would present to the consideration of Americans generally, and to the Daughters of the Confederacy in particular, the poems of James Ryder Randall, the laureate of the Southern Confederacy.

"Although it is nearly a half century after the War between the States, Randall's poems have never before been published in a complete edition. During these fifty years the fame of one of his poems outstripped that of the singer, and 'Maryland, My Maryland,' the noblest battle hymn ever composed in any language, became the despair of the best of the Northern bards in war, and now in peace is the heritage of all as an immortal American classic.

"But Randall wrote other poems equal in poetic excellence, and limited in comparative popularity only because they are poems rather than songs or marches. We of the South should especially cherish these and teach them as part of the literature of our country. Although we are constantly told by our New England friends that the literature of the South is a negligible quantity as compared with their own, an impartial review demonstrates that in great crises at least the Southern genius burst forth into expression with greater freedom and effectiveness. * * *

"The first care of the Randall Literary-Memorial Association in 1909 was to publish his complete poems with a historical and biographical introduction at the lowest possible selling price. All profit over a royalty to the family should go to the Randall Educational Fund."

"FROM BULL RUN TO APPOMATTOX."

Mr. Luther W. Hopkins has gotten out a second edition of his book, "From Bull Run to Appomattox," which he says is "A Boy's View of the War," for he was one of the lads who helped to make Lee's army. He began telling stories of his experience as a soldier to his own boy; and when that boy grew up, he induced his father to put these stories into book form so other boys might enjoy what had given him so much pleasure. A boy's view of anything is apt to be worth while, and Mr. Hopkins has made his book of a quality that will appeal to boys of all ages. The illustrations too are fine, and some chapters have been added, making this new edition show much improvement over the old. The author has done his best to make his book "worth while," and readers will agree that he has succeeded.

The book is bound in cloth and sells at \$1.10, postpaid. Advertised in this number.

E. B. Smith, of Phelps, Tex., Company A, Capt. George Reed's company of Young's Regiment, and who was afterwards transferred to Gould's Texas Regiment, desires to hear from comrades. He seeks a State pension.

C. A. Robey, of Arkadelphia, Ark., Box 71, wants to locate some surviving comrades of his father's company, which was I, 5th Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade.

Mrs. J. F. Martin, of Walnut Hill, Ark., inquires for any surviving comrades of her husband, J. F. Martin, who enlisted from Mount Hope, Lawrence County, Ala., and served four years in the 16th Alabama Regiment, Cleburne's Division.

GALLANT CAPT. SAMUEL L. FREEMAN.

BY JUDGE J. H. HENDERSON, FRANKLIN, TENN.

I was not in the army, but was in the war; heard some of the great battles, and was on the edge of more than one skirmish. As of interest to some of your readers, I note incidents connected with the clash on the Lewisburg Pike near Douglas Church when Captain Freeman was killed. I was then about twelve years of age, and the recollection of that stirring day and night is fresh in my mind. My father lived about half a mile east of Douglas Church on Five Mile Creek. The Confederates under Van Dorn were advancing from Spring Hill on Franklin, and had been passing on the pike for some time, evidently preparatory to making a determined attack on Franklin. Some Federal cavalry, I suppose about a regiment, came suddenly from the direction of Dr. Brice M. Hughes's farm on Big Harpeth. I saw them capture a lone Confederate, either a scout or straggler, near the front gate of S. A. Jefferson. They came through my father's yard and lot and formed in line of battle just under the brow of a slight elevation, a little more than a quarter of a mile from the pike, where the Confederates were passing, wholly ignorant that the enemy were so near.

I watched their movements anxiously. After forming line, they made a sudden dash over the elevation upon the Confederate line on the pike, and the battle began at once. I was anxious to see it. I climbed up on top of the barn, and distinctly saw a part of it about a quarter of a mile away, but the whistling of the bullets soon brought me down. In a short time, certainly not more than half an hour, the Federals returned, going back the way they came. They had a number of prisoners on foot whom they were rushing as fast as they could trot. Among them was our Speaker of the Tennessee Senate, Hon. Nat Baxter, Jr. I learned that he was in the crowd a short time thereafter. The Federals were pressing their prisoners as fast as they could make them run, expecting of course to be pursued, but they were not.

The Confederates "pressed" my father's wagon and team to haul four of their dead to Spring Hill. Among them was Captain Freeman, of Freeman's Battery. The wagon was driven by a negro, and I went with him, possibly for the adventure, or more probably at his solicitation, for my father knew nothing of my going. The body of Captain Freeman was lying where he fell in my father's wood lot, about one hundred yards or more east of the pike. He was lying on his back with a handkerchief over his face. When it was removed, I saw that he had been shot in the face. I remember so well his manly form as he lay stretched out on the ground. The spot where his head rested and where his blood had mingled with the earth was barren of grass for more than a year after. We kept it marked for a number of years, and I can locate it now.

There was a young man there, spare-made, beardless, perhaps eighteen or nineteen years old. He was crying, bitterly cursing the Yankee and swearing vengeance against the regiment for what he termed the brutal murder of Captain Freeman after he surrendered. His command was so pressed that they could not escape with his body. I have frequently inquired who that young man was, but have not learned.

We hauled the four bodies to Spring Hill, reaching there late in the night. I do not know where we left them; I remember that they were unloaded at some residence. We drove into the midst of the Confederate camp looking for a place to spend the remainder of the night. We were readily given

lodging at the first tent we came to, and I slept in camp. I must have been frightened and uneasy, but somehow the recollection of such does not remain with me. I knew that I was with my own people. The soldiers in that tent, whom I had never seen before, were very kind to me, and shared with me their rations and their bed. The impression remains that I then regarded the Confederate soldier as among the grandest of men. A boy would naturally have implicit confidence in such men. I remember all that and how I felt that I was in safe hands.

After nearly half a century, and since I have come to know him better, my estimate of the character of the Confederate soldier is the same. For nobleness of character and heroism history has not produced his superior. One of the boasts of my life is that the blood which made him flows in the veins of myself and my children.

The next morning without any passports we came to the Confederate pickets, who were standing near the Ratcliffe gate. While we were talking with them we could see the Federal pickets at the top of the Hardeman Hill, about three-quarters of a mile distant. The Confederates passed us without any question. As we approached the Hardeman Hill the Federal pickets had passed out of sight, but they suddenly stepped from a corner of the fence and covered us with their guns as we reached them. They examined our wagon, and found three bullet-shaped bombshells which we had picked up on the road somewhere. They warned us of the danger of these, and took them out of the wagon. They passed us on through, and we found the whole country north of the Hardeman Hill blue with Federals. An officer took me in charge, calling me "buddie," talking very kindly to me, asking where I had been, how many Confederates I saw, etc. I remember I told him I did not know how many, but from the camp fires and tents I saw that "the woods" seemed "full of them." We drove on home, put our mules in the stable, and a few minutes after that saw the Yankees taking them off.

The exact spot where Captain Freeman fell can be definitely located, as I have stated, and should be permanently marked, and I can guarantee that it would be preserved and cared for, as the land is now owned by my sister, who would donate sufficient land for a marker or a monument to Captain Freeman with sufficient space for approach.

Let me add another reminiscence. Some years after the war I drove with Col. W. S. McLemore, of delightful memory (he commanded Starnes's 4th Tennessee Cavalry), out the Lewisburg Pike. He told me that about the top of the Hardeman Hill, as they were advancing on Franklin that day, he sent a courier to General Starnes, who was ahead, asking permission for his men to load their guns. He received a message in reply that this was not necessary. When he reached the top of the next hill, he sent another courier to General Starnes telling him that he saw what he thought were Yankees on his right and over near my father's house. The courier came back with a message from General Starnes: "Tell McLemore not to get scared; they are only Armstrong's scouts." In less than fifteen minutes from that time the Yankees were upon them, and their guns were not loaded.

[The author, Judge John H. Henderson, has served upon the Supreme Bench in Tennessee. He is a most patriotic citizen, and would coöperate actively in a tribute so worthily due the memory of the gallant Captain Freeman, who gave his life for the Confederacy. This suggestion is so opportune that survivors of Captain Freeman's battery and their friends should take heed now.—EDITOR VETERAN.]

"THE MEN IN GRAY."

This book of one hundred and forty-three pages has just been published by the VETERAN. Its author is the Rev. Dr. R. C. Cave, of St. Louis. It sets forth the principles enunciated in his great speech at the Little Rock Reunion. More elaborate accounts have been given this theme, but a more concise and complete showing of the cause has never been published. He sustains his justification of the South, which called forth "The Men in Gray," by quotations from highly representative men of the North and the South. The book is made up of three parts: "The Men in Gray" (50 pages), "A Defense of the South" (45 pages), and "Cavalier and Puritan" (48 pages). There is not a waste word nor a weak sentence in the book. No man who wore the gray has given the issues more zealous and conscientious thought, evidently; and while his Richmond speech at the dedication of the private soldiers' monument May 30, 1894, was sincerely criticized at the North, Dr. Cave gives corroborating evidence that all he said was true. The faithful Confederate only asks that the truth be given.

Send one dollar for the book, and you will not regret it. Reviews by our ablest and best survivors will justify this claim. Procure three subscriptions with renewal of your own and the book will be sent free. You can lend it to the three who join you in the subscription. The VETERAN, Nashville.

NEW STORY OF SAM DAVIS, "THE SCOUT."

Judge C. W. Tyler, of Clarksville, has written a story of the great Civil War which will be out in a few weeks. The Judge is a ready writer, as is evidenced by a former book of his which met with a good sale and by stories published in different magazines. This story in press deals with the stirring times of the Civil War, in which the author was a participant. The scene is laid in Middle Tennessee, and principally in Nashville and vicinity. The story deals with the capture, trial, and execution of Sam Davis, the martyr boy, who was hung at Pulaski in 1863 for refusing to betray the name of the individual from whom he had obtained incriminating papers found on his person. Judge Tyler has examined the records carefully, and especially has he searched the pages of the VETERAN to obtain all possible light on the subject. He vindicates the memory of Captain Coleman, showing that Coleman was in no way responsible for the death of Davis, and was not the person whose name Davis so bravely refused to betray to the Federal authorities.

The story is a thrilling one, and Judge Tyler's version of the affair seems to be abundantly established by the proof he offers. It must not be supposed, however, that the story, "The Scout," is but a recital of the incidents connected with the trial and execution of Davis. The Judge has written a book in which many characters are introduced and into which the story of Sam Davis has been skillfully woven. Here are battles and skirmishes and hair-breadth escapes that will stir the pulses of the young and of many seasoned veterans who wore the gray in the brave days of old. Here are love scenes, too, in which one of the Judge's old sweethearts figures as the principal character.

Here, indeed, is a story of our great Civil War in which the characters are depicted so naturally that they seem to speak and act again as they did in the long ago. The field is a rich one, and the Judge has worked it thoroughly. The book ought to be widely read, and we believe it will grow in favor rapidly after its introduction to the public.

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MR. E. G. BUFORD, *Regent*. MRS. E. G. BUFORD, *President*.

Mrs. Jennie Ferguson, who is now in the Old Ladies' Home at Chattanooga, Tenn., is anxious to secure the war record of her husband, James A. Ferguson, and asks that any surviving comrades will write her their recollection of him and his service. She thinks he was a member of Company B, 24th Tennessee Infantry, and that he enlisted at Camp Trousdale from Nolensville, Tenn.

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THE VETERAN'S DREAM.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

He sat alone by his open door,
 But his thoughts were far away.
 He saw in fleeting dream once more
 A fair, bright suit of gray;
 He heard the roar of cannon grim
 That shook the battle plain.
 Old age indeed was not for him,
 For he was young again.

Upon the hillock's rugged crest
 He saw a war flag wave;
 He saw the foemen breast to breast,
 A line of heroes brave.
 He heard the thrilling "Charge!" and then
 He answered with a cry.
 Forward they pressed, a thousand men,
 Beneath their flag to die.

He was the first upon the crest
 Of that well-guarded hill;
 He gave them blow for blow, no rest;
 He battled with a will.
 Proud was the shout that sought the sky
 Where shone the watching stars;
 He stood where waved in victory
 The banner of the bars.

He oped his eyes; what did he see?
 It was no war dream now:
 An empty sleeve, which told how Lee
 Had scaled the hillock's brow;
 And where an arm long years ago
 Was lifted in the fray,
 The idle wind was moving slow
 An empty sleeve of gray.

He looked and sighed, then with a smile
 That made his heart beat fast
 He said: "Ah! in a little while
 Life's marches will be past;
 My comrades of the glorious gray
 Erelong these eyes shall see—
 The men who with me sought the fray
 With Longstreet, Forrest, Lee."

A sunbeam stole across the plain
 And rested on his face;
 The smile which lit it up again
 No limner's hand can trace;
 And in its light the veteran sat
 Beneath his cherished tree,
 His empty sleeve his badge, his hat
 Of gray upon his knee.

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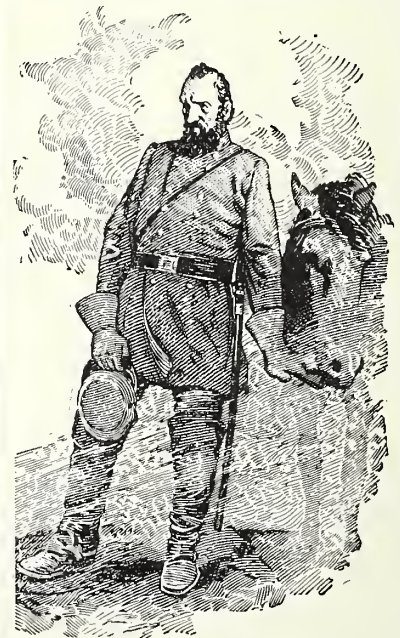


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Rode he whose glory's sheen
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Who else might wield that blade,
True as Toledo-made,
Forged in war's labor,
Pond'rous as Richard's mace,
Deft, with some nameless grace,
As Soldan's saber?

Great-brained and iron-thewed,
Quick, blunt, a trifle rude,
When his hand held it,
Havock's red lightning played
From hilt through lambent blade,
Flawless to weld it!

On through the surge of war,
Duty his guiding star,
Weak woman aiding,
Forrest rode down to Fame,
Carved on her scroll his name,
Dazzling, unfading.

Racing with Death to sup,
Girt on his saddle crup,
Shell nor steel fearing;
Careless of risk and fate,
Fierce, yet with naught of hate,
Hurled he unerring.

Great soul and brain that gave
Lightnings that lit the glaive,
Lending the temper,
Dentless and keen of stroke,
Shearing, as ax the oak,
Valor sic semper!

What tongue may such deeds tell
That down the ages swell,
Grandly sonorous?
Anthem true knights shall sing
All through Time's aisles to ring
Kings in the chorus!
—T. C. DeLeon, in New Orleans Times-Democrat.



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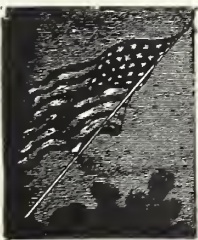
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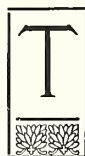
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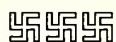
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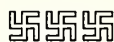
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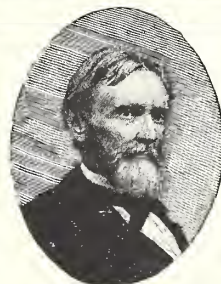
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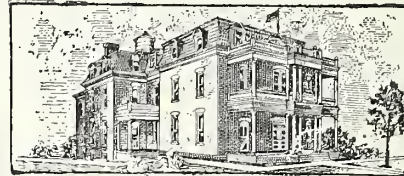
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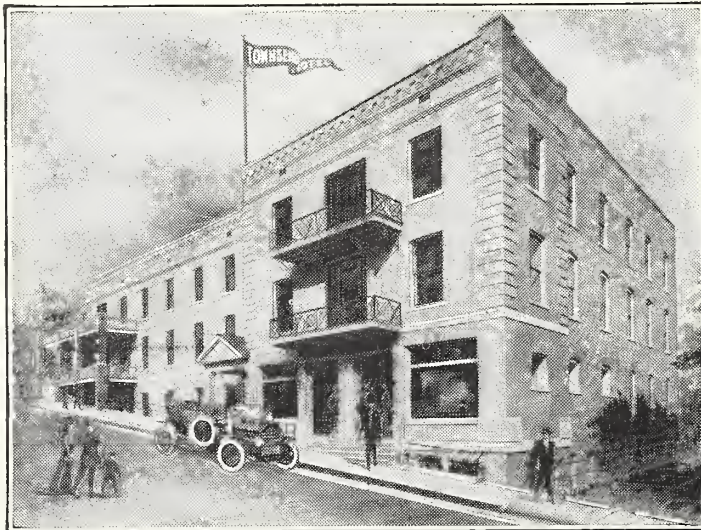
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Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
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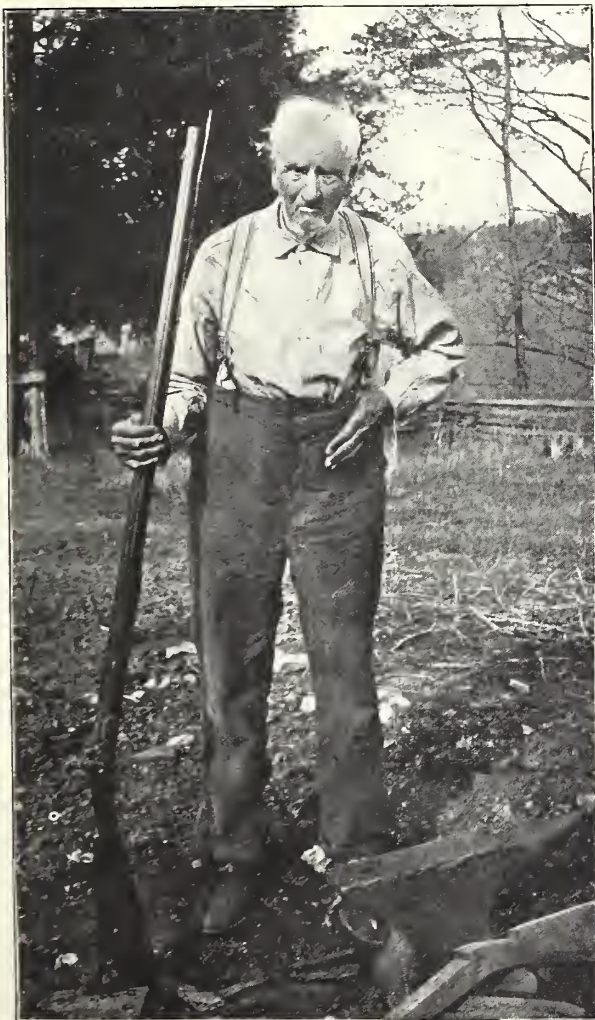
Though men deserve, they may not win success;
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NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1911.

No. 7. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.



THOMAS RIGGINS, OLDEST GUNMAKER.

BY G. ELSWORTH BROWN, EDITOR MAGAZINE OF ANTIQUE FIRE-ARMS, ATHENS, TENN.

Thomas Riggins, born in 1821, the oldest living gunmaker in the United States, and probably the only living armorer of the Confederacy. At the age of ten he entered as apprentice a shop owned by one of his relatives. After study-

ing the armorer's art for several years, he began making sporting rifles.

In 1845 he could make a rifle complete from the raw bulk iron. The unusual excellence of his work attracted attention throughout a section within a radius of a hundred miles. Many a successful contestant at an old-time shooting match owed his luck to a Riggins rifle.

At the outbreak of the Civil War he contracted to make the rifles for arming the "East Tennessee Squirrel Shooters," a State cavalry regiment of Rebel volunteers. After volunteering in '61, he went to Lynchburg under Colonel Vaughn, of the 3d Tennessee Regiment. Before his company saw actual service he was ordered to Knoxville to instruct about sixty mechanics in the making of cavalry rifles out of old fowling pieces. Many a wagon load of long Kentucky flint-lock rifles was collected in the South and sent to Knoxville, where Mr. Riggins and his assistants converted them into serviceable short percussion lock, large-bore carbines for Confederate cavalry. Mr. Riggins, with a natural pride, states that his picked assistants were fast workers, and that they labored strenuously for many months, often working all night to complete the equipment of some waiting troop of cavalry, until the Federal army forced them to retreat.

The VETERAN is indebted to Confrere Brown for the photo reproduced herewith. He writes: "I consider myself very lucky in getting the picture of Mr. Riggins when I did, now that he is very ill. The picture was taken in March, when he was hale and hearty; now he is confined to his house very sick, almost blind, deaf, and in poverty. Once he applied for a pension, but for some technical defect in the application it was turned down."

MISS MARY JOHNSTON'S FATHER, MAJ. JOHN W. JOHNSTON.—General Stephenson in his report of the Baker's Creek battle mentions Maj. J. W. Anderson (March VETERAN) as "gallantly falling in full discharge of his duties" and Capt. J. W. Johnston as fighting his battery "to the last extremity," and he mentions Captain Johnston in the siege of Vicksburg while inspector of light artillery "for valuable service rendered." Gen. John S. Boman, commanding the division, mentions Major Anderson and Captain Johnston as having "conducted themselves in a most commendable manner. Next to her famous book, "To Have and to Hold," Miss Johnston's "Long Roll" will add to her fame. A fond critic says of the "Long Roll:" "It is too fine a history to be regarded as a novel."

THAT DETESTABLE ELSON BOOK.

(A Virginia woman in the Roanoke (Va.) Times.)

Mr. Thomas Cline, of Roanoke College, in a recent letter to the Culpeper Enterprise calls that paper to account for something it had said of the college, and ends thus: "Roanoke College has evidenced the true, genuine patriotism that the South needs, and not the narrow spirit of sectionalism."

It is amazing how all the defenders of said college harp upon the much-frayed string of "sectionalism." In fact, they have worn it to a frazzle; while it is very clear that sectionalism has no part in the matter.

To repudiate and protest against falsehood and slander is a recognized right of individuals, communities, and nations. Surely to be patriotic Americans it is not essential to heap insult and injury upon our ancestors, immediate and remote, to discredit the living and the dead. Yet this appears to be what Roanoke College and its defenders demand of us, the college itself setting the example, and Elson's history was dropped as a concession to public sentiment, and for no other reason. President Morehead affirms his sympathy with the traditions and ideals of the South, deprecates the sectionalism shown by the protestants against false statements, and speaks of the "wider patriotism" they would have shown by remaining silent. I utterly fail to see the connection. In nowise can I understand how national loyalty is to be promoted by vilifying any section of our common country or by any section's accepting as final an unjust and outrageous verdict.

Statements regarding occurrences must either be true or untrue. "Academic freedom" does not always discover the truth. One student of the college boldly declares that, "while it is tough on the South, he believes all that Elson says on the subject." Another, in a newspaper article, claims to voice the student body and proceeds to deride and sneer at our Virginia ancestry. The history of the State from its inception at Jamestown is a standing refutation of his sneers. No one but a fool tries to live upon his ancestry, and no one but an ingrate fails to acknowledge his obligations to those who have gone before.

I fear that this sapient youth will not measure up even to the scant virtues of the "idle pleasure seekers" who did nothing for the advancement of their State and "lived upon their ancestry."

If the above incidents indicate "the true, genuine patriotism which the college has and the South needs," may the good Lord deliver us!

INDORSING THE VIRGINIA WOMAN'S VIEWS.

The Roanoke Times states editorially on this subject:

"Very cordially and heartily we indorse and approve the sentiments expressed by 'A Virginia Woman' writing from Culpeper regarding the position of the Roanoke College authorities in connection with the Elson history. We confess that that position is mysterious to us and is past understanding by any code of ethics with which we are familiar. The deepest damnation of all is the evident effort of the authorities of Roanoke College to make this question appear sectional and narrow.

"Mr. Elson himself has confessed that in these statements he was wrong, and he has promised to correct them in his next edition. Yet Roanoke College with this confessed falsehood in its accepted books sets itself up as standing for truth (?) and 'broad thought.'

"With all the power we have we resent the course of the

authorities of this college in first teaching false and slanderous assertions, confessed by the author of them to be false, and then presenting themselves as teachers of 'broad thought,' denouncing those who oppose falsehood as narrow and sectional and claiming for themselves superiority to sectionalism and narrowness, basing this claim on confessed and crumbling falsehood.

"As we see it now, let the people who want their sons taught that before the war we were a population of male prostitutes, regardless of color or race and of female accessories, and that the splendid old men we see wearing the crosses of honor and the uniforms of the Confederate veterans, our own fathers and grandfathers, fought and offered their lives for the perpetuation of slavery—let these people send their sons to Roanoke College under its present management. * * * We had better have poison put into the food of our sons than to have them taught that their forefathers were heads of harems, with their grandmothers conniving, and that the soldiers of the Confederacy fought to maintain human slavery."

THE OLD SOUTH, THE KING LEAR OF NATIONS.

BY DR. P. D. STEPHENSON, BON AIR, VA.

Lying on a bed of weakness after a night of restlessness, I have just read the June VETERAN on the Elson history scandal. The only fitting comment on the students' action in the matter is couched in King Lear's piercing cry: "How sharper than a serpent's tooth!"

But how much more sharp in the Old South's case than in that of old King Lear! His anguish was at most but an episode of a few years after a long career of unsullied honor, prosperity, and power; while that of the Old South in this matter is the concentrated deadly dregs of a bitter, bitter cup held by force to her lips for a whole generation or more—a cup whose ingredients were military oppression, confiscation and wholesale robbery, negro domination upheld by bayonets, a forced and universal poverty and ignorance of her children, force bills, steady, malign, and tireless vilification, and poisoning of the public opinion and histories of the whole world of that day against the South. They have stamped the brand of a criminal upon her brow not only in sight of the generation of that day but even in the pages of history.

Not until about twenty years ago did they take from her lips that cup, held there until the fatal virus was thought to have spread well through the veins of her uninformed, infected children. Now their hope seems to have been realized. Despite the magnificent uprising to the rescue of her honor, her record, and the well-established truths of history of the Old South, through her noble U. C. V. and U. D. C. organizations, the moment freedom of speech was allowed her, despite the untiring industry and fidelity shown since, this evil hope, it seems, must prove well founded. The arms of the unshackled and enfeebled old Mother South are thrown around her offspring too late. They have already drunk of the cup; the poison is doing its work. Under the sounding name of "academic freedom" they unwind the arms of their dying old mother from about them; they turn with an air of lofty, superior scholarship to her scurrilous enemies and calmly sit at their feet instead.

What devil's broth must it be to make children do such a thing as that? "Without natural affection! Implacable, unmerciful!" Is it not so? Is anything more cruel than for a child to unwind the dying old mother's arms from about him, smite her on the lips that are pleading, "Don't destroy

my honor, my son," and then kick her and turn his back upon her?

And what silly, shallow display of ignorance of the times! At the very moment when all through the North there is a renaissance of learning as to the Old South's position in the war and a greater and greater respect for her views, her arguments, her achievements!

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is indeed to have a thankless child!"

King Lear's youngest daughter, Cordelia, remained true to him. Is there not one loyal child among the dying Old South's children? Yes, yes; there must be, even among those Roanoke students, for I do not believe that all the students there indorsed that unspeakable book.

Let, then, King Lear's youngest child, son or daughter, be dedicated to the task of vindicating the name and fame and record of the dying yet deathless, the outraged yet lofty and stately high-souled old mother of the New South!

[Dr. Stephenson is right. Despite the boasts that Confederate veterans indorse the book, there is no fear that any of them who have not become renegades will indorse the book or the faculty after they have carefully investigated the book and the status of the faculty. The sophistry throughout the book is its conspicuous feature, and no man or woman who is truly devoted to the South will have patience with that Roanoke College "faculty" for a moment. They can't do it. The Elson book infamy and the insolence of the Virginia college faculty in an effort to vindicate it are grievous. The men who were leaders in restoring the Union and who fought only for that are manifesting nowadays a spirit that tends to real peace and thorough reconciliation. Leading Confederates, and the "old boys" too, are coöperating unstintedly, and the complete restoration of conditions that existed away back at the close of the Revolution—before sectionalism did its unhappy work—make a bright prospect indeed. But the imperative demand for repudiating so vile a publication requires treatment that may mislead casual readers of the *VETERAN* and cause misconstruction of its purposes. These occasional readers are importuned to a patient consideration of the facts in this controversy. Meanwhile the patriotic offices of Union veterans in helping to vindicate the Southern people against these aspersions are earnestly implored. Confederates want fraternity, but will not have it at the cost of shame to themselves and degradation to the nation. These issues are of concern to every American who is loyal to its principles.]

ELSON'S HISTORY ON JOHN BROWN.

Elson describes John Brown at Harper's Ferry as "an elderly man with long, flowing beard and with a strange, unfathomable eye, and a descendant of one of the Pilgrims who had come in the Mayflower in 1620." [J. E. B. Stuart as the aid of Col. R. E. Lee was the first person to detect and expose Brown's identity, though he was under the assumed name of I. Smith. Jeb Stuart had been serving in Kansas.] Elson relates that Brown's father furnished cattle for the army in 1812, and that John stayed for a time with a slaveholder who owned a negro about John's age, and that while "young Brown was treated with the utmost kindness the black boy was beaten and maltreated for little or no cause." This incident fixed in the youthful soul of John Brown hatred of slavery, etc. Elson states that when Brown was advised not to attempt the capture of Harper's Ferry "his iron will was unmoved," as were also "his composure" and "his tranquillity of mind." He goes on to quote Northern authors' eulogies upon

Brown, and then comments upon "his supreme self-command, his heroic courage, his readiness to sacrifice his home (?) and his family for a cause that must elicit our admiration."

This is a sample of the history that is indorsed by the student body of Roanoke College, at Salem, Va.

In writing of the Civil War it is apparent that Elson is an intense partisan, and yet his sophistry may be uncovered in every chapter wherein the causes of the two sections are involved. Thorstenberg, the teacher of the book in Roanoke College, has shown the most creditable character of all who are on the defensive in the controversy. His promptness in discarding the book shows that he realized its infamy.

"A PROBLEM IN SOUTHERN EDUCATION."

[Dr. J. A. Morehead, President of Roanoke College, writes of "the wider significance of the Elson's history incident."]

Having returned to Roanoke College after an absence of nearly two months, I have given my first leisure to the study of the agitation against Roanoke College in connection with the former use of Elson's history of the United States. While the trustees of the college issued a comprehensive statement on March 7, and while later the faculty published careful definitions of our position, it seems evident that there is still misapprehension as to the real attitude of this institution. For this reason and also because of the wider significance that the "history" incident may have, I have decided to present my personal view of the principles involved in their relation to educational work.

The trustees passed resolutions expressing loyalty to the South, deprecating sectional agitation, declaring for full and free investigation in search for the truth. They stated clearly the principle that a professor should have freedom to select his own textbooks and to determine the other means and methods of his work of instruction. The test of the satisfactoriness of a professor was, in their view, not his textbooks, but the actual work of his department in its real substance and results. Disapproval was expressed of certain passages of the book in question, but the professor of history was sustained. At his suggestion Elson's text was discontinued. This was done, not because there was any danger whatever of errors about the South being taught, as the book was in the hands of a competent and impartial professor, but out of deference to the feelings aroused in the minds of Confederate veterans and in the interest of harmony. The resolutions of the trustees were adopted with only two dissenting votes. Among the affirmative voters were prominent Confederate veterans, including a gentleman who was in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. Elson's book has not been used at Roanoke College by the professor as a text or for reference since March 7. The faculty is in perfect accord with the action of the trustees. One student was taken out of college on account of the controversy, but five have been added to the enrollment since the March meeting. So much for the facts of the situation at Roanoke College.

It seems to us that vital principles are involved in this controversy. First of all, is it not clear that a college must honestly stand for the truth if it is to be an ethical as well as an intellectual force in the development of its students? The students must feel that the college in its professors is sincerely devoted to the truth in all departments and at any cost. Thus only will they have respect for their instructors and will themselves learn the vital lesson of intellectual honesty. The ideal of the college, as of the scholar, must be honest in-

vestigation and sincere instruction if there is to be real scholarship and real college work.

There cannot be loyalty to the truth in scholarly work without freedom to investigate, to think, to review all phases of a subject—the truths, the half truths, and the untruths about it—and to form and to express independent judgments. This is the principle of academic freedom. It goes without saying that it needs to be carefully guarded in its application. But it is a vital principle. A man worthy to be a college professor should not only be allowed freedom, but his exercise of it in scholarly endeavor and method should be required. It seems to me that the general tendency in educational work in all grades is to emphasize the teacher rather than the mere textbook or the textbook method of teaching. Especially in college or university work, the determining emphasis is placed upon the professor as the authority, not upon his means of work. He is a specialist, an expert, who justifies himself by his work and by its results. As an illustration of the maintenance of the principle of academic freedom I may cite what occurred some years ago at Yale University. The professor of economics was an aggressive antagonist of the theory of protection and an advocate of free trade. It is perfectly apparent that he was not in harmony with his environment. But he was retained as a matter of principle, although the result was that he taught the sons of protectionists the contrary doctrine. In the present test case Roanoke College was very fortunate. When the matter first came up in the autumn, I took occasion to assure myself that, following freely his own conviction, Dr. Thorstenberg, of our department of history, would teach no errors about the South, whatever text he used. Some personal facts may be of interest. Dr. Thorstenberg is the son of Swedish parents who came to this country after the Civil War was over. He is an alumnus of Bethany College, Kansas. He won the A.B., A.M., and Ph.D. degrees at Yale University. All of his special preparation has been in the subjects of history and social science. He accepted his present position at Roanoke College in the summer of 1907, coming here from the University of Oklahoma. We know him to be an impartial scholar. This is the vital point.

It should also be remembered that the student at the college age has an inquiring, independent mind. He wants to know this and understand that. The wise professor will not indulge in concealments. He will review impartially all the facts, the alleged facts, and misrepresentations. His aim will be by comprehensive study to guide the student to just and true conclusions. He will not only endeavor to add to the student's sum of knowledge and to improve his mental discipline, but he will also familiarize him with wise methods of scientific investigation.

Having in mind the actual principles, methods, and practices of college work, it seems puerile to condemn a professor and suspect a college on the ground of a few objectionable passages or opinions in a textbook of nearly a thousand pages. It seems possible to account for the continued agitation of this matter only by supposing that hasty judgments have been formed on the basis of *ex parte* statements.

It is a significant fact that a Confederate veteran who was a chaplain in the army, without any consultation with me whatever, proposed the following resolution for the March meeting of the Board of Trustees: "In regard to textbooks and their use in the recitation room, it is not necessary or even desirable that the teacher and the textbooks should in every particular be in full accord. The excellencies of a textbook may so far exceed its defects as to justify its use in

the recitation room, leaving corrections to be made by the instructor."

Shall Southern institutions make an exception of American history in their application of the above principles to the work of higher education? I believe such a position to be untenable. After all, is there any necessity for an intolerant attitude on this subject? For my part, I am thoroughly in sympathy with true Southern ideals and traditions. It is my conviction that the *ante bellum* civilization of the South was unique among the civilizations of the world. Like all things human, it had its defects; but its excellencies were so fine, so appealing that, despite the drag of slavery, the civilization of the Old South will always remain one of the marvels of American history. The case of the South is not so weak that it needs to fear the full light of scientific investigation. Let the truth stand, as it must stand in the final verdict of history. But while the Southerner, whose patriotism is based on convictions, will thus invite the just and fair historic estimate of the South's past without solicitude for the result, knowing that honest scholarship will do justice to its heroes and its achievements, is there not also a broader patriotism that should be inculcated in our educational work? I am reminded here of the words of General Lee to a Virginia mother, when, shortly after the war, he said: "Abandon all these local animosities and make your sons Americans." I heard similar sentiments expressed, while living in Richmond a good many years ago, by the late Gen. John B. Gordon in his eloquent address to the Camp of the United Confederate Veterans convening in that city. Will the South forget these great leaders, even though they be absent from the body? I do profoundly believe that the educational program in a patriotic sense, North, South, East, and West, is expressed once for all for us in the noble words of Gen. Robert E. Lee. So shall we work together, each in his place, for the welfare of our common country.

This agitation in connection with the history controversy has seemed to me particularly untimely. The men of the South are winning place and recognition in the councils of the nation. There are numerous indications in very recent years that the North wants to be just to the South both as to its history and as to its opportunity for service in the cause of our republic. I feel sure that the South on the whole is really ready to meet the North in the same generous spirit.

In Southwestern Virginia, as in many other parts of the South, we have a mixed population. People from various parts of our great country are uniting with us in the earnest endeavor to develop this section along all lines. Under the circumstances they might well consider such sectional agitation ungracious were it not that some of our people, as I verily believe, have been misled and have temporarily misrepresented themselves. But there have been many sober heads even in our immediate vicinity during this temporary excitement.

[Dr. Morehead's article could not well appear in the June VETERAN, and would not now except to show how weak his argument; it is not published as a courtesy. The Editor has no patience with it. Two months' absence from the college by the President seems a long time. Sickness may excuse that, but for him to wait for "leisure" to take up a subject of such vital issue to the college, to the State, and of such vital concern to the entire Southland, to which the president owes native allegiance, is indeed strange. No matter where he was during the two months' absence, he, if not too ill to do any-

thing, should have investigated the grave causes that were agitating worthy patrons of the college. He should have studied that as a student, and he should not have waited for "leisure" from anything else to investigate. It demanded his first consideration. Dr. (John Alfred) Morehead, though a Virginian, graduated in Philadelphia, and later studied in Leipsic, and is a licensed Lutheran preacher. His training is so "broad" that questions which thrilled every human soul for four years in the Southland before he was born seem of no consequence to him, especially when the sentiment of a teacher of foreign birth, educated in Kansas and New England, is involved as against all the faithful, loyal Southerners in his section and in the South.

It was anticipated that Dr. Morehead would apologize for the blunder; but in his "personal view" of principles involved in relation to educational work he states that there was no danger whatever of errors about the South being taught, since the book was in the hands of an "impartial professor," and that no matter what the book says since the professor of history is to be the judge of what the student ought to know. He boasts that since Judge Moffett's daughter was taken from the school five students have been added.

It is a sad chapter in this unhappy affair that a man who has been distinguished as the president of that venerable college should so expose his smallness in theory as to attempt to justify a vile book, provided the teacher of history—in this case a fairer man than the president of the college—will be careful to withhold the outrageous and shameful falsehoods in the book (!), and he states: "The wise professor will not indulge in concealments." Dr. Morehead regards it as "puerile" to condemn a professor and suspect a college because of a few objectionable opinions in a book of nearly a thousand pages.

That Elson book is viler than "Uncle Tom's Cabin" under the circumstances, one being a novel and the other purporting to be history, and is far less excusable. After half a century of progress the true men on both sides who fought to a finish are in thorough accord about the good of the country and the spirit of amity between the sections; for a few bigoted teachers to insult every sentiment and principle involved in the progress and the peace of the country is an outrage. They cannot succeed, despite their boast and insolence. The situation is deplorable, and the Southern people will not tolerate it. All honor to the citizens of Salem and Roanoke in that they will abolish their most cherished institution rather than tolerate such a book.]

IN AID OF MRS. ELLA K. (TRADER) NEWSOM.

The VETERAN has reported the pathetic needs of Mrs. Ella K. Newsom, of Washington, D. C., and accounts of her career in war times have been published at length in its pages. Miss Mary Reed Averill, of New Orleans, reports pledges and donations to June 13, 1911, as follows:

New York Chapter.....	\$ 5 00
Julia Jackson Chapter, Clifton Forge, Va.....	5 00
Annie Wheeler Chapter, Carrollton, Ga.....	5 00
Mildred Lee Chapter, Lampasas, Tex.....	5 00
Southern Cross Chapter, Salem, Va.....	5 00
Patton Anderson Chapter, Palatka, Fla.....	5 00
R. E. Lee Chapter, Kansas City, Mo.....	5 00
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R. E. Lee Chapter, Douglas, Ga.....	5 00
Gonzales Chapter, Gonzales, Tex.....	5 00

Henderson Chapter, Henderson, Tex.....	\$ 5 00
Winnie Davis Chapter, Jefferson City, Mo.....	5 00
Julian S. Carr Chapter, Durham, N. C.....	5 00
Memorial Chapter, U. D. C., Little Rock, Ark.....	5 00
R. E. Lee Chapter, Lake Charles, La.....	5 00
Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Cuthbert, Ga.....	3 00
B. G. Humphreys Chapter, Lexington, Miss.....	5 00
Avondale Chapter, Birmingham, Ala.....	5 00
Wade Hampton Chapter, Warrenton, S. C.....	5 00
Baltimore Chapter, Baltimore, Md.....	5 00
Shepherdstown Chapter, Shepherdstown, W. Va.....	5 00
Abbeville Chapter, Abbeville, Ga.....	5 00
McNeill Chapter, Keyser, W. Va.....	5 00
Chesapeake City Chapter, Chesapeake City, Md.....	3 00
Eighth Virginia Regiment Chapter, William County, Va.....	5 00
Sophie Bibb Chapter, Montgomery, Ala.....	5 00
Los Angeles Chapter, Los Angeles, Cal.....	5 00
Reginald Thompson Chapter, La Grange, Tex.....	5 00
W. J. Durbin.....	10 00
Miss S. E. Pearson.....	5 00
G. A. Blaffer, Vice President Commercial Germania	
Transfer and Savings Bank.....	5 00

Miss Averill is taking an active part in this worthy cause. Her address is 318 Delaroude Street, New Orleans.

MOTHERS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.—A statement was made in the Lavonia (Ga.) Times recently that there were four mothers of Confederate veterans living in Franklin County of that State, who are Mrs. C. A. Dean and Mrs. Matilda Horner, of Lavonia; Mrs. Mary Garner, near Poplar Springs Church; Mrs. Susie Davis, of Gumlog. While their ages are not reported, it is estimated that they are between seventy-five and ninety years. The contributor of this adds that the mother of Mr. Richard Milner, a veteran, lives in Cartersville, Ga.

GEN. ROBERT D. JOHNSTON'S NAME OMITTED.

A letter from Baltimore, Md., states: "In the June issue of the VETERAN you stated that there were four General Johnstons and three General Johnstons. You omitted the name of Gen. Robert D. Johnston, of North Carolina, now living in Birmingham, Ala. General Johnston was made a brigadier general at Gettysburg, and a few weeks before Petersburg was evacuated was promoted to major general."

[This omission was by oversight. In the preparation of the article the records were consulted and Gen. Robert D. Johnston's name was overlooked. His promotion to major general was so late that it doesn't appear, but his promotion to brigadier general is recorded. It should be on page 272, June issue.]

Mr. Carroll Sprigg, of New York City, sends two dollars in renewing his subscription, and writes: "Instead of this being payment for two years on my own subscription, I prefer that one dollar be used for paying for a copy to be sent to a deserving would-be subscriber unable to afford the luxury of the VETERAN. I suggest that it be mailed to some person living in a poor community where the VETERAN will be read not only by the recipient, but by his friends as well. I regret that I am not in position to order fifty copies for a like purpose."

This is a good suggestion, and the VETERAN would appreciate such coöperation in different communities. Read the VETERAN and pass it on to others who are deserving yet unable to subscribe.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

THAT MEMORIAL TO COL. RICHARD OWEN.

As sentimental a proposition as the VETERAN ever made—if you are a friend to its Editor, you are requested to give this subject attention—is to erect a memorial in Indianapolis by Confederates who were prisoners at Camp Morton and their friends to Col. Richard Owen, who commanded that prison in the early part of 1862.

The story of Colonel Owen's kindness to the prisoners has been told, and how universal the approval as far as known! The suggestion for a "memorial tablet" was made by the Editor, thinking he personally might have every cent to pay. He does not know four men of the four thousand who were in prison with him, and so "their friends" (and that means all who sympathized with them) have an opportunity to do the most helpful thing imaginable by building a monument in Indianapolis to the noblest and most generous-hearted prison commander on either side during the great war. Such a tribute as a bronze statue of Colonel Owen "by the Confederates who were prisoners and their friends" would be the greatest peace tribute ever erected in America. Thousands agree to this, and many would contribute if spoken to about it. Don't depend on that, for no human being can call in person upon those who will see this. For this reason and the propriety of such great tribute the matter is submitted to you in this printed form. Will you take this subject into consideration now? Will you send one dollar, or will you have friends to join you in twenty-five-cent or ten-cent contributions and report? Or will you, dear Daughters of the Confederacy, send one dollar or five dollars for your Chapter? Anyhow, write if you approve it.

The VETERAN has worked years and years in helping worthy causes, chief of which was the Sam Davis monument, and next in importance the procurement of the Jefferson Davis birthplace for a perpetual memorial. It has worked on and on until sometimes zeal lags. The actual outlay of expense in crediting thousands and thousands of people in its contribution list would startle its patrons if the figures were given. This last project is the most unique ever undertaken. A creditable bronze statue of that noble, great-hearted Christian gentleman by the people of the Confederacy in the war would be the most unique tribute to man's best qualities ever executed in this country. The VETERAN pleads earnestly for action upon this great project, and that it be taken now. If the enterprise is worthy, and friends of prisoners would like to show their appreciation fifty years afterwards, now is the time. If you believe in it, whether rich or poor, contribute now, so that Governor Marshall, of Indiana, may give us a good place for a monument instead of a "tablet."

A specially appreciated contribution to the Richard Owen Memorial Fund comes from Mr. Joseph A. Magnus, of Cincinnati, through Col. J. M. Arnold, of Kentucky, who is interested in forwarding this movement. Mr. Magnus wrote to Colonel Arnold, inclosing ten dollars as a contribution from himself and wife, and saying of Colonel Owen: "I think that his humane treatment of 'our boys' who were under his charge deserves recognition from us."

PRINCIPLE BEFORE BUSINESS INTERESTS.

Residents of Salem, Va., must deplore the unhappy notoriety given them in connection with the apparent disaster to Roanoke College, located there. It was evidently the town's most valuable asset, and its business element has doubtless been much disturbed. If the men who look only to the commercial side of things dread the consequences, they may cheer up. If their representative men had not resented the disgraceful condition, there would have been indeed cause for lament. Venerable comrades whose sons are students cannot indorse the use of such slanders upon what they hold most sacred in life, and those young men would do well to accept the situation at once. There is not enough money in Virginia to induce patience for a moment with men who would inculcate such doctrine among the people of the South.

SENATOR LUKE LEA AND WIFE.

While the fact is said to be known throughout the civilized world that United States Senator Luke Lea gave a quart of his blood by transfusion to save the life of his wife in a crisis on June 19, record is made in the VETERAN. Mrs. Lea has been so great an invalid for two or three years that she has been more in Denver than in Nashville, and yet, undaunted when it seemed necessary to her life for artificial supply of blood, the husband gave from his own veins the abundance that was necessary. He was put to bed from exhaustion, and yet the sense of duty to be at his place in the Senate induced him to return too soon. A beautiful feature in the character of this distinguished young man is that he never seeks notoriety. When elected Senator the VETERAN submits that his name had never been printed as a candidate. He achieves, let the chips fall as they may, and after the battle he stands forth a man. While the ordeal for both husband and wife has been severe, fond are the hopes that both may be well—man and wife of one flesh and one blood.

MISSISSIPPI DIVISION, U. D. C., AT MERIDIAN.

Although considerable space was given to the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., in the June VETERAN, several important items were not mentioned.

The convention at Meridian was a kind of home-coming event, as the Winnie Davis Chapter of that city was the first organized, and by its call the State Division was formed.

The city was decorated beautifully in honor of the occasion, and everybody was happy. In the convention much stress was given the importance of proper textbooks in the schools. A resolution was adopted that a committee be appointed to go before the textbook commission of public schools in the interest of correct history.

A banner contest was established by the donation personally of a banner by Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, Historian for the past year. This banner was for the Chapter making the best history report. The annual reward of a banner for like purposes was adopted by the Division. "The maintenance fund" was greatly strengthened by the bankers at their Greenwood convention in a gift of \$1,000 for the Beauvoir Soldiers' Home, as reported in the June VETERAN.

There are now in the Mississippi Division 114 Chapters, with a membership of 3,311. (Since the convention another Chapter is reported with sixty charter members.) A movement is on foot to organize Chapters of Children of the Confederacy.

ALABAMA U. D. C. IN ANNUAL CONVENTION.

The fifteenth annual convention of the U. D. C. was called to order by the President, Mrs. B. B. Ross, of Auburn. Rev. Matthew Brewster, of Christ Church, asked the divine blessing and guidance, after which the convention sang the opening hymn. The entire convention then read the ritual. After the roll call of officers and Chapters, the report of the President was read. Her report extended over the year during which she has presided over the U. D. C. Among the points brought out in the report are the following, which are of special interest:

The President urged Chapters to see to it that the veterans who have not yet been supplied with the Cross of Honor shall be before the time expires.

A small brass plate has been placed on Alabama's memorial window at Old Blandford Church.

The U. D. C. now has fourteen scholarships. The proposition of the President to have the Alabama Division endow a scholarship for girls at the university in the name of Julia Strudwick Tutwiler met with the enthusiastic indorsement of the Executive Committee.

The new Chapters are: Petters-Roden, Birmingham; E. A. Powell, Northport; Midway Guards, Midway; Clifford Lanier, Hartford; the Dothan and Franklin Chapters. Seven other Chapters will be organized at Camp Hill, Goodwater, Attala, Alexandria, Monroeville, Perdue Hill, and Scottsboro.

The general convention held at Little Rock in November heartily indorsed the Confederate seal or stamp, and warmly commended Mrs. Edgar James, the designer and promoter of this unique plan to raise funds to erect the Arlington and Shiloh monuments. The U. D. C. decided at Little Rock that the Arlington monument should cost at least \$50,000. Mrs. F. W. Webster was appointed director of Shiloh vice Mrs. J. N. Thompson, who resigned. A shaft to the memory of the Lee County soldiers was unveiled at Opelika by the Robert E. Lee Chapter on April 6.

Recommendations made by the President:

"That more systematic work be done for the Alabama room in the Confederate Museum at Richmond. The U. D. C. Convention will meet there in November, and our room in the Museum, as it is now, will not reflect credit on the Division.

"That each Chapter search out and mark historic spots in its vicinity.

"That Mrs. Bashinsky be assisted to carry to completion her plans for a cookbook, the proceeds from the sale of which will be used to endow a scholarship, and that the convention instruct the committee on history to prepare and issue to every Chapter a historical yearbook covering the year; that the Chapters, as far as possible, have yearbooks of their own, copies of which must be sent to the historians for the use of the different Chapters.

"That the histories taught in your schools and colleges be carefully read and examined. A crusade against a certain most popular history used in Southern schools and colleges has been inaugurated."

The President closed her report by thanking the members of the U. D. C. for the efficient manner in which they had supported her.

The Committee on Credentials showed that one hundred and forty-six delegates, including officers, had arrived and registered.

The report of the Treasurer showed the amount to date to be \$2,168.18 and total disbursements, \$2,605.76. The balance,

of over \$500, goes toward the Julia Strudwick Tutwiler scholarship fund. Gen. James G. Holmes, from Charleston, was introduced to the members of the convention, and made a short address, recalling the days he wore the gray. Upon being reminded by the aged General that May 10 is the anniversary of the death of Stonewall Jackson, the entire convention was asked to rise in memory of the Southern hero.

Mrs. Virginia Clay Clopton, honorary life President of the U. D. C., sent the following expression to one of the members:

"Dear Mrs. Lanier: Please present my heartfelt greetings to the convention, accompanied by the intense regret that I cannot be with you at this convention."

The following telegram was sent to Mrs. Clopton:

"The Alabama Division, Daughters of the Confederacy, send regrets for your absence and hope that your recovery will be speedy. (Signed) Mrs. Ellen Peter Bryce, Mrs. Harvey Jones, and Mrs. A. L. Dowdell."

The Committee on Soldiers' Home reported \$400 in bank for the purpose of furnishing the annex built with the \$2,000 appropriated by the Alabama Legislature. The committee assured the convention that the annex would be completely furnished by June.

The report of the Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. J. A. Rountree, of Birmingham, was read. Since the last report applications have been approved for the conferring of three hundred and forty-eight crosses. All told 2,026 crosses have been conferred by the Alabama Division.

The C. J. Gayfer Company sent a liberal supply of beautiful fans to the convention hall, and each delegate was presented with one as she left the hall.

Mrs. B. B. Ross, the retiring President of the U. D. C., was highly complimented for the manner in which she introduced Mrs. Electra Semmes Colston at the Elks' Home last night. The delegates arose and gave Mrs. Colston the Chautauqua salute. Mrs. Colston, bowing her acknowledgments, said: "My heart is too full for speech."

Mrs. B. B. Ross spoke as follows:

"This welcome to Mobile, how gracious it is and how beneath all its beauty of courtesy, its enthusiasm we feel the thrill of patriotism and are conscious of the love for your Southern country which underlies this generous expression of welcome!

"When we received the invitation to convene for the second time in six years in your enterprising, progressive city by the sea, in your city of legend and lay, we rejoiced and were glad, for we realized fully all the invitation meant of historic interest, of open-hearted hospitality, and of loving courtesy. Having paid allegiance to five different nationalities, her wonderful inheritance extends back two hundred years in time, and truly has that accomplished historian, Joseph Hamilton, written of her: 'She was born in romance, baptized in fire, educated in commerce; her past is interesting, her present is progressive, and her future promises to surpass both.' * * *

"In a historic sense Mobile's greatest contribution to the Confederacy was her great sea captain, whose exploits on the high seas as related by living veterans, recounted in his own splendid book, 'Service Afloat,' and as told by Gen. John McIntosh Kell, the first lieutenant of the Alabama, in his 'Memoirs,' commanded the admiration of the world. Admiral Semmes is with the immortals, but we have yet with us his distinguished son, Judge Oliver Semmes, and his refined, cultured daughter, Mobile's well-known educator and our own

beloved Daughter of the Confederacy, Mrs. Electra Semmes Colston.

"On behalf of the Confederate women of Alabama I bring to you both a tribute of love and devotion, and I hail you as the worthy descendant of that matchless hero of the seas."

NEW OFFICERS ALABAMA DIVISION, U. D. C.

President, Mrs. Chapell Cory, Birmingham.

Vice Presidents, Mrs. E. W. Christian, Mobile, and Mrs. B. G. Roberts, Clayton.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. R. K. McAdory, Birmingham.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. Carl Tutwiler, Dothan.

Treasurer, Mrs. J. H. Crenshaw, Montgomery.

Historian, Mrs. T. S. Frazier, Union Springs.

Registrar, Mrs. E. P. Garrett, Bell Mina.

Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. J. A. Roundtree, Birmingham.

Chaplain, Mrs. Harvey Jones, Montgomery.

Mrs. T. H. Elmore made a report in the matter of furnishing the annex of the Soldiers' Home. The convention decided that they would take the matter in hand at once in order that the fund of \$400 may be increased. Chapters were called on for pledges, with the result that \$209.50 was pledged. Greenville was selected for the next convention.

The convention decided to place a simple bronze tablet in the Capitol at Montgomery in honor of Miss Sallie Jones, founder of the U. D. C., and each Chapter in the State will subscribe a pro rata share toward the cost.

Mrs. Ellen Peter Bryce proposed that the convention support and promote the election of Mrs. Ross as President General of the U. D. C., which suggestion was adopted by a rising unanimous vote. Mrs. Ross was quite overcome with emotion, but expressed her thanks for the honor.

At a reception to the Daughters of the Confederacy a pleasing surprise came to Mrs. Letitia Dowdell Ross, of Auburn, President of the Division, when Gen. John L. Moulton, on behalf of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, presented to Mrs. Ross a handsome loving cup of solid silver engraved as follows: "Letitia Dowdell Ross, from the Alabama Division, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, Mobile, Ala., May 1, 1911."

REBEL YELL SECURED PEACE IN LOS ANGELES.

(Estelle Lawton Lindsey, in Los Angeles Record.)

This is a story of the madness of men's passions, the courage of men's souls, of suffering unjustly inflicted, of splendid heroism and swift-footed justice—a chapter from life. It all happened in Los Angeles long ago, before the tourist found the way to the coast. The story has many heroes, but the men who saved the day were men who had worn the Confederate gray, and their rallying cry was the old Confederate yell.

The man who related the incident to me was mayor of the city when it occurred, but he has asked that I shall not use his name. It all happened with the swiftness and rending violence of a tornado, and it was as merciless and unreasoning in its infliction of suffering.

Down in "Nigger Alley," which was near the plaza, a gambler one night got into an altercation with a Chinaman, whom he struck; the Chinaman returned the blow, and the gambler stabbed him. The rest was pandemonium, a red riot of human passion lasting through the night.

A mob rose from nowhere and rent the night with a terrible cry, "Hang the Chinese!" and hang them it did, from trees,

from the backs of wagons, from poles, and from everything else from which a human form could be suspended. The mob surged upon Chinatown, and the night became hideous with strangled cries and the ghostly terror of fleeing forms.

The officers of the town were powerless, the humane citizens frantic; the blood-drunk mob would listen to no reason, yield to no appeal, and through the night they murdered, murdered, murdered. The city officers mounted boxes and barrels and attempted to speak; the mob surged round them and howled them down.

In the general madness no one knew who might turn criminal; no man was certain where he might look for help. The sheriff hastily appointed additional deputies, but the deputies were powerless without posses to assist them. Where could they be found? How could they be rallied? While the deputies stood hesitating and confused the Mayor gave the answer. It was the old Confederate battle cry, and it rent the night like the crack of lightning. Again and again he shouted it, and again and again his old comrades in arms replied, rushing into the plaza as they shouted.

"Get swift horses," ordered the Mayor, "and ride; ride through the streets, through the haciendas; ride everywhere and tell the men who answer it to come here as fast as possible; tell them they are needed for quick and faithful service. Now in God's name go."

They went. Up and down the streets they rode, and above the inferno of the riot they raised the old Confederate yell, and the men who wore the gray responded to a man. They formed into squads, each squad a nucleus drawing to itself the law-abiding citizens of the town.

All night these squads patrolled the streets, quelling the storm, reasoning, threatening, arresting, trying to stop the conflict. The sun rose over grim-faced men, pale, frightened women, moaning widows, determined officers, and the spectral faces of the Chinese suspended in the air.

With the daylight came sanity, and the law reached out with terrible purpose for the offenders. Arrest followed arrest until the jail was overflowing, and the men who had created an inferno for their fellows walked into the hell of the gallows or the penitentiary that the law had created.

The old Confederates, their duty done, went peaceably back to the orange groves, and their lives flowed placidly on in the sweet way that lives do in the golden glory of California sunshine. The yellow men crept from their hiding places and tremblingly resumed their occupations, and the world rolled on just as it always rolls regardless of our suffering or our joy, our duty or our treachery.

Years passed, and the Mayor served his State and his country with signal honor. He went from one position of eminence to another more eminent, and his life was filled with splendid service, wealth, love, happiness, and honor. He is an old man now, too old for active service or work, and his mellow years are spent in an exquisite home set in the midst of a garden, where the old man walks, with the golden sunshine kissing his silver hair, hair that is still thick and beautiful. If you are fortunate enough to go there and you find him rested and cheerful, he will tell you many wonderful adventures as he sits leaning on his cane and looking into the distance with his clear eyes.

"I have lived life," he will tell you, "and it was good to live. Some things have come to me to be proud of and much to be happy over. And one of the things of which I am proudest is that the last time I heard the old Confederate battle cry it called the 'boys' to victory."



"TO OUR CONFEDERATE DEAD—1861-65"—MONUMENT AT PADUCAH, KY.

This simple inscription adorns the beautiful monument of Barrie granite, twenty-four feet high on a six-foot base, erected in Oak Grove Cemetery, Paducah, Ky., under the auspices of the Paducah Chapter, U. D. C., in honor of the Confederate dead. It was dedicated on June 3, 1910.

The occasion made a great day for Paducah. There were many interested spectators from West Tennessee and Kentucky to witness the unveiling. The procession was composed of members of the Paducah Chapter, some one hundred strong, several hundred school children with their teachers, and the Confederate veterans, about one hundred and fifty, under command of Capt. Tip Watts, of Mecklenburg Camp, of Charlotte, N. C. W. G. Whitefield, Adjutant of Walbert Camp, Paducah, was marshal. Capt. R. J. Barber was master of ceremonies, and delivered the address. Thirty soldiers received the cross of honor from Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, President of the Chapter.

Little Misses Mira Gilbert and Willie Eleanor Gardner pulled the cord that held the flag concealing from view the monument on "Confederate Rest," after which the Rev. W. T. Bowling, of Paris, Tenn., delivered a most thrilling address.

The Paducah Chapter, U. D. C., Monument Committee: Mesdames Joe Gardner (Chairman), Roy W. McKinney, Gardner Gilbert, and Miss Kathleen Gwathmey Whitefield (now Mrs. Jefferson Davis Rowlett, of Murray, Ky.).

Adj. W. G. Whitefield was selected by the committee to assist them in drawing the contract and superintending the erection of the monument.

ATLANTA (GA.) CHAPTER SELECTS OFFICERS.

The Atlanta Chapter, U. D. C., elected officers as follows:

Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, President; Mrs. E. L. Connally and Mrs. Ira Fort, Vice Presidents; Mrs. Laurie Weddell, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Williams McCarty, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. J. R. Mobley, Treasurer; Miss Hanna, Historian, Mrs. W. B. Price-Smith, Auditor; Rev. C. B. Wilmer, Chaplain.

Executive Board (members appointed by the President): Mrs. James Jackson, Mrs. W. D. Ellis, Mrs. W. P. Pattillo.

Advisory Board: Dr. E. L. Connally, Prof. Joseph T. Derry, Capt. Tip Harrison, Dr. Amos Fox.

Educational Committee: Mrs. W. B. Price-Smith, Chairman.
Soldiers' Home: Mrs. Joseph T. Derry, Chairman.
Children of Confederacy: Miss Elizabeth Hanna, Director.
Membership Committee: Mrs. T. J. McConnell, Chairman.
Shiloh Monument: Mrs. E. G. McCabe, Chairman.
Social Committee: Mrs. Harry Ellis, Chairman.
Relic Room at Richmond: Mrs. S. E. Gabbett, Chairman.
Room for Confederate Relics at Capitol: Mrs. James Jackson, Chairman.

Press: Mrs. Howard H. McCall, Chairman.

Medal: Miss Cora A. Brown and Mrs. J. G. Oglesby.

Gift Scholarships: Mrs. T. T. Stevens, Chairman.

Floral Committee: Mrs. P. G. Rauchenburg, Chairman.

Arlington Monument: Mrs. C. Helen Plane, Chairman.

Patriotic Pictures: Mrs. Robert Zahner, Chairman.

Miss Sarah Lee Evans, Custodian of Crosses of Honor.

Entertainment Committee: Mrs. A. C. McHan, Chairman.

Music: Mrs. F. P. Heifner, Chairman.

House Committee: Mrs. B. M. Woolley, Chairman.

Committee on Resolutions: Mrs. W. P. Pattillo, Chairman.

Benevolent: Mrs. W. J. Hawks, Chairman.

BIRTHDAY OF PRESIDENT DAVIS IN COLORADO.

The Margaret Howell Davis Hayes Chapter, U. D. C., of Denver, Colo., observed the birthday of President Davis in an appropriate way at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Cochran. (Mr. Cochran is the State Dairy Commissioner of Colorado.) Their suburban home, Lakeland, is at the foot of the Rockies and on the lake shore, a most ideal location. This was the last meeting of the Chapter for the year, and the subject for the day was "Our Honored Dead." The meeting was opened by Mrs. T. J. Smith, President of the Chapter, who spoke feelingly of those we delight to honor for their devotion and sacrifice to the cause of the South. Crosses of honor were presented to three ladies and three gentlemen, descendants of those who wore the gray, and they expressed gratitude at being counted worthy to receive this valued relic. Some pleasing readings and songs were given; also a poem dedicated to Mrs. Smith recited the accomplishments of the Chapter during the year. After a social hour, refreshments were served.

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS FOR MONTH ENDING APRIL 30, 1911.

Mrs. Clementine Boles, Director for Arkansas, \$1.50. Contributed by T. C. Hindman Chapter, No. 488, U. D. C., Lonoke, Ark., \$1; Mildred Lee Chapter, No. 98, U. D. C., Fayetteville, Ark., 50 cents.

Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$62.43. Contributed by Sister Esther Carlotta, St. Augustine, Fla., \$2.83; Jessie Denham Chapter, C. of C., Marianna, Fla., \$1; William Henry Million Chapter, No. 1039, U. D. C., Marianna, Fla., \$5; R. E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., Jacksonville, Fla., \$3; Mrs. R. C. Mays, Miami, Fla., \$14; Anna Dommett Chapter, Jacksonville, Fla., \$10; Children of the Confederacy, Miami, Fla., \$3; Elizabeth Harris Chapter, No. 207, U. D. C., Madison, Fla., \$3; Pensacola Chapter, No. 298, U. D. C., Pensacola, Fla., \$5; Martha Reid Chapter, No. 15, U. D. C., Jacksonville, Fla., \$5.60; R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 1126, U. D. C., Dade City, Fla., \$5; Mrs. J. F. Griggs, Apalachicola, Fla., \$5.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$36.21. Contributed by Robert A. Waller Chapter, No. 687, U. D. C., Greenwood, S. C., \$5; Robert E. Lee Chapter, No. 14, U. D. C., Anderson, S. C., \$7.45; Arthur Manigault Chapter, No. 63, U. D. C., Georgetown, S. C., \$2; Stephen D. Lee Chapter, No. 1066, U. D. C., Clinton, S. C., \$4.65; St. George Chapter, No. 1035, U. D. C., St. George, S. C., \$8.50; William J. Gooding Chapter, No. 226, U. D. C., Brunson, S. C., \$2; Fairfax Chapter, No. 1250, U. D. C., Fairfax, S. C., \$2.30; one grade in Graded School, Anderson, S. C., 50 cents; Graded School, Bamberg, S. C., \$3.81.

Mrs. J. B. Dibrell, Director for Texas, \$182. Contributed by Dick Dowling Chapter, No. 404, U. D. C., Beaumont, Tex., \$15; Winnie Davis Chapter, No. 25, U. D. C., Brownwood, Tex., \$5; R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 186, U. D. C., Houston, Tex., \$100; D. A. Nunn Chapter, No. 676, U. D. C., Crockett, Tex., \$5; Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, No. 105, U. D. C., Austin, Tex., \$50; L. S. Ross Chapter, No. 100, U. D. C., Bryan, Tex., \$5; Emma Gray Cobbs Chapter, No. 1052, U. D. C., Angleton, Tex., \$2.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bockock, Director for Virginia, \$81. Contributed by Scottsville Chapter, No. 1167, U. D. C., Scottsville, Va., \$1; Pickett-Buchanan Chapter, No. 21, U. D. C., Norfolk, Va., \$50; Kirkwood-Otey Chapter, No. 10, U. D. C., Lynchburg, Va., \$25; Washington and Lee of Westmoreland Chapter, No. 1189, U. D. C., Kinsale, Va., \$5.

Mrs. Marie Burrows Sayre, Director for Washington, \$23.06.

Mrs. Walter C. Pollock, Director for West Virginia, \$10.50.

St. George T. C. Bryan, Birmingham, Ala., \$1.

Mrs. Esther Emmert, Washington, D. C., \$2.50.

Capt. William T. Rigby, Vicksburg, Miss., \$10.

Total for month, \$410.20.

Amount on hand April 1, 1911, \$19,630.14.

Total to be accounted for, \$20,040.34.

Balance on hand May 1, 1911, \$20,040.34.

WALLACE STREATER, *Treasurer*.

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS FOR MONTH ENDING MAY 31, 1911.

Mrs. W. N. Perry, Director for California, \$83.60.

Southern Cross Chapter, No. 804, U. D. C., Washington, D. C., \$5.

Mrs. J. W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$23. Contributed by Annie Perdue Sebring Chapter, No. 1136, U. D. C., Jacksonville, Fla., \$10; Fannie R. Gary Chapter, C. of C., Ocala, Fla., \$1; Lakeland Chapter, No. 791, U. D. C., Lakeland, Fla., \$1; Mrs. J. L. Medlin, Gainesville, Fla., \$5; Mrs. Walker

Desottes, Jacksonville, Fla., \$1; Mrs. Bessie Wilson, Pensacola, Fla., \$1; Mrs. Glover, Jacksonville, Fla., \$1; Annie Carter Chapter, C. of C., Tampa, Fla., \$3.

Mrs. F. P. Odenheimer, Director for Maryland, \$23.50. Contributed by Harford Chapter, No. 114, U. D. C., Belair, Md., \$5.50; Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, U. D. C., Baltimore, Md., \$1; Miss Carolyn Symington Hindes, \$10; Mrs. Robert Bolling, \$5; member of Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, U. D. C., \$2.

Mrs. L. F. Worthington, Director for Mississippi, \$104.65. Contributed by Jeff Davis Chapter, C. of C., West Point, Miss., \$6; Private Taylor Rucks Chapter, No. 913, U. D. C., Greenville, \$5; M. E. Snipes Chapter, No. 855, U. D. C., Gunnison, Miss., \$5; Addison Harvey Chapter, No. 920, U. D. C., Canton, Miss., \$12; Capt. W. H. Dudley, Canton, Miss., \$5; Mr. George B. Alexander, Greenville, Miss., \$10; Mrs. Ellen Phelps Crump, Nitta Yuma, Miss., \$5; Bedford Forrest Chapter, No. 448, U. D. C., Hernando, Miss., \$10; Confederate post cards, \$3; seals, \$44; miscellaneous, 65 cents.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$29.05. Contributed by Ann White Chapter, No. 123, U. D. C., Rockhill, S. C., \$10; M. C. Butler Chapter, No. 70, U. D. C., Shandon, S. C., \$8; R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 146, U. D. C., Anderson, S. C., \$5; Mary A. Buie Chapter, No. 61, U. D. C., Johnston, S. C., \$4.05; West End School, Newberry, S. C., \$2.

Mrs. J. B. Dibrell, Director for Texas, \$5. Contributed by Baylor College Chapter, No. 726, U. D. C., Belton, Tex.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bockock, Director for Virginia, \$25. Contributed by Dabney H. Maury Chapter, No. 177, U. D. C., Philadelphia, Pa., \$5; Bowling Green Chapter, No. 810, U. D. C., Bowling Green, Va., \$5; Warren Rifles Chapter, No. 934, U. D. C., Front Royal, Va., \$5; Halifax County Chapter, No. 1032, U. D. C., South Boston, Va., \$5; Winnie Davis Chapter, No. 1289, U. D. C., Buena Vista, Va., \$5.

Mrs. Walter C. Pollock, Director for West Virginia, \$5. Contributed by Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 290, U. D. C., Romney, W. Va., \$5.

Capt. W. H. Howcott, New Orleans, La., \$10.

Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, New York, N. Y., \$23.75.

Mrs. Helen Holt, Van Vleck, Tex., \$1.25.

Total for month, \$338.80.

Amount on hand at last report, \$20,040.34.

To be accounted for, \$20,379.14.

Balance on hand June 1, 1911, \$20,379.14.

WALLACE STREATER, *Treasurer*.

THE SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER U. D. C.,
FROM APRIL 12 TO JUNE 17, 1911.

Camden Chapter, Camden, Ala.....	\$ 2 00
W. L. Yancy Chapter, Birmingham, Ala.....	5 00
Florence Chapter, Florence, Ala.....	5 00
Gadsden Chapter, Gadsden, Ala.....	2 00
Greensboro Chapter, Greensboro, Ala.....	4 00
Ozark Chapter, Ozark, Ala.....	1 00
Blocton Chapter, Blocton, Ala.....	1 00
Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Ensley, Ala.....	1 00
Agnes Lee Chapter, C. of C., Ala.....	5 00
Selma Chapter, Selma, Ala.....	5 00
Mrs. Bashinsky (personal; address not given).....	5 00
Mrs. Milton Hume, Huntsville, Ala. (personal).....	5 00
Mrs. Jennie Garner, Huntsville, Ala. (personal).....	1 00
J. H. Berry Chapter, Bentonville, Ark.....	2 50
H. L. Grinstead Chapter, Camden, Ark.....	11 00

Mrs. L. C. Hall, Dardanelle, Ark. (for post cards)...	1 00	Crepps Wickliffe Chapter, Bardstown, Ky.....	10 00
Hamburg Chapter, Hamburg, Ark.....	10 00	Baltimore Chapter, Baltimore, Md.....	50 00
E. Kirby Smith Chapter, San Bernardino, Cal.....	5 00	Miss Rebecca Duvall, Baltimore, Md. (personal)....	1 00
J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, Riverside, Cal.....	8 00		
J. B. Gordon Chapter, San Jose, Cal.....	2 50	Total	\$ 414 50
A. S. Johnston Chapter, San Francisco, Cal.....	25 00	Total in hands of Treasurer at last report.....	8,908 21
California Division, U. D. C. (1910 pledge).....	10 00		
Monticello Chapter, Monticello, Ga.....	5 00	Total in hands of Treasurer to date.....	\$9,322 71
Valdosta Chapter, Valdosta, Ga.....	2 00		
Alexander Stephens Chapter, Crawfordsville, Ga...	1 00		
Lavonia Chapter, Lavonia, Ga.....	1 00		
Mary Brantly Chapter, Dawson, Ga.....	10 00		
Mrs. E. L. Conally, Atlanta, Ga. (personal).....	1 00		
Mrs. J. C. Ransdall, Lake Providence, La. (personal).	2 00		
Miss Lilly Jones, Jackson, La. (personal).....	3 75		
Rushton Chapter, Rushton, La.....	2 50		
Dixie Chapter, Grenada, Miss.....	5 00		
E. H. Levy, New York, N. Y. (personal).....	1 00		
V. J. Davis Chapter, Portales, N. Mex.....	7 60		
Arthur Parker, Abbeville, S. C. (personal).....	1 00		
Lottie Green Chapter, Bishopville, S. C.....	3 00		
H. Mathes, F. Cheatham, and Forrest Chapters,			
Memphis, Tenn.....	2 30		
J. R. Neal Chapter, Spring City, Tenn.....	5 00		
Neely Chapter, Bolivar, Tenn.....	5 00		
Maury County Chapter, Columbia, Tenn.....	5 00		
Ab Dinwiddie Chapter, McKenzie, Tenn.....	2 05		
A. P. Stewart Chapter, Chattanooga, Tenn.....	5 00		
Lebanon Chapter, Lebanon, Tenn.....	5 00		
Mrs. F. F. Brown, Lebanon, Tenn. (personal).....	1 00		
Walker & Dudley Casey, Lebanon, Tenn. (personal).	1 00		
Cash from friends in Paris, Tenn.....	8 00		
Jefferson Davis Chapter, Cleveland, Tenn.....	7 00		
Martin Chapter, Martin, Tenn.....	5 00		
Russell Hill Chapter, Trenton, Tenn.....	5 00		
Clark Chapter, Gallatin, Tenn.....	5 00		
Joe Wheeler Chapter, Stanton, Tenn.....	7 75		
John Lauderdale Chapter, Dyersburg, Tenn.....	12 75		
South Pittsburg Chapter, South Pittsburg, Tenn...	2 50		
Ellen Clapp Auxiliary C. of C. Chapter, Memphis...	5 00		
N. B. Forrest Chapter, Humboldt, Tenn.....	13 10		
Mrs. C. E. Trevathan, Union City, Tenn. (personal).	1 00		
S. J. Alexander, Somerville, Tenn. (personal).....	5 00		
Mrs. J. S. Hunt, Chattanooga, Tenn. (personal)....	1 00		
Mrs. C. A. Lyerly, Chattanooga, Tenn. (personal)..	1 00		
Mrs. J. H. Warner, Chattanooga, Tenn. (personal)..	1 00		
Miss Kate H. Fort, Chattanooga, Tenn. (personal)..	4 00		
Clarks' Chapter, Clarksville, Tex.....	6 60		
Dr. Z. T. Bundy, Austin, Tex. (personal).....	1 00		
R. E. Lee Chapter, Conway, Ark.....	5 00		
Stonewall Jackson Chapter, San Diego, Cal.....	10 00		
Los Angeles Chapter, Los Angeles, Cal.....	10 00		
John H. Reagan Chapter, Los Angeles, Cal.....	5 00		
R. E. Lee Chapter, Los Angeles, Cal.....	5 00		
John H. Morgan Chapter, Redlands, Cal.....	3 60		
Mr. Thomas Harris, Gilroy, Cal. (given through J.			
B. Gordon Chapter, San Jose).....	20 00		
Mrs. S. H. Alexander, Gilroy, Cal. (given through J.			
B. Gordon Chapter, San Jose).....	10 00		
Mrs. McAlpin, Gilroy, Cal. (given through J. B. Gor-			
don Chapter, San Jose).....	1 00		
Mr. Hugh Hirschman, Gilroy, Cal. (given through			
J. B. Gordon Chapter, San Jose).....	1 00		
John B. Gordon Chapter, Thomasville, Ga.....	1 00		

COMMANDER OF KENTUCKY SOLDIERS' HOME.

Col. Henry George, Commander of the Kentucky Confederate Home, was born March 2, 1847. He joined Company A, 7th Kentucky Infantry, C. S. A., November 5, 1861, just after passing his fourteenth birthday. With a single exception, he was in every battle in which the regiment was engaged, including Shiloh, Baker's Creek, Corinth, Brice's Crossroads, Harrisburg, Forrest's campaign in Middle and West Tennessee, with Hood on his Nashville campaign, including the battle at Franklin and Murfreesboro. He was with Forrest in all of his movements and battles the last year and a half of the war, and surrendered with that command in May, 1865.

On his return home, after two years in school, he commenced his civic career. He served as deputy county court clerk, police judge, was one year in the Lower House of the Legislature, three terms in the Senate, warden of the Frankfort Penitentiary, and was chairman of the commission board. He was Indian Agent under President Cleveland.

When Colonel George was twenty-five years of age, he was married to Miss Mary, daughter of D. M. Galloway, who lived in Mayfield, Ky. Their three children, two sons and one daughter, are all married.

For the last five years he has been the Commandant of the Kentucky Confederate Home. In the Confederate Veterans Association he is Commander of the Kentucky Brigade of Forrest's Cavalry. He is prouder of his war record than anything else of his busy life, and is still hale and hearty.

"HISTORY OF FOUR KENTUCKY REGIMENTS."

Colonel George, author of the above-named book, writes:

"The survivors of the 3d, 7th, 8th, and 12th Kentucky Regiments, C. S. A., are aware that no history has been written specially devoted to those regiments; and believing that there was a demand for such a publication, I have prepared a small history of those regiments from the time each was organized to the close of the war, and embracing all their important movements and engagements.

"Its fifteen chapters give accounts of the battles of Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth (bombardment of), Vicksburg, Baton Rouge, Baker's Creek, Jackson, Coffeyville; raids to Paducah, Union City, Fort Pillow, Brice's Crossroads, Harrisburg, Forrest into Memphis; Forrest's movements into Middle Tennessee, including Athens, Sulphur Trestle, Pulaski, Spring Hill, and others; captures of gunboats and transports; with Hood to Nashville, including the battles of Franklin, Murfreesboro, Nashville, and others; then of the Kentuckians in front of Wilson from Selma to the close of the war.

"The book contains a fairly good muster roll of all the companies, and is well illustrated with cuts of battlefields and scenes, together with the pictures of Generals Preston, Tilghman, Lovell, Buford, Lyon, Crossland, Holt, Hale, and others.

"It is such a publication as the men who composed that heroic command would want their children and friends to read. It will be bound in good cloth and sold for \$1."

HONEST CONFESSION GOOD FOR THE COUNTRY.

SON OF HARRIET BEECHER STOWE MAKES ADDRESS AT
FISK UNIVERSITY, NASHVILLE.

On the hundredth anniversary of her birth Charles E. Stowe, the youngest son of the famous writer of fiction, made an address in Nashville both remarkable and interesting. He admitted some wholesome facts to a great gathering of negroes at Fisk University. Prominent on the platform was Booker Washington. He said in part:

"Abraham Lincoln in his celebrated Gettysburg address spoke of our nation as conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition, 'All men are created equal.' This is the great, vague, central, germinant idea which lies at the very heart of our national institutions. The fathers of our republic, who propounded this great principle, were neither Utopians nor socialists, but men of profound political wisdom acting under a sober sense of political responsibility. They did not mean to obliterate the past nor to abolish human nature. They simply meant to declare that in our nation there should be a fair chance for every man to develop the best that there is in him, irrespective of race, color, or nationality. The idea was new and untried. It was an experiment; it was not something that could be realized at once, but must be the slow growth of ages.

"This much must be conceded, that the Northern States were just as responsible for the existence of slavery as were the Southern States, and that slavery ceased to exist in the Northern States because it was for them an economic failure, and it grew stronger in the Southern States after the invention of Eli Whitney's cotton gin, simply because it was enormously profitable, and property and slaves correspondingly valuable. As a result the two sections of the country grew up on two utterly irreconcilable and hopelessly antagonistic economic bases, that of slave and free labor.

"The North, with free labor, was in harmony with the most enlightened intelligence of the age as to slavery, and advanced rapidly toward a conception of a national democratic republic in which the individual should be the unit; while the South, holding to the institution of slavery when it had become an anachronism, and the whole enlightened intelligence of the world was armed against it, was put upon the defensive, shut up within itself, and was as hopelessly isolated from the rest of the world as is China to-day.

"Now as slaves were property, according to law, any attack upon this form of property was an attack indirectly upon all forms of property, and an attack also upon the Constitution of the United States. In the minds, therefore, of pious, church-going, orthodox slaveholders, and many such there were, the abolitionists of the North were looked upon as we to-day regard the bomb-throwing anarchists of Chicago or the most radical wing of the socialist party—as the enemies of society and the enemies of God and his holy Word, the Bible, in which the pious slaveholder of the South found abundant authority for his beloved institution.

"So along these two points the conflict raged, and slavery, when it was attacked, intrenched itself more and more within the doctrine of State rights, so that at the last the two became identical, and to attack one was to attack the other, to defend one was to defend the other. Consequently, when it came to the outbreak of the Civil War, many patriotic Southern men who cared little or nothing about slavery were stirred with the deepest indignation at the suggestion of the national government subduing a sovereign State by force of arms, and

said that a Union that could only be held together by bayonets had better be dissolved; and for the principle of State rights and State sovereignty the Southern men fought with a holy ardor and self-denying patriotism that have covered even defeat with imperishable glory.

"And let us look at the matter from the Southern standpoint. The party that elected Abraham Lincoln was a party avowedly hostile to the institution of slavery, and elected a man to the presidency who also avowed his hostility to the institution of slavery, who had been known to say that the Union could not exist both slave and free, was bound ultimately to become all slave or all free, and who in his Cooper Union address said that the anti-slavery sentiment had already caused more than a million votes, which could have seemed to the Southern States nothing more nor less than a danger and a menace. Consequently, when they drew the sword to defend the doctrine of State rights and the institution of slavery, they certainly had on their side the Constitution and laws of the land, for a strict interpretation of the national Constitution gave a certain justification to the doctrine of State rights. As to the institution of slavery, even the abolitionists had made the discovery that the Constitution legalized it, and consequently they denounced the Constitution of the United States 'a league with death and a covenant with hell,' and maintained that no moral or Christian man could find or hold office under such an accursed government as ours, and gave all their energies to proving that secession was the duty of the fellow-States.

"Is it not perfectly evident that there was a great rebellion, but that the rebels were the Northerners and that those who defended the Constitution as it was were the Southerners, for they defended State rights and slavery, which were distinctly intrenched within the Constitution?

ORIGIN OF CIVIL WAR.

"So we can truly say that the underlying, efficient cause of our Civil War was the compromises of the Constitution, utterly irreconcilable principles existing there side by side, covered only by compromises that could in the end satisfy neither party.

"Then came the great controversy that ended in the Missouri Compromise. Into that entered also the element of slavery when the free States denied the slave power any part of the Louisiana purchase, which was the purchase of the whole nation. The slaveholders rose up in anger and asked why they, with their peculiar property, should be shut out from territory which had been purchased by the whole nation. Here again there was a compromise, but not a solution.

"Lincoln was our Bismarck, and Lincoln's policy after the surrender at Appomattox was conciliatory toward the South, and it was a deep misfortune for the Southern people, as for the whole nation, that he was removed by the hand of an insane assassin just at the moment when he might have completed the great work which he had carried through such a period of national stress and storm to the point of absolute victory.

"We can better understand the anti-slavery agitation in its bearings on the development of our national history when we remember that in the formation of the Colonization Society, of which Henry Clay was President, the conscience of anti-slavery men, both at the North and South, found a most effective opiate in the doctrine of gradual emancipation and deportation of the slaves to Africa.

"So as we look back upon the war it ought to have for us

no sting or bitterness, but every angry thought should be stilled in presence of a great sorrow. On both sides were men of the highest principle and the noblest intention, giving themselves up in heroic devotion and self-sacrificing bravery to what they thought was true.

"Sometimes the question is asked: 'Were not the slaves better off under slavery than they are now under freedom?' I think a candid answer to that question demands us to say that some were better off under slavery than they are under freedom. The abolition of slavery acted on the colored race like a wedge, forcing some down and some up. Those who were fit for freedom, prepared to embrace and make the most of the opportunities offered them as free men, rose. But some were not fit for freedom. Now that is no reflection upon the colored race. We have a very large proportion of the white race that are not fit for freedom. We have innumerable numbers of men and women that we are compelled to confine in institutions and keep as wards of the State, or they destroy themselves and everybody else.

"If slavery was an unutterably evil institution, with no alleviating features, how are we to account for the fact that when the Confederate soldiers were at the front fighting, as they thought, for their independence, the negroes on the plantations took care of the women and children and old people, and nothing like an act of violence was ever known among them? I have seen in Charleston, S. C., a monument erected by former slaveholders and their descendants in grateful acknowledgment of the fidelity of those slaves who remained upon the plantations and cared for their women and children while they were at the front, and I understand that the Confederate veterans are also to erect another such monument.

"Certainly such kindly feeling between master and slave shows that there must have been something good in the institution of slavery. Certainly that is the plain implication of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' for the very noblest characters in the book, Mrs. Shelby, Eliza, Uncle Tom, St. Clare, and little Eva, were all the offspring of the institution of slavery and nourished on its breast, and certainly an institution that in itself was essentially wicked and diabolical could not have produced such noble characters. So we should not look back upon slavery as a reign of unalleviated wickedness and horror, but remember that it had within itself, in spite of its many abuses and intolerable horrors, much that was good. * * *

"It is an unfortunate thing, to my mind, that the color line has been so drawn as it has been drawn, and that the attention of both the races is of necessity so concentrated upon the fact of color. But that is inevitable. It cannot be otherwise. To my mind the only solution is that your people should develop their own peculiar culture, their own peculiar race pride, and remove prejudice, not by protest, but by doing away with all worthy cause for such prejudice. That comes through thrift, economy, education, intelligence, and work of character. It is a difficult problem that is before you for solution. I believe you are solving it, and upon you educated young men and women who go forth as teachers, leaders, and inspirers of your own people rests a great responsibility, but with that responsibility a mighty opportunity for good."

Dr. Stowe read a letter from Roosevelt in which he stated:

"New York, May 24, 1911.

"I am genuinely concerned to hear that Fisk University is in real need of assistance. The General Education Board has heartily indorsed Fisk, and, as I am informed, will do all it

can in helping lift the burden of debt and improving the property. Its proposal is to give \$60,000, provided \$300,000 is raised. Of this, nearly \$185,000 remains to be raised.

"I earnestly commend your work. You do not need to be told how emphatically I favor industrial education for colored men no less than for the white; but I cordially agree with Booker Washington in his support of Fisk, because it is eminently undesirable that the negro should have only a chance to get technical education in industry and agriculture. Fisk has behind it a long record of proved efficiency, and its present work is of high merit, not only from the standpoint of the colored man, but from that of the good citizen generally."

A letter from President Taft was also read by Dr. Stowe:

"THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

"I am not one of those who believe that it is well to educate the mass of negroes with academic or university education. On the contrary, I am firmly convinced that the hope of the negro is in his industrial education throughout the South and in teaching him to be a better farmer, a better carpenter, a better machinist, and a better blacksmith than he is now, and to make more blacksmiths and more good farmers than there now are among the negroes.

"But I have studied the matter considerably, and have also become convinced that it is necessary to have a few high-class negro universities for those who are to be the leaders of the race and who are to figure prominently in a professional way—their ministers, their physicians, their lawyers, and their teachers—because we have got to treat the race as distinct from the whites. I believe that nothing can do so much toward establishing a real nucleus for leadership among them as the maintenance of such a university as Fisk.

"It has the largest number of negro college students of any school of the standard which it sets; and if any university of the kind is to be encouraged, it is Fisk. This is proved not only by an examination of its college statistics, but by the testimony of the best white men in the community where it exercises its influence."

Words of commendation were spoken by R. Lin Cave, Chaplain General U. C. V., who also pronounced the benediction.

[Many people will be surprised to see in the *VETERAN* an address by a son of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Its perusal—assuming that the reader has just read it—must gratify the Southern people. Dr. Stowe has told what we know to be the truth, and the pleasing feature that he declares it to the negroes is certain to bring forth good fruit.]

WHETHER ONE OR THE OTHER WAS RIGHT.

In his welcome address to the Sons of Veterans at Little Rock former Gov. Dan W. Jones, of Arkansas, advised his hearers to refer to the cause of the war, not as something "believed" to be right, but as something they know was right, and never say that "the cause was lost." Moreover, it was not for the retention of slavery, as not one in every hundred who marched under the stars and bars owned a slave.

The *VETERAN* does not emphasize the propriety of declaring that we "knew" it to be right. It prefers the bare assertion that it was right. It is better simply to assert the term "right." The other fellows, in the main, doubtless believed they were right. To emphasize that we "knew" we were right opens controversy without beneficial results by the mere assertion.

The Confederacy was lost of course, and the contention is as to whether the principles were maintained.

GEORGIA DAUGHTERS ON A \$50,000 QUILT.

Mrs. Robert Blackburn, State Editor for the Georgia U. D. C., gives a project under the sensational heading, "\$50,000 Quilt Being Pieced." ["Patched" is used for "pieced."] The paper states as reported in the Atlanta Constitution:

"Fifty thousand dollars is a financial quilt that the United Daughters of the Confederacy are busily patching together for the Arlington monument fund. Our women used to assemble in turn with needles and thimbles for the numerous finishing stitches that held intact the bits of bright-colored scraps that made the elaborate quilt of olden days. Again, they would meet and knit socks for the soldiers.

"To-day the U. C. V. are still busily engaged in quilting and knitting, not with cotton scraps or yarn, but for the same noble motives, piecing up the small amounts of currency toward the two great pieces now in the frames—Arlington and Shiloh; \$19,630.14 has been put together (not half of the \$50,000) toward the completion of Arlington. Only \$3,908.21 has been pieced up for Shiloh.

"Let us come together in these two mammoth undertakings and finish the noble designs now in the frames. Five States have this month held conventions, and we are much interested in the number of stitches they have added to the work of Arlington and Shiloh."

In this great work all Confederate Daughters are interested. Do you want a piece in that quilt? If so, send \$1 to Wallace Streater, Washington, D. C., or to Mrs. Roy McKinney, Paducah, Ky. They are treasurers respectively of the Arlington and of the Shiloh monument fund.

LITTLE ROCK CONFEDERATE REUNION.

(From Southern Guardian, Little Rock, Rev. Father J. M. Lucey, Editor.)

The gathering in Little Rock of the hosts of the South is a memorable event in the history of Arkansas, and from all accounts that we have heard of the reception and entertainment of the Confederate Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and associated organizations there never has been in the twenty-one Reunions which have been held a more satisfactory and perfect one in every respect. Every citizen of Arkansas should feel proud of the fact that so mighty a throng could be received and entertained in Little Rock, whose white population is about 40,000.

The number of visitors on the first day was 46,000. The third day that figure had more than doubled.

The auditorium, richly decorated, held 8,000 on Tuesday morning when Gen. G. W. Gordon, the Commander in Chief, called the convention to order. At Camp Shaver, located in our beautiful and convenient City Park, over 11,000 veterans received free board and lodging. Some months ago the committee on this feature of the work wrote to each State Commander to get an estimate of the number of veterans expected to take up their quarters at the camp, and the aggregate returns were about 4,000, which has been the usual number at other Reunions. The committee made preparations for 6,000, and had nearly 12,000. There is said to be a device by which ten men can be put into nine beds, a man being in each bed, and the committee seemed to have found it.

The United Sons of Confederate Veterans and the Confederate Southern Memorial Association held their annual meetings. Various other associated bodies held meetings, as the General Memorial Association for the erection of monuments

to the Confederate women of the South and the State Memorial Association. * * *

Altogether the vast throng of 120,000 visitors, veterans and families, Sons of Veterans and families, sponsors, maids of honor, and chaperons were entertained in a royal manner.

A total estimated at 14,978 veterans was indexed at the various Division headquarters. Of this number, 11,000 were given free quarters and meals at Camp Shaver. The count of the State registrations at 6:30 P.M. on the 17th was: Arkansas, 4,973; Alabama, 613; Florida, 600; Georgia, 1,250; Kentucky, 653; Maryland, 175; Mississippi, 1,050; Missouri, 1,036; Louisiana, 615; North Carolina, 327; South Carolina, 237; Oklahoma, 452; Texas, 2,383; Virginia, 139; West Virginia, 93; Forrest Cavalry, 482. Total, 14,978. [The "Forrest Cavalry" should have given State designations.]

TRIBUTE TO JOHN L. EDGMAN, KILLED AT BRICE'S CROSSROADS.—Dr. T. J. Milner writes from Greenville, Tex.: "I desire to bear testimony to the gallantry of John L. Edgman, who met his death leading the advance guard during the second day's fight at Brice's Crossroads. He was a native of Arkansas, enlisted in infantry service early in the war, but was discharged on account of ill health. He then made his way on foot to Southern Kentucky and joined Company I, Faulkner's 12th Kentucky Cavalry Regiment, Forrest's Cavalry. He was my messmate until he was shot from his horse on June 11, 1864. I loved him as a brother, and am very desirous that any of his family who are living may know how he died among strangers."

TO AL G. FIELD.

BY DR. H. M. HAMILL, NASHVILLE, TENN.

When labor's done and life is past,
As comes to all of us at last,
And at the judgment bar we stand,
The sheep and goats on either hand,
I think I know your final plea
And what your future fate shall be.

When Gabriel's trumpet thrice has pealed,
His cry rings forth: "Call Al G. Field!"
And bowing low before the book
Of Fate, with kind but homely look,
The prince of modern minstrels stands,
An old-time banjo in his hands.

The angel speaks: "What is thy plea
Whereon must rest thy destiny?"
Then, lowly kneeling, Field doth say:
"Dear Lord, on this thy judgment day
I bring thy gift of minstrelsy,
Which long ago thou gavest me.

I've tried to charm away men's fears,
And oft have dried the mourner's tears;
By song and laugh and merry jest
Thy minstrel, Lord, hath done his best."
Then with a smile upon his face
The angel answers full of grace:

"Well done, good minstrel, though men carp,
Unstring thy banjo, take this harp;
And when the Pharisees shall frown,
Tune up thy harp and wear thy crown."

[The impulse to write the foregoing came of Al Field's interest and service at the Camp Chase memorial June 3.]

ON THE RIGHT AT CHICKAMAUGA.

BY CAPT. A. B. CLAY, CHURCH HILL, TENN.

The Confederate right at Chickamauga was covered by Pegram's Division of Forrest's Corps. This consisted of Hodge's Brigade, pretty far out, Scott's Brigade, under Col. John Scott, of the 1st Louisiana, and Pegram's old brigade, under General Davidson, but with which General Pegram was actively connected during the night.

At gray daylight Saturday morning the writer (inspector general of the division) was waked by a messenger from General Pegram, ordering him to go to the picket of the 1st Georgia and find out what that firing meant. The picket was quickly reached, and the cause of the firing was that the picket company, stretched in skirmish line, was holding its ground spiritedly with a blue line, which was lapping it on both flanks. Sending back to the 1st Georgia for a squadron, and dismounting it and forming it on the picket company's right, we went at them; but they didn't drive very well. As their left lapped our right considerably, the remainder of the regiment was sent for. Coming up, it was dismounted and took its position with the other line, ready to attack, when a halt was ordered, and General Pegram, who had come up with the rest of the brigade, dismounted them. With Huwald's Battery on our left, flanked by Day's 12th Tennessee Battalion mounted, we went in strong, the battery opening as we charged. The force in our front gave way before us, and with some loss in men and prisoners. Riding up, the writer asked of one of the prisoners whose command that was, and was told that it was Dan McCook's brigade.

Discussing this many years after (when the park was to be dedicated) with three gentlemen, who, from their conversation with each other, had evidently been in the battle, one said, "Why, McCook couldn't have been out there;" but the others said: "General, he was out there somewhere." Further talk showed the three to be Gen. Absalom Baird, Major Rodney, and Captain Smith, who later was one of the Park Commissioners. The conversation was a very pleasant one to me. Among other things of interest, I recall that Captain Smith told me that the battery which he then commanded had been organized by Alexander Hamilton, and was the only regular army organization which had been preserved since the Revolutionary War. General Baird had commanded the Federal right opposite us during the battle.

But to continue this. General Forrest came riding up, as the brigade had been recalled, and he and General Pegram engaged in a conversation from which I was called and ordered to "take twenty men and ride to the front for half a mile." Taking Sergeant Goodwin, of the 1st Georgia, we rode quietly and slowly along through a peaceful woodland, where birds were singing and no evidence that two armies were moving up to one of the hardest fought and bloodiest battles of the war. Halting often and straining eyes and ears, we thought we had ridden not less than three-quarters of a mile without sight or sound of an enemy.

Returning, the above was reported, and the writer, dismounting, was lying with his head against a tree, when a sharp fire was suddenly poured into the 1st Georgia as they sat mounted. Thrown in some confusion by it, they were quickly formed by Pegram, Forrest, and their own fine officers. The rest of the brigade rapidly formed on their left, while they checked the advance of the enemy with a fire as fierce as it seemed unexpected by them. The other commands came up finely: the 12th Tennessee Battalion on the left of the 1st Georgia, then Huwald's Battery, and on its left, I think, but

am not positive, the 66th North Carolina, the 10th Confederate, and the 6th Georgia. And the fight was "on" in earnest. As quickly as this formation was made Forrest called to Pegram: "Hold this position, Pegram, until I can bring up reinforcements." Pegram answered: "I'll hold it if I can, General." And hold it he did for I never knew how long, as time has or had no existence for me when a fight was going on. At one time our whole line fell back slowly and in order, as if by command, except Huwald, who, double-shotting with canister, staggered their advance and drove them back.

By this time the strange mistake (for there was no disorder) was rectified and the line moved back to its position. Then a lull coming in the fire of the enemy's line, the writer was ordered to move the right forward. Galloping along the line, passing first the 12th Tennessee Battalion to the 1st Georgia, the right of our line sprang up and moved forward with a yell, when we were stopped by a courier, ordering the line to resume its position. Riding to the battery where the writer had left the General, he saw the most welcome sight of the head of a column of gray infantry, from the front of which a tall officer, detaching himself, rode out and called out: "Harry, where are they?" This was Capt. Ryland Todhunter, of Lexington, Ky., an old neighbor and friend of the writer's. A quick hand grasp and, "Get into line, Ryland, and move forward, and you'll find them," was the last greeting between two friends until the Louisville Reunion brought us gladly together.

Following Ector's was Wilson's Brigade, and then Forrest was following with those grim fighters, Dibrell's Brigade. While this was occurring, and our brigade being withdrawn, the enemy were strangely silent, and these many years the writer has been wondering what they were doing, unless halted and forming with reinforcements. Our brigade withdrawn, the infantry line, with Dibrell dismounted on their right, moved in to meet a fire fiercer than that which had played on us. I saw Ector's line fall back with what seemed to me about six hundred of the sixteen hundred of which his line was formed when he went in; while, reeling like a drunken man, Wilson seemed to have only about one hundred left in formation, and I was told he had lost two guns and his battery had been cut to pieces. By this time Frank Cheatham came up, and, shifting regiment and brigade from flank to flank, he held the position until late in the afternoon. The head of a long stream of men passing where our brigade were sent to him, and it was gladly repeated: "That's old D. H., and he says that he is going to drive them a mile before sundown." He didn't get into position until just before dark, but he did drive them, I thought, not less than a half or three-quarters of a mile.

Waiting for our ordnance wagons to get through, or rather over, Chickamauga at Alexander's Bridge, we replenished the ammunition, which was down to five or six rounds to the man, and were not moved into action until late Sunday, when we helped push Thomas back, his rear being a flame of fire. Monday morning orders were not given us early, but were to move up on the right. In doing so we had to ride by General Bragg's headquarters, a cluster of tents in the woods, with captured flags hanging and leaning thickly about them. The commander of the army was walking nervously and continuously along the front of the tents, wringing his hands. General Pegram, dismounting, approached him and said: "I congratulate you, General, upon the brilliant victory you have won." There was no stop in that walk, and the reply was: "Yes, but it has been at a frightful sacrifice. The army is fearfully cut up, horribly demoralized." Like a douche of ice water in

the face this was to me, and General Pegram, to whom no other word was spoken, mounted, and we rode along silently, meeting the head of McLaw's Division of fresh men from Lee's army—three thousand fresh men just off the trains and seemingly able to have forced Thomas across the Tennessee River.

Moving out toward what I supposed must have been Ross-ville Gap—at any rate, toward Chattanooga—we joined Dibrell, being ourselves by Martin's Kentucky Battalion of Kentucky troops. Raising a column of dust as we moved showed us to the enemy on a ridge above us, and they did some good shooting with a battery, as they landed shells in Martin's Battalion with serious effect on men and horses; but the column closed up and moved steadily forward.

Soon we were in position behind and along Morton's guns against whose spherical case the balls showered for some time; but their line gave way, and we moved up with two guns of Morton's to within about three-quarters of a mile of Chattanooga about sundown. Sitting by the unlimbered guns, expecting him to open on the town, a message came to Captain Morton ordering his return.

I don't recall ever having seen in print the fact that Chickamauga should not have been fought. Rosecrans made two blunders which should have been fatal to his army—one in a reconnaissance in force by McCook into McLemore's Cove, and the other by Crittenden on the left toward Graysville. Several days before the battle Pegram was moving toward Chattanooga, with his old brigade, the 6th Georgia, in front, when a message was delivered to him from Colonel Hart that some infantry were in his front. At once orders were sent to "take a squadron and charge them." Colonel Hart and Capt. Roby Brown, the latter of the 66th North Carolina, were riding together, and, developing the squadron, drew the enemy's fire and charged strong, capturing nearly all of the advance guard of Van Cleve's Division of Crittenden's Corps. From the prisoners we were astounded to hear that the whole corps were immediately behind. General Pegram called his staff around him and explained the situation. He told us that by four o'clock next morning Polk's and Hill's Divisions could be thrown, one in Crittenden's front and the other in his rear, and that he "would never get back to Chattanooga."

Just then General Forrest rode up to where we sat. General Pegram turned and explained the positions, and eagerly asked to be permitted to ride to General Bragg and urge the plan upon him. I recall Forrest's reply: "Pegram, it's a good idea, and I'll ride with you."

General Pegram came back to us, worn and greatly depressed, as they were entirely unable to get General Bragg to consider the plan. So the next morning the writer, sitting in the edge of a woodland, watched infantry and artillery march peaceably and without a shot except a few to show that they did not wish intrusiveness.

ELEVENTH MISSISSIPPI AT GETTYSBURG.

BY F. J. A. HOWELL, DURANT, MISS.

I indorse what Comrade W. I. Reid, of Company H, 11th Mississippi Regiment, says in the *VETERAN* for February, page 66. I was a member of Company F, 11th Mississippi Infantry, and was wounded and disabled for further infantry service in the charge at Gettysburg on the afternoon of July 3. Our regiment did not fall back, but nearly all who survived went forward to the stone fence and were killed or captured. Forty-two of Company F were present that morning,

and only five answered roll call the next morning; eleven were killed or mortally wounded. Most of the Virginia troops, next to our regiment on the left, stopped in a ravine, and I saw some of them there as I dropped back after being wounded.

Capt. T. J. Stokes, of Columbus, Miss., is still alive. He was severely wounded and captured that day. Comrade James T. Jones is living in Starkville, Miss., and will testify that he, with my brother, J. J. Howell, and others advanced until they were captured. My brother died in prison at Fort Delaware, Md., September 18, 1864. The troops to our left that stopped were not Mississippians. I was told that they were Virginians. Were they Brockenbrough's troops?

[The above reference to Virginians is not given to reflect upon their courage. Conditions in battle are so varied that the bravest men stop, but are ready to advance as soon as orders are received. This reference is understood simply to designate place and conditions.]

ABOUT THE FAYETTEVILLE (N. C.) ROAD FIGHT.

J. W. DuBose, of Wetumpka, Ala., requests of comrades, officers, and privates of Wheeler's Cavalry, and especially of participants, for information of the fight of March 10, 1865, with Kilpatrick on the Fayetteville (N. C.) road, and asks whether Wheeler's Cavalry came on the field at daylight and led in the attack on Kilpatrick's camp and what part Butler's Cavalry took in the fight.

He says: "General Butler claimed that General Wheeler did not get into the attack on the camps because he had to ride (his whole command) around a miry swamp, so boggy that it caused him to be late. General Wheeler's report of this battle in the "War Records," written by him after the surrender, gives the battle in detail and tells of a number of officers under him who were wounded there. He makes no mention of Butler at all. Butler was in the attack on the camp, and claimed it to the last of his life as his fight, and his only. He said he did not see General Wheeler on the ground until the fight was over. The attack on the camp stampeded the enemy and drove them until a swamp, a short distance off, stopped them. General Kilpatrick jumped through the window of the room in which he was sleeping and ran out barefooted. He borrowed a pair of boots from one of his men, got some clothes, and led his troops back. Then the main fighting came off. General Butler contended that Wheeler must have fought then and not in the opening attack on the camp, if he fought at all. The dispute should be settled."

[Without taking time to investigate the "Records" (see Volume XLVII., Part I.), it is evident that two different engagements are considered—EDITOR VETERAN.]

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT IN SEATTLE.

Mrs. William C. Aiken, P. O. Box 706, Seattle Wash., sends a letter from which extracts are made:

"I believe you already know that we have organized a Confederate Memorial Association here with the intention of building a monument to the memory of Confederate veterans and for the purchase and maintenance of a burial plot in one of the beautiful cemeteries of Seattle.

"We have a board of trustees, the site has been selected, and a nucleus for the work is already in hand. A good committee on finance has been appointed and equipped with letters of authority to receive contributions, and they will give in return official receipts.

"We wish the name and address of all contributors with the amount of their donations."

SKETCHES OF PRISON LIFE.

BY REV. C. M. HUTTON, FORT WORTH.

PART III.

As mentioned at the close of the last article, we will now consider the case of Mrs. Tovell, one of the kind German ladies who, with her daughter, Augusta, and her sister, Mrs. Kossuth, made constant visits to the prison hospital, giving clothing and other needed articles to our sick and wounded men. Mrs. Tovell's husband was a Baptist preacher; and owing to his preaching the funeral of a man that the Federals had put to death, he was sent at once to the South, not even being permitted to take leave of his family. All communication between him and his family was thereby cut off, and for several months they had not heard from each other.

Through Dr. Hickman's kindness my release had been sought. He took me before Gen. R. S. Granger, commandant of the post, who applied to General Rosecrans in my behalf. My release was ordered, but I could not then be sent directly through owing to disturbed conditions of the lines in front. Accordingly General Granger kindly gave me an order to go on parole of honor to Washington City and to the provost marshal, who was requested to further my progress South. Transportation was furnished me. As I was seated in an ambulance to be taken to the railroad station Mrs. Tovell appeared, standing near by. I called her to me to take leave of her. To her inquiry as to where I was going, I told her that I was going South. In her deep anxiety she asked me to tell Mr. Tovell about the family if I ever met him in the South. Of course I consented, and yet felt that to deliver the message to an unknown man in the South would be like "looking for a needle in a haystack."

Strange to relate, I met the man and delivered the message before reaching my home in Alabama. It was in this remarkable way: On reaching Selma I learned that there was an interval of seven hours before I could get a train. As I was only seventy-five miles from home, this delay seemed unfortunate. It was wisely directed, however. I sought the home of Mrs. Chancellor Fellows, an old friend, who had often entertained me. When I had only a few minutes more before train time, I took my hat to leave. "O," she said, "you have not met our pastor, Rev. Arthur Small." (This man was killed in the trenches in defense of Selma in Sherman's raid almost at the close of the war.) I remarked that I would not have the time to see him, for I must not miss my train. She said: "You will not miss it. He lives on the way near by. I'll get my bonnet and go with you."

We had been in the parlor not more than five minutes when a lady unknown to me called. In my hearing she asked a gentleman: "How did you like the address of Mr. Tovell?" The singular name caught my ear, and I asked: "Who is this Mr. Tovell?" The reply was: "He is a Baptist preacher sent South for preaching the funeral of a man the Federals had put to death, and he is delivering lectures about it." I said: "How remarkable this is!"

When Rev. Mr. Small learned that I had such a message, he said, "You must certainly see him," and he pointed out the house of the local Baptist preacher, where I met and delivered the message to Mr. Tovell, to his utter delight. This cannot be accounted for in any other way but that it was by an overruling Providence. True, the message was delayed a month owing to my detention at Washington City, yet it was his first information of his family.

Soon after my imprisonment in Nashville a striking act of kindness was shown me by the provost marshal. Now it was

the custom of soldiers in my regiment to bring to me for safe-keeping articles of value in prospect of an engagement. Just preceding my capture a fine gold watch was intrusted to me. This, with my own, I carried through my entire imprisonment, one under each arm for concealment. The late Dr. L. S. Handley, of the Central Presbyterian Church, Birmingham, then a private in my regiment, brought me his purse, to which others added their money, till about \$400 was placed in my care. This and a few articles of clothing were left with Allen, the wounded man whom I was attending. I had expected to return. Instead, however, I was sent on to prison. On application to the provost marshal he issued an order for these things. To get them required a special trip of six miles in the country from the nearest railroad station, Normandy. They were all safely delivered to me by express, and this kindness is surely worthy of note.

After three months, I left Nashville. On reaching Washington City I sought the office of the provost marshal to whom I had been ordered to report. He was overwhelmed with business. The large crowd surrounding him were kept at a distance and were waited on by little pages. Every man thought his time ought to be next. After considerable time, my paper was delivered to the provost marshal, and I was admitted through the gate. He said to me: "I see you have brought a prisoner to me by the name of Hutton." I told him I was the man mentioned. "How did you come here?" he asked. I replied: "I came on parole of honor." "Well," said he, "I'll give you further attention." Whereupon he sent the paper upstairs, but it was returned without any favorable answer. I was ordered to follow a man who led me to old Capitol Prison and passed me by the sentinels into a room where I found two other chaplains and two surgeons that had been there a month or more.

It has been said that "misery loves company." I was glad in one sense to have good company, but I was much discouraged as to a speedy release; for I was sure then that non-combatants were not exempt from imprisonment. In my first article I explained the reason. We called each other "brother," for the surgeons too seemed like brothers. One taught me to play chess, which beguiled some of the tedious hours. One day I preached the funeral of one of our men. Superintendents Wood and White took a Confederate captain and myself to the interment in the old Congressional graveyard. One of the chaplains drew up a very drastic application to the commissary for the exchange of prisoners, demanding our release. After others had signed it, they asked me to do so. I refused, saying such an application would do no good, but rather harm, and that if I had my hand in a lion's mouth I would get it out as easily as possible. I surely would not enrage him. They agreed that as I had come on parole of honor my case was more favorable than theirs.

I got the address and wrote a very different kind of application, telling all the circumstances of my capture and that my release had already been ordered, referring to Gen. R. S. Granger as proof. An account of my release will be given in the next and concluding article.

PART IV. (CONCLUSION.)

The very next day after my application for release had been sent Superintendent White came to our room and said: "Chaplain Hutton, get ready to leave in five minutes." After a hurried leave of friends, I was taken first to the main prison, I presume, in order that Superintendent Wood might deliver \$1,500 (Confederate money) for me to take to Chief Justice Humphrey Marshall in behalf of Federal prisoners at Belle

Isle. Here I met Belle Boyd, the Confederate spy, who asked in vain to be allowed to accompany me. She then requested me to take her trunk. I confess I agreed to do so reluctantly after Wood had arranged it for me.

On reaching the wharf where I was to take the flag of truce steamer the men who had me in charge discovered they had left my papers at the prison. We were told that Major Munford was uptown, but wouldn't wait five minutes on his return. I was taken back hurriedly, yet by the time we returned the steamer, though near by, had gone.

They left me to take a tug with the hope of overtaking the steamer should it stop to coal at Alexandria. All hope was gone, as we saw that the steamer had passed this point. I had then to take a street car and return to Wood, report my disappointment, return the \$1,500 and trunk, and go back to prison. The chaplains and surgeons laughed, but I saw nothing merry about it.

Wood kindly promised to arrange as early as possible for my return South. In two weeks he took me to Baltimore to dinner at a fine hotel and left me on parole of honor that he might return to Washington on business, telling me to be ready for the steamer to Fortress Monroe at 4 P.M. A few minutes before this hour the proprietor of the hotel, observing my name on his register marked C. S. A., inquired in my hearing for me. I told him I was the man he was seeking. He grasped my hand cordially and said: "I am in sympathy with the South; and if you will consent, I'll take you to some ladies who will gladly furnish you with a suit of clothing." I thanked him, but declined for want of time, telling him that Wood would soon come to put me aboard the steamer, and that my progress South was better than a suit.

Our trip was at night. On our arrival early next morning at Fortress Monroe Wood took me to General Meade's office and asked him to parole me. To this Meade said: "Then he will have to provide his own meals." Wood said: "I will look after that. You parole him." Wood kindly ordered the ambulance driver to take me to the Ocean Hotel and gave me \$10 (greenbacks) to pay expenses, a letter to Justice Marshall, and \$40 in Confederate money for railroad fare to Richmond, and then we parted, never to meet again. The letter was in behalf of Federal prisoners at Belle Isle.

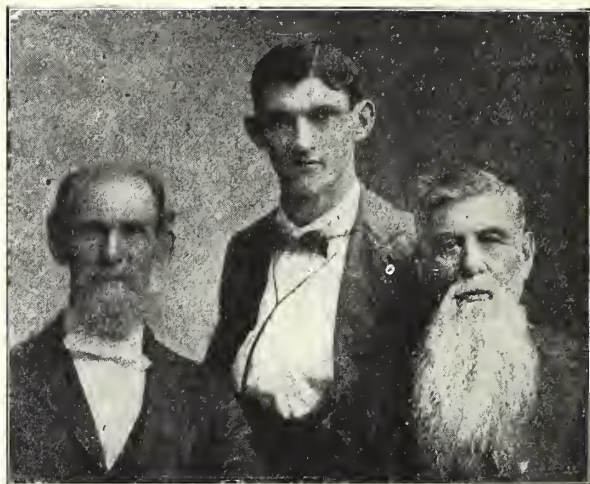
In an hour or less at this hotel where I dined the same men who took me there called for me to put me aboard a tug on which I was taken to the flag of truce steamer New York. As I ascended the steep side of this vessel on a rope ladder Major Munford, the commander, met me, his only prisoner, and asked: "Are you not the chaplain that missed the steamer at Washington two weeks ago?" I replied that I was. "Why didn't you remain till I came?" I told him my papers had been left. To this he said: "I didn't need your papers, for I was present when your release was ordered."

He was very kind and social on the way; but the most pleasant thing to me was the sight of our flag at half mast as we reached City Point, on the James. A ride of nine miles to Petersburg in the carriage in company with Judge Ould, commissary for the exchange of prisoners, and with his adjutant, Major Hatch, ended my four months' experiences as a prisoner, with profound gratitude to God for his wonderful providence over me.

Now a few more lines in reference to Dr. T. G. Hickman, of Vandalia, Ill., the surgeon in charge of the prison hospital at Nashville. As already related, on the second day of my imprisonment he gave me the position of chaplain for this hospital, where I received the utmost kindness at his hands for three months. At his intercession I was released. He wrote

for the VETERAN of December, 1904, an article setting forth his treatment of the prisoners in his hands, and he mentioned my name. I learned this by a personal letter to me in 1890 while I was pastor of a Church in Temple, Tex., he having obtained my address from Rev. J. H. McNeilly, D.D., of Nashville. This was twenty-seven years after I left the prison. He told me of his marriage to a sister of Maj. Charles W. Anderson, the adjutant general of Gen. N. B. Forrest.

I determined then to plan a union with him. After much correspondence, this was finally effected at the U C V Reunion at Nashville in 1898. Comrade Cunningham pointed him out to me. I could have thrown my arms around him.



DR. C. M. HUTTON, C. M. HUTTON, JR., DR. T. G. HICKMAN.

Thirty-five years had left its marks upon us both, so that neither would have known each other had we met elsewhere. First we visited the prison hospital, now a fine brick Baptist church. Here we recalled many events of the past. We next went to Thuss' gallery and had our photos taken in a group, a literal union of the blue and the gray. We parted, never to meet again on earth.

Since these articles were begun Comrade S. A. Cunningham wrote the following: "You will be sorry to learn that your old friend, Dr. Hickman, died some twelve years ago, and his good wife has joined him on the other shore. They had two nice boys whom I know very pleasantly. Will inclose a page giving the article about Mrs. Hickman."

Since the date given of Dr. Hickman's death and of our meeting in 1898 are the same, he must have died soon after we parted. May we have a more glorious reunion beyond!

SIX LENOIR BROTHERS IN C. S. A. SERVICE.—Charles Lenoir writes from Orville, Ala.: "While I was too young to be in the army and my father too old, I had six brothers who wore the gray. Two were captains—one in the 38th Alabama Regiment; the other, Capt. Thomas M. Lenoir, was with General Wheeler, and was killed at Lay's Ferry, near Resaca, Ga., on May 14, 1864. General Wheeler told me a few years before his death that he sent three flags of truce to the Federal commander trying to get my brother's body, but was refused every time. It may be that some one living in the vicinity of his burial place can tell me something of it, for which I would be very grateful. Some of your Northern readers who were in the Federal army at the time of his killing may know something of the event."

CASUALTIES IN A COMPANY.

[A booklet has been published by S. E. Sweet, compiled by Ordnance Sergeants Bill Young and Joseph Forsythe, and extracts are made, giving the killed and specially honored.]

The "Southern Confederates," which became Company C, of the 9th Tennessee Regiment Infantry, was organized at Clopton Camp Ground in Tipton County, Tenn., in 1861, sworn in at Jackson May 24, 1861, and discharged by surrender at Greensboro, N. C., in April, 1865.

The captains were: David J. Wood, Charles B. Simonton, and James I. Hall, serving in the order mentioned.

First Lieut. James I. Hall was elected captain in November, 1863. He was severely wounded at Perryville, Ky., October 8, 1862, and disabled July 22, 1864.

Second Lieut. Charles B. Simonton was elected captain at Corinth, Miss., in May, 1862, at the reorganization; severely wounded in the battle of Perryville, October 8, 1862; taken prisoner October 9, 1862; escaped March 10, 1863; but tendered his resignation October 1, 1863, being still disabled.

Third Lieut. R. W. Lemmon served as lieutenant until the reorganization at Corinth, Miss., in May, 1862, when he enlisted as a private in the reorganized company; was wounded at Perryville, Ky., October 8, 1862, and was killed in the Georgia campaign, May 27, 1864.

First Sergt. J. D. Calhoun died June 1, 1861, the first death in the company.

Sergt. John R. McCreight was killed in battle November 30, 1864, at Franklin, Tenn.

Sergt. S. J. Bradshaw was wounded and disabled in July, 1864, at Atlanta, Ga.

Corp. Morrison Munford was severely wounded at Murfreesboro.

Corp. H. M. Lynn was captured at Franklin, Tenn.

Corp. William Campbell was elected captain of Company-A, 51st Tennessee, and transferred.

Corp. Newt McMillin was elected second lieutenant at the reorganization in Corinth in May, 1862.

Anderson, J. D., was discharged for disability in 1861.

Alston, G. P., was present at the surrender in 1865.

Boyd, J. E., died in 1864 in the service.

Baird, A. H., was elected cavalry orderly sergeant at Corinth, and was mortally wounded in the battle of Perryville, October 8, 1862.

Carnes, W. N., was present at the surrender. He was wounded at Perryville.

Calhoun, George C., died in service at Corinth in May, 1862.

Calhoun, J. W., prisoner of war.

Cummins, J. H., wounded at Chickamauga September 19, 1863, later commissioned adjutant of the regiment, and was present at the surrender in April, 1865.

Chambers, E. O., killed in battle at Shiloh.

Dolen, John, wounded at Chickamauga.

Dunlap, James, severely wounded at Shiloh.

Davies, J. A., missing from the battle of Coal Creek, supposed to have been killed.

Davis, W. H., prisoner at time of surrender.

Dickens, G. A., killed in the battle of Chickamauga.

Daniels, F. A., killed in the battle of Chickamauga.

Forsyth, Joseph, at last call in April, 1865.

Ford, A. E., killed in the battle of Atlanta, 1864.

Futhey, William J., severely wounded and disabled in the battle of Perryville, October 8, 1862.

Gibbs, Robert, appointed on his application at Corinth ensign of the regiment, and killed in battle of Perryville.

Gee, J. W., killed in the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Gross, I., killed in battle at Shiloh.

Gross, J., transferred to 57th Tennessee and killed in 1862.

Hall, Junius L., elected captain of Company G in May, 1862; killed July 22, 1864, in battle at Atlanta.

Hall, John Green, elected second lieutenant in 1865; was present at the surrender in April, 1865.

Holmes, W. B., present in April, 1865, at surrender.

Holmes, J. P., severely wounded at Perryville, Ky., but rejoined his command in 1864, and was elected first lieutenant.

Houck, B. F., detailed in 1861 as teamster, and served as such to the end.

Hanna, J. K., wounded at Perryville, Ky., October 8, 1863.

Hill, J. S., present at the last roll call in April, 1865.

Haynie, T. J., severely wounded at Jonesboro, Ga., August 31, 1864.

Haynie, J. H., severely wounded at Chickamauga.

Haynie, David H., killed by an accident (a falling tree) at Dalton, Ga., in 1864.

Jones, L., died in the service in 1862.

Jones, Ed, wounded at Shiloh, and discharged at Corinth.

Kent, Leb, killed in the battle of Chickamauga.

Lemmon, James W., wounded at Perryville in 1862, present at last roll call.

Luelling, J. E., served as teamster from 1862.

Lane, R. S., killed in the battle of Chickamauga.

McQuiston, Hugh C., mortally wounded at Franklin.

Marshall, Robert, killed in the battle of Perryville.

Marshall, Hector, killed in the battle of Chickamauga.

Marshall, W. H., severely wounded in the battle of Shiloh.

Marshall, R. A., wounded in the battle of Chickamauga.

Meux, Thomas R., appointed assistant surgeon of the 9th Regiment in 1862, and was present at the last roll call.

Meux, J. W., was complimented by general order from General Beauregard for capturing the battle flag of the 2d Minnesota Battery B at Shiloh April 7, 1862, and was detailed by him to carry it to President Davis at Richmond, which he did; died at Tupelo, Miss., in July, 1862.

Melton, T. S., mortally wounded in the battle of Perryville.

McDill, Winfield Scott, killed in battle at Chickamauga.

McDill, William J., killed in battle at Franklin.

McDill, George W., severely wounded at Perryville, Ky.; twice taken prisoner, but was exchanged and was present at the last roll call in 1862.

McClanahan, John, killed in battle at Perryville, Ky.

McLennan, D. M., wounded at Shiloh and again in the Georgia campaign in 1863.

Mills, H. H., killed in the battle of Chickamauga.

Miller, Robert, died in service at Tupelo, Miss., July, 1862.

Mason, Ben, transferred to 51st Tennessee in 1862, died at Atlanta in 1863.

Paine, John L., discharged in 1862 for inability, later raised Company C, 12th Tennessee Cavalry.

Price, W. H., died in service at Humboldt, Tenn., April, 1862.

Page, Elbert, severely wounded at Shiloh.

Robison, John, captured and reported to have died in prison.

Sweet, S. E., lost right arm and suffered other wounds in the battle of Chickamauga. After nine months in hospital, he returned to the command on Hood's march into Tennessee.

Sweet, John H., killed in the battle of Franklin, Tenn.

Smith, Ben, died in September, 1862.

Smith, J. D., killed in the battle of Shiloh.

Smith, R. E., transferred to Kentucky cavalry and killed at Jackson, Miss.

Templeton, Al, killed in battle at Franklin.

Templeton, A. A. (Gus), severely wounded at Atlanta.

Tinnen, John, served as teamster from 1862.

Trobaugh, A., killed in battle at Shiloh.

Turnage, W. I., served as teamster from 1862.

Vaughan, T. S., wounded at Shiloh; at last roll call.

Walker, T. J., wounded several times; answered last roll call.

Walker, J. E., died at Columbus in 1861.

Wilkins, A. B., killed in the battle of Chickamauga.

Wilkins, John, killed in the battle before Atlanta, Ga.

Ward, A., lost right leg in the battle of Perryville.

Young, William, succeeded J. D. Calhoun as orderly sergeant in June, 1861; elected second lieutenant May 7, 1862; severely wounded at Perryville, Ky., October 8, 1862, and again severely wounded at Chickamauga.

[Every company of the Confederate army deserves such a record as the foregoing. This is given, not merely in tribute to those worthy men, but as a sample of fatalities in the Confederate service.]

ANDREW JACKSON VISITED GEORGIA INCOG.

[Dr. R. J. Massey, in Atlanta Constitution.]

The recent account of the visit of General Washington to Georgia in 1791 and the flaming accounts heralded throughout the nation in the newspapers of the recent visits of Presidents Taft and Roosevelt to the State bring to mind a visit which Gen. Andrew Jackson made to Georgia in 1840, of which very few people in Georgia know anything.

After retiring from the presidential chair in 1836, General Jackson returned to the Hermitage, his beautiful estate near Nashville, Tenn. Here till the end of his life he lived in retirement much after the manner of the well-to-do Southern planter.

In 1840 he took a notion to take a tour South, traveling entirely incog. He went in an old-fashioned barouche, a plain, cheap, four-wheel carriage with four seats and reversible top. His favorite servant and a couple of good Tennessee horses completed his outfit. He passed through Middle Georgia and by my father's house, which was on the road between Madison and Greensboro. He stopped for several days with a kinsman near Greensboro, strictly enjoining upon this kinsman not to let anybody know who he was.

On Sunday, as was usually the case in those good old days, several neighbors called in to make the acquaintance of their neighbor's visitor. Soon the conversation turned to politics, especially on nullification, and in this they took occasion to handle General Jackson's name pretty roughly, saying some hard things about him, to all of which Jackson in a very complacent manner answered, defending himself. Finally this man, finding that his auditor was getting the best of the argument, intimated that he was probably the recipient of some favor from the old general; that there was some personal tie between them, which made it to his interest to take up such a line of defense. To this Jackson answered that he himself individually had known General Jackson for many years, had often been with him during his several campaigns, was with him in Congress, and very intimate with him during the whole eight years of his presidency, and he could not believe such things of General Jackson. These remarks were a stunner to the visitor. He was curious to know how one man could have been with General Jackson so long and in so many capacities. To this question General Jackson very courteously replied: "Sir, I am Andrew Jackson."

Being much confused and embarrassed General Jackson's pardon was asked, when he replied: "Sir, no offense has been committed. It has been a great pleasure to me to enlighten you on this subject. I only ask in return that you do me the kindness to enlighten others as I have you whenever opportunity presents itself."

After several hours of very pleasant conversation, the visitors learned many important facts, and during their long lives General Jackson never had better friends than old man Colsby and the other neighbors. These facts I got direct from Mr. Quinn Ellison, the cousin above referred to.

CLAY AND RANDOLPH DUEL.

In spite of his singularly affable manners, Henry Clay was a good deal of a fighter. Thrice he was involved in "affairs of honor," in which fortunately only a little blood was spilled. Clay's first duel was fought at twenty-six, while a member of the Kentucky Legislature, his opponent being Col. Joseph Hamilton Davies. His second appearance was with Humphrey Marshall, a distinguished Kentuckian. The last was with John Randolph of Roanoke.

In 1826 Randolph was nearing the end of his singularly erratic career, and at times he was irresponsible, largely because of his custom of speaking and otherwise indulging himself without restraint. Jefferson had caused his overthrow from power in the House.

The voice still lived, however, and in the early part of the administration of John Quincy Adams his remarks were very often of the most personal and offensive character. The limit was reached, however, when in a speech on the Panama Congress resolution he referred to Adams and Clay as the "Puritan and the Blackleg."

Upon hearing of this Clay sent his friend, General Jesup, to interrogate Randolph, at the same time giving him the usual letter to be handed over if the interview was not satisfactory. Randolph failed to retract; and as the affair had gone too far to call it off, it was found necessary for the two to meet on the field of honor, and see how well they could keep up the bluff and fail to hit one another.

Saturday, the 8th of April, 1826, was the date fixed upon, and the right bank of the Potomac, within the State of Virginia, above the Little Falls Bridge, the place. When Mr. Randolph received the challenge, he informed the deliverer that "Mr. Clay may fire at me for what has offended him; I will not by returning the fire admit his right to do so." It was evident, then, that it was to be a bloodless duel so far as the challengee was concerned. And evidently the challenger was of the same disinclination to shed blood. When the order was given to fire, Mr. Clay aimed so low that the gravel flew in every direction from the shot. When Mr. Randolph fired, he discharged his pistol in the air, and said, "I did not fire at you, Mr. Clay," and immediately advanced and offered his hand. Clay met him in the same spirit, the duelists shaking hands.

Mr. Randolph looked for an instant into the face of his opponent and said, "Mr. Clay, you owe me a coat," the bullet having passed through the skirt of the coat very near the hip, to which Mr. Clay promptly and happily replied: "I am glad the debt is no greater."

Thus ended the last of the duels fought by the great statesmen. It was begun with the greatest seriousness and ended in a farce. Clay was a man who had an abundance of the personal pride of his section, and to be referred to as a "black-

leg," even by Randolph, was more than his nature could stand. Randolph's greatest fault was his too free use of the invectives that sting, and he was almost constantly in trouble.

On the Monday following the duel the two men exchanged cards, and social relations were formally and courteously restored.

Randolph was not alone in his charges that there was a corrupt bargain between Adams and Clay, which secured the election of the former to the presidency and the latter the office of Secretary of State under him. That there never was a corrupt bargain or anything like it is now accepted as certain, as undoubted as any fact in history. Clay said there was not, and "he never lied." Adams said there was not, and "he couldn't lie if he tried." Benton, who knew better than any one else the inside of politics of those days, also said there was not, and he was opposed to Clay politically all his days.

RECRUITING IN NORTH MISSOURI.

[An erroneous account of a battle fought in Southwestern Missouri corrected by S. H. Ford, captain of Company F, 2d Regiment Missouri Cavalry, General Shelby's brigade.]

While in Missouri in June, 1908, I saw an article from the Kansas City Star of April 17, 1908, and Richard Elliot, a member of my company, asked me to answer it. The facts are:

Captain Grooms and myself with fifty men were detailed by Gen. J. O. Shelby to go recruiting into Northwestern Missouri in the summer of 1864. We secured one hundred and fifty men and expected to form a junction with Generals Price and Shelby near the Missouri River, in Jackson County; but the enemy with a much larger force, under General Smith, drove them back to the extreme southwestern part of the State and into the Indian Territory. We took a route a little east of theirs. Thinking all the Federal forces were after Generals Price and Shelby, we moved along at will, not expecting any danger, some of the recruits straggling, when we were attacked. The unarmed recruits and untrained horses became frightened and caused a general stampede of the entire force, and the enemy ran us over a very rough country some two or three miles, killing Captain Grooms and one other. I rallied five or six of the veterans to resist their advance. I formed my line of march by putting half the veterans in the command in front and the others with the unarmed recruits in the center. In that formation we continued our march for three days. When in a valley at the base of a hill we discovered a turnip patch. I ordered every fourth man of those without guns to dismount and get turnips, as all were hungry, and while there the enemy attacked us from a little hill on our right, killing one man. I ordered a charge, and they were so surprised at our resistance that some of them huddled themselves together like scared birds on the little hill, and in that position we killed twenty-seven of them with our first fire and ran the rest several miles, killing many more—I can't say how many. I know that a good many of the unarmed recruits came back well armed and cheerful. That was the last we ever saw of that force, although I heard they made the boast that they would kill all of us before we got out of Missouri.

The article stated that they buried about one hundred of our men. They must have killed some citizens, as was their general custom, and counted them and their own dead as being our men, as we had only three men killed with seven missing. One boy recruit, George Hull, from Ray County, of the missing, says he was captured with the others and that they shot the rest. They spared his life because of his youthful appearance, but held him a prisoner until the close of the war.

The article puts our number at three hundred or four hundred, but we had only two hundred, as I have stated.

An amusing incident occurred in the fight mentioned. When we charged the enemy on the hill, the enemy in their haste to get away undertook to have their horses jump across a branch five or six feet wide; their confusion may be imagined. They claimed to have killed one negro and captured another—maybe killed him also. I remember having only one negro with us, and he was from Clay County. He wanted to join us, but I would not permit it, but told him he could go South with us and find a job. He was in that charge of our last fight, and was very proud when he captured a rifle and pistol with ammunition. I know he was not killed.

AN AMUSING AND LUDICROUS INCIDENT.

I want to tell how unreliable the Federals in Missouri were in stating the numbers engaged in battle. In 1863 General Shelby sent me, Lieutenant Richardson, and another officer from Lexington, Mo., to recruit in Northwestern Missouri, where the enemy was so strong that we had to do our work at night.

One dark night we were out near the line of Platt and Clay Counties, and on each side of the road was a dense wood. We could not see each other. Hearing the tramp of horses at a distance, we halted, tied knots in our bridle reins, and with a pistol in each hand waited until they got within thirty or forty yards, when each of us, being some distance apart, took command of a company, and in loud voices ordered our men to "right front into line double-quick, march, fire, and charge." They fired one volley by their front rank, and broke and ran as fast as their horses could, and we continued shooting and holloing after them until near Liberty, Mo., a distance of eight miles. They had a regiment and we only three men. They reported us two thousand strong (so told by a citizen). The only evidence of their shot was a bullet hole in my saddle pocket. If we killed any of them, I do not know it, as it continued very dark.

THAT CAMP JACKSON EPISODE NEAR ST. LOUIS.

[Edward H. Mead, in the St. Louis Republic.]

So many versions, some very incorrect, of the Camp Jackson episode have appeared in the papers of late that an account by one of the inside victims might throw some light on the tragic blunder.

I was a member of Company A of the St. Louis National Guard, for many years the crack military company of St. Louis. About May 1, 1861, I was detailed, with several others, under Mr. Edward Sayers, a civil engineer and member of our company, to lay out grounds for an encampment, which was afterwards named Camp Jackson.

About May 5 we marched out there with the other militia of St. Louis. My business engagements were such that I could not remain. On May 9 I was requested, with other absentees, to go out and march in with the company on the 10th or 11th, so as to swell the company as much as possible for the return parade; so I spent the night of the 9th in camp.

The next day, the 10th, about 3 p.m., we were called to fall in. As soon as we had done so one of our officers announced that our camp was surrounded by a large force of United States troops, home guards, and a battalion of artillery, commanding our camp, and that we were ordered to surrender. A murmur of dissent ran down the line when the officer said that our company was the first to receive this notice, as, being the oldest and best-disciplined company in the camp, we would

be expected to show an example to the others of absolute obedience to our officers. So we mutely stacked arms on the color line. In a few minutes we joined the other companies and marched down what was then called the Olive Street road.

After proceeding three or four hundred yards, with other companies in advance of us, we heard firing back at the camp grounds and bullets whistling over our heads. Some officer sang out, "Lie down!" but we declined to do so, saying that if they wished to kill unarmed men in cold blood they could do so; in fact, one of our men raised his hands to catch one of the bullets. When the firing ceased, we resumed our long, dusty march to Fifth Street, near the Convent Market, and then down Broadway to the arsenal, where we arrived between 8 and 9 P.M.

We were housed in large, empty warehouses, in the second or third story of which our company and some others spent a supperless night. From our window we could dimly see that we were surrounded by a continuous cordon of home guards. We sat on the floor, all cuddled up, as best we could, being very crowded, all night. In the morning, after a long wait, we each received a hard-tack and water.

About 10 A.M. a number of prominent business men of St. Louis, of whom I recall that big-hearted, kindly old man, John J. Roe, came to urge us to sign a parole and go home. This we refused to do as individuals, and said that we would obey our officers only; that we were a company of soldiers marching under the United States flag; that we were illegally and unjustly imprisoned, but would do what our officers commanded. We had several more interviews during the day, to all of which we made the same answer. As I was the principal spokesman on these occasions, my memory of same is quite vivid.

It seemed to me that some one had blundered, and that they were anxious to get rid of us. The whole affair was a ridiculous tempest in a teapot—sending out over six thousand men and artillery to capture an undefended, peaceful camp of instruction of less than eight hundred men.

Attached to the 2d Regiment there were three or four new companies that were looked upon by all of us with suspicion, and we think most of them after that went South. But if our captors, impatient of bubble glory, had only waited till the 11th our camp would have been dissolved, our men returned home, and there would have been no opportunity for the fictitious glory about which the distance of fifty years has thrown a glamour of heroism.

About 5 P.M. we received orders from our own officers, and assembled in line on the parade grounds, where at their request we took a verbal parole, and with our officers and our American flag marched down to the arsenal landing to a steamboat which took us up to about Pine or Olive Street, from which we went to our armory, corner of Third and Pine Streets, where we put on our citizens' clothes and went to our respective homes.

My object in making these matters public is to put a stop to these foolish Camp Jackson celebrations of a ridiculous and tragic blunder. A good old stanch Republican said to me to-day that he thought that these celebrations were only perpetuating ill feeling and renewing bitterness that we should have outlived.

BURNING OF THE BLAIR HOUSE.

J. W. Coffman, of Elkton, Va., states: "There are many opinions as to who burned General Blair's house. I was a

member of the Stonewall Sharpshooters, but was not with them that day. I was with the brigade all day just across the road east of the house, and there was no fire there at any time on the 12th. The Blair family had left the house and gone to the city, and the men had access to the house all day; but soon after we left there we saw smoke from the building, and we thought it had been set on fire by order of General Early. Some time after the war I saw a newspaper article stating that Colonel Gilmore met General Blair in Washington and told him that he burned his house; that General Blair replied to him: "It was all right. My family should have stayed there."

Comrade C. F. Swain, of Company G, 2d North Carolina Battalion, writes from Mound City, Mo., that he saw and heard something of what occurred at the Blair house fire, of which he states: "Our brigade (Daniel's) occupied a position some three-fourths of a mile southeast of the Blair house during our stay in the rear of Washington. About dark on July 12 the 2d Battalion and some other regiments of Daniel's Brigade were deployed in heavy skirmish line to repel an advance of Federal skirmishers, and held our position until nine or ten o'clock at night, then retired. We halted opposite the Blair mansion, which was burning furiously, and while there Gen. John C. Breckinridge and staff rode up and halted a few feet from where I stood. I recall distinctly hearing General Breckinridge expressing profound regret that the house had been fired, and from the conversation that passed between the General and staff we understood that it had been fired by some stragglers without orders. My recollection is that there was no fighting around the Montgomery Blair place. Perhaps the comrades writing of this campaign have confused the two places—Montgomery and Francis P. Blair at Silver Spring."

THE HARDSHIPS OF HATCHER'S RUN.

BY COL. WILLIAM H. STEWART, PORTSMOUTH, VA.

An incident of the days of starvation at Hatcher's Run comes back vividly to me. The 6th of February, 1865, was murky and rainy.

We were ordered from our winter camp on the Boydton Plank Road, near Petersburg, Va., to a forced march to reinforce Gen. John B. Gordon's corps. When we reached the field, General Pegram had been killed, and his men were in full retreat. Gen. Joseph Finnegan was acting as our division commander. General Mahone was absent, sick. We were hurriedly thrown in line, charged the oncoming victors, and turned the tide, driving them back to their fortifications, and then withdrew a short distance to adjust our line of battle.

The men hastily threw up scant breastworks, and as night was fast approaching made brush shelters to protect themselves as much as possible from rain, snow, and sleet; but no fires could be allowed in such close proximity to the enemy. During the evening the cooks brought to the men in line of battle a small pone of bread each, the first morsel since early morning; then these hungry soldiers wrapped their shivering frames in wet blankets and slept as best they could under the brush shelters on the frozen ground, while the pickets paced their beats in front to watch the enemy.

The morning broke clear, with long icicles hanging from the tree limbs, which bent under the burden like weeping willows, and the cold north wind was chilling and terrible to withstand.

After daylight the soldiers were permitted to cut the sapling trees and build fires, for they were almost to the point of freez-

ing at their posts. There was no activity in front of us until late in the afternoon, when the enemy opened fire with artillery.

Four soldiers of Company A, 61st Virginia Regiment, Mahone's Old Brigade (Sergeant C. A. Nash, Capt. John T. West, late superintendent of schools of Norfolk County, and Privates James E. Fulford and Abner G. Duncan) were standing in a line in front of one of these log fires. A shell passed so near the first man's head that the wind knocked him down, and wounded the next on the hip. It crushed the knee of the third one, who fell forward in the fire, which severely burnt his hands and face before he could be pulled out; he died from loss of blood on the litter before the bearers could reach the field hospital. The fourth was seriously wounded in his ankle. Fulford had a thirty days' furlough in his pocket when he went into the battle. A double volunteer and a hero of priceless fame!

These times were the most desperate I ever experienced. General Lee under date of February 8, 1865 (Series 1, Volume XLVI, Part II., page 1209), reported to the Secretary of War: "All the disposable force of the right wing of the army has been operating against the enemy beyond Hatcher's Run since Sunday. Yesterday, the most inclement day of the winter, they had to be retained in line of battle, having been in the same condition the two previous days and nights. I regret to be obliged to state that under these circumstances, heightened by assaults and fire of the enemy, some of the men have been without meat for three days, and all were suffering from reduced rations and scant clothing, exposed to battle, cold, hail, and sleet. I have directed Colonel Cole, chief commissary, who reports that he has not a pound of meat at his disposal, to visit Richmond and see what can be done. If some change is not made and the commissary department reorganized, I apprehend dire results. The physical strength of the men, if their courage survives, must fail under such treatment."

Then after telling of the condition of his cavalry, General Lee concludes: "Taking these facts in connection with the paucity of our numbers, you must not be surprised if calamity befalls us."

Thus our great commander most graphically describes the desperate condition of his troops.

At the termination of this expedition we marched back to the tents, which we vacated to fight in the Hatcher's Run campaign. Notwithstanding General Lee's plea to the authorities at Richmond, but little meat came for our haversacks, and the fasting and fighting continued until the surrender. If the commissary department had been sufficient, Lee's army would not have stacked arms at Appomattox.

EXPERIENCES AT FORT PICKENS, FLA., IN 1861.

BY W. H. TREINER (CO. B, 1ST FLA. INFT.), MOLINA, FLA.

I have been requested by the Daughters of the Confederacy to write about the night attack made on Santa Rosa Island, October 9, 1861. Very few of us from two companies who participated are left. Dan Brent was in Captain Bright's company, Pensacola Guards, and I, from Apalachicola, in Captain Cropp's company, Franklin Rifles. We are the only survivors of these two fine companies of one hundred and eighty men left over this way. We were of the 1st Florida Infantry, under Col. Patton Anderson, of Monticello.

The regiment was mustered into the Confederate service for twelve months on April 4, 1861. For many months the regiment had to perform heavy fatigue duty daily and sentry duty every night. Every day we were engaged in building

sand batteries along the beach; others were daily detached to drag through the sand the heavy Dahlgren and Columbia guns from the naval wharf to Barrancas and McRae. Our regiments were worn out with hard work and guarding, and requests were made by officers to General Bragg to let the men cross on to the island and take Fort Pickens, in possession of the Yankees. Col. Harvey Brown, United States artillery, in command, was a schoolmate of General Bragg's at West Point. Meetings of high officers were held at Bragg's headquarters, at which Gens. A. H. Gladden, R. H. Anderson, and several regimental colonels were present, and the mode of attack was decided upon.

On the night of September 14 the schooner *Judah*, lying at the Navy Yard wharf and manned by ten men, belonging to Camp B, of the Apalachicola Company, was attacked and boarded by a boat's crew from the frigate *Colorado* about 2 A.M. Our men fought under disadvantages in number, and the alarm being given, the 1st Louisiana Regulars, stationed in the yard, turned out in force, soon overpowering the Yankees, killing three of them and wounding seven or eight. The Yankees succeeded in spiking four of the *Judah's* guns.

On October 8, after the evening drill of the regiment, before being dismissed, each company's captain held the men in conversation, telling them that an attack would be made on Fort Pickens the next day and asked for volunteers to go over. The orderly sergeant, Abbott, called out: "All who want to go step out two paces!" At the command nearly the entire company stepped forward. Captain Cropp ordered all the married men back, as the limit was eighteen men from each company. These were finally selected and held in readiness. All met in Pensacola on the night of October 9 on Knapp's wharf, now Palafox, and embarked on lumber flats and on the two steamboats that towed them over, the *Ewing* and the *Neafie*. The *Ewing* was a side-wheeler, as was the steamboat *Time* from Apalachicola in the quartermaster service. The *Neafie* was a small propeller. Each boat took two flats, crossing about to Town Point, and ran along the beach, landing the men some four miles from Pickens. At the point of landing the island is about three-quarters of a mile wide, and Billy Wilson's camp was on the Gulf side, and about three-quarters of a mile from the fort.

The organization of this body of men to make the attack was excellent. They were divided into three battalions. The 1st, in command of Colonel Chalmers, consisted of men from the 9th and 10th Mississippi and 1st Alabama. The 2d Battalion were men from the 7th Alabama, two companies of Louisiana Infantry, and two companies of the 1st Florida, in command of Col. Patton Anderson. The 3d Battalion, in command of Col. J. K. Jackson, of the 5th Georgia, was composed of men from the 5th Georgia and the Georgia Battalion. Detachments from Homer's Artillery were armed with pistols and Bowie knives and carried material for spiking cannon, destroying buildings, etc. These men were in charge of Lieutenant Hallonquist and Lieutenant Nelms, who was adjutant of the 5th Georgia. This regiment was camped back of where the L. and N. depot is now. A number of doctors were taken along.

After landing on the island in good order, Colonel Chalmers advanced up the north beach, Colonel Anderson up the south beach, and Colonel Jackson about center of the island. After a march of three and a half miles through heavy sand, Colonel Chalmers's men came suddenly upon a sentry, who fired his gun, and was instantly killed. This gave the alarm to the outposts of the Navy Yard, Wilson's Zouaves, who were

rapidly shot down or driven in for a few hundred yards, bringing Colonel Jackson's men into their camp on the beach. Orders were given to charge with the bayonet, and Wilson's camp was easily taken. The torch was applied to tents and warehouse. Colonels Chalmers and Anderson continued to advance, having some sharp skirmishing with the pickets, but beat them off, joining Jackson's men in destroying the Zouave's camp.

Daylight appearing, these forces returned to the boats. When about halfway, a little over a mile from the burnt camp, we encountered two companies of United States regulars who had passed out of the fort in the darkness. They had posted themselves in a dense thicket, and a very sharp fight took place. The men crowded down to the beach to get on their boats. In the interval the tide had fallen, leaving the big flats broadside on the beach and aground. Col. R. H. Anderson was on the *Time*, a big side-wheel boat. He had been wounded in the hand. His wife was on the boat. The general was directing the men in their efforts to get the flats afloat. In the meantime a hawser got foul in the propeller of the *Neafie*, rendering her helpless till relieved. Taking in the situation and the confusion of the men in finding their flats aground, the companies of United States regulars advanced in line opposite the landing. Hundreds of men had gotten onto the flats; other hundreds were helping to get the flats off the beach. The regulars now opened fire, and many volleys were fired into the men waiting to embark. Our loss was quite severe. Two commissioned officers, Captain Bradford, of the 1st Florida, and Lieutenant Nelms, of Louisiana, were killed, and about twenty privates and noncommissioned officers and quite a number were wounded. Company B, 1st Florida, lost Bill Hicks killed and Thompson shot in the thigh, dying afterwards in Mrs. Grady's store in Woolsey. A number of our men were captured. They had been stationed to guard the enemies' hospital and sick, and did not hear the signal for retreat. Among them were Lieutenant Farley and Parker, from Marianna. They were taken to Fort Warren, Boston Harbor. In this night attack the loss of the enemy was considerable. Major Vodges, of the United States artillery, was captured, also about twenty men. Fully one hundred were wounded and between fifty and sixty were killed. These were principally among the Wilson Zouaves. The attack on the island was made to satisfy the men and change the monotony of camp life.

THIRTEENTH ALABAMA—ARCHER'S BRIGADE.

BY W. A. CASTLEBERRY, MINDEN, LA.

I enlisted in the 13th Alabama Regiment, Company F, in June, 1861. In July we went to Richmond, where we were when the first battle of Manassas was fought. We went to Yorktown in August, and served under General Magruder until McClellan's army advanced up the peninsula. I was detailed as a scout with two other men—Evans, from the 6th Georgia Regiment, and Ward, from the 8th Alabama Regiment. Our duty was to watch out for the enemy and report to Colonel Winston, of the 8th Alabama. However, we were separated on the 9th of March, 1862, on the Sunday that the Merrimac was having its battle at the mouth of the James River. We were at this time in sight of Newport News. I have never since heard from either of my brother scouts.

I reported that night, though, to General Magruder, and was detailed at headquarters until Yorktown was evacuated. I was then ordered back to my company (F), which had dur-

ing this time been serving in heavy artillery in the garrison for seven months. Our regiment was put in General Colquitt's brigade, and we were the last troops to leave Yorktown. We left about four o'clock on the morning of April 1, and marched rapidly to Williamsburg.

We were in the battle of Williamsburg, after which there was no more fighting until the battle of Seven Pines, when we were transferred to Archer's Brigade, and served with it through all the hard fighting until after the battle of Gettysburg. Archer's Brigade opened that battle and was then surrounded, the supply of ammunition having been exhausted. In Archer's Brigade there were three Tennessee regiments, the 1st, 7th, and 14th, and also the 13th Alabama.

General Archer was captured at Gettysburg; and as I was then color bearer, he told me to drop the flag, and he broke his sword in the ground, so that the enemy might not get either. He told us that we could not fight without ammunition. While the enemy was marching our officers I thought of what my colonel, Akin, had told me when he gave me the colors at the battle of Chancellorsville. He said: "Don't let the Yankees have them." So, in order to keep the Yankees from getting them, I tore the flag from the staff and put it in my bosom. As I started off a Yankee struck me with his sword and cursed me, telling me to come back. I told him I would die if I did not get a drink of water soon, for I claimed to be very sick.

As General Longstreet was to support General Archer, I knew he must be near; so I crawled along in the wheat. Sure enough, General Longstreet's men came firing, and right there I offered up my check and stretched myself out, for the wheat was being cut down by Minie balls. General Longstreet charged, as usual; and as the men jumped over me they would say: "Here is one of our men dead out here." As they drove the enemy I made my way to a skirt of timber and got behind a cord of wood to watch the battle, for I could see both armies concentrating. About the time I was well fixed a fellow came galloping up and asked: "To what command do you belong?" I answered of course: "Archer's Brigade." As I was sick and mad, you know, I didn't want to be bothered right then. I saw some horses down under the hill. Then he came galloping back and told me that General Lee said for me to come down there. Of course I felt very strange, because I thought I would be put under guard. General Lee asked me if I belonged to General Archer's brigade, and upon my replying that I was he asked if General Archer was killed. I told him no, and he said: "Are you certain that he is not killed?" I told him that I was certain, as I saw him break his sword in the ground. He asked how far away it was to where he was captured, and I pointed to the timber where he had surrendered. General Lee seemed very glad to know that General Archer had not been killed.

General Lee then said to me: "We are forming a hospital near some springs about a mile from here; so you go out there and get all your men you can together, and don't let any one put you in battle to-day." I took the colors from my breast and showed them to him. He rubbed the tears from his eyes and said: "Go on."

This was the first day of July, and on the fourth day of the same month the few men that were left of Archer's Brigade were attached to Brockenbrough's Brigade.

I was in all the great battles in Virginia, and received one furlough at Petersburg for meritorious conduct. In 1864 I was at Charleston the day that General Archer was exchanged. I brought the colors home with me from Appomattox C. H.

WHO IS THY NEIGHBOR?

BY J. M. EMERY, CHICAGO, ILL.

On my way home from Andersonville late in March, 1865, we stopped at Jackson, Miss., where news reached us of the capture of the ambulance train sent out from Vicksburg. It was captured by bushwhackers, who killed the drivers, burned the ambulances, and escaped with the horses. Dr. John C. Bates, C. S. A., who was in command, gave us the information, and said if there were any who thought they were able to march the forty-four miles to Vicksburg in four days he would provide a wagon with provisions and a guard, and we could get an early start the next morning.

About seventy-five undertook the journey. Twelve reached a blacksmith shop ten miles distant that evening. I was among that number. The driver of the wagon, being a young lad like myself, suggested that I "keep close to the back of the wagon," which permitted me to hang on to the tailboard with one hand, making the journey possible. We made the ten to eleven miles each day. On the third day the wagon left us to return to Jackson. As we approached a large swamp crossed by a well-worn corduroy road I found it quite impossible to proceed, having to use a crutch, and I persuaded the "boys" who were with me to leave me at the roadside near a large tree and send back an ambulance for me when they reached our lines.

Soon after they had gone I heard the tramp of a horse and the old Southern song, "There's No Use Kicking Up a Row." Very soon the horseman was in hailing distance and I called out: "Hallo, there, Johnny!" Not seeing me, he stopped and looked around, and I called again. He then rode up to me. My legs were so badly swollen by the march and scurvy that I had been obliged to rip my pants, leaving my limbs at the mercy of the flies. As he approached me he said: "Why, Yank, what are you doing here?" I answered his question, concluding with: "I haven't got very much, but I'll give you all if you will let me ride your horse across this swamp." He dismounted, saying: "What's the matter with you?" I simply threw the old ragged pants off my legs, saying: "You can see for yourself." He then said, "It would be a hard-hearted man who would refuse you a ride. Give me your hand, Yank," and he helped me on his horse, saying: "Let old Boney have a free rein and he'll take you safely over the swamp, and I'll go over the logs and catch you there."

I frequently liken this incident to the "man on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho" and the Master's answer to the question: "Who is thy neighbor?" This young soldier was from Texas.

MEETING OF MEN WHO FOUGHT AT MANASSAS.

D. H. Russell, of Anderson, S. C., writes in regard to the proposed reunion of the blue and gray on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of First Manassas: "You do not know perhaps that I first suggested such a reunion in an article I wrote to the Washington Post early in January, in which I proposed a reunion of the survivors of that battle on the fiftieth anniversary to be held on that historic field. That article was copied in a number of Northern newspapers, and the idea has taken root and is bearing fruit. The reunion will evidently be held, and I hope to be present."

[This gathering of the men who fought each other on the battlefield is different from a general reunion of the men of both armies. While there is not yet accord with the spirit of the latter, the men who confronted each other in battle may go

over the ground together pleasantly and profitably. Between those who shared alike the perils of great battles there has ever been a spirit of respect. Take Franklin, Tenn., for instance. In that battle there was exhibited such heroism as will command not only respect but personal esteem of combatants while the men of either side live.]

TWO BROTHERS-IN-LAW—FOUR GENERATIONS.

Two families of four generations compose one hundred and seventeen persons; fifty-three in one of them without a death, and sixty-four in the other with but one death. They are the families of two Confederate veterans, Jas. P. Kirk, of Tracy City, and J. W. Crick, of Bedford County, brothers-in-law.

Mr. Kirk and his wife, who are now at the ripe old ages of eighty-two and seventy-three years, respectively, have reared eleven children, eight boys and three girls, all of whom are grown and married. To these eleven married sons and daughters have been born thirty-one children, some of whom are grown and married, and to them have been born nine children. Hence the four generations—great-grandparents, eleven children, thirty-one grandchildren, and nine great-grandchildren, all of whom are living.

To the union of Mr. Crick and wife thirteen children were born, nine of whom are boys and four girls. They are all grown, and all but one or two are married. To those of the thirteen who are married have been born forty children, some of whom are grown and married, and to them ten children have been born. The paternal parent and grandparent, aged eighty-one, thirteen children, forty grandchildren, and ten great-grandchildren are living, the maternal parent and grandparent having passed away long since.

James B. Kirk served four years in the Confederate army, being a member of Company A, 44th Tennessee Infantry. He did valiant service on many memorable battlefields, and was wounded in the great battle at Chickamauga. While at Petersburg, Va., he was captured by the Federals and taken a prisoner to Elmira, N. Y., where he was held for eight months.

Mr. Crick also did four years of active service in the army of the Confederacy, having met the foe in skirmish and on the field in the greatest battles of the war. He is proud of his record.

TRIP OF SCOUTS FROM CHATTANOOGA, TO ATLANTA.—W. F. Hays writes from Boerne, Tex.: "My father-in-law, V. B. Hamlin, requests me to write to you in answer to your inquiry seeking to know whether any one of the scouts who went from Chattanooga to Atlanta in the service of the Confederacy is yet living. He is one of them, and will be seventy-four years old this June. He resides here, and remembers many interesting incidents of that secret service. I have written some short sketches of his closest calls in those times. Relative to old flags, he says that he was color bearer at Arkansas Post when the flag, presented by the ladies of Victoria to his company, was captured from him. Of course it was not a regular battle flag. He thinks that he can give the address of an ex-Union soldier who can put searchers on the trail to locate Gen. Pat Cleburne's sword."

INFORMATION CONCERNING WAR RECORD OF JOHN R. WALLACE DESIRED.—Mrs. R. C. Wallace, of Piedmont, S. C., is seeking to establish the war record of her husband, John R. Wallace, who is said to have been a member of Hannon's company of the 51st or 53d Alabama Cavalry, Wheeler's command, and enlisted from Coosa County, now Elmore, Ala. He will appreciate hearing from any surviving comrades who remember him.

STATE SOVEREIGNTY AND "NEW NATIONALISM."

BY MISS KATE MASON ROWLAND, RICHMOND, VA.

The small faction in the Convention of 1787 that would have made a "national" instead of a Federal government to succeed that under the Articles of Confederation went down to well-merited defeat. The sovereign States gave to their creature, the Federal agent, certain delegated powers only, and with them remained the inherent, inalienable rights of sovereign communities. Such certainly was the theory and belief of the framers of the Constitution. Mr. Walter Neale in his address to the survivors of the 8th Virginia Regiment delivered on the battlefield of Manassas July 21, 1910, recently issued in book form, shows that the Constitution was, and continues to be, perverted and its purpose frustrated. This little volume, entitled "The Sovereignty of the States," consists of three chapters: "The American Kingdoms," "The American Republics," "The American Absolute Monarchy." Defining a nation as consisting of persons "that are organized under one civil government," its author argues very plausibly that the colonies were sovereign nations in the sense that the component parts of the British Empire are sovereign.

VIRGINIA A KINGDOM.

Taking Virginia, the oldest among them, as a model, she acknowledged the king as her head; but she made her own laws, and refused to submit to the behests of Parliament in which she was not represented. Virginia made the "fifth kingdom." As Mr. Neale reminds us, Spenser dedicated his great poem to Queen Elizabeth as the sovereign of "England, France, and Ireland, and of Virginia." Charles II. in acknowledging Virginia as a coequal kingdom with England, Scotland, France, and Ireland added the motto to his coat of arms: "*En dat Virginia quintam.*" No doubt Virginians gave willing allegiance to their king until the period of the Revolution. And the doctrine of "divine right" only gradually gave way to the Whig theory of kingly power. The sovereign, it was here predicated, had made a tacit contract with his people. If he violated this contract, his subjects were absolved from their fealty.

It was upon this ground that the Americans in 1776 justified the Revolution, and they resented the epithet "rebel" as applied to them by the British, claiming that the usurpations of Parliament and the pretensions of George III. placed the stigma of "rebellion" upon these parties to the quarrel and not upon the colonists. In our own day we have seen the action of the sovereign States of the South in the great war forced upon them in 1861 called "rebellion" by a section which boasts of its Revolutionary record, yet has violated every principle for which its people then fought. In retaliation, as we must suppose, Mr. Neale all through his treatment of this period terms the Revolution the "rebellion" and gives to the patriots the name of "rebels." But he is hardly to be taken seriously in much of this chapter and that which follows. Yet while he derides the Revolution and the "rabble," he at the same time declares of the Federal Constitution that "under the form of Federal confederation that our fathers intended to establish the human race in America would have been capable of its highest development."

MAJORITY NOT FOR REVOLUTION.

Mr. Neale maintains that the Revolution was not desired by the majority of the colonists, and that it was the work of the baser elements in each community. He fortifies his contention by an array of statistics, demonstrating that Washington never could get out the full fighting strength of the col-

onies; that his armies were lamentably small in proportion to the population and made up of what Mr. Neale calls the "rabble," since the commander in chief often found fault with them. The king then could have suppressed the "rebellion" had he been very anxious to do so. "George descended," says Mr. Neale, "from the throne of each American nation; but surely he was forced off the throne of none." And George Washington, after all, never threw a sovereign across the Atlantic.

THE NEW COMPACT.

In regard to "the new compact," as Washington phrased it, "the treaty of 1788," as Mr. Neale styles the Constitution, men like Patrick Henry, George Mason, and Thomas Jefferson saw clearly the danger that threatened the States through several of its clauses. Alexander Hamilton and Gouverneur Morris doubtless rejoiced in the prospect of eventually obtaining the ends of centralization by means of the Federal judiciary. Mr. Neale in his account of "Government Under the Supreme Court of the United States" or "The American Absolute Monarchy" gives interesting quotations from a new book, coming through the press at the same time with his own, "A Study in Alexander Hamilton," by Mr. Fontaine T. Fox, of Louisville, Ky.

"The American people," says Mr. Fox, "through the doctrine of implied powers are living not under the Federal Constitution, but under the government of the Federal Supreme Court—a government created out of its own imagination in defiance of the Constitution which the judicial oath required it to support and defend. And that court is to-day, as it never has ceased to be, the exponent of Alexander Hamilton's political principles through John Marshall's judicial decisions which have been accepted and followed as infallible."

Could Marshall have foreseen the fate of his beloved Virginia, surely he would have stayed his hand as he shaped the new instrument and directed it in the path that would bring it over the bodies of prostrate States.

Immense strides have been made since the war against the Confederacy on this road to ruin. The "new nationalism" of a restless and dangerous demagogue is its latest development.

OBLITERATION OF STATE LINES.

As a sign of the times a curious instance of the obliteration of State lines and the exaltation of the "Nation" with a big "N" is related by Mr. Neale. In the public schools of the city of New York the children are taught to "salute" the United States flag and to repeat this vow: "I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the republic for which it stands. One nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." One wonders if the children of New York know that they have a State flag or that they owe their first allegiance to the sovereign State to which their schools belong.

But, as Mr. Neale observes, the encroachments of the Federal government, so persistent and insidious, are come to be regarded even by Southern States with apathy or indifference. He notes that South Carolina, the home of Calhoun, that noblest champion of States' rights, voted for the income tax amendment to the Federal Constitution. And at this time four other Southern States—Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Maryland—have gone on record as indorsing this amendment. It is to the glory of Virginia that she has firmly rejected a measure of such centralizing tendencies that, as has been said, "would put the Federal government in direct contact with the individual citizens in the everyday affairs of life. The eyes of the Federal inspector would be in every man's counting room."

In conclusion Mr. Neale, after alluding to the horrors of

Reconstruction, writes of the two peculiar outrages perpetrated upon the South of which they have still to complain—the “indemnity by pension laws” and the “indemnity by tariff laws.” He says: “The defeated nations were right in their contention that as sovereignties they could withdraw from the treaty of 1788 and its amendments, for they had reserved that right to themselves. But the force of might made right; so the victors, in violation of the terms of surrender, seized all the right that might gave to them. Not only were the vanquished made to pay billions in pensions to those they had fought, their widows, and their minor children, but they were made to pay fully three times as much more in pensions to those they had not fought and their widows and their minor children. Every dollar of indemnity, save a small amount paid to negroes, was spent beyond the lands of the defeated nations, and not one penny of all those enormous payments was returned to the defeated peoples. Moreover, unless the pension laws are changed, the posterity of the men who fought for the Southern nations will continue to pay pensions during the next fifty years or more. Has any victorious people other than those who fought against the Southern countries ever so horribly mutilated a fallen foe? The devices of the victors by which they took the frugal earnings of the vanquished from them were not limited to the pension outrages. For half a century the Southern communities have been forced to bear burdens of taxation under a tariff more outrageous than I have words to describe. The industries of the South have been stifled, the fields of the South have been laid bare that Northern industries might be built up. The infernal tariffs of the past fifty years have really constituted indirect income taxation levied upon all Southerners. Scornfully do the victors revile us. They say that we of the South are poor; but they do not say that they steal from us the little that they permit us to earn, now by tariff laws, now by pension laws, now by legislation so varied that for want of time such Federal enactments may not be discussed in this oration.”

No Southerner who gives his attention to these facts can fail to share the burning indignation of the author as he recounts them. The passion and the pain of the troubled past, long dormant perhaps, leap to life again, awakened and responsive to the fiery touch of feeling. And for many of us memory thus evoked recalls our “Lost Atlantis,” and we long to see once more in the land, to give us justice and fair dealing, the dear Confederacy of our youth, to which the English scholar paid that matchless tribute, “No nation rose so white and fair or fell so free of crimes.”

EXCHANGE OF CIVIL WAR PRISONERS.

BY JOHN BROADUS MITCHELL.

We commonly say: “Had there been immediate exchange, there would have been no prisons, no prisoners, and no prison sufferings.” This is true. But we say further: “Had there been immediate exchange, it would have been equally to the interests of both sides, and the poor resources of the South or the better conditions prevailing in the North would have affected captives not at all, since they would have been held for no length of time.” Here we go wrong. Exchange of prisoners was not equally advantageous to North and South. It was to the interests of the Confederacy, but not of the Federal government. The Confederacy could summon to her ranks only so many men; the Federals had unlimited numbers to draw from. The North might have sixty or eighty thousand troops in captivity; the South had imminent need for her every man.

Thus we see that from the standpoint of the Federal government no-exchange was a policy of war. No-exchange was good war, but poor humanity. We are left to decide whether it was better, so long as a war had been entered into and was being conducted, to act for its interests, or whether it was wrong not to answer to the universal call of humanity. The captives pleaded humanity; the authorities conducting the war pleaded fighting policy. I would say that the North ought to have acted on the grounds of humanity, since the South lay ultimately in her power. It quickened the result of the war to refuse exchange of prisoners; but the outcome would have been the same, though farther off.

However, taking no position on either side of the matter, it is interesting to look at the facts of the exchange question. First, the cartel began with the capture of the Savannah, a Southern privateering vessel, off Charleston June 3, 1861. Lincoln issued a proclamation declaring all private vessels carrying arms to be pirates; but the British House of Lords declared privateering by the law of nations not piracy, and Lincoln dared not carry out his proclamation. The captured crew could not be regarded as prisoners of war, since the Confederacy was not granted by the United States government the rights of belligerents. This made the matter complex. When the friends of those captured on the Savannah made complaint, the Federal General Wool on February 14, 1862, entered into an arrangement for exchange of prisoners with the Confederate Gen. Howell Cobb. But they split on the matter of transportation to the boundary, and Wool referred the discussion to the authorities at Washington. They would not agree to pay transportation, so General Cobb gave in on the Federal terms. The whole thing was then dropped by the Washington government; and when they got Forts Donelson and Henry, they had the preponderance of prisoners and quit treating with “Rebels” on equal terms.

The Seven Days’ battles around Richmond and other Confederate victories gave the South the preponderance of prisoners. Gen. John A. Dix for the Federals and Gen. D. H. Hill for the Confederates, having entered into negotiations with regard to the prisoners, adopted on July 22, 1862, the cartel of exchange.

The main provisions of the cartel were as follows: Officers were to be exchanged for officers of equal rank or for a stipulated number of men. In the navy all non-commissioned officers and petty officers were equivalent to two men or common seamen. Crews of captured privateers were to be considered as prisoners of war. Surplus prisoners were not to guard prison stores of supplies or to do field work or take up arms in any way or perform the work of soldiers, but were simply to remain in captivity. All prisoners were to be discharged on parole within ten days after capture. Each government was to pay transportation of its prisoners to a point mutually agreed upon. Prisoners had to be restored to their commands before the exchange was complete. As paroles were made, each party was to furnish the other with lists of the men liberated, so as to keep the exchange straight. Paroled prisoners were to take up arms in no form whatever.

Article VI. reads: “The stipulations and provisions above mentioned to be of binding obligation during the continuance of the war, it matters not which party may have the surplus of prisoners.”

The ninth article provided that should any misunderstanding arise regarding the cartel the prisoners should continue to be released on parole, and the few doubtful cases left for friendly and deliberate discussion at a later date.

Who is responsible for the abandonment of the cartel by the first violation of it is a question much contended. "The Libby Chronicle," a collection of writings by the prisoners which was read out by the compiler every week or so, had an article claiming that the Confederate authorities had committed the first sin by retaining certain Federal officers in an unjust manner. Among these were the staff of Colonel Streights and Captain McKee, of the 14th Kentucky Cavalry. The article was written with a view to pacifying the maledictions of the Libby prisoners against the Washington government by a lieutenant colonel of their number. But it is said by Southerners that the Confederacy carried out the cartel in good faith until the North had broken nearly every one of its stipulations, and had at last denied the validity of the cartel itself. In a letter of August 17, 1868, to the National Intelligencer Robert Ould, the Confederate Commissioner of Exchange, wrote: "On the other hand, during the same time the cartel was openly and notoriously violated by the Federal authorities."

Certain it is that the North vacillated in the exchange of prisoners, whereas the South stood always ready to exchange on whatever terms the Federals would adopt for the good of the prisoners. "It was the desire of the Confederate authorities to effect a continuous and speedy exchange of prisoners of war." (R. E. Lee in a letter to Dr. Charles Carter, of Philadelphia, dated Lexington, Va., April 7, 1867.)

So long as the South had the preponderance of prisoners and the North could claim exchange on the many soldiers paroled and returned to her by the South, the Federal government observed the cartel. When the tables turned and the North got the preponderance, and so was paroling prisoners for whom she got no immediate returns, the thing changed color to the Washington authorities, and the fourth article of the cartel, providing for the return of prisoners within ten days of their capture, was declared by them null and void. (From the arrangement of the cartel, July, 1862, to the summer of 1863, the Confederates had the excess of prisoners.) All deliveries made subsequently to this were by special arrangement. Thus for the remainder of the war—twenty-two months—there was no cartel for regular exchange.

Several points regarding the exchange came up as questionable. What was the status of men captured commanding slaves they had seduced from their masters and armed for rebellion? Were they to be considered prisoners of war? Or, since they had stirred up to fighting slaves which were the property of the South, were they not murderers?

Then there arose a point as to the negroes captured. They were perhaps not to be used in exchange at all, as being the property of the South before their capture. (The prisons never had negroes in them for any length of time. Upon capture they were either sent back to their old masters or put to work upon Southern fortifications. Thus if captured the negro's condition was about the same as when a slave with his master.) The North took the stand that the captured negroes were soldiers of the United States armies and should be exchanged in return for Confederates. As regards the Northern view in the matter a sentence from Lieutenant Page is good: "Allowing that it was true that the Confederate authorities refused to exchange negro soldiers for Rebel soldiers, did it better the condition of the poor negro held as a prisoner to have no exchange of white Union soldiers?" ("The True Story of Andersonville Prison," p. 107.)

It is claimed with some weight that the talk after the war of negroes having affected the exchange of prisoners was not

founded on fact, since at the time the Northern authorities abandoned the cartel there were no negro prisoners. The difference, however, did affect conditions.

The attitude of Secretary of War Stanton and of General Grant—that no-exchange so long as the North held the excess of prisoners was a necessity of war—is best seen in their own communications on the subject. On August 8, 1864, Grant sent the following telegram to General Butler: "On the subject of exchange of prisoners, however, I differ with General Hitchcock. It is hard on our men held in Southern prisons not to release them, but it is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles. To commence a system of exchange now, which liberates all prisoners taken, we will have to fight on until the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those already caught, they amount to no more than so many dead men. At this particular time to release Rebel prisoners would insure Sherman's defeat and compromise our safety here." Grant says in his "Memoirs" that the exchanged Confederate was equal on the defensive to three Union soldiers attacking.

Stanton's words are well known: "We will not exchange able-bodied men for skeletons. We do not propose to reinforce the Rebel army by exchanging prisoners."

In a letter from Washington September 30, 1864, H. W. Halleck, major general and chief of staff, says to Major General Foster, in charge of exchange of prisoners at Hilton Head, S. C.: "Hereafter no exchange of prisoners shall be entertained except on the field when captured." General Grant in a telegram August 21, 1864, to Secretary Stanton says: "Please inform General Foster that under no circumstances will he be authorized to make an exchange of prisoners of war. Exchange simply reinforces the enemy at once, while we do not get the benefit for two or three months, and lose the majority entirely. I telegraph this from just hearing that some five or six hundred prisoners have been sent to General Foster."

On one occasion, when General Ould had effected arrangements with General Butler for an exchange at Fortress Monroe, Grant's order that no able-bodied man should be exchanged without his consent came into effect. (General Butler stated on the floor of Congress that after he had arranged with the Confederate authorities for an exchange of prisoners on his own terms, the whole plan was defeated by the intercession of Mr. Stanton and General Grant. They claimed that by such an exchange Lee would get thirty thousand fresh troops, and that Grant's position at Petersburg would be endangered and the war prolonged.) A little later Grant telegraphed to Butler to take all the sick and wounded the Confederates would send him, but to return no more in exchange therefor.

At one time President Davis ordered General Lee to go under a flag of truce to Grant and ask in the name of humanity that exchange of prisoners be granted, showing him how proper care of the captives was beyond control of the South. Grant did not allow the interview, and treated everything with a deaf ear. On Lee's testimony before the Congressional Reconstruction Committee he said: "I made several efforts to exchange the prisoners after the cartel was suspended." When his attempts at exchange had met only with failure, General Lee reported to President Davis: "We have done everything in our power to mitigate the suffering of prisoners, and there is no just cause for a sense of further responsibility on our part."

Ould wrote from Richmond August 10, 1864, to Major Mulford, Assistant Agent of Exchange for the Federals, that

while previously the South had held off from offers of exchange by the North, insisting on the terms of the cartel providing for the parole of the excess of prisoners on each side, the Confederacy was then willing, on account of the sufferings among the large number of prisoners held by both sections, to exchange on the terms of the North, officer for officer and man for man. By this all the Federal prisoners in the South would have been released, and many of the Confederates in the North, while the North would still have had some captives left to use for exchange in the future, the Federals having the excess of prisoners at this time. But no answer was received to this or a similar letter to General Hitchcock.

General Lee once offered to exchange all the prisoners in Virginia and North Carolina for Confederates held in the North, man for man. When he referred it to the War Department in Richmond, he was instructed to extend the offer to include all the South. Nothing was heard from the Federal authorities in answer to this.

Not exactly a part of the exchange question, but bearing on it and passing through the same channels of communication, are two instances regarding the hospitals. In a dispatch of January 4, 1864, to General Hitchcock, the Federal Agent of Exchange, Ould suggested that each side send medical officers and surgeons to look out for its own men in prison, and that these officers have power to receive and distribute commissaries, clothes, etc., and to make report not only as to the medical departments, but concerning anything touching the welfare of the prisoners. To this the Federal authorities never made reply of any kind. The greatest gain, had this gone through, would have been correct statements by educated, reliable gentlemen regarding the treatment of prisoners, North and South.

When Secretary Seddon knew the contents of Chandler's report regarding the conditions existing at Andersonville, he sent R. G. H. Kean, Chief of the War Bureau, early in August, 1864, down the James in a flag of truce boat to General Mulford. Kean informed Mulford of the terrible situation at Andersonville, and arrangements were devised for the North to send medicines and surgeons to that point, and for the South to do similarly for her men in the North. These things Mulford communicated to his next superiors, and in two or three weeks got a refusal of Ould's proposals. This refusal Mulford sent to Ould, and he in turn to Seddon. Then the South made her final offer for the prisoners of war she held, and it was not acted upon until terrible things had happened.

Seddon sent Ould down the James to tell Mulford that within three days after the Federal authorities should have transports at the mouth of the Savannah River to receive them the Confederacy would deliver ten thousand sick and wounded prisoners, whether equivalent was had or not, and that if the number could not be made up from the hospitals well men would be added.

Mulford, impressed by the condition at Andersonville and this humane proposal, went in person to Washington to make the communication. He went into Secretary Stanton's office and urged prompt action. The offer was accepted, but fifteen thousand men perished before it was complied with. The offer was made and accepted in August. The transports did not arrive until after three months, the last of November and first of December. During this time the mortality was greater than ever before. The fifteen thousand deaths occurring are to be answered for by Stanton.

The Confederacy sent thirteen thousand prisoners to go aboard the transports, including five thousand well men. (The

number had been increased somewhat over the original proposal.) While no equivalent was asked for or expected, the North sent with the transports three thousand Confederates.

TESTIMONY AS TO CAUSE OF LINCOLN'S MURDER.

We were much interested in a short article in the April number of *Wake Forest Student*. It was sent by George Anderson Foote, son of the late Dr. George A. Foote, of Warrenton, an honored and highly reputable physician. He first gives an extract from "Appleton's Cyclopaedia of Biography" describing the hanging of that very gallant and meritorious officer, Capt. John Yates Beall. Beall was a native of Virginia, born in 1835, and hanged on the 24th of February, 1865, as a spy. A sketch was found among the papers of Dr. Foote, who was a surgeon in the Confederate army and was imprisoned at Fort Columbus, New York Harbor. Dr. Foote tells of the efforts made to save the life of Captain Beall, who was a regularly commissioned Confederate officer, by Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, and others, but in vain. Dr. Foote's cell was adjoining Captain Beall's. Beall and John Wilkes Booth had been roommates at college, and were very dear friends. Booth tried in vain to secure Beall's release.

Dr. Foote's memorandum gives a statement of the common idea that President Lincoln was murdered by John Wilkes Booth because he was the head of the Northern States and was responsible for the war upon the South; that Booth, being in intense sympathy with the South had assassinated the President on account of his course in the war. After the plans failed, Dr. Foote says Booth hurried to Washington, and on his knees implored President Lincoln and Secretary Seward to pardon or at least respite Beall. Lincoln promised to do so, but that same night ordered his execution. Dr. Foote says: "This order was executed, and Beall was hanged within thirty yards of my window and inside Fort Columbus. Booth, for what he termed the perfidy of President Lincoln toward himself and friend Beall, at once swore to avenge his friend's death by killing both Lincoln and Seward. He did not intend to shoot Lincoln in the theater, but the contemplated opportunity did not present itself elsewhere. But for the fact that Booth's spur caught in the curtain that fatal night he would have escaped—at least for a time. The war had nothing to do with the assassination of the President; it was due solely to revenge, which enmity was intensified by Booth's love and admiration for his friend. Booth went to New York the morning of Beall's execution; and being so grievously disappointed at what had occurred, he became measurably an insane man. I had not the least idea of Booth's plan to assassinate the President. This plan was known to only one man, and to him Booth revealed it only an hour before the assassination. That man begged him not to carry it out, and, finding that Booth was not to be turned from his revenge, left the city before the horrible tragedy occurred."

We were very intimate with Dr. Foote for many years. He was our family physician, and most attentive, sympathetic, and skillful. We always believed him truthful, honorable, and sincere, and believe his statement without reservation.—*Wilmington (N. C.) Messenger*.

[Mrs. Frederick C. Roberts, of Newbern, N. C., in sending the above states: "The inclosed I found among my Confederate clippings, where it has been kept since its publication soon after the war. I have had copies made. I think it will bear preserving, as it is authentic. All the parties are well known citizens and were brave soldiers."]

ESCAPED FROM POINT LOOKOUT PRISON.

[Mr. William S. Humphries, of Vesuvius, Rockbridge County, Va., a member of Company E, 5th Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade, was one of the speakers at the banquet given at Lexington (report sadly delayed) by the Sons of the United Confederate Veterans to the Confederate veterans of Rockbridge on the occasion of the observance of Lee-Jackson Day. Mr. Humphries related the story of his imprisonment at Point Lookout and his thrilling escape from that noted Federal prison. Nearly one hundred veterans were present and half that number of Sons.]

If I should give my remarks a title, it would be "Life during Fifteen Months in Prison, and How I Escaped from Point Lookout." At the outbreak of the war I did not enter the army, for a widowed mother and several brothers and sisters were dependent on me; but in the spring of 1862 I was a member of the college company. I participated in the campaigns of the Valley under Stonewall Jackson, when Generals Banks and Milroy were frequently surprised by Jackson and their stores and supplies captured. Among the engagements were the battles at Winchester, Cross Keys, Port Republic, the march from the Valley to Richmond, the Seven Days' Fight, back to Manassas, Cedar Mountain, and on to Sharpsburg. Then we returned to Fredericksburg, and at Camp Winder for the first time we stayed long enough at one place to go into camp. Up to that time the soldiers were subjected to such rapid movements that there was no time for camp life.

The spring of 1863 opened with a repetition of forced marches and frequent engagements, terminating with the raid into Pennsylvania and the battle of Gettysburg. I was captured in that battle, and with hundreds of other Confederate prisoners was taken to Fort Delaware. Among the prisoners was John McD. Alexander, of Lexington.

One day a fine-looking, pompous old gentleman came into prison and asked if any men from Lexington, Va., were there, and Mr. Alexander came forward and said he was from Lexington. The visitor was Dr. Junkin, formerly President of Washington College. Later one of the prison officers came and inquired for Maj. J. McD. Alexander, saying he had a letter for him. Mr. Alexander made himself known, and was taken out by the officer, presumably to some other part of the prison. We thought it was a scheme to punish the Confederate officers apart from the privates. Mr. Alexander had some difficulty in proving that he was not such an officer.

After three months' imprisonment at Fort Delaware, we were removed to Point Lookout, situated at the mouth of the Potomac River, and here were huddled together in a spot low and marshy and unhealthy. At first we were put in an old field with cornstalks and wild onions. Many prisoners were put to work, some working all day for rations. The area was thirty-six acres fenced in with high fence, ten feet from which within the inclosure was a deep trench. Outside along the wall was a platform on which paced the guards. Beyond was another wall, and still farther was the bay. The camp was laid off in streets, with tents for the prisoners. The aggregation of men composed all sorts, from the dude to the hobo. Great ingenuity was shown by the men to while away their time, and many beautiful trinkets were made with rude tools, such as rings from buttons, fancy toys, etc. Numerous games were played and some gambled. The life was hard, and some of the men took the oath of the Federal government and were given their freedom, some joining the enemy's army and fighting against their own friends. A few tried to escape.

A number of prisoners operated a brick-making plant inside

the prison, the bricks being dried in the sun. The men tunneled under the wall and tried to escape. They came up just inside the wall, and five of them were shot. Their bodies were left on the ground for a whole day in order to show others what they might expect should they attempt to get out. On another occasion the late Capt. B. C. Rawlings, of Rockbridge, was detailed to go out of prison with other men and get wood. He had his men cover him up with brush, and at night he made his escape, getting fifteen miles from prison, when he was captured and taken back. His punishment was wearing a ball and chain.

Notwithstanding these failures of others to escape, I determined that I would make the attempt to get out. I told my plans to W. Bailey Dunlap, of Augusta County, and we decided to make a trial. We laid our plans and decided we would leave some dark night. We took into our confidence James Keeton, who promised to aid us. The plan was to get Keeton to assist us in getting over the wall by means of a ladder and then remove the ladder, so that we would not be discovered.

The night of September 26, 1864, was rainy and very dark; so that was our time to go. We called Keeton, and together we carried the ladder, which was procured from a building under construction. We watched for the guard; and when he walked his beat and turned to go back, the ladder was put against the wall. Dunlap went first and I followed, then Keeton took down the ladder, and we were on our way to freedom. We crawled to the edge of the bay through the storm of wind and rain. Proceeding carefully, we crept to the stockhouse and crawled around the building. At one time the guard stopped and looked in our direction. He was near us, and we thought he had seen us; but he moved on, and we hastened on. We passed a negro camp two miles up the bay, and emerged from the water and went into a cornfield. For the first time we felt like we were out of prison. We crossed Smith Creek and traveled all that night. We were guided in our direction by following telegraph poles. We rested in the woods the next day, and could see the Yankees all the while. That night we traveled twenty miles. The next day (Sunday) we kept in the woods and swamps, and lived on fox grapes, papaws, and apples. On Monday we were very hungry, and called at a house for something to eat and were given a good meal. The lady was very inquisitive and asked us many questions. We hurried on. That night we called at a house, and Mr. Freeman came out. We told our story of escape and asked for help. He fed us and kept us all night, and next day sent us to Dr. Bean's. At first he was suspicious, but finally took us in, and was very kind. We spent several days with the family, who did much for us. Dr. Dent came and said we had better go to his house, some distance on our way, and they were exceedingly kind to us, giving us food and clothing. For the first time since leaving prison we felt clean and genteel.

Leaving Dr. Dent's hospitable home, we went to Port Tobacco, the county seat of Charles County, stayed all night, and a good many persons called to see us. To reach Virginia we had to cross the Potomac River, which was several miles wide at that point. The cost of ferriage was \$20 each, so the money was raised by sympathizing friends. The night we were ferried across the river was very dark, and we passed numerous boats, but no one molested us. We made our way to Richmond and delivered letters and messages from friends. We were well taken care of by some of the officers of the Confederate government. We had a hearing before General Cooper, who gave us permits to return home. Transportation to Staunton was arranged, and there Dunlap and I parted.

UNVEILING THE OPELIKA MONUMENT.

In the May VETERAN, pages 250-51, there was published a sketch of the Confederate monument at Opelika, Ala., with pictures of the large gathering of veterans in front of Gen. George P. Harrison's typical Southern mansion, and also a picture of the youngest child, doubtless, of any Confederate general—Master George P. Harrison, III.

In an account of the ceremony the Opelika News states: "The beautiful little Miss Virginia Arnold Burt, seven years of



VIRGINIA ARNOLD BURT.

age, will long remember the occasion of the unveiling of the monument to the Confederate soldiers April 6, and will be remembered by the hundreds there present. Assisted by Master George P. Harrison, III., she drew the cords which released the covering of the new monument, and completed the unveiling ceremonies. Miss Virginia is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Burt, of this city, her father being a prominent wholesale merchant and her mother a leader in patriotic organizations and social circles. Mrs. Burt was President of the U. D. C. for two years, her term expiring last October. During her term of office and under her direction the work of purchasing and locating the beautiful monument to the Confederate veterans was consummated."

It was fitting that this pretty miss should be chosen to share this distinguished honor in the dedication.

ORIGIN OF THE "BONNIE BLUE FLAG."—Inquiry comes to the VETERAN for reliable information as to the origin of the "Bonnie Blue Flag," the inspiration for the poem and song of that title. Not having such data at hand, the VETERAN asks that any one who can supply them will kindly do so. Doubtless

there are some yet living who can give the information through personal knowledge of circumstances connected with its origin.

FOR BURIAL PLOT AND MONUMENT IN SEATTLE.

BY L. BYRD MOCK.

A Confederate Memorial Association has recently been organized in Seattle, Wash., with Mrs. William Cleveland Aiken, First Vice President of the Washington State Division, U. D. C., as President.

Though Seattle is the terminus of the last western trek of the sons of Uncle Sam, and almost the farthest north of his boundaries, its loyal Southerners have banded together to keep alive the glory that was—that is—the South's; and while but a few veterans are buried in this city, they call forth the patriotic loyalty and devotion of these noble women.

The plan adopted for raising the funds is so practical and forms such a satisfactory working basis for other associations to follow, that I give briefly the system originated and put into execution by the President of the Association.

First, none but authorized members of the Finance Committee are permitted to receive donations. There are books containing one hundred blank receipts, with stubs, printed with the name of the Association. Each receipt is numbered and valued at one dollar until filled in with the name of a contributor or until returned in good condition.

A pocket on the cover of these books contains a letter introducing and authorizing members of the Finance Committee. In this pocket are postals addressed to the President; and when a donation is received, this solicitor fills in the receipt, stub, and card with the name, address of contributor, amount received, and whether in cash or check. The card is mailed; and when the President receives it, she writes a personal letter of appreciation to the donor, inclosing a little card on which is written the amount she understands was received, and the request to O. K. and return the card. All checks are drawn and deposited in the name of the Association, and outgoing checks are countersigned.

When the solicitor turns her collection over to the Treasurer, she receives a receipt giving the donor's name, the amount received, and by whom presented. These receipts and stubs are numbered and must tally with all other data bearing the same name and contribution.

The Association has adopted an official seal having in the center a Maltese cross and the dates 61-65, 1911, which is used on all receipts, letters, and press notices.

SURRENDER OF GENERAL STONEMAN EXPLAINED.—Maj. John W. Tench, 1st Georgia Regiment, writes from Gainesville, Fla., that many comrades have requested him to explain Comrade Dodson's article about the surrender of Stoneman in the March VETERAN, and he states: "It is true that it was Iverson's Division which made the capture, but comrades desire that the statement should be more specific. Stoneman surrendered to Colonel Crews, of the 2d Georgia. Crews was in command of the brigade previously commanded by Col. J. J. Morrison, next by Gen. John Pegram, then by Gen. Alfred Iverson, and then at Sunshine Church by Colonel Crews. Morrison had resigned, Pegram had been promoted to major general and killed in Virginia, and Iverson had been promoted and placed in command of Maj. Gen. Will T. Martin's (then under arrest) division. Crews did not have more than six hundred men, and the 1st and 2d Georgia and Crews should have the credit. If alive, Iverson would give in to them, for a braver soldier, a finer man never drew a saber."

KEEPING VIRGINIANS IN VIRGINIA.

The Roanoke (Va.) Times makes pathetic plea in behalf of Virginians remaining on their native soil. It prints a special from Pulaski that forty-eight persons were leaving Virginia for the Far West. The Times well says:

"They are our stock and kind of brawn and blood and manhood and womanhood. Probably they are drawn away by cheap land.

"The idea of exhausted lands is played out. No land is exhausted. Land in the old countries that has been under cultivation a thousand years yet brings luxuriant crops when properly cultivated. All any land needs is the supply of certain elements which the Agricultural Department at Washington or Richmond will tell about free of charge.

"We urge the intelligent and influential people of every county and neighborhood to impress these facts on the people who show a purpose to go West. Keep in mind that, however plain and rough they may seem, they are our people, most of them with some good strain of stock in them which will show itself if they are given a change, which has made the very flower and glory of some parts of the Western country. Certainly they are better for us than any immigrants we possibly can bring in. It is the glory of this country that sometimes the plainest man and woman may be parents of a boy or a girl who will sparkle like a diamond in the population.

"Therefore when you find people from your section talking or thinking of going West, inquire why. Then put it up to your own conscience whether you cannot do something to keep them here in Virginia. Use a few postage stamps and some breath to keep Virginians in Virginia. A grown man is worth to the State \$50,000, and a woman twice as much."

A LOST FLAG.

BY J. M. FINLEY, ATHENS, LA.

On August 30, 1862, while entering the Second Manassas battle, E. W. Ray, color bearer of the 14th Alabama Regiment, asked me to take his flag should he be shot. We were cousins and the best of friends, and, being in the same company and regiment, I readily consented to do so. Ray was severely wounded in the thick of the fight. A comrade seized the flag and bore it some twenty paces forward, and fell. I then raised it to the breeze, calling out: "Come on, boys!" I soon found myself in a serious predicament. Having outrun our fighting line, I soon found with frightful amazement that I was within about forty yards of the enemy's line, while our company was three times that distance to my rear. What to do was a most absorbing thought. To advance meant capture; to retreat meant shame, and likely death, with a shot in the back. I realized that only a bold front would help the situation, so I waved the old tattered flag at the enemy, calling out: "If you want to shoot any one, shoot me." I still believe this proved my salvation. I was met by one man with gun in hand who said: "There they are; go ahead." I ordered him to ground arms and go to my rear, which he did. Another in their line threw up his hands. I called out to him, promising protection. While he was passing me for the rear my men closed around me, and I kept them from shooting him.

From the Second Manassas battle I bore the flag of the 14th Alabama to Sharpsburg, where on September 17 I was wounded while trying to lead a charge against the Federal forces. When wounded I pitched the flag forward and retired. Our men fell back at this juncture, leaving the flag to the Federals. I should like to hear from any one who wit-

nessed the flag incident at Second Manassas. I have been informed that the Federals would return the flag to the man who last carried it.

[The capture of these Federal soldiers seemed so incredible that Comrade Finley was asked explicitly about it, and replied that the atmosphere was very smoky at the time and the two men mentioned evidently wanted to surrender. He says that on another occasion in battle in a wood six Yankees jumped behind a tree where he was sheltered, and he took them alone. They wished to surrender.]

WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

DEDICATED TO DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Wives and daughters of those men who fought
And died before the belch of cannons' fire,
Whose hands when war was ended nobly wrought
Wreaths for the graves and for the funeral pyre;
Ye women of the South, whose gentle hands
Smoothed fevered pillows when the angel came,
Far off the clans of many alien lands
Bend knee in reverence to thy honored name.

When arms were stacked and desolation spread
Its tawny fingers round that lily's stem,
When hope, like Hector, in the dust lay dead,
And Greece arose translucent like a gem
Which gleams in some proud Pharaoh's shining crown—
'Twas then that ye, undaunted by the night,
Its blackness horror and its terrored frown
Prayed to thy God for might, for light, for right.

We of that Athens of the South which rests
A new, a better, and a wiser land
Upon the blue-grass hillocks' gentle breasts,
Hold out to ye to-night a welcome hand.
Full, languorous, soft—outside a smiling moon
Speaks to the stars a whisper from its mouth;
The nightingale, alert, takes up the tune;
All sing a hymn of women of the South.

That hymn a prayer, an epic of the soul
To God for thanks for that soft, blushful land
Where e'en the brooks in silvered lyrics roll
And oaks chant forth proud anthems as they stand;
That South where beauty in a woman's face
Is glorified as was the Holy Grail,
Where men fought for their rights with grace,
And having lost took up again the trail.

God grant that ye, fair women of the land
Where courage dwells and beauty ever blooms,
Will bid us serve! Thy wish is our command;
Our fingers never weary at thy looms.
God grant thy days one gloried sunlight be,
One gentle spring without the summer's drought,
Thy nights one moonlight on a placid sea,
Queens of the world, fair women of the South!

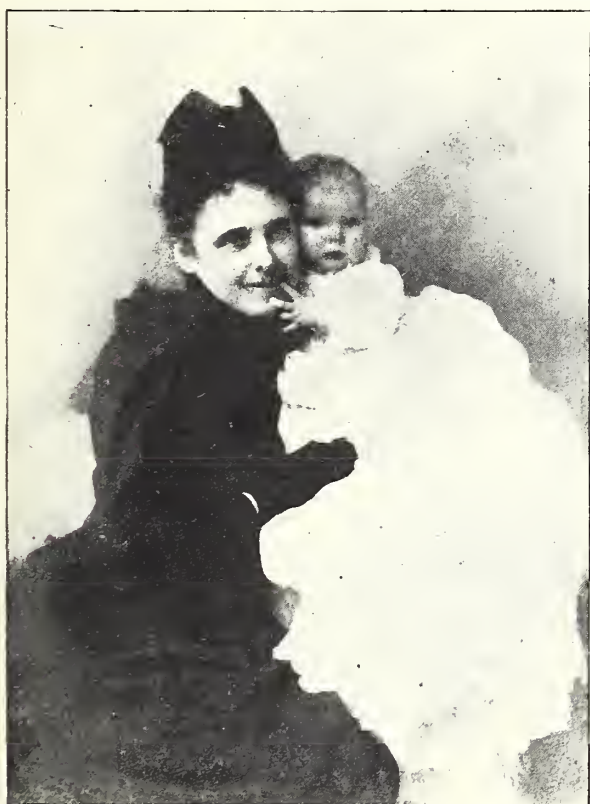
—Brown McMillin, in *Nashville Tennessean and American*.

[The author of this poem is attaining prominence in journalism. His father, Hon. Benton McMillin, served as Governor of Tennessee, and twenty years in Congress. His mother's father, Gen. John C. Brown, was an eminent citizen of Tennessee, a major general C. S. A., Governor of the State, a prominent financier, and her mother has been President General U. D. C.]

AMIALE AND BELOVED MARY HADLEY CLARE.

The last days of Mrs. Mary Clare were indeed pathetic. In the *VETERAN* for August, 1908, page 399, a beautiful sketch is given of her delightful girlhood and the possession of every charm that fascinated the gallant manhood of the mid century.

Mary Hadley was beautiful, of happy disposition, an heiress, and surrounded by as delightful friends as man or woman need care to know. A thrilling courtship was advanced by correspondence through a flag of truce between her and Major Clare, and the distinctive social sensation that occurred during the occupancy of Middle Tennessee by Hood's army was the marriage of Maj. William Clare and Mary Hadley. The correspondence had been conducted through the golden rule courtesy of Gen. Willard Warner, a staff officer to General Sherman. The relations between General Warner and Major Clare's family after the war were very pleasant. [A singular bit of history is here given as illustrative of their



MRS. MARY CLARE AND GRANDCHILD.

close friendship. Major Clare wrote to General Hood September 12, 1864 (see "War Records," Series II., Volume VII., pages 817-18), that Colonel Warner, the flag officer of truce, proposes to exchange prisoners, officer for officer, well, sick, or wounded, man for man. It is quite probable that the cordial relations between Major Clare and Colonel (afterwards General) Warner were helpful in this exchange.]

Major Clare died, leaving two beautiful young daughters. They married, and both died several years before the death of Mrs. Clare, who was quite alone save in the companionship of a loyal grandson. She was blessed, however, by the devotion of friends, who were of the same fine people with whom she associated in the days of her greatest joy. Many Southern people will cherish their memory.

TRIBUTE BY COL. BAXTER SMITH, CHATTANOOGA.

Mrs. Mary Hadley Clare, who died recently, was one of the last of a coterie of young ladies in and about Nashville who were intensely devoted to the Southern cause during the great Civil War. Contemporary with her and others were Miss Mary Paul Johnson, afterwards Mrs. McGuire, who died a few years ago, and Miss Mary Bradford, now the widow of John Johns, who is still happily spared to us.

These ladies were untiring in their efforts to aid the cause of the South while the war lasted, and when it was over ministered in binding up the wounds of the conflict.

I recall a vivid occurrence that illustrates the patriotic devotion of these ladies and what obstacles they surmounted to exhibit it. On July 13, 1862, Forrest made a dash on Murfreesboro, and after an all-day fight the Federal garrison, of about two thousand men, capitulated. On that night he withdrew with his prisoners to McMinnville, and on the next day General Nelson, with a Federal force of about ten thousand men, reoccupied Murfreesboro.

Nashville at that time was occupied by a large force under General Negley. Meantime Forrest had whipped around, dashing in to Lebanon in the early morning, capturing the pickets of a cavalry regiment that made good its escape. The same day he moved down on the Nashville pike, threatening the city, stockades, and blockhouses. This was on July 21, 1862, the first anniversary of the battle of Manassas, or Bull Run. Within a short distance from the Hermitage on the road to Nashville we encountered a party of these ladies in carriages on their way to a grove near by to have a picnic in the woods to celebrate the great victory at Manassas. How they got out of Nashville and back safely is still a mystery to me.

Mrs. Clare as the beautiful and attractive Miss Mary Hadley met during the war that gallant and accomplished staff officer, Maj. William Clare, of Huntsville, Ala. [Major Clare first served on the staff of Gen. S. A. M. Wood, of Alabama, then he was with Generals Hardee, Bragg, J. E. Johnston, and Hood. General Wood wrote of him as one "whose gallantry was equal to any danger." Major Clare deserved to command a regiment. In many official reports Major Clare was mentioned with only high praise.]

During the war Major Clare courted Miss Hadley, and they became engaged. When General Hood advanced on Nashville, he established his headquarters at the hospitable home of Col. John Overton, six miles south of the city. Miss Hadley was visiting there at the time, and it was during her stay that she and Major Clare repaired to a little brick church near Brentwood and were married.

General Hood and Major Clare's brother officers of the staff being present, the rattle of musketry and the roar of artillery supplied music as the wedding march.

This was in December, 1864. The army fell back the next day, and they were separated till the close of the war.

Major Clare then settled in Nashville, and took high rank as a lawyer until his death, in the early seventies. Two bright and interesting daughters were born of this union, both of whom after marriage died, leaving young children.

Mrs. Clare from her youth was prominently connected with the First Presbyterian Church, of Nashville. Probably no woman ever reared in Tennessee had a happier girlhood. Joyous in her disposition, the great sorrows that came into her life with such frequency did not break her spirits, and she smiled amid the gloom. From her early childhood, there was a friendship between us which strengthened with the years.

THE LAST ROLL

One by one they are passing away,
Those who are left are old and gray;
But true to duty as in days of yore,
We close up the ranks, though our hearts be sore.

CHAMP W. PATTIE.

Champ Warren Pattie, whose death occurred at Clear Lake, Iowa, on April 13, was a native of Fauquier County, Va., being born near Warrenton in 1838. He was educated by tutors and in private schools until he was eighteen, when he entered a mercantile firm at Moorefield. He there joined a military company known as the "Hardy Blues," which had been organized in 1840, and this company became a part of the 25th Virginia Infantry, under Colonel Pegram, of General Imboden's brigade. Comrade Pattie was wounded in the battle of Kernstown in March, 1862, losing an eye; but he soon rejoined his command and fought through the war. He was in the battle of Gettysburg, and surrendered at Appomattox.

Returning home after the surrender, he engaged in business with his old employers, purchasing a half interest in the business, which had been located in Romney, now W. Va. He was connected with this firm until his removal West in 1875. He located first at Dubuque, Iowa, going a year later to Dyersville, and then to Storm Lake in 1888. About six years ago he went to Clear Lake, where he became prominent and highly esteemed as a citizen.

The Tom Howard Post, G. A. R., attended the funeral services in a body, thus manifesting their esteem for a good soldier and comrade of the opposite side.

He was married in 1869 to Miss Nancy M. Harper, of Romney, and to them were born five children, of whom four survive—two sons and two daughters.

MRS. MARTHA M. BOONE.

Mrs. Martha M. Boone was a pioneer of Todd County, Ky., and lived nearly all of her useful life at Elkton. She was born July 26, 1817, and but for an accident in falling two days before last Christmas, in which she fractured a hip and wrist, she had promise of several more years of this life. She was a member of the Baptist Church for seventy-seven years. She was a daughter of Benjamin Edwards. Of ten children, nine survive her. The eldest, Mrs. R. B. McReynolds, of Oklahoma, is seventy-three years old, and the youngest, Rev. Dr. A. N. Boone, of Memphis, is fifty years old. She had seventeen grandchildren and thirteen great-grandchildren.

F. P. COGDILL.

F. P. Cogdill, a resident of Lone Wolf, Okla., died at Weatherford, Tex., on March 31, and was taken back to his old home for burial.

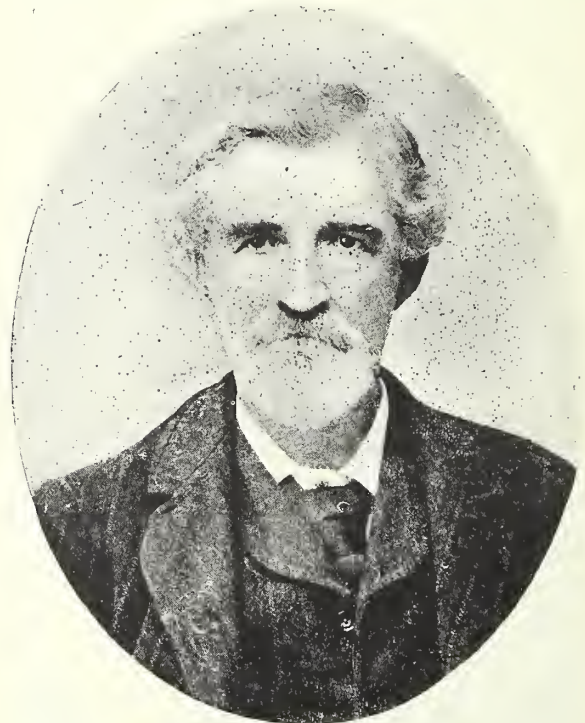
Comrade Cogdill was a son of Robert and Malinda Cogdill, born in Buncombe County, N. C., in 1842. He was married to Miss C. J. Cook in 1862, and to this union there were born five boys and five girls, all surviving except one son. The family removed to Granbury, Tex., in 1868, and from that

place went to Lone Wolf, Okla., in 1901. He was a Confederate soldier of strong convictions, having enlisted with the 6th North Carolina Regiment in 1861 and served to the surrender. He was a loyal Church member and a Master Mason for many years.

CAPT. C. M. THOMAS.

Capt. C. M. Thomas was born in Richmond County, N. C., October 28, 1828; and died in Noxubee County, Miss., in November, 1910. When about twelve years of age, the family removed to Noxubee County, Miss., where he lived the rest of his life. Though he had but the advantages of a common school education, he was of a naturally bright mind, and became well informed on many subjects and was a born leader of men. He served in the legislature for Noxubee County in 1856.

On the outbreak of the war he assisted in raising a company, and was elected first lieutenant. This company was the Jeff Davis Guards, and became Company A of the 19th Mississippi, the first regiment raised in Mississippi for the war. Its colonel was "Kit" Mött, and L. Q. C. Lamar was lieutenant



CAPT. C. M. THOMAS.

colonel. Captain Macon, of Company A, was killed in the first battle, Williamsburg, and Lieutenant Thomas succeeded to the captaincy, and led his company in the battle of Seven Pines, the Seven Days' fighting about Richmond, and Second Manassas, where he was desperately wounded, and from which wound he never fully recovered. After being incapacitated for infantry duty, he returned home and raised a company of cavalry, and served in the Western Army as captain of that company to the end of the war. He was a gallant officer, and no man gave better service to his country. He was elected sheriff of his county in 1865 and again in 1867, and after retiring from that office he was elected twice to the legislature, being at all times very popular.

Captain Thomas was married in 1864 to Miss Rachel Chamberlain, and of this union there were seven children.

MEMBERS OF FORREST'S CAVALRY.

At a meeting of the survivors of Company B, 7th Regiment Tennessee Cavalry, Forrest's command, now residing in Los Angeles, Cal., worthy tribute was paid, in which they state:

"We have learned of the death of our former friends and comrades of said company, R. J. Black, C. C. Poindexter, H. H. Elcan, Will Fred Maclin, and Louis O. Kelley, and wish to bear testimony to their worth and character as gallant soldiers of the Confederate army whose names and deeds should be recorded and preserved.

"We will always cherish their memories, and are proud to record the fact that for nearly half a century since the war closed they were as honorable and loyal citizens as they were good soldiers during the war.

"We tender to the families of our deceased comrades our sincere sympathy in their sad bereavement, and assure them of our continued devotion and loyalty.

"Committee: H. H. Sale, A. L. Elcan, and R. P. Archer."

COMMANDER J. F. PETERSON.

J. F. Peterson was born in Marion, Ala., January 30, 1842, removing from that place when he was about fourteen years old to Union Parish, La. When the war opened, he joined Capt. E. M. Graham's company, which was made Company E of the 12th Louisiana Regiment. Their first fight was at Belmont, Mo., after which came New Madrid, Island No. 10, Fort Pillow; then on to Memphis, Corinth, and down into Mississippi and in the many engagements in that section. They were sent to Vicksburg and Port Hudson; and while covering the retreat from Fort Gibson to Baker's Creek took part in the memorable Champion Hill fight. When the fight opened in front of Rocky Face, above Dalton, they were for about four months not to be out of hearing of guns; and from Resaca until the slaughter at Franklin, Tenn., the 12th Louisiana Regiment took part nobly and well. At Franklin Comrade Peterson went over the Yankee works, was taken prisoner, and next suffered the terrors of Camp Chase. Through all this hard experience he never received a wound.

Returning home, he went to work and made a good citizen. He married Miss Rebecca Hearn, and to them were born two sons and two daughters. Several years after losing his wife, he was married to Mrs. Jennie Shelton, and lived happily with her until his death, on October 14, 1910. He was Commander of the Camp, No. 548, U. C. V., of Homer, La.

HON. JAMES DAVIS HINES.

Hon. James D. Hines died at his home, in Bowling Green, Ky., on June 7, after several months of failing health. He was born in that city on November 11, 1838, the son of Rev. J. D. and Mrs. Elizabeth Davis Hines, and is the last of their family of nine to pass into the better land.

No man ever reared in Bowling Green was more universally popular. His sense of justice and his genial temperament made him a general favorite. He had held many offices of trust in the county, having been Circuit Clerk, Sheriff, Master Commissioner, City Collector, and City Treasurer, holding each office for a number of years. He was a member of Morgan's command during the war, and was adjutant of his (Castleman's) company. He was a brave soldier.

As a citizen his career was no less honorable. He was married in 1866 to Miss Hallie Thomas, and of their family two sons (one of whom is Commander H. K. Hines, of the U. S. Navy) and two daughters survive him.

Comrade Hines was ever loyal to the cause of the South, and the last work he attempted was to furnish a list of the Confederate dead in Fairview Cemetery. His account of escape from the military prison in Chicago makes a thrilling story, and he has written other things on his experiences as a Confederate soldier. His cousin, Capt. Thomas Henry Hines, made the escape from prison with General Morgan.

Comrade Hines was a member of the Odd Fellows and the Order of Elks.

DR. W. M. HANNA.

Dr. William M. Hanna was born September 25, 1837, in Shelby County, Ky.; and departed this life in Henderson, Ky., November 28, 1910. His parents were John S. Hanna and Jane (King) Hanna, of Harrodsburg, Ky.

Dr. Hanna graduated with honor at Center College in 1858, and, entering the medical department of the University of Louisville, he received his degree there in 1862. He located in Henderson, Ky.

Soon afterwards he enlisted in the Confederate service, and was with Gen. John H. Morgan in all his raids as assistant surgeon of Colonel Duke's old regiment, commanded by Lieut. Col. John B. Hutcheson, and was with Colonel Hutcheson, at the time he was killed at Woodbury, Tenn.

Dr. Hanna was married in 1865 to Miss Mary Matthews, daughter of Rev. W. C. Matthews, of Shelbyville, Ky., and then returned to Henderson, where he resumed the practice of his profession. He was an eminent physician in his section, and his patients had unlimited confidence in his skill and in his absolute fidelity to the sacred relationship of doctor and patient. He was honest, upright, and for thirty-nine years an elder of the First Presbyterian Church of Henderson, a Christian gentleman, and an exemplar of good citizenship.

DEAD OF CAMP A, WHEELER'S CAVALRY, 1910.

Service was held in memoriam to the following members of Atlanta Camp A, Wheeler's Cavalry:

Z. T. Lawrence, Company G, 6th Regiment Georgia Cavalry, Lawrenceville, Ga.

Maj. George C. Ball, 1st Regiment Alabama Cavalry (on General Wheeler's staff), Atlanta, Ga.

S. W. Pettus, Company B, 1st Alabama Regiment Cavalry, Cave Spring, Ga.

J. A. Baxley, Company F, 5th Georgia Regiment Cavalry, Atlanta, Ga.

D. B. Pickert, Company G, 9th Regiment Tennessee Cavalry, Atlanta, Ga.

William A. Overby, Company G, 1st Regiment Georgia Cavalry, Rome, Ga.

J. J. Morrison, colonel 1st Regiment Georgia Cavalry, Eastman, Ga.

Maj. William E. Wailes, Adjutant General Wheeler's Corps, Dalton, Ga.

DEATHS IN WILLIAM WATTS CAMP, ROANOKE, VA., IN 1910.

H. J. G. Lockett, Company E, 46th Virginia Infantry.

Dr. George S. Luck, Company Q, Virginia Cavalry.

W. S. Moseley, Hargrove's Battery.

Robert Morris, Company E, 42d Virginia Regiment.

Capt. Tuley J. Mitchell (Past Commander), Company H, 18th Virginia Cavalry.

Capt. E. T. Beall (Past Commander), Company F, 62d Virginia Infantry.

George E. Kemper Bot, Artillery.

[From S. L. Crute, Adjutant Wm. Watts Camp, Roanoke.]

M. B. NEELEY.

M. B. Neeley, a member of Camp McIntosh, of Shark, Ark., died on March 13, 1911. He was born in Maury County, Tenn., in 1836, and enlisted in the Confederate army from Polk County, Ark., in 1861 as a member of Company I, 4th Arkansas Regiment. He participated in the battles of Pea Ridge, Shiloh, Corinth, and others, and from Murfreesboro back to Atlanta, Ga. He was a cripple on furlough at Lauderdale Springs, Miss., when the surrender came. There he met and married Miss Elizabeth Mosley. He went then to Kentucky, near Hickman, and engaged in farming until 1881, when he removed to Arkansas, and that State continued his home till death.

MEMBERS OF DICK DOWLING CAMP, OF HOUSTON, TEX.

The following members of Dick Dowling Camp, U. C. V., of Houston, Tex., passed away between March, 1910, and April, 1911: J. S. Swope, second lieutenant Rip Ford's command; J. J. M. Smith, Company K, 35th Georgia Regiment; William H. Martin, Company B, 13th Texas Volunteer Infantry; Paul Lesesne, Company K, 40th North Carolina Regiment; J. H. Cox, Company A, 6th Texas Infantry; T. H. White, Company C, 5th Texas Infantry; C. S. Bordenheimer, Company A, 3d Missouri Cavalry; C. H. Schmeltz, Company G, Elmore's Regiment.

D. A. FOWLER.

D. A. Fowler died at his home, in Bexar County, Tex., on March 9, 1911. He is survived by his wife, who was a daughter of the Rev. Early Greathouse, a member of the Alabama Legislature during the Confederate war. He was born in Cherokee County, Ala., and served in the Confederate army as a member of Company C, 23d Mississippi. He was captured at Island No. 10 and sent to prison at Chicago, Ill.

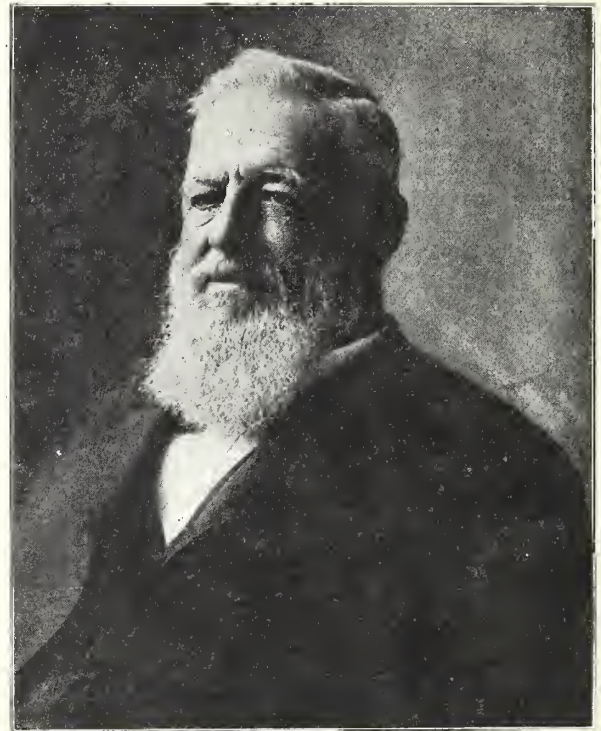
Comrade Fowler removed to Burleson County, Tex., in 1866, and subsequently lived in Bell, Lampasas, and Bexar Counties, in each of which he was well known as an exemplary citizen. He was a farmer.

COL. WILLIAM STEPTOE CHRISTIAN.

Col. William S. Christian, who died on December 10, 1910, at the ripe age of fourscore years, was a remarkable man. His long life was passed in Middlesex County, with which section his family had been identified closely for more than two centuries. He was the son of Dr. Richard Allen Christian, a notable figure of his time, and of Elizabeth Steptoe, who was descended on the maternal side from Christopher Robinson, who had obtained grant from the crown of large landed property in what was then the county of Lancaster, Va., afterwards Middlesex. The homestead tract of that grant is still known as "Hewick." The Robinsons were people of distinction in England and in the Dominion, a brother of Christopher having been Bishop of Bristol and later of London, and one of the family was Speaker of the House of Burgesses in the colonial period. His father's family also produced some men of mark in their successive generations.

Early in life William Christian studied medicine, and his whole life was directed to the relief of suffering humanity. His inclination was military. Some years before the outbreak of the Civil War Dr. Christian organized a troop of volunteer cavalry in his native county, and at the first call of his State their services were promptly tendered, and they were mustered into the Confederate army on July 8, 1861. This troop became a part of the 55th Virginia Infantry. They so

served through the war, taking part in most of the campaigns of Lee's army under Hill and Jackson. William Christian soon rose to field rank, and as lieutenant colonel of his regiment was severely wounded at Frazier's Farm on June 30, 1862, and disabled for further service in that campaign. He returned to duty soon after the battle of Fredericksburg, and he was again wounded at Chancellorsville the following spring. In that battle his regiment lost all its field officers and all its captains, being commanded at the close of the battle by a first lieutenant. Colonel Christian was in command at Gettysburg, and participated in the last assault upon Cemetery Hill, but was captured in a minor affair at Falling Waters some days later, with a large part of his command. He was taken to Johnson's Island. During his confinement he rendered efficient service in the hospitals of the prison camp, where his professional skill and experience were much needed. He was exchanged in the spring of 1864, and returned to duty with his regiment, of which he was then continuously in command



DR. WILLIAM S. CHRISTIAN.

to the close of the war. He returned home and resumed his practice, in which he had many a close grapple with death no less heroic than when facing the foe in battle. To him, as to his great chief, duty was the sublimest word of the language, and he did it, and to him has come the Master's voice, saying: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

CAPT. MORTIMER BATES.

Capt. Mortimer Bates, for several years Commander of D. L. Kenan Camp, U. C. V., of Quincy, Fla., died there on April 30, 1911, at the age of seventy years. Captain Bates was a native of Virginia, but went to Georgia before the war. He was one of the first to respond to the call of the South, enlisting with the Bainbridge Independents, and served the first year in the disastrous West Virginia campaign. He then joined Company G, 1st Georgia Artillery, and served the remainder of the

war in Florida. He was promoted to lieutenant for meritorious conduct, and was especially commended for the gallant manner in which he served his guns upon the Yankee gunboat on the St. John's River, the boat being sunk and the crew captured.

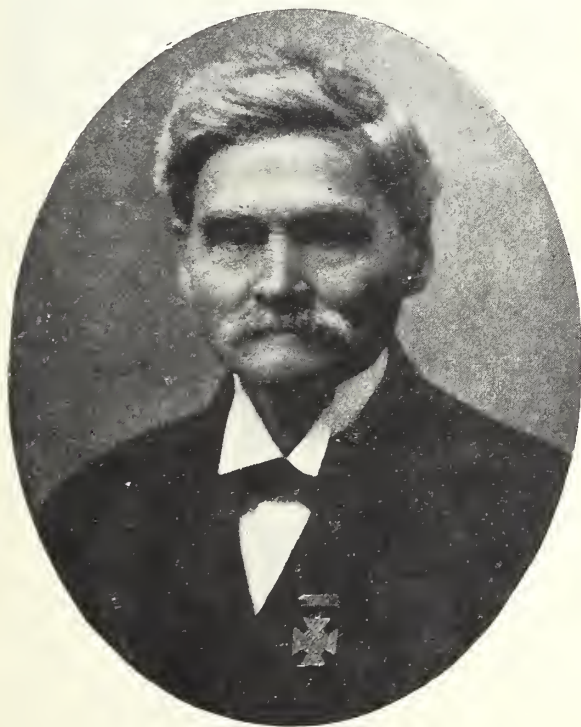
Very little has been said in history about the service rendered the Confederacy by the small army of men commanded by the able and gallant Gen. J. J. Dickinson, who, with a few cavalymen and one or two batteries, kept the middle and northern portion of Florida, also the southern counties of Georgia, free from invasion, thereby enabling that section to raise provisions to supply the army.

After the war Captain Bates removed to Gadsden County, Fla., and married Miss Esther Davis. The sons and daughters of this union are respected for their own worth and esteemed as the offspring of a true and tried Confederate soldier and his worthy helpmeet.

Captain Bates served several terms in the Florida Legislature, and was also a Commissioner of Gadsden County.

LIEUT. JAMES J. LAWRENCE.

James J. Lawrence, a veteran of two wars, died at his home in Springfield, Mo., on March 24, 1911, aged seventy-eight years. He was born near Nashville Tenn., in 1833, his parents going there from Norfolk, Va. He grew to manhood in his



JAMES J. LAWRENCE.

native State; then went to Texas, where, during the winter of 1856, he enlisted with a company of men to join the forces of Gen. William Walker, who was at that time conducting a filibustering campaign down in Nicaragua. After his experiences as a cavalryman in Central America, Joseph Lawrence returned to Nashville, and in January, 1858, was married to Miss Martha S. Duncan. Of this marriage two daughters survive.

At the outbreak of the War between the States Mr. Lawrence enlisted as a private in the regular service; but was soon promoted to second lieutenant of Company G, 2d Tennessee

Cavalry, under Forrest. He participated in many fierce engagements and had several horses killed under him, but went through the entire war without receiving an injury. His company was disbanded at Oklona, Miss., in May, 1865; and he returned to his native State, locating at Hartsville and engaging in the saddlery business. He was married in 1870 to Miss Mary E. Hager, who, with six children, survives him. In 1880 he removed his family to Missouri, and for the past twenty-four years had been a resident of Springfield. He was a member of Campbell Camp, U. C. V., of Springfield, and his fellow-members rendered him the last sad services.

For more than forty years Comrade Campbell was a consistent member of the Church, many times serving as an officer in the various congregations to which he belonged. He was a loving, tender, devoted husband and father; and next to the sacredness of home life he valued the great gift of friendship. One who loved him said: "I am glad that I knew him. He has made the world a better place because he lived in it. He was always the gentleman—so pure of thought and speech, so courteous and considerate, so modest and dignified—and although delicate and frail of body, he was ever optimistic and congenial."

CAPT. AB C. GRIMES.

Capt. Ab C. Grimes, a noted Confederate mail carrier and pioneer river pilot, died at his home, in St. Louis in March, 1911, aged seventy-six years. He was a fellow-soldier and an intimate friend of Mark Twain, and was one of the most romantic characters in Missouri's history. He had the unique distinction of having been captured by Union soldiers on six occasions, and of having escaped by hazardous means five times. When captured the sixth time, he was put under strong guard in the old Gratiot Street jail, and was sentenced to be hanged; but through the intercession of the late Archbishop Ryan, he escaped the gallows.

Captain Grimes's father was a pilot on one of the first boats that plied the Mississippi; and the son followed his father and gave thirty years to the service, distinguishing himself on many occasions. When the war began, he left the river and joined a company at New London, Mo., under Capt. Theodore Bracc. Gen. Sterling Price selected Captain Grimes to act as mail carrier, and he rendered valuable service in smuggling mail between the lines, in which he was assisted by many women who were Southern sympathizers. After the war, he returned to his work on the river. After his retirement, he was manager of a shooting club at King's Lake, in Lincoln County, for some years. His first wife, who was Miss Lucy Glasscock, died in 1903; and in 1905 he was married to Miss Nell Tauke, who, with two of the seven children born of the first marriage, survives him.

WILLIAM HENRY HOLCOMB.

William Henry Holcomb was born February 22, 1842, in Anderson County, S. C.; and died on July 30, 1910, in Atlanta, Ga. He entered the Confederate army in April, 1861, at Pickens C. H., S. C., as a member of the company known as "Orr's Rifles," serving with fidelity through all the Virginia campaigns. He was promoted to lieutenant, and at Lee's surrender was in command of his company. He removed after the war to Atlanta, where he filled various positions of trust and honor in the city government. He was married in 1869 to Miss Laura J. West, of Atlanta, a sister of Gen. A. J. West, Commander Georgia Division, U. C. V.

Comrade Holcomb was converted to the Christian faith while in the army, and in 1879 his religious zeal was again

aroused by the preaching of Rev. Sam Jones, since which time he had been thoroughly interested in the salvation of others, and became the instrument through which many were brought to Christ.

W. A. MCKINNEY.

W. A. McKinney, born in Bowie County, Tex., 1841, was of Revolutionary ancestry, both of his grandfathers having been soldiers of the Revolutionary War and present at the "Boston Tea Party." His parents removed to Grayson County, Tex., in 1846, and he was there on his mother's farm until the beginning of the war. He answered the first call for volunteers in April, 1861, and joined Company D, 6th Texas Cavalry, Ross's Brigade. He was in many battles, and at Corinth in a severe charge he was stunned by a piece of shell. He soon recovered and went on in the charge, when his right foot was completely torn off by a piece of shell. He was also captured there and kept in the Federal hospital till he recovered and was discharged.

After the war he was County Treasurer of Wilbarger County for eleven years. His death occurred on September 8, 1910. He was a member of Cabell Camp, U. C. V., and a consistent Christian.

J. C. McCARTY.

J. C. McCarty was born near Rutledge, Tenn., Grainger County, August 27, 1832; and died on August 24, 1910, almost rounding out seventy-eight years. He enlisted early with the 59th Tennessee Infantry under Capt. W. Smith, of Company J, Col. J. B. Cook commanding the regiment. He was paroled for a month after the siege of Vicksburg, and was then transferred to the Valley of Virginia. He helped to fight Sheridan forty days, waded the Potomac twice, and stayed in the suburbs of Washington for two or three days. He was wounded at Fisher's Hill, September 21, 1864, by a bomb shattering his leg from knee to ankle, and was in the hospital for ten months, finally getting home in the summer of 1865, and then went on crutches for four years.

Comrade McCarty was a member of the Church for sixty-one years and a Mason for forty years. At the close of the war he was in Clark's company, under Col. W. L. Eakin.

[[[...]]] CAPT. J. C. BETHEL.

Capt. Joseph Crenshaw Bethel, a veteran of the Confederate army and a leading citizen of Louisville, Ky., died at his home there April 27, 1911. Ill health compelled his retirement from active business in 1902, but not until recently did his illness assume a serious form. He was for many years at the head of the Carter Dry Goods Company, of Louisville, and a foremost figure in the business.

Captain Bethel was born in Barren County, Ky., near Glasgow, in 1835. He was educated in the country schools, and when but a lad he went with his mother to Missouri, where he began his business career in a dry goods store and received the training which put him at the head of the Louisville firm. He returned to Glasgow just prior to the war, and with Capt. Joseph Nuckols he organized a company at his home town. He entered the Confederate army as second lieutenant of Company A, 4th Kentucky Regiment, a part of the famous Orphan Brigade. He was made first lieutenant in April, 1862, and upon the death of Captain Nuckols, a short time later, he was made captain of the company.

At the close of the war Captain Bethel returned to Glasgow, and soon afterwards he reëngaged in the dry goods business at Louisville. In this interest he traveled for a number

of years. He was instrumental in forming the Carter Dry Goods Company, finally becoming its president, which position he held until his retirement from active business.

Captain Bethel was married to Miss Pettie Scott, of Versailles, in 1876. She, with a son, Peyton B. Bethel, survives him. He was a devoted Church member, a Mason and



CAPT. J. C. BETHEL.

Knight Templar of De Molay Commandery. He was a man of strong personality, retiring in disposition, but gentle and sympathetic—in every way a Christian gentleman.

DR. B. F. BRITTAIN.

Dr. B. F. Britain, one of the best-known physicians and citizens of his section, died at his home, in Arlington, Tex., on November 14, 1910. He had been an invalid from paralysis for some two years, though able to get about at times. It is said of him that he was a doctor and man as portrayed in the masterly picture of "The Old Doctor" by Ian Maclaren—a man who "helped folks."

Dr. Brittain was born in Charleston, Tenn., in 1833, and was among the first to enlist in the War between the States. He was made captain of his company in the 35th Tennessee Regiment, and served faithfully to the end. He was married in 1856 to Miss Elizabeth Caroline Runyan, in Georgetown, Tenn., with whom he lived happily for fifty-four years, and who survives him. To them were born eleven children, of whom seven survive. Dr. Brittain removed with his family to Texas in 1865, locating at Jacksonville, where he practiced for thirty years, then going to Arlington, which had since been his home. He was made a Master Mason in 1865, and his life exemplified the teachings of this great order. He was a faithful Church member for more than fifty years.,

"Thinner and thinner the long line grows

One by one they are mustered out.

Silently, softly each one goes,

Far from the noise of battle's shout,

To the sleep that knows no waking,

Till the dawn of judgment's breaking."

ONE OF JOHN B. GORDON'S RACCOON ROUGHS.

Every veteran of the U. C. V. ought to know J. L. McCollum. The poem in this article describes him well. He never tires in his many duties as Brigadier General on the staff of the Commander in Chief of the U. C. V., a position he has held throughout the history of the organization.

The Lookout of Chattanooga, tells of his fishing club:

"Maj. J. L. McCollum, of Atlanta, was host of a birthday dinner at his home in May. He is a member of the McCrae Fishing Club, an organization of more than forty-three years' standing, and the members, all Chattanoogaans, went to Atlanta in a body to dine with and felicitate Major McCollum upon the occasion of his sixty-ninth birthday. The party reached his home before the guest of honor arrived for his midday meal; and as one by one his old friends filed solemnly out of the sitting room to greet him in his own home, his emotion may be imagined. Mrs. McCollum had prepared a banquet, and it was served faultlessly; while the toastmaster, Mr. H. Clay Evans, demanded a speech from each member. Rev. Dr. J. W. Bachman presented the second surprise of the day in a superb token of love and affection in a gold fob inscribed with the names of thirteen members and the monogram of Major McCollum; but the beloved Doctor, who is pastor emeritus to the fishing flock, was also given a surprise when the prized token was found to contain his own portrait.

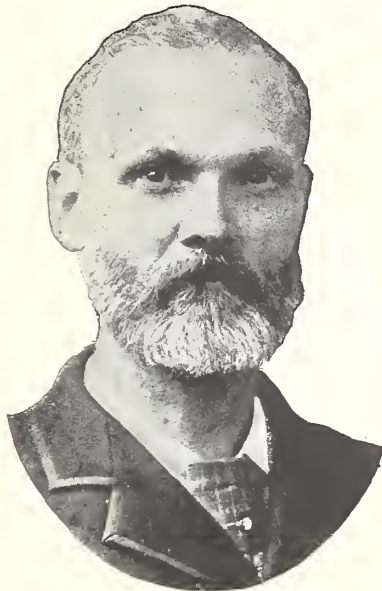
"Mr. John H. Peebles, of Nashville, a member of the club, took the party back in his private car.

"The thirteen names engraved on the gift are: J. B. Nicklin, P. D. Sims, J. W. Bachman, Z. C. Patten, John G. Rawlings, Robert Morrison, H. Clay Evans, H. W. Grant, John T. Lupton, John H. Peebles, Thomas H. Payne, George W. Davenport, John C. Griffiss. Of these, Payne, Lupton, Davenport, and Grant were unable to be present.

"Among the many speeches a bit of rhyme was offered by one distinguished member of the party, the inspiration thereto being the fact that four separate times Major McCollum has been pronounced unable to cope further with the world, on two occasions even having been accompanied by the members on what was supposed to be his last earthly trip. Nevertheless the Major is as happy and healthy now as the youngest member who is close to the age of the club, and sometimes called the adopted one, or as the oldest member, Dr. P. D. Sims, who is close to his eighty-fourth birthday."

TO OLD FATHER TIME.

Again and again I have had Mac in my grip;
But every time some way he gives me the slip,
And ere I'm aware the boys have him out
A-fishin' or campin' or rovin' about.



MAJ. J. L. M'COLLUM.

Sometimes on the lake, sometimes on the sea;
But he's a wonderful fellow wherever he be.
In fact, I'am afraid I'll ne'er run him in,
For he's wiry and tough and slippery as sin.

He's put me to thinkin' why he keeps livin' on,
When, according to doctors, he ought to be gone.
My opinion is this: The Lord needs him here
To make the world brighter and fuller of cheer.

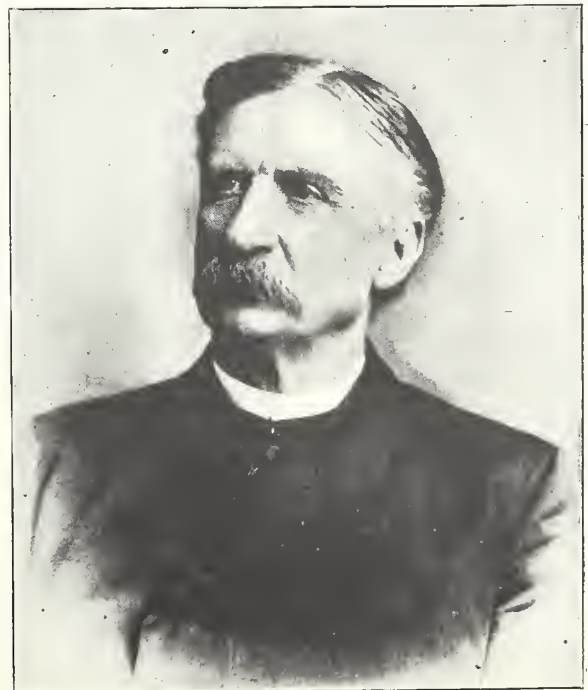
You can bank on his time; you can bank on his money;
You can count on his wine with plenty of honey.
And if he's got anything he'll not give away,
I'll swear I can't find it, and I look every day.

I'm a little uneasy about the whole crowd
He's running with now and laughin' so loud.
But they're all linked together; and if one goes in the gate,
He will let the rest in as sure as there is fate.

For he'll convince old Peter they never meant wrong;
It was only a frolic and only a song.
They'd stand for the truth, for the truth they'd die.
Even fishin', they'd stretch it, but never would lie.

You may go ahead, boys—don't care what you do;
I'll follow you always the whole path through;
And if you'll keep it up the way you are livin',
I'll just let you sleep and wake up in heaven.

[Rev. Dr. Bachman, of this fishing club, is the most popular and the most thoroughly beloved man doubtless that ever lived in Chattanooga. Evidence of this may be seen by reference to page 107 of the VETERAN for March, 1911, in the article by Dr. J. H. McNeilly concerning a great day for an old Confederate. He has been a devoted friend of the McCollum family for many years. He has married their chil-



REV. J. W. BACHMAN, D.D.

dren and buried their dead. Since the event noted above he officiated at the marriage of their youngest daughter, Elsie Holmes McCollum, to Mr. William Henry Hester.]

SIX GENERALS FROM KERSHAW COUNTY, S. C.

In sending a complete and carefully prepared old list of the Confederates placed under fire at Morris Island, Charleston, S. C., during the war as a retaliatory measure (which has been published in the *VETERAN*), W. E. Johnson, of Camden, S. C., writes that the list was kept by his father, Lieut. W. E. Johnston, of the 7th South Carolina Cavalry, who died in 1897. The son mentions that his native Kershaw County is famous for having furnished six generals to the Confederate army. A memorial fountain has recently been erected at Camden in their honor, this being done with funds raised by the school children of the county. At the same time another memorial fountain was unveiled to Private Kirkland, who carried water to wounded Federals on a perilous battle field.

PAUL CUNNINGHAM—AFTER A DECADE.

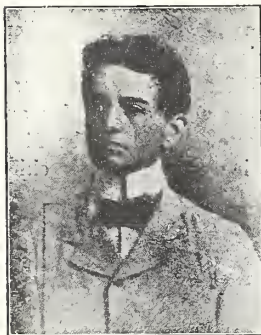
BY ANNE BACHMAN HYDE, LITTLE ROCK.

The summer of 1901 my husband and I, with our little boy, were visiting in Hawaii and spent a month on Kauai, the lovely garden island of the group. The surroundings, though more beautiful, reminded us much of our beloved Southland.

The hospitable home where we were entertained kept up a perpetual house party, the guests staying in cottages in the grounds and meeting at the plantation house for meals. We frequently had seven nationalities represented at the table, and found much of mutual interest.

The latter part of July, when the mail came over from Honolulu, among the papers was one giving an account of the tragic and untimely death of Paul Cunningham in the rapids of the Rio Grande July 13, 1901. I so delayed in reading that dinner was half finished when I reached the dining room.

Apologizing for my tardy appearance, I narrated in a few words the life history of the bright boy; that I had known him as a child in Chattanooga; that he was the only



PAUL CUNNINGHAM.

child of his father; and spoke of his brilliant prospects, and the pity of the sudden ending in the treacherous river—the "Rio Bravo," as the Mexicans say when it is on one of its rampages.

A young Englishman who sat opposite us seemed visibly affected, but we thought it only a touch of youthful sympathy. When I finished speaking, he looked up and said, with his eyes filled with tears and his voice broken with emotion: "That brave Paul Cunningham was my friend. We were engaged in engineering together on the Rio Grande last summer when I was in the States, and I loved him."

We finished the meal almost in silence; and as we walked slowly down the palm-bordered avenue to our cottage, and heard the restless waves dashing against the rock-bound coast, I knew what Mrs. Browning meant when writing to comfort a friend who had lost an only child, and at the conclusion she said:

"My arm is around my own little son,
And love knows the secret of grief."

[The foregoing is given in the belief that many friends who know of the splendid career of young Cunningham will be interested in a tribute a decade after his death. So this page

is made personal in a sense by brief tributes to him, to his mother, and to Mrs. Sarah Herron, of Montgomery, Ala. The pictures of these two women were snatched from a burning building some years ago. They were devoted friends.

Laura Davis Cunningham was born February 24, 1848, married November 27, 1866, and fell asleep October 8, 1879. She was an ideal daughter, wife, mother, and friend. As friend she was loyal, patient, joyous, grave. "Paul's Diary," written by his mother when he was a lad of eight years, and which he carried through all his travels, contains the spirit of the South. It is filled with simple incidents of pure home life, the boy being credited with good lessons and conduct and tenderly admonished against misdemeanors.

"Mamma wants Paul, should he live to be older, to overlook these leaves with charity and love; to remember the sacredness of a promise; to be punctual in all things, and never to leave an unfinished job if possible to avoid it; to strive to do all the good in his power in a quiet way, dispensing sunshine in shadowy places, and trusting always in God."



PAUL'S MOTHER.

On July 4, 1877, she wrote: "Gradually quiet reigned, and the tired thousands sought their beds to dream, perchance, of spilling blood for their country, whose natal day they had just celebrated. May we be a free people and have a just ruler to join the Southern and Northern heart in sacred reverence for a government based

on the will of the people!" In another sense she wrote: "Indian summer season has begun. The weather is redolent with life and with inspiration. From out this dying a beautiful spring will come, bringing, as now, a harvest to the weary laborer. May God tend that other spring and summer, so that the things sown in our weariness may bring a hundredfold."

"Bright day, and the last of 1877. May the Lord make the bad a final good and help us to do better for him and ourselves another year! The year is nearly gone. God keep the woof we've woven, and bless us all!"

"To-morrow, though, like all new years, made to grow old, should cause us to enter with new resolves and firm ones to do all we can in every department in which we have to act."

To those who were not subscribers in July, 1901, a brief account will explain that this son, the son of the Editor, was an unusual character. Paul Cunningham became a civil engineer without graduating in college. He soon became so proficient that promotions followed, until he was made chief engineer in charge of the great sanitary revolution in Havana, with several thousand men under him, whereby America as well as Cuba was freed from yellow fever. He was next commissioned for river and harbor work. Following this he was appointed consulting engineer for the International (Water) Boundary between the United States and Mexico, and while in charge of an expedition for both governments to extend the length of the Rio Grande boundary he was drowned.

Memorial volumes are being written, and the good accomplished is often well worthy the sacrifice of the delicacy and sacredness required. Such a volume, with extracts from more than a thousand letters, is considered.

THE BELOVED CHRISTIAN, SARAH HERRON.

Mrs. Sarah (Parker) Herron, a native of London, England, was reared and spent nearly all the years of her life in Montgomery. When the founder of the VETERAN, then quite a lad, lay unconscious in the Ladies' Hospital, Mrs. Herron visited him, and at the call of his mother's name his reason returned. Mrs. Herron became "mother number two," and that relation continued through her life. She wrote to him regularly throughout the war, and her letters were so delightful that they became common property. When her characteristic handwriting appeared in the mail, there was a prompt gathering of the men of the company, and her letters were read aloud. They are still sacredly preserved. She was an ardent Christian and a fine wit. For more than a quarter of a century that closed her earthly career she was an invalid, leaving home only once, and that was to cross the street to attend the funeral of a devoted neighbor. The writer, visiting her after those many years of constant confinement, proposed to get an easy carriage, the gentlest horse in Montgomery, and give her an outing, when she replied: "No, Sumner, I can't do that; but get me a bicycle and I will go with you." Surely everybody in Montgomery loved Mrs. Herron. No tribute that would not be small could be paid by the man whose gratitude to his best earthly friend can never be worthily expressed.

[This is not half what it is expected to say of Mrs. Herron.]



SARAH HERRON.

A SOLDIER WHO LOST HIS NERVE.

BY JAMES E. TANNER, LONOKE, ARK.

I was a Confederate soldier, and on the second day's battle at Nashville, Tenn., I had a trying experience. Our brigade was at the foot of a steep hill, and the Federal cavalry attacked us. A Texas brigade was in our front, and we were ordered to its assistance. Having been wounded at Franklin, I could not keep up. The regiment was within a quarter of a mile or so of the brigade, and I was in sight, when the Federals came swooping down the hill. I started to climb the hill, when I came across a young man behind a tree, hallooing out, "I surrender." I asked him what was the matter and assured him there was no danger, telling him to go with me and we could escape over the hill. He said he would not try, as he would be killed. I refused to leave him there alone, and said: "Go to that next tree." When we reached the point, I said: "Now, shoot!" "O, I can't," he said. I assured him that he could, then we both fired, and went on to another tree. In this way I managed him until we reached the top of the hill, when he straightened up and said: "Thank God, I am safe." He then asked my name, which I gave, and told him I was from Arkansas, and he said: "I owe my life to you. I would have stayed right there until I starved to death if they had not come after me. I am of a good family and my parents think I am doing my duty, and here I am acting the coward. I would not have them know this for anything, and I will never surrender." I hope he may see this, and write to me.

THE BOYS IN GRAY.

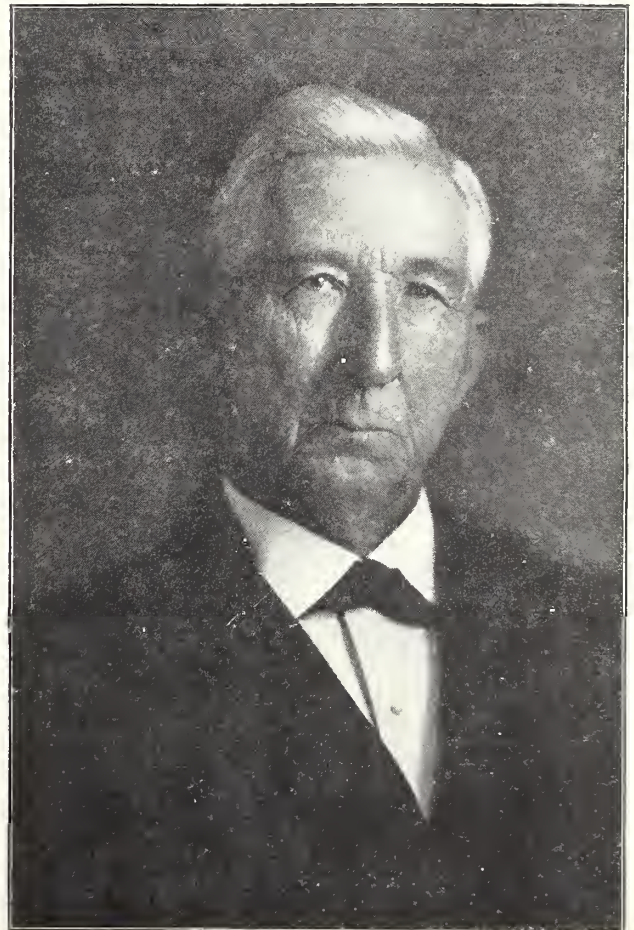
The great address for the veterans at the Little Rock Reunion in 1911 was by Elder Robert C. Cave, a Virginian, who is now pastor of a Christian Church in St. Louis. Dr. Cave was born in Orange County, Va., in 1845. He and his younger brother, Rev. R. Lin Cave (born in 1845 and five times wounded), Chaplain General U. C. V., both served in the Virginia Army. Rev. R. C. Cave, while a private soldier much of the time and twice wounded, served much of the time in the signal corps at General Lee's headquarters.

Dr. Cave's book, "The Men in Gray," published by the VETERAN, has three chapters, the Little Rock address, "The Men in Gray," a "A Defense of the South," and "Cavalier Loyalty and Puritan Disloyalty in America."

In this book, concise and strong throughout, he vindicates his address made in Richmond, Va., at the dedication of the private soldiers' monument years ago by citing largely Northern testimony.

There is not a sentence of rubbish in the book. The price is \$1 per copy, and the supply is limited.

Gen. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, writes of it: "I have read with almost inexpressible delight Dr. Cave's book, 'The Men in Gray.' No Confederate who desires to have an intelligent appreciation of the great Civil War and its causes and the character of the men who engaged in it on the Southern side can afford to be without Dr. Cave's book. In its way and along its lines it is the best publication since the war. It deserves and should have an extended circulation."



REV. R. C. CAVE, AUTHOR OF "THE BOYS IN GRAY."

WITH PORTER IN NORTH MISSOURI.

Dr. Joseph A. Mudd, who is a native Missourian, but of a prominent Maryland family, and now lives at Hyattsville, Md., has given an interesting chapter of the war in his book on "Porter's Regiment," as it was known to the older settlers of Missouri. It is a narrative of the operations of Col. Joseph Chrisman Porter in Northern Missouri from the day he began recruiting until his mortal wound in battle, told by a member of his regiment. In many of these stirring scenes Dr. Mudd was a participant. Where he did not have a part, the account is taken from personal observations of survivors on both sides, with reports of officers and other official documents. There are many interesting personal experiences very much out of the ordinary in his secret service for the Confederacy when he was a spy in Washington and a fugitive between the two armies in Virginia and Maryland. That it is a readable book is attested by Champ Clark, who says he read it from "eend to eend," and found every page interesting. Suffice it to say that Dr. Mudd's work is well done.

The book contains 452 pages, illustrated with portraits, and bound in buckram. Price, \$2.70, postpaid. Address him.

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The Lewisburg and Northern Railroad Company, which is to be built double track and with exceedingly low grades, will traverse one of the richest agricultural sections of the entire South. Through the counties of Davidson, Williamson, Rutherford, Marshall, Giles, and Lincoln, in Tennessee, and Limestone County, in Alabama, much of the country to be traversed is now handicapped through lack of modern transportation facilities. The advantages that the Lewisburg and Northern Railroad will bring to this section of the country are putting it into close touch with the Southern markets, with the city of Nashville, with Ohio Valley and Lake cities and ports. Such a railroad will within a very short time make Middle Tennessee one of the wealthiest and most populous sections of the South, and will make it a leading gateway for the South when the Panama Canal is completed.

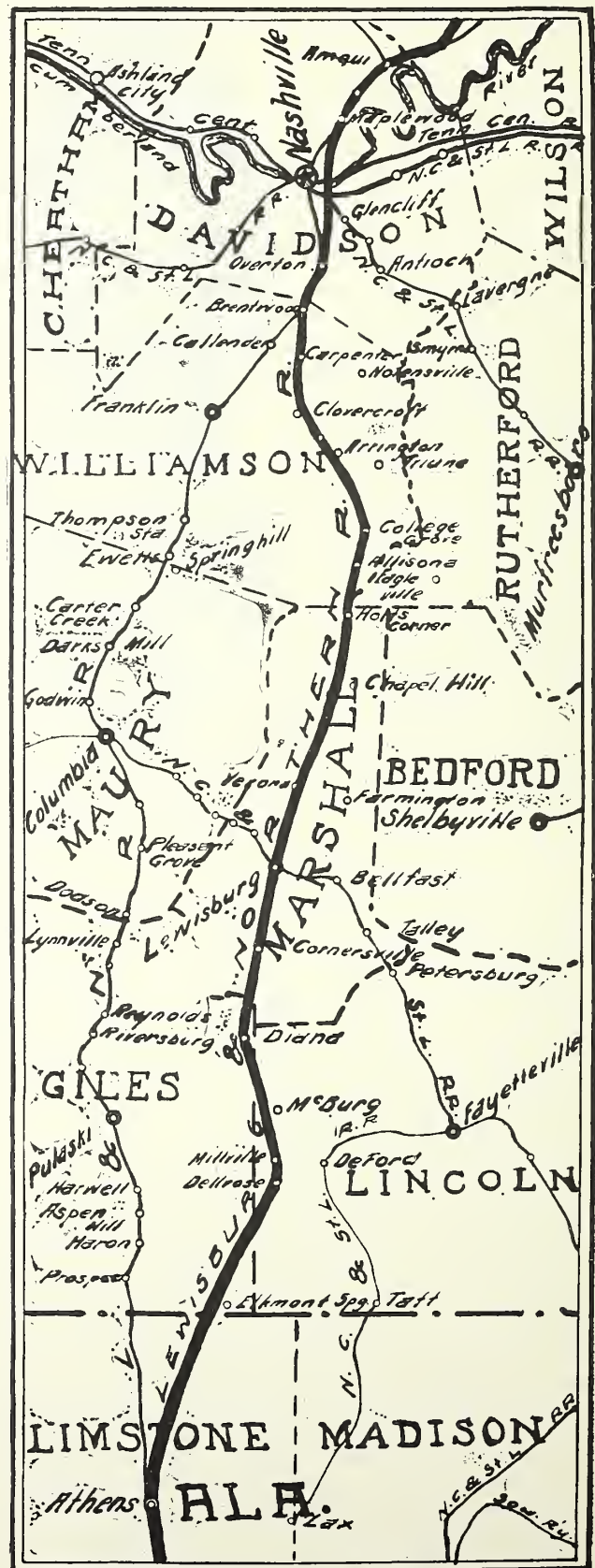
The sections of Tennessee and Alabama to be served by the new railroad are populated by a very high class of thrifty, intelligent, and public-spirited citizens. The development of this territory means much not only to Middle Tennessee and Northern Alabama but to all of the South as well. This Lewisburg and Northern Railroad will form a link with the great Louisville and Nashville system, extending from the Lakes to the Gulf.

This railroad will be built with a maximum rise or fall of about nineteen feet to the mile, and will probably have less curvature than any railroad ever built in this country through an area in which hills abound. This superb double-track railroad, with such remarkable low grades and light curvature, will necessitate an immense investment of foreign capital. No railroad construction using a maximum grade and curve so low as the Lewisburg and Northern has adopted has hitherto been attempted in the South.

Among the advantages of low grades and curves is greater safety, speed, and comfort for passengers, with an immense reduction in cost of handling freight and a proportionate improvement as to speed and promptness of delivery.

Tennesseeans and Alabamians, even though not adjacent to the line, are enthusiastic in their welcome to the great new thoroughfare, since they realize the advantages in transportation, together with the large investment that comes to stay.

This map will be interesting to many not Tennesseans who are familiar with the country. It will be a great road.



MEN WHO WORE THE GRAY.

(Randolph H. McKim, in the American Review of Reviews.)

A glance at the personnel of the Confederate army in the years 1861-65 will perhaps be instructive. In its ranks are serving, side by side, the sons of the plain farmer and of the great landowners—the Southern aristocrats. Not a few of the men carrying muskets or serving as troopers are classical scholars, the flower of the Southern universities. In an interval of the suspension of hostilities at the battle of Cold Harbor a private soldier lies on the ground poring over an Arabic grammar—it is Crawford H. Toy, who is destined to become the famous professor of Oriental languages at Hartford University.

In one of the battles in the Valley of Virginia a volunteer aid of Gen. John B. Gordon is severely wounded—it is Basil L. Gildersleeve, who has left his professor's chair at the University of Virginia to serve in the field. He still lives, wearing the laurels of distinction as the greatest Grecian in the English-speaking world. At the siege of Fort Donelson in 1862 one of the heroic captains who yields up his life in the trenches is Rev. Dabney C. Harrison, who raised a company in his own Virginia parish and entered the army at its head. In the Southwest a lieutenant general falls in battle—it is Gen. Leonidas Polk, who laid aside his bishop's robes to become a soldier in the field, having been educated to arms at West Point.

It is a striking fact that when Virginia threw in her lot with her Southern sisters in April, 1861, practically the whole body of students at her State University—five hundred and fifteen out of five hundred and thirty who were registered from the Southern States—enlisted in the Confederate army. That army thus represented the whole Southern people. It was a self-levy *en masse* of the male population in all save certain mountain regions in Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, and Georgia.

One gets a possibly new and surprising conception of the character of the rank and file of the Southern army in such incidents as the following: Here are mock trials going on in the moot court of a certain artillery company, and the discussions are pronounced by a competent authority "brilliant and powerful." Here is a group of privates in a Maryland infantry regiment in winter-quarter huts near Fairfax, Va. Among the subjects discussed are these: Vattel Philmore on international law; Humboldt's works and travels; the African explorations of Barth; the influence of climate on human features; the culture of cotton; the laws relating to property. Here are some Virginia privates in a howitzer company solemnly officiating at the burial of a tame crow and the exercises include an English speech, a Latin oration, and a Greek ode.

THE SOUTH COMING TO ITS OWN.

Dr. R. A. Halley, editor of Fuel, Chicago, ever faithful to his native "Dixie's land," quotes at length from a sermon by Rev. C. B. Mitchell, a Methodist pastor of that city, which, from the preacher's standpoint, is evidently intended as generous to the South. He says: "The South to-day is as loyal and patriotic as the North." After discussing anarchy and socialism, Dr. Mitchell says:

"Now our nation must face foes engendered by such conditions as I have hinted at. And if any great internal upheaval shall occur, we will need to look to the South for help. In that section there is less infidelity of a sort that breeds anarchy.

"Southern people more generally go to Church and support it than do we of the North. They may be a little more conservative in matters of biblical criticism, but aside from such critical matters the people as a whole in the South are more loyal to the Bible. In the South the Sabbath is more generally kept. And Sabbath observance is the nation's bulwark.

"The population of the South is more homogeneous. There is a larger percentage of our native population and fewer foreigners. To be sure, they have a large colored population; but the black man does not present problems which involve the integrity of our governmental life as does the foreigner.

"I repeat that if some internal upheaval shall threaten our national life we will need to look to the South as to a savior.

"Every true patriot to-day will seek to remove all bitterness between the North and the South. I would banish from the stage 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Its presentation on the stage now can only do harm. Tom Dixon's plays and books are a positive nuisance and anachronism. The stage has kidnapped from the pulpit a splendid preacher and not made good use of him.

"We owe it to ourselves to show proper gratitude to the men who died for us. We can best show that gratitude not only by rearing monuments over their graves, but by keeping green their memory by telling to the children the story of their heart's devotion. That will also breed in the breasts of the young a like patriotism which will prepare for like heroisms. The country may never ask our youth again to die for it." * * *

The South has ever been more patriotic than the North. It did not take the Spanish War to prove it to her own people.

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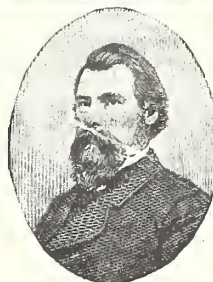
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While the foregoing comprises the "leading articles," many others are equally interesting and valuable. The officials shown on this page are, respectively, Postmaster-General, Secretary of State, and Secretary of the Navy.



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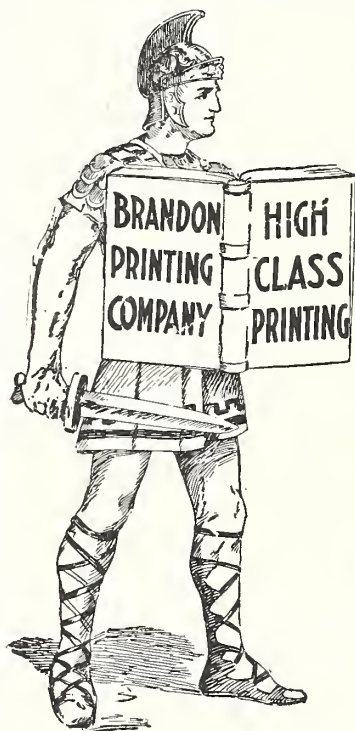
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The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1911.

No. 8. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM
PROPRIETOR.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Summer being with us, and bringing with its sultry days the lack of enthusiasm and energy, gives us time to dwell on other thoughts besides the duties which are clamoring for fulfillment during the winter season. While thus resting and you have time to heed, your President desires to impress upon you the importance of unity. No great results can be accomplished except through concerted action and in the building of an association that shall last to the end of time. Self must be effaced and every one join hands for the good of the cause. There should be no personal ambitions and feelings, but each and every one should be so imbued with the thought of work to be accomplished that each member should be like unto many carved pieces of a great and beautiful edifice. Each should take her place and assist in the keeping of the history of the greatest period of the nation that future generations may point with love and pride to us as the loyal preservers of the heroism and the love of duty that existed in the days of '61-'65. While our ranks are yet filled with the noble women who so fittingly took their places during the great struggle and by their self-sacrifice won for themselves the immortal laurels of the great, the younger generation have occasion to profit by these living examples, and thus the order built on such foundation must be all harmonious.

The next General Convention will convene November 7 at Richmond, Va., and let us hope that every Division may report perfect unity in the ranks. May the work be onward and upward and the same spirit which prompted sacrifice in '61 be shown again in the fulfillment of our noble purposes.

The death of Gen. Clement A. Evans cast a deep shadow, causing us to realize that the hand of time is never stayed and that every year takes to the Father above many of the heroes of the War between the States. We would like to hold them with us always, but relentless death gathers them to her bosom, and we are left to teach the young the glories of the past. Mrs. Thomas T. Stevens, Third Vice President U. D. C., Mrs. Robert Blackburn, and Mrs. Helen C. Plane represented our organization on this sad occasion, extending to the U. D. C. V. our sympathy in the loss of their past Commanding General.

VIRGINIA FAULKNER McSHERRY, *Pres. Gen. U. D. C.*

KATIE CHILDRESS SCHNABEL, *Cor. Sec. Gen. U. D. C.*

[This plea was never more seasonable not only for Daughters and Veterans but politicians throughout the country. Let the Veterans rival the U. D. C. to this end.—Ed.]

WAITING.

BY GEORGIA MACSENTRE.

His weak frame rested in his easy-chair;
His toil-worn hands were folded in repose;
His heavy brow was wrinkled as by care;
His drooping head was bowed in thoughtful pose.

His days of toil had ended years ago—
A life of action and of good deeds done;
And now he lived, each day to feebler grow,
Each evening nearer life's last setting sun.

The battles of his life were fought and won;
His joys and sorrows in the dim past lay.
Each duty bravely met, each great task done,
He waited now, nor chided at delay.

He waited for the last sweet summons home,
And he in waiting calm and patient grew.
He would be ready when the call should come;
His faith secure, all would be well he knew.

SHILOH POST CARDS—ATTENTION, U. D. C.

Post cards of the celebrated "Bloody Pond" at Shiloh, with some historic facts printed on them, have been gotten out the Shiloh Monument Committee, and are now on sale two for five cents for the benefit of the Shiloh fund. They are beautiful and historic, and it is to be hoped every one—Daughters, veterans, and the general public—will buy and use them liberally and help the committee in this grand monument work. Orders may be sent to the respective State Directors or to the Director General, Mrs. Alexander B. White, Paris, Tenn.

GRAVES OF ALL TEXAS SOLDIERS.—The Texas Division, U. D. C., is anxious to locate graves of all Texas soldiers killed in battle or who died as a result of being in battle. Any one knowing the location of such graves will greatly oblige the Division by writing Mrs. I. J. Bailey, 607 Coggin Avenue, Brownwood, Tex., who is chairman of the Committee on Soldiers' Graves on Battle Fields.

THE HARLAN FAMILY.—A. H. Harlan writes the VETERAN from New Burlington, Clinton County, Ohio: "The tenth national reunion of the descendants of George and Michael Harlan in the United States will be held at Connersville, Fayette County, Ind., August 16 and 17, 1911. Every person named Harlan is cordially invited to be present."

ROANOKE COLLEGE—THE ELSON BOOK.

LETTER FROM HENRY W. ELSON, THE AUTHOR.

ATHENS, OHIO, July 8, 1911.

Editor Confederate Veteran: In your June issue, which some one had the kindness to send me, there is a long article about me and my history of the United States which is so misleading that I beg a little space in your columns for reply, which, as a matter of fairness, I feel confident you will not deny; and whatever else may be said in the future, this will close the controversy as far as I am concerned. I want to make two or three statements with some comment.

First, I am convinced that the whole controversy would have died out when I published my defense but for the vindictive spirit of one man, a certain judge in Virginia, who in my opinion has inspired practically every article and resolution against the history since then. The judge wants "vindication," so he said in one of his published letters. But he should now add the term "revenge." For what? For my having referred to him without naming him in no stronger terms than as being "fond of cheap notoriety." The writer of your article dwells on this as if it were a crime, but does not mention (perhaps he had never read) what the judge had said about me. In the Roanoke News of March 29 he uses all the vituperative language that a gentleman could use and says some things besides, such as "venomous reptile" and "vampire author." If a gentleman can use such terms, especially about one whom he has never met and with whom he can have no personal quarrel, my understanding of the meaning of the word has been erroneous.

Second, my history does not discriminate against the South at all. The writer has not and never had any feeling against the Southern people. Any Northern reader can pick out as free criticisms of his sections as a Southern reader can against his. In fact, I have seen criticisms from Northern people who declared that the book was written by one who was an undoubted Southern sympathizer. In truth, I did not treat men and events from a sectional standpoint at all. If Aaron Burr had been a Southern man, what would my Southern critics say of my way of treating him? If the North were as sensitive as some people in the South, what would I catch for saying what I do (page 589) about Charles Sumner for abusing Senator Butler, of South Carolina, or about John Brown (page 591)? As far as I can remember no Southern man is so freely criticized as these in the whole book. The statement that I charge the South with fighting to maintain slavery is entirely erroneous. The statement is that slavery alone brought about the war—i. e., the estrangement that caused it. The Southern people fought for separation, thinking it the best thing for their future and because of their quarrel with the North. But it was slavery that caused the quarrel. I think practically all historians agree with this opinion.

Third, nothing can convince me that this agitation or crusade is sincere as long as it is directed against one book and one author, when practically every historian of the period has made the same or similar statements. I am forced to one of two conclusions: That the critics have read no other book on the subject, or that they are merely helping to "vindicate" somebody.

But the Southern people are by no means unanimous on this subject. I have received many letters in the past few months from nearly every Southern State declaring that the writers are not in sympathy with the agitators. One was from a prominent Confederate officer who declared that the only thing

he did not like in my defense was my offer to cut out the objectionable passages out of respect to Southern feeling. The Atlanta Constitution (May 17) refers to the critics as a "tribe of thin-skinned trouble makers." I sincerely hope this agitation will cease, and, candidly, my reason is that I like the Southern people, among whom are many of my dearest friends. I have no selfish motive in this desire. In fact, my history is selling faster than ever and a new edition is now called for, five or six months sooner than the publishers had expected.

Very sincerely,

HENRY W. ELSON.

EDITOR'S COMMENT UPON ELSON'S LETTER.

"If the North were as sensitive as some people in the South, what would I catch for saying what I do (page 589) about Charles Sumner for abusing Senator Butler, of South Carolina, or about John Brown (page 591)?"

What he says of Charles Sumner is that "with all his learning he was a narrow-minded man, opinionated, egotistical, and incapable of giving credit to another for an honest difference of opinion. But he was *sincerely honest and courageous*." Then he quotes from Poore's reminiscences in which some one says (while Sumner in a speech was attacking Douglas): "Do you hear that man? He may be a fool, but I tell you he has pluck." Where is his abuse in that?

As to his denunciation of Sumner for abusing Butler, after eulogizing him for a "powerful speech" on the arraignment of the slave power, he adds: "But the speaker went out of his way to abuse certain Senators whom he did not like, especially Senator Butler, of South Carolina, who was absent from the city and who made no special personal attack on Sumner. * * * His attack on Butler was occasioned by the indignation expressed by the latter at 'the audacity of the Topeka Convention in applying for Statehood.'" There is nothing personally abusive in that.

Elson goes on to relate that Preston Brook assaulted Sumner at his desk, where he had no chance to defend himself (!); but at length he arose, wrenching the desk from its fastening. Where is the abuse in this?

An announced partisan of Sumner could hardly have paid him more tactful praise, and it is certainly very small of Elson to refer to that in his vindication.

He introduces a mere mention of facts in regard to John Brown's murderous deeds with the statement that Brown "regarded slavery with a mortal hatred. While his courage was unlimited and his intentions upright, his soul was too utterly narrow to see a thing in its true light," and he quotes Brown's biblical faith as expressed: "Without the shedding of blood, there is no remission of sins." Yes, he seeks to vindicate John Brown by crediting him with acting on biblical faith. The original statement in the VETERAN about this book "sugar coating" its infamous assertions is borne out generally. His abusive words are excuses for the unworthy matter.

Now as to his opinion that the Southern people are not unanimous on this subject, he says he has received letters from nearly every Southern State declaring that the writers were not in sympathy with the agitators and then refers to a statement by "a Confederate officer" of his objection to Elson's willingness to cut out objectionable passages through respect to Southern feeling. Will Mr. Elson give the name of this Confederate officer? United as have been the Southern people, they have not been free from renegades, and just such men—men who gave up principle for spoils—will rejoice

to see breaks in "the solid South"—solid in every Christian virtue. If Mr. Elson will give the names of these Confederate officers, the VETERAN will undertake to furnish ten thousand times as many names of genuine Southerners who will repudiate it for every one who indorses it, if such person can't be proved disloyal to the principles for which the South contended. No Southerner true will indorse the Elson book and every man and woman among them should aid in proving this.

As to the Atlanta Constitution's condemnation of critics of the book, if Mr. Elson will procure from Hon. Clark Howell, its editor, approval of what he credits to the Constitution, the VETERAN will compliment Mr. Elson with a year's subscription to the daily edition.

The women of the South will give attention to the subject. The author of the book can't grasp the mind of the South, but he is not detested as are the renegades who are commending him and his book. Give him credit for his industry.

The Editor doesn't know Judge Moffett to whom Elson refers. He never saw him, nor has he had correspondence with him. The fact that Judge Moffett took the lead in exposing the villainous book is enough to elicit the gratitude of every liberal, fair-minded patriot, be he of the South or of the North.

WHAT IS SAID BY A VIRGINIAN.

Since the foregoing was in type, a letter from Virginia by one who is evidently well informed states:

"Let me give you some inside facts: The current expenses of Roanoke College per annum are about \$25,000. The income from its small endowment and from tuition is about \$12,500, which leaves a deficiency of about half the current expenses. This deficiency is collected by Morehead by annual subscriptions in the North (mainly New England), and to collect this money Morehead stays much of his time in the North. He was in the North on a begging tour, which explains his absence of two months referred to in his article in the last VETERAN. He poses as president, and so he is by name, but he is also a solicitor, appealing to Northern sentiment. The Lutherans, to whom the college belongs, have only 14,000 members in Virginia, and of course such a membership cannot endow a college; and so Morehead gets New England money, and he and the faculty think they must give a *quid pro quo*.

"Another inside fact not generally known: While the trustees on March 7 discontinued Elson as a textbook, at the instance of Morehead and Thorstenburg and their lackies, the topical method was evasively adopted for students of sixteen to eighteen years, who were instructed to get their information from the most available source; and as they had Elson, which had been sold them by the college, the most of them continued to use Elson until the end of the session in studying history topically. * * *

DAUGHTERS OF CONFEDERACY AT THE COLLEGE.

An appeal to the Daughters of the Confederacy, the Camps of Confederate Veterans, the Sons of Veterans, and to all who are loyal to the Southland and love her traditions and desire a truthful history of her social and political life states:

"The Southern Cross Chapter, U. D. C., of Salem, Va., calls your attention to the untruthful and biased book, known as 'Elson's History of the United States,' which is being taught in some of our schools and colleges. It was selected as a textbook by Roanoke College, and our attention was first called to the matter when Miss Sarah Moffett, a student of this col-

lege, refused to attend the history class on account of the vile slander which this book contains upon the purity and virtue of the men and women of the South. Upon examination of the history we were not surprised at Miss Moffett's refusal to attend the class, as the historian says he 'blushes to record the revolting features of slavery in the South.' And yet this book that brings a blush of shame to the author's cheek is being taught in coeducational schools in the South. * * *

"We hesitate and blush to send forth to the public such objectionable and obnoxious matter, but the full realization of our imperative duty demands that we give the quotations in Mr. Elson's own language. On page 558, last edition, 1910, he says, 'A sister of President Madison declared that, though the Southern ladies were complimented with the name of wife, they were only the mistresses of seraglios; that 'a leading Southern lady declared to Harriet Martineau that the wife of many a planter was but the chief slave of his harem.' He quotes Emerson as saying that 'John Brown made the gallows glorious like the cross,' and says himself that 'John Brown was a man of intense religious conviction; that we must pity rather than blame him;' 'by the technical letter of the law he was a criminal, by the motives and intents of his heart he was not.' He says the cause of the war was slavery, and slavery alone; that State rights in the abstract had nothing to do with bringing on the war, and styles the war 'A slaveholders' rebellion.'

"We will cite one instance just to show the pernicious influence this book is having on the young people of the South. A young man who had studied this so-called history remarked that he knew it was tough, but believed every word in it. And he was a Southern boy, the son of a Confederate veteran.

"Shall we sit idly by and see the fair name and honor of our fathers and grandfathers impugned in this shameful way? Too many have given their lives for a cause so dear and whose memories we tenderly revere to permit this slander to go unrebuked. Our Confederate soldiers are peerless, and shall we allow these unequivocal misrepresentations and falsehoods to be taught to the present and future generations? No! A thousand times, no!

"We beg of you to join us in this crusade against histories of this character. We only want the truth. Will you not investigate and ascertain what histories are being taught in the colleges and schools of your cities and towns? This is urgent; do not delay. The present generation will not be called upon to defend their principles with their lives as their fathers did, yet we have before us a great and noble work, the recording of the story of our civilization—a civilization which produced such men as our Davis, Lee, and Jackson.

"The heart cannot but feel that the true story must be told; the song must be sung through the ages that teaches the South the sublime beauty of devotion to duty."

CAPT. C. S. DOUGLASS, GALLATIN, TENN.

I am glad and thankful that you published to the world those undisguised and truthful utterances of that distinguished divine, Dr. Stowe. Again, I am glad that you have so thoroughly diagnosed and so critically and boldly handled the Elson history matter. Why have our daily papers that go broadcast to the people been so reticent on a matter of so much importance? Must the descendants of such noble sires be instructed to dishonor so worthy an ancestry? Must textbooks, vile, denunciatory, and untruthful, be recognized and taught in our Southern schools? Even on the hallowed soil that produced a Lee and a Jackson? God forbid. I indorse

fully your severe arraignment of Dr. Morehead posing as president of a Southern college. He ought to retire to a more congenial clime; for instance, Kansas, from whence as an alumnus his profound professor of history hailed and in whose embrace John Brown was fondled so tenderly.

In forty years as teacher I am glad to say that no history or reader has ever been introduced into my school that either directly or indirectly aspersed the chivalry and nobility of the brave and patriotic South.

May the VETERAN continue to grow in the esteem of our people! and in the future as in the past may it dare to vindicate the purposes, proclaim the virtues, and let the world know the truth about the patriotism of the Confederate soldier!

MOTHERS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

W. P. Chambers, of Hattiesburg, Miss., writes: "In the July VETERAN mention is made of Confederate mothers who are still living. Two members of Hattiesburg Camp, No. 21, have living mothers, and both parents of one of them, J. P. Bryant. Ira and Virginia (Ponder) Bryant, are living. Eliza (Edgings) Arledge is the mother of Comrade W. H. Arledge. She lives in Hattiesburg, and is now eighty-two years of age, and her husband died less than a year ago. Mrs. Jane E. Bryan, of Bonhomie, Hattiesburg, now in her eighty-eighth year, is the mother-in-law of Comrade W. D. Cooke, and she had two sons in the Confederate army, both of whom are dead. Mrs. M. A. Folsom, of this city, now ninety-six years of age, had one son in the Confederate army, whose widow has long been a pensioner."

COL. EDWARD CROSSLAND, OF KENTUCKY.

Col. Edward Crossland, of the 7th Kentucky Mounted Infantry, Forrest's Cavalry Corps, entered the Confederate service in May, 1861, as captain of the Alexander Guards, 1st Kentucky Infantry, C. S. A., and went immediately to Virginia with his regiment. This being a twelve months' organization, it was mustered out of the service at the expiration thereof, when both officers and men in nearly every instance joined other Kentucky Confederate regiments then serving in the Western armies.

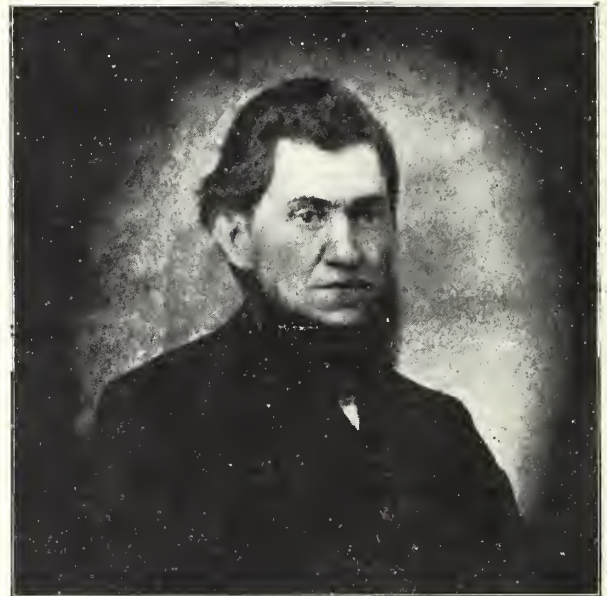
In the meantime Captain Crossland had attained the rank of major and lieutenant colonel respectively in that organization.

The 7th Kentucky, then serving as infantry, having lost its colonel, Charles Wickliffe, killed at Shiloh April 6, 1861, was reorganized in June following, when Col. Edward Crossland was unanimously elected colonel thereof, and served in that capacity until the end in May, 1865. During the last fifteen months, however, he was in command of the Kentucky brigade of Forrest's Cavalry, constituted of the 3d, 7th, and 8th Kentucky Mounted Infantry, and the 12th Kentucky Cavalry, Buford's Division. The first three regiments, having hitherto served as infantry, were on the 10th of March, 1864, mounted and assigned to General Forrest, thenceforth serving as "Soldiers on the Horse," but always dismounting and fighting as infantry, and their effectiveness was at all times highly satisfactory to General Forrest.

Colonel Crossland was three times severely wounded: at Paducah, Ky., March 25, 1864; Harrisburg, Miss., July 14 following; and at Butler's Creek, just north of Florence, Ala., November 21, 1864. Brave, enterprising, kind, and considerate to his men, he was their idol at all times, and he never failed to lead them with conspicuous bravery, yet with such prudence and good judgment that all possible advantages were avail-

able to them; and doubtless no colonel serving under General Forrest at any time commanded at all times that general's confidence more thoroughly than did Colonel Crossland. Had there been a vacancy in the Kentucky brigade, Colonel Crossland would have been promoted to a brigadier generalcy, General Forrest often speaking of him in that connection.

Colonel Crossland began his public career as sheriff of Hickman County, Ky., his native county, in 1850; afterwards



COL. EDWARD CROSSLAND.

studied law and entered actively into the practice at Clinton, Ky., and later in 1857-59 represented his county in the Kentucky Legislature.

On returning to Kentucky in the summer of 1865 he located at Mayfield, in Graves County, and again entered into the practice of law. In 1866 he was elected judge of the Court of Common Pleas, resigning therefrom in 1871 to take his seat in the Congress of the United States, in which he served brilliantly and effectively two terms as Representative from the First Kentucky District. On retiring from Congress, he was elected judge of the Circuit Court, which position he filled with distinguished ability and universal satisfaction until his death.

He was born in Hickman County, Ky., June 30, 1827; and died at Mayfield, Graves County, Ky., September 11, 1881.

A more extended tribute herein is due to this remarkable man. In ten volume of "War Records" more or less is said of him. This concise and fitting statement is made about him by Col. V. Y. Cook, of Batesville, Ark., who as a mere boy served under him for a time: "Crossland in many respects had no superior. He was as plain as the proverbial 'old shoe' and an accomplished gentleman."

INQUIRY CONCERNING A BEAUTIFUL CONFEDERATE FLAG—STARS AND BARS.—R. D. Steuart, of Baltimore, Md., writes of having added to his collection of Confederate relics a beautiful Confederate flag, "Stars and Bars," made of fine woolen, with gilt fringe and fine workmanship, "evidently the work of tender, loving hands," he says. It is 58 by 80 inches, and on the blue field in letters of gilt is "Our Right Is Our Might," and on the white bar is "Mountain Rifles from Grainger." He is anxious to learn something of the "Grainger Mountain Rifles." This must have belonged to a Tennessee regiment.

OF CONCERN TO FRIENDS OF THE VETERAN.

Thousands of "reminders" are being sent to subscribers whose time has lapsed. If every subscriber would respond at once, whether remitting or not, it would aid in clearing the list of those who will never pay.

A letter from one of the best-known and very best men in the Trans-Mississippi Department, dated July 12, 1911, states: "Inclosed find New York exchange for fifty dollars. Credit on my debt to the VETERAN, a debt which every comrade owes and should recognize. I'll try to be more prompt in the future."

Col. J. A. Waltrous, of Milwaukee, Wis., writes of the VETERAN: "Your very convincing notice that my time is up, as you see, has had the desired result. I send you check for another year. How any old Confederate could fail to comply with your request to speak a good word for your publication is something I cannot understand. It is very easy for me, a Yankee, to speak of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as an exceedingly interesting publication. Now and then I see something in it that makes me wince just a little; but nearly everything possesses genuine interest and gives real pleasure, even to a Yankee who spent four years down where such as you and your comrades could shoot at him on various historic occasions. I congratulate old Confederates upon having so enthusiastic and able a representative as the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. I must ask you now to keep sending it to me the rest of my life; and if you do not get the dollar a year promptly, it will be your own fault."

OFFICERS OF THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMP OF NEW YORK.—Commander, R. W. Gwathmey; Lieutenant Commander, J. E. Graybill; Adjutant, Clarence R. Hatton; Chaplain, Rev. George S. Baker; Surgeon, Dr. J. Harvie Dew; Counsel, B. A. Judd. Executive Committee—Veterans, Powhatan Weisiger, F. S. Hipkins; Associates, F. D. Caruthers, Carroll Sprigg and H. S. Colding. Headquarters, Hotel Astor. The resignation of Maj. Edward Owen, who was Commander and Paymaster for a long while, was accepted on March 28, 1911.

THE CONFEDERATE SEAL—MONUMENT TO GEN. GIDEON J. PILLOW.—Miss Annie Payne Pillow has undertaken by the sale of a fine reproduction of the great seal of the Confederate States, 'beautifully done in gold and ready for framing,' to erect a modest monument at the unmarked grave of her father, Gen. Gideon J. Pillow. Those who cherish the memory of General Pillow and the complete sacrifice of his great wealth to the South in the sixties will at least sympathize with Miss Pillow's undertaking. This great seal of the Confederate States would be a valued souvenir; and as all profit of the undertaking will be applied to this noble object, it would seem most worthy of attention. Orders for this reproduction of the great seal of the Confederacy should be sent to Miss Annie Payne Pillow, Room 160, War Department, Washington, D. C. The price is \$1.

R. S. Ward, M.D., of Clarkson, Ky., writes: "On the 2d of January, 1863, ten men of John Morgan's command attacked a train between Forts Donelson and Henry. There were forty-eight men in the Federal guard, which we did not know before we made the attack. We had captured a fellow in blue who lied to us as to the strength of the guard. Our major, William Spalding, was killed. The Federals belonged to the 83d Illinois; and if any of its survivors see this, I would like to know how many of their men were killed. We did not wait to count them."

Capt. R. Y. Johnson, of Guthrie, Ky., R. F. D. No. 3, wishes to hear from some member of Quarles's old brigade as to what became of the remnants of the 42d, 46th, 48th, 49th, 53d, and 55th Tennessee Regiments in the consolidation on the march from Bentonville, N. C., to Greensboro, N. C., in March, 1865. Into which of the four consolidated regiments were they put, and who were the field officers? He also wants to know of the two pieces of field artillery captured by this brigade in the last charge of the Army of Tennessee at Bentonville in March, 1865.

J. H. Fackler, of Boston, Ga., who served as a member of Butler's company, of Wofford's Brigade, wants to know if the adjutant general of the brigade is still living, and where. His company was made up in Columbus, Ga., but he went to Butler, Ga., fifty miles from Columbus, and was mustered into service there. Any surviving comrades who can give information of his service that will help him to get a pension will confer a favor by writing to him at address given. He is old, in ill health, and needs this assistance.

Among those attending the exercises in connection with the unveiling of the monument at Houston, Va., was a little boy, dressed in full uniform and carrying a Confederate flag, who could boast descent from two generations of living ex-Confederate soldiers—the only instance of its kind so far known. This little boy's great-grandfather, B. J. Eppes, also attending the unveiling, enlisted in April, 1861, and surrendered April 9, 1865; his grandfather, W. T. Eppes, also there, was a member of Company F, 34th Virginia Regiment, enlisting in May, 1862, and surrendering at Appomattox.



MASTER GEORGE BOURK, OF TENARKANA, TEX.

The youngest Confederate in uniform at the Reunion in Little Rock, in 1911. He is four years old, and of course he enjoyed the Reunion very much. Honor father and mother.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

FLAG HISTORY ON POSTAL CARD.

The spirit of cooperation should be zealously maintained. When the VETERAN assumes a position, that subject should be the cause of its patrons. Ten thousand at least should commend or disapprove the Editor's action. Think for a moment what power would result. In the June issue request was made for volunteers to send for a beautiful postal card to be forwarded by them to persons likely to become subscribers. That request brought more responses than any other the VETERAN ever made, and yet thousands have taken no notice of it. Are you a friend from whom no response was received?

Are you willing to spend ten cents to send a beautiful card to ten of your friends? The Editor of the VETERAN knows a multitude who would respond cheerfully to a personal appeal, and yet they won't break the silence on a postal card. There is true pathos in this plea. The postal cards if put on sale at news stands would bring a profit. Will you make amends by writing and helping? It would cost you only a cent to do that. Comrades who would take an active, personal, and prompt interest in the VETERAN in condemning as well as approving as seems to them best would render a service that would outlast their lives. Let us help each other.

CONCERNING THE RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL.

Have you read the articles on the subject of a memorial to Col. Richard Owen, who was commandant at the Camp Morton prison, Indianapolis, in 1862? If not, refer to the last few issues of the VETERAN. Copies will be sent to those who desire to consider the subject. The undertaking is solely that of the Editor of the VETERAN, who studied the subject long before introducing it. He visited Indianapolis and called upon the Governor, who had a joint resolution submitted to both houses of the legislature, which concurred unanimously, authorizing the Governor to place a "memorial tablet" in the Capitol, on the Capitol grounds, or at the great Indiana monument (one of the finest in America "to Indiana soldiers in all wars").

The Editor did not assume without reason. He asked simply for a memorial tablet, and resolved to contribute it personally if no one else joined him. The widespread sympathy with his suggestions and the sentiment of approval are such as to inspire the most ardent effort to erect a monument in the Capitol grounds by "Confederate prisoners and their friends" to the unequalled kindness of the Union officer who was commandant at the prison. There is no monument on the continent that would teach a finer moral lesson. Most of the men who were prisoners there in 1862 are dead, so to "their friends," men and women, fifty years after a service in brotherly kindness, this appeal is made to them to express their appreciation of the divine sentiment so extraordinarily shown under those trying circumstances. Think of how indelible would be the impression of such a monument at the North to one of their own men by "Confederates and their friends."

After thoughtful deliberation, it is resolved to keep this opportunity open until January 1, 1912. Then such a tribute will be prepared and dedicated on some suitable place. There is

expressed a desire by people of Indianapolis and elsewhere to locate it on Morton Place, where the prison was located. Please contribute to the fund now or write about it.

The scope of this memorial tribute is as broad as true patriotism. It honors in no sense the projector nor any individual other than the faithful patriot and the fellow-man, Richard Owen, who merits all. True, he had noble ancestry. His father accumulated fortune after fortune and gave unstintingly to the benefit of the working classes, especially to aid the cause of children in factories. He reared a family worthy to bear his name. The very day that the legislature of Indiana granted by unanimous vote the request of the Editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN the women of Indiana dedicated a bust in front of the Capitol to an eminent son, Robert Dale, for service to the public more than half a century before that required much labor and expense. This project has now gone far beyond the plan assumed by the VETERAN to erect a tablet in memory of Col. Richard Owen's kindness to prisoners in 1862 by those who were

"CONFEDERATE PRISONERS AND THEIR FRIENDS."

Any man, whether he fought for the Union or the Confederacy, and any generous woman who is personally friendly to the men who suffered can consistently contribute to this cause. If the reader is a friend to the Editor, he is requested to write either commending or disapproving the project.

A monument with the proposed inscription would be the most worthy, after those to Sam Davis and David O. Dodd, that could be erected to the credit of American manhood, patriotism, and benevolence.

"Yes, I approve your proposed monument in honor of Richard Owen, who showed great kindness to the captured Confederates in their time of need. Few nowadays can understand the hatred felt and manifested against the South by the people north of the Ohio when Colonel Owen was showing this kindness to the prisoners committed to his keeping. He was a hero as well as a gentleman in so doing.

"How I would like to 'chip in' and help you! But I need my dollars in my eighty-seventh year and my wife in her eighty-sixth. I am on the superannuated list and the oldest member of the Holston Conference, M. E. Church, South."

In making a contribution of \$5 to the Owen memorial fund, Capt. Joseph Phillips, of Nashville, who was a gallant staff officer C. S. A., commends the undertaking in these encouraging words: "It is a privilege, pleasure, and duty to honor such a man. I was a student under his instruction at the Western Military Institute, and remember him with sincere respect and affection."

T. C. Chiles, of Greenwood, S. C., writes: "I heartily concur in the unique movement for a monument to Col. Richard Owen, and think it would be a lasting honor to the people of the South. I was never a prisoner, but am glad to help in so worthy an object and inclose \$1." (See page 403.)

The contributions received since the last report are: John Shearer, McCrory, Ark., \$1; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Magnus, Cincinnati, \$10; J. P. Bradley, Linneus, Mo., \$1; T. C. Chiles, Greenwood, S. C., \$1; J. P. Norwood, Lockesburg, Ark., \$1; C. H. Lee, Falmouth, Ky., \$1; Capt. Joseph Phillips, Nashville, Tenn., \$5; A. E. Asbury, Higginsville, Mo., \$1; C. H. Rogers, Plantersville, Miss., \$1; E. G. Wilder, Socrum, Fla., \$1; B. H. Young, Louisville, \$10; T. W. Cromwell, Cynthia, Ky., 50 cents.

SOLDIER'S BODY UNEARTHED AT SELMA.

REPORT BY COL. D. M. SCOTT, SELMA, ALA.

On Sunday, June 25, 1911, Camp Jones, No. 317, U. C. V., at Selma, Ala., interred all that was left of the remains of an unknown soldier who was evidently killed in the battle of Selma, Ala., on April 2, 1865, more than forty-six years ago, when Wilson's raid invested Selma.

We are not certain whether it was a Confederate or a Federal soldier; but a resolution was adopted at the regular meeting of Camp Jones Friday night, June 23, that the skull and a few bones found should have a respectful burial in the Confederate lot in Live Oak Cemetery at the base of the monument erected by the Ladies' Memorial Association to the memory of the Confederate dead.

A few days before a lad in his teens, Robert McCord, of Selma, while digging bait on the banks of Beech Creek, near Selma, struck with his hoe a piece of rotted plank. Removing the plank, he discovered a human skull and took it to the Selma Times office.

The editor, Mr. John M. McCully, phoned the Commander of Camp Jones, asking whether any fighting occurred at the point named.

After a conference the next day, Mr. McCully, the editor, and young McCord made a thorough examination of where the skull had been found, and they unearthed bones of the legs and arms. They also found a piece of bright metal with

afterwards they heard firing, and Federal cavalry came from the direction of the firing. They reported that they had killed a "Johnny" on the edge of the creek and left him where he fell, but that the remainder escaped.

The following day by order of General Wilson all soldiers, both Confederates as well as Federals, were buried where they fell. After the war closed, the Federal government, as is well known, had all the Federal dead removed and sent to national cemeteries.

Many years ago the Ladies' Memorial Association was organized in Selma, and the remains of all Confederates that could be located were removed to Live Oak Cemetery.

Our Camp gave respectful interment to what we could gather of the remains of this poor soldier, regardless of whether he wore the gray or the blue. Doubtless he was reported as "missing," and his family never knew his fate.

The Camp met at 3:30 P.M. The remains, reposing in a small case, covered by a Confederate flag, were placed in a carriage and escorted to Live Oak Cemetery, accompanied by a goodly number of our veterans. At the grave a few explanatory remarks were made by the Commander, after which Hon. H. S. D. Mallory, a comrade, offered a fervent and patriotic prayer. "Taps" was sounded, and the solemn hearts left the cemetery gratified in the belief that they had honored a soldier who gave his life for a principle.

HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE REUNION.

The fortieth annual reunion of Hood's Texas Brigade took place at Cameron, Tex., June 28, 1911. The Texas Association of Mexican Veterans met in Cameron at the same time.

Addresses of welcome were made, the Daughters of the Confederacy taking active part in the proceedings. There were registered as present seventy-five of Hood's Brigade. A splendid dinner was served to all, and a big barbecue was served on the next day. Most of the veterans were entertained in private homes.

Addresses were made in the afternoon of the first day by Hons. W. E. Barry, of Navasota, and John H. Kerley, of Houston. On the second day Judge E. B. Muse, of Dallas, who had formerly lived in Cameron, responded to the home-comers' welcome.

In his beautiful response to the welcomes Judge W. R. Hamby, after paying exquisite tribute to the women of the Confederacy, made an appeal for correct history, saying:

"*Ladies of Milam County:* The men of Hood's Texas Brigade appeal to you to use your influence to teach the children of our State that the cause for which the South fought is not a 'lost cause.' Teach your children that the right of the States and of the people is the invisible and intangible sovereignty that stands between centralization and imperialism on one side and socialism and paternalism on the other; teach them that the right of local self-government is the palladium of the people; it is the star of hope. The South surrendered her armies and her flag, but did not surrender her God-given right to write her history of that war and to tell to coming generations the story of the sacrifices, the sufferings, and the matchless deeds of heroism of that struggle, the like of which the sun has not shone upon in all the ages of the past. If the men of the North fought to preserve the Union, the men of the South fought to preserve the principles upon which the Union was formed; if the men of the North were loyal, the men of the South were equally patriotic. The stars and stripes is the flag of our common country, and we pray it will forever wave over a free and a united country."



the letter "B" and what appears to be the broken point of a sword. These articles are being sent the VETERAN, to be used as illustrations. Mr. McCully discovered also the visor of a cap and a piece of gold braid which when taken in his hands "crumbled to dust."

When the Confederate lines were broken in the northern suburbs of Selma by Wilson's overpowering forces, the stampede was general, and organizations were completely divided. A matron of Selma, though then a mere girl, states that she saw a small band of Confederate cavalry attempt to cross Beech Creek, southeast of Selma; and the creek being greatly swollen, two were drowned. The remaining few passed her home, going in an easterly direction up Beech Creek. Soon

RAYMOND, MISS., IN WAR TIMES.

REMINISCENCES BY ONE WHO WAS A CHILD AT THE TIME.

BY ESTELLE TRICHELL OLTROGGE, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

I was only six years old when the war began, but I recall July 4, 1863, when Vicksburg surrendered, and May 12, 1863, when was fought the battle of Raymond, Miss. My first idea of soldiers must have been early in the spring of 1861, when it was reported in our little town of Raymond: "The soldiers are coming!" (I did not know what soldiers meant, and my mother told me they were men who were about to fight each other; so I called them "Fight each others.") Early that morning my mother had me gather a bunch of flowers to throw at the soldiers passing by; yet when they did come along, I was too bashful to throw it, although one of the soldiers called to me: "Give me that." My conscience hurt me for years for not throwing the bouquet to him.

Near the beginning of the war the ladies of Raymond gave two concerts for the benefit of the company that went from that town. One of the songs was that sweet old quartet, "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," sung by the Misses Calhoun, of Jackson, and their two brothers. There were also tableaux, and in one I was a fairy. The other concert was given in the courthouse, and "The Bonnie Blue Flag" was sung by several young ladies, each representing a Southern State and carrying its flag. After that our entertainments were few, for as the war went on news came of the death on the battlefield of so many of our brave young men, and so many families were in sorrow that no one had the heart to dance and sing. In 1862 my mother began to teach school, for she knew that if we were not victorious some one would have to make the living for the family; besides, she had to support our negro cook, who had four children. The rest of our slaves went to the Yankees.

Some time prior to July 4, 1863, several families refugeeed to Raymond from Vicksburg to avoid the horrors of the siege and the shells from Yankee gunboats. Among these was the family of Mr. Walter Brooke (later U. S. Senator Brooke). These families brought from their homes some furniture.

My mother and Miss Martha Dabney were in the habit of taking long walks before breakfast, and sometime would walk toward Cooper's Wells, a summer resort four miles distant on the road to Jackson, or Bolton. One morning they had planned to walk in the direction of Utica, when Judge Dabney sent a note to say that as there were rumors of a battle he thought it best for them to postpone their walk. That was the day of the battle of Raymond, May 12, 1863. Of course there were more Yankee soldiers than Confederates, and we were defeated; but they had more killed and wounded than we. The day after the battle General Grant with "sixty thousand men" passed through Raymond on his way to Jackson, Miss. As they neared Jackson the home of General Freeman was passed. Miss Freeman stepped to the door with a Confederate flag in her hand and sang "Bonnie Blue Flag," whereupon the Yankees promptly burned down her house. This was only a beginning, for they burned so many houses in Jackson that the town was called "Chimneyville." The incident about Miss Freeman and the flag was told us by "Uncle Tom," the carriage driver of General Freeman. His wife, "Aunt Mandy," belonged to us. "Uncle Simon," carriage driver for my great-aunt, who lived in another town twelve miles distant, came one day with a message to my mother that a party of Yankee soldiers had visited a neighboring plantation, gone to the family vault, and taken therefrom a small metallic coffin containing the body of a baby, and kicked the coffin all over the yard. An account of this vandalism was afterwards published in a Mississippi paper. Some years later while looking through our family Bible I found a clipping telling of the incident.

One of the first things the ladies of Raymond did was to organize a sewing society for the benefit of the soldiers. The Episcopal church (St. Mark's) was the place of meeting, and the Misses Peyton, Dabney, Nelson, Gray, Belcher, Alston, Mrs. Gibbs, and my mother were prominent in the movement. From time to time boxes of clothing were sent to the soldiers. Our church bells were given to be made into cannon.

But to return to the battle of Raymond. The battle began early in the morning, and all day long people lined the streets,



GATHERING AT CONFEDERATE CEMETERY, RAYMOND, MISS., MAY 12, 1910. A MONUMENT IS TO BE BUILT THERE.

listening to the boom of cannon and rattle of smaller firearms. The first wounded soldier I saw was a Yankee, a young officer. He was brought into town riding behind one of our soldiers. I remember the officer had red hair, and he leaned his head on his left hand and held on to the captor with his right. I felt sincere pity for him, even though he was a Yankee. Late in the afternoon the battle ended, and instead of coming into town by the roads and streets the swarming horde came pellmell across lots, through yards, breaking down fences, tramping over gardens and flower beds. At the very first the Confederate wounded were housed in the courthouse and in the ballroom of the Oak Tree Hotel; but soon they were all put in the courthouse, and the ladies of the town helped to nurse and care for our heroes. Every morning my mother and a servant went to the hospital with delicacies for the soldiers. I was always with my mother, and nothing passed me unnoticed. For instance, there was a Dr. Dysart in our hospital who had become the owner of a Yankee overcoat. I was a curly-headed girl, and received much notice; but Dr. Dysart could not get me to make friends with him, so my mother asked me the reason, and it was understand when I explained that I thought he was a Yankee on account of his overcoat. The Yankees put their wounded in four places—Odd Fellows Hall and the Methodist, Episcopal, and Baptist churches. A few dangerously wounded soldiers occupied a private residence. Two of them died and were buried in the yard, but were afterwards transferred to the National Cemetery at Vicksburg.

On the day of the battle of Raymond we were very much amused by my grandmother, who kept on knitting socks for the soldiers. She did not look at her work, but kept on, and by dark had knitted a sock as long as a ladies' hose.

The first Confederate victory was celebrated in Raymond by the ringing of church bells. Miss Lizzie Dabney and my mother rushed next door to the Baptist church and rang the bell themselves.

My father died before the war, so I am not a lineal descendant of a Confederate soldier; but his brothers and my mother's brothers were in the war, as was every male relative I had on either side over the age of fourteen. My claim as a Daughter of the Confederacy is good from these records; also my grandmother and my mother gave "loyal aid" to the cause, and my first husband, Private George Mixon Hayden, served through the whole four years.

The fall before the war my mother went to Vicksburg and bought a black silk velvet bonnet and a black silk velvet cloak, just imported from Paris. It was many a day before we could get anything of that kind again. * * * A countryman who sent several children to my mother's school let her have a small spring wagon and a one-eyed mule, which afterwards proved more valuable than money could have been; for when there were no groceries to be bought in town, Aunt Mandy would hitch up "Old Beck" and drive far into the backwoods where no Yankees had yet been and buy farm produce. * * * But there was no coffee to be procured; so parched corn, browned meal, parched and ground peanuts, and sweet potatoes cut in small cubes dried and parched and ground were used as substitutes. I'm glad I did not have to drink it. The homemade sugar was dark, and so was the "homemade" salt.

On July 4, 1863, Vicksburg surrendered, and the next day we watched our poor, starved troops march through town. Grandmother had a large wash pot full of vegetable soup placed in the yard, and many a poor soldier partook of that soup. Her storeroom was always well stocked with grape and blackberry wine and cordial, preserves, and pickles; and

though she had only corn bread to offer the soldiers, these delicacies accompanied the bread and made it acceptable.

Some time after the battle of Raymond a Yankee soldier came up to our house and said he was sick and asked permission to enter the house. He could have gone to the hospital next door, but I suppose the poor fellow thought of "home and mother" when he saw grandmother sitting on the gallery. He was shaking so hard with the ague that he could hardly talk. Grandmother invited him into the parlor and let him lie on a large sofa and had a servant cover him and give him hot sage tea, and soon the chill left him. I do not remember how long he remained, but he was deeply affected by my grandmother's kindness and was profuse in his thanks to her and took great notice of me.

At the end of the war the very first greenbacks my mother acquired were from the sale of a beautiful silk quilt that she had pieced together. A young Jew started a dry goods store in Raymond and got married, and he gave mother thirty dollars for the quilt, which he gave as a bridal present to his wife. The next greenbacks were from the sale of old Beck and the spring wagon.

Those who have dead buried at Raymond and all friends who can do so should aid the people in the erection of a monument to those who fell in that severe battle on May 12, 1863. Nobler men never went down in battle. The people of that town and vicinity have done well in building at a cost of \$4,000 a splendid monument to the dead of Hinds County (see VETERAN for 1908, page 441) and caring for the cemetery in which are the dead of that battle. The grounds are well kept and the place inclosed by handsome iron fence. (See picture.)

The noble women of Raymond have ever been gratefully remembered by survivors of that battle who fought against fearful odds; and when their Chapter—the N. B. Forrest Chapter—is ready to undertake the monument, there should be prompt and zealous coöperation. Mrs. J. R. Eggleston, active then and now, has the cause ardently at heart. Any who may be interested in that cause may learn from her.

WHERE GENERAL ARMISTEAD FELL.—Milton Harding, Asheville, N. C., of Company G, 9th Virginia Infantry, writes: "The June VETERAN contains an account of the part borne by my old commander, Gen. L. A. Armistead, in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863. The account accords with my recollections except in a few minor details. General Armistead evidently received his mortal wound immediately after crossing the stone wall at that point. I was within six feet of him to his left, and observed that he staggered painfully, and could barely keep his feet until he reached the enemy's guns (Cushing's, I think), some sixty feet from the wall, although he continued to lead the charge like the hero he was. As he slapped his left hand on the gun he sank to his knees, and then fell full length to his right. I asked him if I could do anything for him. He requested me to get a small flask of brandy from the satchel he had carried by a strap from his shoulder, and from this he drank a swallow or so. I asked where he was wounded. He replied that he was struck in the breast and arm. In answer to my offer to assist him, he advised me to look out for myself. About that time the enemy recaptured the guns, and I, with others, retreated to the stone wall, where I was taken prisoner. I was carried first to Westminster, Md., and next to Fort McHenry, in Baltimore Harbor, then to Fort Delaware, and later to Point Lookout. In February, 1865, I was exchanged and returned to Richmond.

THE UNCONQUERED BANNER.

BY J. J. CRANE, CO. C, 18TH MISS. REGT.

Furl not that banner nor hide it away,
The flag that inspired the columns of gray.
Over fields of carnage, where thousands were slain,
It floated unsullied; not a star was stained.
Lift it up higher in the breezes to play;
It's honored by the blue and loved by the gray.

Unfurled in a cause we knew to be just,
It can never be dishonored nor trail in the dust.
Though overpowered and our hope was dead,
With another flag raised over our head,
State rights are acknowledged by America to-day
As the principle true defended by the gray.

That principle was born in Davis and Lee,
Unfurled our banner, resolved to be free,
Inspired our heroes, who followed it long
And honored it forever in story and song.
We fought for it, died for it; no country will say
That braver men lived than those of the gray.

Raise higher that banner and greet it to-day;
Those who fought for it are passing away.
Emblem of State rights, to the South most dear,
Bought by our blood and the loved ones not here;
But our cause established and our honor won,
We adopt the old flag and back with guns.

And now as one people, for the glory of all,
We ever stand ready for our country's call.
A glorious defeat, the victory is ours;
The blood of our martyrs blooms brighter than flowers

THE SIXTH KENTUCKY REGIMENT.

In the fall of 1861 the 6th Kentucky Confederate Regiment, which became part of the Orphan Brigade, was organized under Col. Joseph H. Lewis at Cave City, Ky. At this time a prominent Southern man, C. D. Hutcheson, lived near Bear Wallow. On the night of October 10, 1861, Captain Twyman took his company and some others, aggregating one hundred and twenty-five men, and went down to Mr. Hutcheson's place to "have a little fun" in capturing Mr. Hutcheson and taking him to Greensburg. It happened that Colonel Lewis got word of their movements, and sent out some of his men to guard Mr. Hutcheson. The Union boys did not know the Confederates were there until they had gotten off their horses and marched up to the front gate. The Southern boys were lying down at the front fence, and let them get within a few feet before they halted them. About the same time both sides fired. The Confederates being on the ground, the fire from the Federals went over them and did no harm, not a man being hurt. But the Yankees did not escape so well. Two were killed and eighteen or twenty wounded. They were badly demoralized and got back to their camp at Greensburg by ones and twos on foot, leaving most of their horses in Mr. Hutcheson's field. They failed to capture Mr. Hutcheson.

The following were of the Confederates there: John G. Hudson, Thomas G. Page, Sam Hudson, A. G. King, Robert J. Hindman, John D. Spurier, Sid B. Rhodes, James L. Tucker, John Peden, Frank Funk, and Jordan W. Floore. They served in the Orphan Brigade or with Gen. John H. Morgan.

FIRST CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

The wife of Col. Robert White, a resident of Wheeling, but formerly of Romney, Hampshire County, W. Va., gives her recollections in regard to the erection of what is doubtless the very first monument ever erected as a memorial to the Confederate soldiers who died in defense of Southern rights. It was erected at the town of Romney.

Mrs. White says that, while time has effaced much from her memory, the facts connected with that monument are indelibly impressed upon her mind.

In the early spring of the year 1866, even while a portion of the Northern army was still encamped within twenty miles of Romney, a few ladies of that town who had known the sufferings and hardships of the war so recently ended gathered at the home of Col. Robert White for the purpose of organizing a Memorial Association, its object then being to keep green the memory of their loved ones who had sacrificed their lives to the cause of the Southland. Only a few were present at the organization, but afterwards others joined. Mrs. White was elected President of the Association, Miss Bessie Schultz (later the wife of Capt. C. S. White, a brother of Colonel White) was made the Secretary, and Mrs. J. D. Armstrong the Treasurer.

Soon after the Association was organized it was determined to erect in the Indian Mound Cemetery at Romney a monument in memory of the many sons of old Hampshire County who had lost their lives during the war, and to inscribe their names upon the monument.

Mrs. White says all were very poor then, having lost nearly



THE MONUMENT AT ROMNEY, VA., 1867.



MONUMENT AT LYNCHBURG, VA.

all they had by the war. Their husbands and fathers were still oppressed by that iniquitous "test oath" demanded by the new South of the Rebels, who could not and would not take it.

Inspired by the feeling that the memory of such heroes should be perpetuated by erecting a monument to them, the ladies resolved that they would give their hearts and hands to the work in full faith that they could in the course of time erect such a testimonial, and that they would "do with all their might" what they could to accomplish the result.

"I feel sure," said Mrs. White, "that our Memorial Association was the very first one ever organized in our beloved South, and that the monument erected by the efforts of the ladies of old Hampshire was the first monument ever erected to the memory of the Confederate dead. To raise the necessary means, poor as we were, we had sales of fancy articles that were made by our own hands. We gave a fair or bazaar and dinners, the occasion lasting two days and evenings. It was held at the then unused rooms of the old Literary Society of Romney, which had been broken up by the war. The Confederate heart of the whole people seemed to be aroused, and the result was grand. Besides, the merchants of Romney came to our aid, and very many friends in old Hampshire, and dear friends of Cumberland, Md., twenty-five miles away, gave us liberally. One of the Cumberland friends sent to us a sewing machine, which at the bazaar was contested for by two popular men, and netted us some \$400. Another sent a large cake, which was contested for by two others for their re-

spective lady friends, and that realized for us about the sum of \$200. At the end of the second night we counted our money, and found that we had more than \$1,100 in cash. This greatly encouraged us, and we went right to work to get birds for the erection of the monument. Of course more money was required; but we had faith to believe that it would be raised, and ere long we had the means to pay for the monument. This monument was erected in the summer of 1867 and was dedicated on September 28 of that year. Upon that monument were chiseled the names of our dear Confederate dead who went to war from old Hampshire County, Va., and the inscription upon it, written by that then celebrated Presbyterian divine, the Rev. J. M. Harris, bears testimony to the heroism of those dear women at that day, most of whom 'have crossed over the river to rest on the other side.' That inscription is, as I now give it, from memory: 'The daughters of old Hampshire erect this tribute of affection to her heroic sons who fell in defense of Southern rights.'"

[The foregoing is given by Maj. E. H. McDonald, of the 11th Virginia Cavalry, who writes that the data were furnished by the wife of Col. Robert White, of Wheeling. He refers to the interesting report of Judge R. B. Haughton, of St. Louis, in the May VETERAN, page 233.]

CHENEYVILLE (LA.) RIFLES' FLAG RETURNED.

During the Reunion at Little Rock there was returned to Gen. Thomas J. Shaffer, Commander of the Louisiana Division, U. C. V., a silk Confederate flag which belonged to the Cheneyville Rifles. This flag was presented to General Shaffer by Mrs. Walke, the custodian of the banners of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The address of the Louisiana Division was made by Maj. L. B. Claiborne, of Pointe Coupee Parish, and a member of General Shaffer's staff.

Since the Reunion the exact history of the flag has been learned. It was made from the wedding dress of Mrs. T. B. Helm, and was presented to the Cheneyville Rifles on the occasion of its departure to the seat of war.

The banner is held by General Shaffer, and he will place it in Memorial Hall.

E. C. Herbert, of Alexandria, Rapides Parish, who, with Mrs. Herbert, was present on the day the flag was originally presented, has contributed the following history:

"Mrs. Herbert and I were present on that May day in 1861, when the 'beauty and chivalry' of old Cheneyville, with other portions of Rapides Parish, had assembled for the proceedings of that patriotic gathering, and it had more the resemblance of a festive gathering than one to say 'good-by' to loved ones on their departure for the seat of war.

"We have been trying to recall the names of the eleven young ladies who, with the colors of the young Confederacy appropriately and conspicuously arranged and displayed about their persons, represented the eleven States. Together we can remember only five, whose names follow: Miss Mary C. Wright, Miss Mathilde Clark, Miss Ellen Tanner, Miss Elizabeth Compton, and Miss Betty Tanner. The five whose names are given all in churchyards lie.

"Mrs. T. B. Helm, who was Miss Jane Tanner, gave her bridal dress to be made into that 'historic flag,' which was presented to the Cheneyville Rifles by Miss Clark.

"The Cheneyville Rifles, Capt. P. F. Keary commanding, became Company H, 8th Louisiana Regiment, and with the 6th, 7th, and 9th Louisiana Regiments, and Wheat's Battalion,

also from Louisiana, constituted for a time the 1st Louisiana Brigade, commanded by Gen. Dick Taylor. In May, 1862, the brigade, with General Ewell's entire division, was sent to reinforce Stonewall Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley, and thenceforward was of Jackson's Corps.

"In 1864, Captain Keary was sent to the Trans-Mississippi Department to organize a battalion. From that time till the end the Cheneyville Rifles (Company H, 8th Louisiana Regiment) was commanded by the late Capt. John Burgess and Lieutenant Oliver, who is still living near Evergreen, La."

PEACE BETWEEN THE SECTIONS.

BY MISS MARY H. STEPHENSON, PETERSBURG, ILL.

Over fifty years have elapsed since Beauregard opened fire on Fort Sumter. The four years of bloody war have long since passed into history. But the conflict has left its sign manual on the sunny Southland in much bolder script than on the Northland. In fact, it has been written over the landscape of this sweet, winning, romantic section of our great country in letters of blood.

The great National and Confederate cemeteries scattered over that region are visible signs of the throes of agony suffered by our nation in the sixties; and as the warm sunshine lies softly on the green graves and flowers star them, looking up with dew-spangled petals toward the blue vault of heaven, Dame Nature seems to say to us all: "All ye be brethren, and it is no 'far cry' from North to South." There are no Alps for a Cæsar to cross from any direction; only an invisible line, and on either side of that line are hearts warm and true, fired with a common love of our common country. On either side are hearts longing for a complete restoration of full amity and brotherhood—yea, much fuller than we have had since the days of Washington and Adams—and, please God, we think ere long we shall have it.

Peace hath her patriots no less than her stern brother, War. On both sides we considered it a duty to fight for our convictions in the sixties. In the second decade of the twentieth century it is no less our duty to fill the chasm of our rent country with the flowers of love—love toward "our fathers' God," love toward our great common country, love and forgiveness one toward another.

Initiatory to this duty both North and South should realize that no principle is compromised by such an attitude. The veterans of the Confederate army and their sons are sincerely devoted to this great Union. They are glad that their section of the country is under the protection of the stars and stripes. They are glad that we are strong enough to enforce the Monroe Doctrine on this continent, protecting its weaker neighbors.

The question as to whether our Constitution permitted a State or States to withdraw at option from the Union was a much-mooted one for years before the Civil War. At one time certain New England States strongly advocated the right of secession. It was a constitutional question which had to be fought out sooner or later. Better sooner than later.

At the time of the Civil War slavery was confined to the Southern section of our country. But traders of the North, particularly the Dutch traders of New York, in the early days had imported the black man and sold him as property.

The North should realize its sacred duty to do all in its power to further this healing of old wounds. Never in the history of our country has there been so great a need of unity of heart and purpose among our citizenship. In unity of hearts and purpose to preserve our free institutions at whatever cost lies our strength.

Mr. Lincoln has been much misunderstood by the South, but of late years the people better appreciate his noble character. General Grant also truly desired union and friendship between the North and the South. He was not at heart the enemy of the South while he fought the battles of the Federal government.

Many prominent members of the Grand Army of the Republic to-day are greatly interested in furthering more friendly relations between the remnant of those two great American armies, Union and Confederate.

Northern people have always respected the Southerners. Few Northern people at all adequately understand their problems, especially the great, grave, and pathetic race problem. The Northern people are noble and just at heart; and when they realize the gravity and import to the whole country of the menacing race question in the South, they will sympathize and be interested in the South arriving at a righteous and just solution for both whites and blacks.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN by its fair exposition of both sides of the lamentable contest between brethren and by its friendly attitude toward the surviving Federal soldiers in general is doing a great work for our country. Its mission seems to be preëminently to present the Confederate cause so that all may clearly see the reasons and motives which actuated its adherents and to pour balm on old wounds and cement friendship between those who were once pitted against each other in a terrible war.

The writer of these sentiments, having been the recipient of many kindnesses and courtesies from Confederate veterans, gladly makes room in her regard to place them beside those veterans of the blue, so sacredly dear to her and the memory of whose achievements she takes pride in perpetuating. And she does not feel that she is any less a patriot or any less firm an advocate of union and freedom or any less a friend and admirer of the Grand Army of the Republic, founded by her father, but rather more of all these things.

INTERESTING REUNION EVENT IN LOUISIANA.—The Idaho, a United States war ship, was greeted at the Donaldsonville (La.) Reunion of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans by a six-pounder field piece which is a prized trophy. The return compliment was of a royal character. The Victor Marin Camp, named for Mayor Victor Marin, of the Richardson Battalion of Artillery, and the United Daughters had a fine meeting on June 3 in honor of President Davis's birthday, and the Veterans by resolutions published expressed appreciation of the hospitality of the Daughters, and especially to Mrs. H. C. Whiteman, President of the Chapter.



RESIDENCE OF H. A. CLARK, WARTRACE, A TYPICAL COUNTRY HOME IN TENNESSEE.

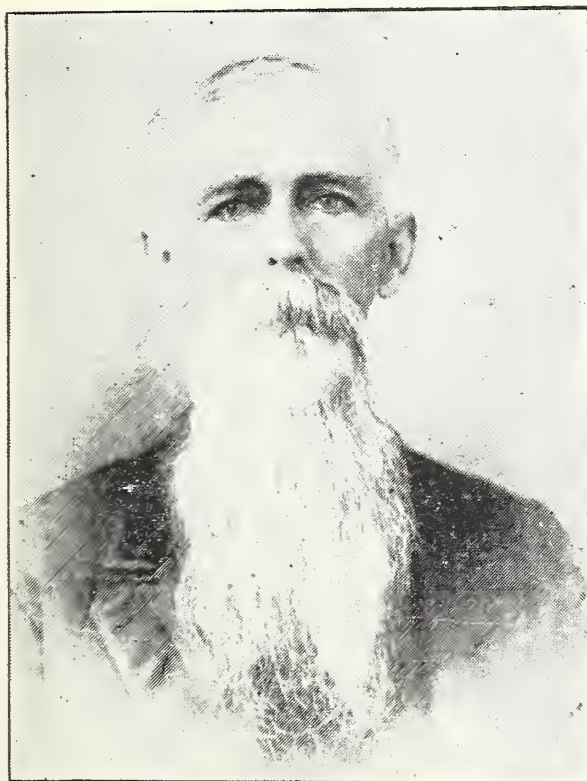
ALABAMIANS IN A TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

BY CAPTAIN JOHN W. GRAYSON, COMPANY E, THIRTY-SEVENTH INFANTRY.

Captain Grayson was born May 23, 1838, in Madison County, Alabama, and has lived in that county all his life. He was educated at the Cumberland University, Tennessee. His father was a successful farmer. His grandfather, John Grayson, came from Virginia to East Tennessee and married a Miss Carter, and moved to the then Territory of Alabama, now Madison County, in 1806. In 1810 he bought lands from the government, and much of it still remains in the family.

Early in 1861 John W. Grayson and Thomas H. Owen raised a company in Madison County—Owen becoming captain and Grayson first lieutenant. They joined the Humphrey Brigade at Decatur, Ala. Neither the State nor the Confederate States being able to arm the brigade, it was disbanded, but this company joined a Tennessee regiment then being organized, and became Company E, 37th Tennessee. Moses White was elected colonel, R. Dudley Frayser, lieutenant colonel, and Hunter P. Moffatt, major.

One company, Captain Hunt, was from near Winchester,



CAPT. JOHN W. GRAYSON.

one, Captain Tankesley, from Chattanooga, and seven were from East Tennessee. The regiment first belonged to General Carroll's brigade, under Zollicoffer. It was afterwards in Cheatham's Division, and in the end in Bate's Division.

This regiment participated in the battles of Fishing Creek, or Mill Springs, and Perryville, in Kentucky; Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Stone's River, Murfreesboro, Shiloh, Franklin, and Nashville, in Tennessee; Dalton, Jonesboro, Peach Tree Creek, and Atlanta, in Georgia; Bentonville, in North Carolina, and a great many skirmishes.

After serving their term of enlistment, one year, the com-

pany reenlisted for three years, or during the war; then Lieutenant Grayson was elected captain, and served in that capacity till the Confederacy fell.

This company was at many, many places: Decatur, Ala.; Germantown, Knoxville, Fishing Creek, Nashville, and Shiloh, Tenn.; Corinth, and Tupelo, Miss.; Mobile, Ala.; up the Alabama River to Montgomery; Chattanooga; through Tennessee and Kentucky, under General Bragg, by Sparta, Tenn., Glasgow, Mumfordsville, Bardstown, and Perryville, Ky.; Cumberland Gap, Knoxville, Chattanooga, Murfreesboro; back to Chattanooga, and Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, the retreating battle to Atlanta; by Decatur and Tusculumbia, Ala., to Franklin, and Nashville, Tenn.; then back to Florence, Ala., to Columbus, Macon, and Augusta, Ga., to Columbia, S. C.; to Raleigh, and to Bentonville, N. C., where the last battle was fought east of the Mississippi River, March 19, 1865, save the one at West Point, Ga. In the fight at Bentonville the Confederate army was successful, driving the enemy back and holding its ground till next day, then falling back in good order. From Bentonville they marched to Raleigh, to Chapel Hill, on to Greensboro, where Gen. Joseph E. Johnston surrendered.

There were not one-fourth enough trains to transport them, hence most of them had to walk, and catch trains occasionally.

Captain Grayson arrived home May 20, 1865. He found his father and father-in-law dead, his mother's residence burned, and a general scene of devastation. He first taught school, then engaged in farming, in which he was successful, accumulating some property to sustain him as age advanced.

He married a Miss Sarah Allison about a month before joining the army. They reared four sons and one daughter. The daughter, Nannie P., married Mr. Murphy Laughinghouse, and is now at the Huntsville Female Seminary at Huntsville, Ala. His four sons are James Gordon, a life insurance agent in Birmingham; David A., a lawyer in Huntsville, Ala.; Dr. Ambrose Tilden, a physician in Madison County; and Claude A., a lawyer in Mobile, Ala., at the University of Alabama.

Captain Grayson was among the foremost of those Democrats in Alabama who overthrew the carpetbag government in that State. He served in his State Legislature in 1870-72 and in 1884-85; the State Senate in 1873-75; and the Constitutional Convention of 1901. He was appointed a member of the Convict Bureau by Governor Oates for 1896 and 1897, and has taken an active part in every political campaign since the war.

He has always been lavish with his time and means in helping the cause of education and all efforts for the upbuilding of the country.

When our army retreated he was left in the hands of the enemy at Mill Springs, Ky., on his supposed deathbed, but he recovered and made his escape through the mountains of East Tennessee, where many escaping Confederates were murdered by the Tories.

He was severely wounded at the battle of Missionary Ridge, Tenn., but returned to his command in about two months.

Captain Grayson, now seventy-three, still superintends his farm near Gurley, Ala., where he has resided for forty years, and in seven miles of where he was born.

APPEAL FOR SHILOH FROM TEXAS.

BY MRS. FORREST T. MORGAN, AUSTIN, TEX.

It is nearly fifty years since our great and matchless chief, Gen. A. S. Johnston, riding at the head of his army, called to one of his men and said: "My son, we must this

day conquer or die." That very day he died on the gory field of Shiloh. Over ten thousand soldiers were killed and wounded. The dead were buried in long, shallow trenches, and lie unknown and almost forgotten, with no headstones to mark the grassy mounds where they rest.

Shall our dead remain unmarked at Shiloh, while in the National Park there, by placing massive slabs and high towering monuments, the other side keeps sacred the memory of its heroes? The South has fallen short of her duty in this long neglect of her dead. No truer or braver men ever fought for any country than the sons of Dixie who fell at Shiloh.

It is true that Texas has not forgotten the courage of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, his untarnished character, his bravery, and even recklessness at Shiloh. His love for Texas re-stimulated patriotism in all Texas people, and his remains now rest in the cemetery at Austin, where the State may proudly boast of a monument to him that is one of its riches of patriotic art treasures.

My home Chapter and several others in Texas bear his name, so let us turn our energies to the erection of a monument in the Shiloh National Park in honor of our Southern heroes who fought at his command and died with him. Texas, the largest State of the South and in the Union, should give a contribution at the next convention equal in proportion to its vast territory. Let all of us throughout our dear Southland wake up to the importance of this great work, and lend a helping hand by sending a donation, however small, as every little increases the fund.

Mrs. V. C. Giles, the capable State Chairman of Shiloh Monument Committee for Texas, desires to get in communication with every survivor of the battle of Shiloh who will give some incident pertaining to the battle. From these letters she will make her report at the next State Convention, and the letters will be filled away with the archives of the U. D. C. All friends in this great work are requested to send their contributions to Mrs. Val C. Giles, 710 W. 22d St., Austin, Tex.

Gen. G. M. Ray, of Asheville, N. C., when sending several subscriptions writes: "I want to extend to you my most sincere wishes for a happy and prosperous new year; indeed, more than that, I hope and pray that you may have many of them. In rounding out your eighteenth year as editor and proprietor I wish to say that I believe you have done more to perpetuate the memories of that cause we all hold so dear (not the "lost cause;" perish the expression!) than all other instrumentalities. Since the issue of the first number of the *VETERAN* (January, 1893) you have been building a monument to the soldiers of the Confederacy and, unconsciously perhaps, to yourself as well. Each number has been, as it were, a granite block in that monument. Yea, better than granite, because more enduring, for even granite will disintegrate and decay; but the truths that you have sent out will live on and on as long as a drop of Southern blood courses the veins of the descendants of the heroes of 1861-65 or courage and patriotism are esteemed as virtues. For myself and comrades I beg to thank you again and again for your invaluable, untiring, and persevering labors."

Mr. J. B. Hill, of Jefferson City, Tenn., asks that any surviving comrades of B. F. (Frank) Lundsford, who is thought to have belonged to Company D, 37th Tennessee Infantry, will kindly write to him of this comrade's war record, as his widow is in need of a pension and will have to secure testimony to prove her claim. Response will be appreciated.

LIQUORS WITHOUT DRUNKENNESS.

W. D. Boyer, in the *Chicago Blade*, from Buenos Aires:

"In my last letter I just mentioned the question of the temperance of the people and the absence of drunkenness, but there are many saloons and restaurants all over the city. They are well patronized, yet drunkenness is scarcely known. If you see an intoxicated man, it is a foregone conclusion that he is a foreigner. He is either English, German, or American.

"What makes the absence of drunkenness most remarkable and shows the temperament of the people is the fact that no liquor license is required, either State, Federal, or city. Every saloon keeper, like every other business man, pays the city for a permit to do business, and he pays the same price whether he sells ice cream, dry goods, or hardware.

"Liquor-selling or any kind of business can run all day or all night; the law requires them to close on Sundays and holidays. Drinks may be secured, however, with meals or 'something to eat' on any day. There is one national custom that tends largely to temperance on the part of the men who drink at all—no Argentinian treats, nor will he allow you to treat. The same rule applies to a club, restaurant, or saloon."



MISS IRENE SEYMOUR DICKSON,

Daughter of Camp Beauregard, U. S. C. V., New Orleans, and winner of the Alison Medal offered by the Louisiana U. D. C., for the best essay on "Causes of the Civil War." This medal was awarded at the annual convention of the Louisiana Division, Shreveport, May, 1911. Miss Dickson is in her sixteenth year.

THE LAST CAPITOL OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The old homestead of Maj. W. T. Sutherlin, Danville, Va., is one of the historic places of the entire South, as well as of Virginia. This residence is known as the last capitol of the Confederacy. It now stands alone in its grandeur, the last of the family having passed away with the exception of a small great-granddaughter, Janie Sutherlin Barrett, of Birmingham, Ala. The winding up of the estate brings this handsome home before the public eye, as it is for sale. It is a seeming providence that among the last works for the survivors of a great cause to do is to preserve this last meeting place of President Davis and his cabinet as a memorial to the Confederate cause.

This grand old home marks the final step in the solution of the greatest and most perilous national crisis which our nation has ever been called upon to endure. It was here in this home that the final scenes of the Civil War drama were enacted by the Confederate government, for when President Davis and his cabinet were forced to leave Richmond, Va., they immediately left for Danville, arriving there on April 2. The presidential party were driven to the residence of Maj. W. T. Sutherlin, who held a Confederate office. He had been a member of the Secession Committee of Virginia. Here the President and cabinet remained until April 10. The cabinet meetings were held here, proclamations issued, and orders transmitted. During this time the Sutherlin home constituted *de facto* the capitol of the Confederate States.

The last full cabinet meeting held by President Davis was in one of the sitting rooms of the Sutherlin mansion, at which there were present Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State; Zimmerman Davis, Attorney General; J. H. Reagan, Postmaster General; Mr. Trenholm, Secretary of the Treasury; Mr. Memminger, former Secretary of the Treasury; Mr. Burton Harrison, the President's Private Secretary. Gen. J. C. Breckinridge, Secretary of War, was the only member absent.

Until the news of General Lee's surrender reached President Davis he was very hopeful of the ultimate triumph of the Confederacy. The tone of the proclamation issued by him on April 5, soon after his arrival in Danville, shows this. The table on which this proclamation was written still remains in the Sutherlin home, which stands furnished for sale just as it stood in the days when President Davis and cabinet were guests there. The table has been sought repeatedly by relic hunters for the Confederate Museum, but was so highly prized that the family would not relinquish it. It is of exquisite workmanship in Egyptian marble and rosewood. The eye glasses which Mr. Davis wore when writing the proclamation are also preserved in this home.

It was within a radius of eighty miles from this home that both Lee and Johnston surrendered, and it was while there that President Davis received the news of Lee's surrender. He with his cabinet left immediately for the South, eluding some Federal soldiers that were nearing Danville to capture him. Thus was the last capitol of the Confederacy vacated, and thus did the bonnie blue flag cease to represent a nation.

The time is now ripe to purchase this last historic mansion and preserve it as a memorial to the Southern cause and to Virginia hospitality, for this home was thrown open at a moment's notice to receive the President of the Confederacy and his cabinet. Will not the whole South, with the United Confederate Veterans, come up and preserve this place as a whole before it is too late? Situated in a grove of beautiful great oaks, shrubs, and flowers, with a frontage of three hundred and seventy feet, and in the heart of the residential portion of the

city, built of massive brick and stucco and well preserved, furnished throughout, it is now offered for sale so the estate may be wound up. It is not the desire of the executors to divide it up into lots and tear the home away; but unless some step is taken soon to preserve it as a whole, the division into lots will be made. Wake up, veterans and public-spirited men of the South, and preserve for generations to come this memorial to a cause for which the most gallant army of the world battled four long years.

Communications can be sent to R. L. Peerman and W. R. Fitzgerald, Executors, Danville, Va.

THE SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, FROM
JUNE 17 TO JULY 15, 1911.

J. W. Gooding Chapter, Brunson, S. C.....	\$ 2 00
Black Oak Chapter, Pinopolis, S. C.....	1 00
Dick Anderson Chapter, Sumter, S. C.....	5 00
M. C. Butler Chapter, Shandon, S. C.....	2 00
Calvin Crozier Chapter, Newberry, S. C.....	25 00
Charleston Chapter, Charleston, S. C.....	15 00
William Lester Chapter, Prosperity, S. C.....	1 00
Pendleton Chapter, Pendleton, S. C.....	2 00
Michael Brice Chapter, Blackstock, S. C.....	2 00
Butler Guards, C. of C., Greenville, S. C.....	3 15
Ann White Chapter, Rock Hill, S. C.....	5 00
Hartsville Chapter, Hartsville, S. C.....	3 00
John K. McIver Chapter, Darlington, S. C.....	5 00
Mary Ann Bine Chapter, Johnstons, S. C.....	11 00
Arthur Manigault Chapter, Georgetown, S. C.....	2 00
Cheraw Chapter, Cheraw, S. C.....	7 00
Edward Croft, Aiken, S. C.....	1 00
Bamberg Chapter, Bamberg, S. C.....	1 00
Mrs. G. F. Bamberg, Bamberg, S. C. (personal)....	1 00
A. Donivan, Bamberg, S. C. (personal).....	50
Beach Island Chapter, Beach Island, S. C.....	1 00
Mrs. F. Sams, Charleston, S. C. (personal).....	25
John T. Morrison Chapter, Estell, S. C.....	5 00
Edgefield Chapter, Edgefield, S. C.....	5 00
Commission on thirteen copies Confederate banners sold in South Carolina.....	1 62
Greenville Chapter, Emporia, Va.....	2 50
Jefferson Davis Chapter, Accomac, Va.....	10 00
Essex Chapter, Tappahannock, Va.....	5 00
Scottsville Chapter, Scottsville, Va.....	1 00
Chesterfield Chapter, South Richmond, Va.....	5 00
Dabney Maury Chapter, Philadelphia, Pa.....	5 00
J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, Stanton, Va.....	5 00
Halifax Chapter, South Boston, Va.....	5 00
Pickett Buchanan Chapter, Norfolk, Va.....	5 00
Eighth Virginia Regiment Chapter, Woolsey, Va...	2 50
Bowling Green Chapter, Bowling Green, Va.....	5 00
Agnes Lee Chapter, Decatur, Ga.....	22 00
Kiowa Chapter, Kiowa, Okla.....	3 50
Interest on certificate deposits.....	52 45
Total	\$ 236 47.
Total in hands of Treasurer to date.....	9,590 26

Through a clerical error the contribution from Mrs. Julia Beck sent by the Shiloh Chapter, Savannah, Tenn., was reported \$2 instead of \$4. The Treasurer takes pleasure in making this correction.

[Please don't wait to be asked for funds for the Shiloh and Arlington monuments. Both undertakings are meritorious.]

CONFEDERATES WHO ARE CONGRESSMEN.

(William Harder, in Courier-Journal.)

Fifty years after the first guns of the Civil War sounded the Congress of the United States is most creditably represented by the Confederates. If the battle roll of the House and Senate were called to-day, it would show more Confederate veterans in each branch of Congress than survivors of the armies of the blue.

In the Senate there are six of these Confederate warriors; three of them, Senator Bacon, of Georgia, and Senators Johnston and Bankhead, of Alabama, were captains in the Southern ranks; the others, Senators Martin, of Virginia, Thornton, of Louisiana, and Tillman, of South Carolina, were either privates in the regular army or members of cadet corps enrolled for active service.

In the House of Representatives there are eight Confederates: Brig. Gen. George W. Gordon, of Tennessee; Maj. Charles M. Stedman, of North Carolina; Capts. John Lamb, of Virginia, and William Richardson, of Alabama. The other Confederate Representatives are: Talbot, of Maryland; Rucker, of Colorado; Taylor, of Alabama; and Estopinal, of Louisiana.

Representative William Richardson, of Alabama, tells a thrilling story with the memory of nearly fifty years undimmed as to its important features.

He was less than twenty years old when he was made a captain in the 26th Alabama Regiment. He enlisted in Company E, from Athens, Ala., with eighty-seven other young men and boys. The command went through many campaigns, and young Richardson was desperately wounded at Shiloh and captured. He was sent to an Indiana prison. His wound healed, and after a time he escaped and made his way South to Nashville. The city was then in the control of the Federal forces, and Richardson, though among Southern friends, was unable to get through the Union lines for some time. His friends finally, however, found a man who was going out and who knew all the winding paths by which such a feat could be accomplished. Richardson started with him, and the two dressed in citizens' clothes and made their way safely to the vicinity of Murfreesboro, where the guide's plans went wrong, and the Federal troops captured them. To Richardson's horror, the Union pickets found upon his companion evidence that he was an important spy in the Confederate service, and the circumstance resulted in his also being held as a spy.

The two men were court-martialed, and both were condemned to be hanged. The sentence of death was passed on them July 12. That night a provost marshal came to the jail where the two men were confined and informed them that they were to be hanged at sunrise next day. The opportunity was given young Richardson to take the oath of allegiance, but he refused to do this. A minister who had known him in Athens happened to be in Murfreesboro; and after his efforts to secure the Confederate captain's release had failed, he went to the cell on the night sentence was given and spent part of the night with the two men.

In the meantime word was gotten through to General Forrest, and help came just before daylight on the day of their proposed execution.

"I was lying asleep in the cell," says Mr. Richardson, "when I was awakened by Paul's tugging at my arm. 'Wake up!' he cried. 'Listen! It's Forrest coming. We are saved.' At first I was too dazed to realize more than that there was a sound like an approaching storm. We jumped up on a box so that we could see through the little grated window, and in a few

seconds the noise resolved into distinct hoofbeats. A few minutes more and the advance of Forrest's Cavalry stormed the jail where we were confined. That Rebel yell was the sweetest music our ears had ever heard. Our boys began to break down the jail from behind, while they kept the Federal guards busy in front. The jailer had gone with the keys, and during the fighting that followed the jail was set on fire. The Confederate cavalymen, led by Forrest himself, had to break their way through all the outer defenses of the jail and into our cell corridor. Even then we were released only after they had pried our cell door up with an iron bar."

That attack upon Murfreesboro was the turning point in Forrest's career, and established his reputation as a commander. He had pushed his men on a long, forced march, thrown a small body of troops into the town, surrounded the jail, and sent the remainder of his force in two bodies against the Michigan and Pennsylvania troops that were on opposite sides of the town. Before the Union forces were awake or armed the Confederate cavalry had ridden them down, killed hundreds, rescued the condemned men, and the Federal troops were forced to surrender.

The only Confederate general in Congress is Representative George Washington Gordon, of Tennessee. At the recent Confederate Reunion at Little Rock, Ark., General Gordon was a prominent figure as the Commander in Chief. His history is interesting. He was captured three times, dangerously wounded once, and slightly wounded several times. He was in every important battle participated in by the Tennessee troops, and was taken prisoner at Franklin and removed to Fort Warren, Mass., where he was held until three months after the war was concluded.

General Gordon graduated from the Western Military Institute at Nashville in 1859, enlisted in July, 1861, as a drill-master of the 11th Tennessee Regiment, and soon was transferred into the regular military service of the Confederacy. He became captain, lieutenant colonel, colonel, and finally brigadier general in 1864.

Two men in the House of Representatives, Capt. John Lamb, of Virginia, and Maj. Charles M. Stedman, of North Carolina, were with the 1,200 Confederates who fought the battle of Bethel, the first battle of the war, and were with the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox April 9, 1865. The records show that only twelve men enjoyed this distinction.

Captain Lamb was a cavalryman, and finally as a captain commanded his regiment, every field officer having been killed. The last lieutenant, a relative of his, fell dead at his side the day before the surrender at Appomattox.

Major Stedman, commanding the 42d North Carolina, fought with Lee throughout the war. He was often wounded. He participated in the thrilling campaigns through the Wilderness, Spottsylvania C. H., and Petersburg.

"There were thirty-two Confederates in the House and sixteen in the Senate when I came here in 1897," says Captain Lamb. "We used to have Confederate gatherings in Washington then, with an evening of story-telling and reminiscences. Some of these men have died, some have become Governors of States, and within the last year or two some have been turned out of Congress by the younger boys."

Major Stedman was asked as to his most lasting impression of the great Confederate leader, General Lee, and he replied: "The picture of General Lee that stands out most clearly in my mind is that of Spottsylvania C. H. General Lee, mounted on his horse, held a place at the front of the line and close to a brick kiln, against which the Federal bullets and shells

were constantly pounding. I remember that he had on a new uniform, and the brick dust sifted over him from head to foot. During much of that fight I was within twenty paces of General Lee. Our line was intrenched behind hurriedly raised earthworks; but our artillery had their guns so trained that when the Federal infantry, masking their attack behind an artillery fusillade, would reach a certain point in the field in front of us, our guns would rake their line and shatter it. Time and again the Federals made this advance upon us. One of the last charges part of the Federal infantry got up within twenty yards of our line. There the fire became so terrific that some of the Federals to escape it dropped to the ground and crawled inside our lines, giving themselves up. Two of them came through the lines close to General Lee's position. Raising themselves from the ground, they caught sight of the striking figure on horseback. 'Is that General Lee?' asked one of them. We assured him that it was. 'Well, I don't wonder you fight for him,' said the Federal."

Captain Lamb tells a striking story of General Lee's characteristic reverence for the rights of noncombatants. After the battle of Gettysburg, as the Confederate forces formed the next morning for the march, an artillery team turned out of a farmyard through a rail fence that had been lowered for the purpose. The artillerymen left the rails down, and General Lee coming up shortly after, saw the gap in the fence. He dismounted, put the rails back into position, and said to an officer near him: "Our men are too careless about not putting things back into condition."

The great-grandfather of Captain Lamb, who was a private in the Revolutionary army, had between forty and fifty sons and grandsons in the Confederate ranks. In the company in which Captain Lamb enlisted there were fifteen of these descendants.

Atterson W. Rucker, now a Congressman from Colorado, went through a trying prison experience as a fifteen-year-old boy. He enlisted from Missouri with the Confederate forces; was with Price in the battle of Lexington, and figured in the long running fight under Shelby and Marmaduke from the Missouri River to the South. Before this fighting retreat was ended Rucker and many others had been captured. They were turned over to the Federal forces, and, with twenty-six other men and boys, Rucker was imprisoned at Springfield, Mo.

"There were twenty-seven of us put into the Springfield prison," says Congressman Rucker, "and within six months after I left I was the only one alive. I helped to dig the graves of twenty-four of my comrades. Two were in prison when I left, and were soon removed to St. Louis; but within six months they had both died from the effects of their imprisonment. I don't know why I lived," Mr. Rucker added. "I've always thought it was because they made me work so hard burying the others."

Mr. Rucker was paroled November 23, 1862, but was never exchanged back into the Confederate ranks.

The Confederate battle record of Senator John H. Bankhead, of Alabama, runs through a notable list of engagements. He enlisted with Company K, 16th Alabama, as a second lieutenant in August, 1861. In 1863, when the captain, Rev. Wm. Powers, resigned, young Bankhead was elected his successor.

Through Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Atlanta, and Franklin Senator Bankhead fought his way. He was wounded desperately in Buckner's charge at Chickamauga, and was wounded three times in other engagements. He served throughout the entire war.

Senator Bacon, of Georgia, likewise had a long and prominent service in the Confederate ranks. He enlisted at the beginning of the war, and served during 1861 and 1862 as adjutant of the 9th Georgia Regiment in the Army of Northern Virginia. Later he was made a captain and assigned to staff duty, and continued in that rank to the end of the war.

Senator Joseph F. Johnston, of Alabama, attained the rank of captain in the Confederate army when he was only eighteen years old. The circumstances of his enlistment at the head of a company were peculiar. He was born in North Carolina, but had gone to Shelby County, Ala., at an early age to be under the care of his guardian. He was in a military school when the call was made for troops. The class went into the army in a body, and Senator Johnston became its captain as the head of the school company. His service was almost continuous throughout the war except when his four wounds kept him out of action. He was in some of the most important engagements of the army.

Senator Martin, of Virginia, was seventeen years old and a student at the Virginia Military Institute when he was enrolled with other students as a private in the Confederate army. He served throughout the last year of the war, until Lee laid down his arms in April, 1865.

The Virginia Military Institute had an important place in the education of the men who led the Confederate forces. That school furnished five major generals, twenty-one brigadier generals, eighty-nine colonels, and one hundred and seventeen captains to the Confederate forces.

Senator John R. Thornton, of Louisiana, has a long record of Confederate service as a private soldier throughout his entire enlistment. At the age of seventeen years he left the Louisiana State University to enlist, and he continued in the ranks as a private until the close of the war.

Representative Albert Estopinal, of Louisiana, served more than three years in the lower Mississippi Valley. He was in the siege of Vicksburg and in the Mobile campaign. He joined Company G of the St. Bernard Guards as a private, and with that company went into the 28th Louisiana Regiment. He commanded the squad which took prisoners from the Indianola to Libby Prison, served later in the quartermaster's department at Meridian, Miss., and surrendered with his regiment to General Canby at Meridian in March, 1865.

Representative George W. Taylor, of Alabama, went into the army from the schoolroom. He enlisted at the age of fifteen in November, 1864, from an academy in Columbia, S. C. He procured employment as a courier on the coast near Savannah with the South Carolina State troops. Then he enlisted as a private in Company D, 1st South Carolina Regiment, and served with that command until peace was declared.

Representative Joshua F. C. Talbot, of Maryland, the oldest Democrat in point of service in the House of Representatives and the member who administered the oath of office to Speaker Champ Clark at the beginning of this Congress, served during the last year of the war as a private in the 2d Maryland Cavalry.

[The foregoing has been condensed, but all facts retained.]

THE LOUISIANA TIGERS.—In seeking information about the "Louisiana Tigers" J. H. Horsey, of Boise, Idaho, asks for the number of that regiment in the Confederate army, its different companies, its colonels, and anything else of interest in its history. Doubtless some surviving member can furnish this information. Wheat's Battalion might answer.

THE MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY MONUMENT.

The accompanying design is an appropriate and symbolic design of a memorial to Commodore Matthew F. Maury that a Tennessee woman expects to have erected at Nashville in the next few years. Miss Susie Gentry, a prominent and zealous U. D. C. worker, is the inspiration, designer, and projector of this beautiful tribute to one of the nation's most eminent men.

Miss Gentry writes:

"I have undertaken this work of trying to honor Commodore Maury because he so richly deserves it and because he has been so sadly neglected by the government, his native State, Virginia, and Tennessee. He gave thirty-five years of his genius to the United States government as an astronomer, hydrographer, writer, and officer of the navy, at Washington and on the high seas. Fifteen years he spent in Tennessee; four years he gave to the Confederacy, being expatriated for his sympathy with the South in the sixties. He died in Virginia in 1873.

"The maritime world to-day would be lost if his great works were blotted out of human memory. He was to navigation, meteorology, and agriculture what Columbus was to discovery, Newton to astronomy, LaPlace to physics, and Humboldt to natural history. According to Humboldt, he was 'a discoverer of a new science' when he became the 'pathfinder of the seas.'

"Think of his great work as a saving factor to the world, aside from his science, the millions of dollars his knowledge of the seas and agriculture has saved and is still saving the universe. He it was who made possible the Weather Bureau, and he originated the idea of water mark and river gauging. It was his brain that conceived the Atlantic cable and discovered the plateau on which it rests; he gave us one of the best geographies ever written and a 'Physical Survey of Virginia,' a last token of regard for his native State. It was he who suggested the founding of the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

"Should not such a man have all the honor we can bestow upon his memory? In reality what has he? One small bronze tablet on the walls of the Naval Academy at Annapolis and a five-foot tablet of Tennessee marble on the public school building in Franklin by the D. A. R. Chapter, this latter at my suggestion. Only these two memorials in the world to so great a scientist, benefactor, and Christian gentleman!

"It is generally believed that Maury County, Tenn., was named in honor of Commodore Maury, but that is a mistake. It was named for Abram Maury, one of the pioneers of Williamson County, who settled there prior to 1800, and on whose lands a part of the town of Franklin is situated. Maury County was cut off from Williamson in 1807, one year after Commodore Maury was born. Abram Maury was the father of Abram Poindexter Maury, who served in the United States Congress from 1835 to 1839.

"When it occurred to me that in all the world there was no suitable memorial to this great son of America, Virginia, and Tennessee, I proposed a monument to him and pledged the first \$5 toward it. Soon afterwards, during a lingering illness, I drew the original of this design and had it made practicable by one familiar with such work. The memorial is to be sixteen feet high and thirteen at the base and six feet wide. The figure of Fame, in the act of writing the epitaph, will be of pure white statuary marble sculptured in Italy. The scroll and pen are for the writer, the sword for the naval

officer of the United States and C. S. A., the palm for the victor—that he was in every department he filled. The world on top of the monument is for the scientist and the 'Pathfinder of



PROPOSED MONUMENT TO COMMANDER MAURY.

the Seas;' on the other side will be astronomical and hydrographic instruments.

"The memorial seems really commenced, for I have \$42 in the bank and the design. Three years will, I hope, see it unveiled to his honor, and Tennessee will be relieved in a measure of the debt she owes him. The estimated cost will be \$3,500. So far I have done the work single-handed, but will soon seek a committee to assist me."

A bill was introduced in the recent legislature for Miss Gentry asking an appropriation for this monument, but failed for want of a "constitutional vote" in the Senate. Nothing daunted, she immediately took up the work, and says: "I will have it!"

It is an object to which every Confederate and U. D. C. should feel an honor to give, and especially Tennesseans and Virginians. Contributions of any amount may be sent to Miss Gentry, Franklin, Tenn., and will be placed in the Harpeth National Bank. Every contributor's name will be recorded in a book for the purpose.

Miss Gentry has been appointed as chairman of the committee of two ladies (of Tennessee) for getting the fort built at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay named in honor of Commodore Maury. At the National Convention U. D. C. Mrs. R. H. Sansom, President Tennessee Division, authorized the appointment of a committee of two from Tennessee for this purpose, and she appointed Miss Gentry and Mrs. William Hume, of Spring Hill, both prominent in U. D. C. work.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE IN CONGRESS.

The National Tribune, the G. A. R. soldiers' paper at Washington, D. C., says: "No man in the country is rising more rapidly in public estimation than Speaker Champ Clark. He is daily showing ability of the highest order in the

management of the House of Representatives, and commending himself to the people as a man of national breadth. Since his elevation to the chair he, without ceasing to be a Missourian, has come to be a national character and an accepted leader of the people. Whether one approves of his political doctrines or not, one must respect them and the ability and patriotic integrity with which he supports them. The Democratic party has once more a leader whom it can follow with entire confidence in his ability and his judgment. The future looks very bright to his friends, and anything within the gift of the people is possible for him."

"The world do move;" and when people understand each other, it becomes better. Let us assume that "the other fellow" means well.

LIEUT. CHARLES N. VAUGHT, OF COLEMAN'S SCOUTS.

Charles Nathan Vaught enlisted at Columbia, Tenn., on April 20, 1861, in Company H, 1st Tennessee Infantry, commanded by Col. George Maney. He was promoted on January 1, 1863, after the battle of Stone's River, by General Bragg to first lieutenant and ordered to report to "Coleman" (Shaw was his proper name), commander of scouts for the Army of Tennessee. Captain Shaw was captured in Pulaski, Tenn., two days before Sam Davis was taken, and was in jail at the same time. Davis was one of the special courier scouts, and had been given the dispatches by Shaw that were found on his person when he was captured.

Lieutenant Vaught was captured, on the same day that Captain Shaw was, by Major Fitzgibbon, of the 14th Michigan Infantry, about fourteen miles south of Columbia, and was taken to his home town and paroled under \$20,000 bond from day to day until sent to Louisville, Ky. He was kept there until February 1, 1864, on which day he was started for Johnson's Island with twenty-five other officers. He escaped that night near Seymour, Ind., and went to Philadelphia, Pa., leaving that city for Dixie land on the 10th of February, and reaching Mount Pleasant, Tenn., on the 13th. He captured a Yankee courier on the next day and took his horse, and on the night of the 15th he left for the Confederate lines, which he reached safely on the 18th. He surrendered at Memphis, Tenn., May 14, 1865.

[The foregoing came written on the picture of Lieutenant Vaught. A singular statement is that "he was paroled from day to day" or for a minute at that critical period.]



C. N. VAUGHT.

YOUNG HEROES WHO GAVE THEIR ALL FOR DIXIE.

BY MRS. ANNE BACHMAN HYDE, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

It has long been upon my heart to suggest a peculiar form of memorial which, so far as I know, does not exist, and that is some commemoration of the valor of those soldiers who fell upon the battle field or died in camps and hospitals and who left no descendants. For how many a youthful Southern soldier was cut off "out of the land of the living" and there is none left to "declare his generation for him!"

We have monuments for soldiers and sailors, monuments to great soldiers and heroes; and to show that we appreciate heroism, we give to every true veteran a cross of honor, and if he is gone his widow or lineal descendant may claim it. But there is no voice to speak for that other class, the soldier who died in his youth, and many an aged mother or nephew or niece would like to remember those who were slain in their high places and perished with the weapons of war, for there is no death more touching than that of a brave youth upon the threshold of manhood.

My idea would be to establish in each State a scholarship named for some conspicuous sacrifice (what more appropriate than the name of Sam Davis, of Tennessee, or David Owen Dodd, of Arkansas?), or in event that that should not be practicable to place in each Statehouse a bronze tablet marked in some such way as: "In memory of all youthful heroes of this State who died young for the honor of their State, 1861-65, and who left none to declare their generation for them. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.' Then issue to the nearest surviving relative a certificate of relationship with the hero so commemorated.

We sorely need the U. D. C. home for aged women, and we want to honor with a monument the faithful slaves; but I feel that we cannot longer neglect these young men who died for us.

MEMORIAL SERVICE AT BILOXI, MISS.

The blessing and consecration of a number of memorial articles in the Church of the Redeemer at Biloxi, Miss., in July by Bishop Theodore Du Bose Brattin was a beautiful and impressive service.

Rev. C. B. Crawford, rector of the Church, in a few appropriate words told of the purpose of the services. He said the church and nearly everything in it are memorials. The church itself is a memorial to Rev. Robert Hinsdale, a former rector. Then there are many beautiful memorial windows. He said he had received regrets from many Daughters of the Confederacy because they could not be present for the services. They came from the President of the Louisiana Division and many Chapters. He regretted the absence of Mrs. Livingstone Rowe Schuyler, of New York, who had given the ecclesiastical art work which was consecrated.

Among the articles blessed and consecrated by the Bishop was the bishop's chair given in memory of Rt. Rev. William Mercer Green, first Bishop of Mississippi.

Miss D. Gautreaux, President of the New Orleans Chapter, U. D. C., who was present, was chosen as the representative of Mrs. Livingstone Rowe Schuyler. In a few heart-felt words she referred to the little church as the Westminster Abbey of the South because of the memorials to Jefferson Davis and members of his family.

The memorials were then presented the Bishop by Rev. C. B. Crawford for his blessing and consecration. Bishop Brattin before beginning the ceremony spoke of the idea embodied in memorials and the natural wish of all to be remembered.

WHY PRESIDENT LINCOLN SPARED THREE LIVES.

BY ISAAC MARKERS.

Within the fortress whose defiant flag inspired the lines of Key's immortal national anthem three Confederate spies, awaiting execution in the closing year of the Civil War, were snatched from the gallows by a stroke of President Lincoln's pen. This act of Executive clemency was the sequence to an interesting incident during Mr. Lincoln's journey to Washington to assume the presidency in 1861, when the rampant spirit of secession prevailing in Maryland forbade all preparations for official welcome in that State.

Thus it came that the President-elect and his family arranged for a short stop in Baltimore as the guests of a private citizen, John S. Gittings, banker and President of the Northern Central Railroad, by which line he was scheduled to reach that city. As is well known, information of an assassination plot induced Mr. Lincoln to leave his fellow-travelers at Harrisburg, secretly return to Philadelphia by special train, accompanied by a sole companion, Ward H. Lamont, and there board the regular midnight train for Washington, where he arrived unrecognized in the early morning of February 23.

Adhering to the original program, the presidential party, including Mrs. Lincoln and her sons, Robert, Willie, and "Tad," went from Harrisburg to Baltimore, where their train was greeted by an immense crowd which rolled in about it like a vast tidal wave. Some of the more unruly element were bold enough to invade Mrs. Lincoln's private car until driven out by John Hay, who locked the door amidst an outburst of oaths and obscenity which swelled in intensity and volume when it became known that Mr. Lincoln was not with the party, but had stolen a march and was already in Washington.

Finally Mrs. Lincoln, Willie, and "Tad" entered Mr. Gittings's carriage and were driven to his home, Robert Lincoln and others of the party having meanwhile gone to a hotel in a special omnibus which awaited them. Hostile demonstrations in the form of yells, cat calls, and cheers for the Southern Confederacy followed Mrs. Lincoln's entrance into the Gittings house, albeit it was known that the master of the house was one of the earliest and strongest of Democrats. It was likewise no secret that Mrs. Gittings was a woman of pronounced Southern sentiments—by birth a Virginian, the daughter of Thomas Ritchie, deceased, a distinguished Richmond journalist, active politician, and advocate of Southern States rights. Distinguished for her generosity, agreeable personality, and thorough understanding of her social duties, Mrs. Gittings could well assume the rôle of hostess of the future mistress of the White House under such peculiar circumstances. It followed that Mrs. Lincoln was handsomely entertained, despite the rabble outside.

In due course the Gittings carriage was again at her disposal for conveyance across the city to the Camden Street Station of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, where she took the train for Washington. Thus terminated all intercourse between the President's family and his Baltimore friends for a period of several years, when Mr. Lincoln's gratitude for his wife's entertainment by the Gittings family was manifested in a remarkable manner.

It was on the night of August 28, 1864, that a number of ladies and gentlemen trooped into the Gittings house, the scene of Mrs. Lincoln's visit in 1861. They made known that they had come to confer about the case of three Confederate soldiers, John H. R. Embert, Braxton Lyon, and Samuel B. Hearn, all privates of Company B, 1st Maryland Cavalry Regiment

of the Confederate army, who had been tried, convicted, and sentenced by a court-martial to be hanged as spies at Fort McHenry the following morning. Mr. Gittings's good offices were invoked to prevent the execution. Various extenuating circumstances were set forth, which, in the judgment of the visitors, favored a remission of the sentence. They referred to the fact that Secretary Stanton had been appealed to without avail, and Gen. Lew Wallace, Commander of the Maryland Department, had likewise turned a deaf ear to all appeals. The pending execution was a subject of considerable discussion in the newspapers, and it was well known that President Lincoln had for some days been approached by many influential citizens of Baltimore, who begged for a commutation of the death sentence, with no result beyond his patiently listening to their pleadings, and many were the rumors afloat as to his intentions in the matter. Nevertheless, Mr. Gittings's callers felt that his efforts might bear fruit; and to expedite matters, they had a special train in readiness at the railroad station to take them to Washington.

There was much pleading with Mr. Gittings, who was averse to making the trip because of the lateness of the hour. Moreover, and what was of far greater importance, he declared, was his lack of influence with the President in a matter of this kind. Mr. Gittings proving obdurate, the visitors now concentrated their energies on his wife, and after much persuasion the two consented to accompany the party, which was composed of Thomas A. Embert and Valentine B. Clements, brother and brother-in-law of the prisoner Embert, William Goldsborough, and Lemuel Roberts, of Queen Anne County, Md.; Charles Gwynne, Beverly Johnson, and Garrett W. Brown, of Baltimore. All of these, together with Judge Richard Grayson, of Baltimore County, and C. Hart and George Sykes, of Washington, had previously presented the case to the President, and had been favorably impressed by their kind reception and Mr. Lincoln's assurance that he would give the case his best attention. Furthermore he told them that he was opposed to hanging except when duty compelled. Samuel W. Smith, Director of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and a number of clergymen had also sent petitions to the President.

The road to Washington was soon covered, but bitter was their disappointment to learn at the White House that the President was not there, but at his summer retreat, "The Soldiers' Home," in the suburbs of the capital. Time was precious, the lives of three men hung in the balance, the President must be reached without delay, and at all speed the party hurried to the "Soldiers' Home" and aroused the inmates. In response to a message that a party from Baltimore wished an interview on a matter of importance, the President sent word that he would soon come down. Presently the tall figure of the Chief Magistrate appeared at the head of the stairway, clad in decidedly scant attire, and holding a candle high over his head. Mr. Lincoln was just about descending the stairs when made aware of the presence of ladies in the party, whereupon he beat a retreat and soon reappeared in more appropriate apparel. Joining his visitors, he inquired the object of their call, whereupon the spokesman of the party proceeded to give an outline of the case, with which the President was, of course, in a general way familiar. Having had his say, he then presented Mr. and Mrs. Gittings. The latter at once engaged in an eloquent appeal for the lives of the prisoners, Mr. Lincoln paying close attention to all she had to say. He then inquired of Mrs. Gittings whether the Secretary of War had been seen, and was told that all appeals had been made in vain.

The conversation now took a new turn, and the President continued: "Pardon me, madam; are you not a Southern woman?"

Mrs. Gittings, fully equal to the occasion, replied: "Yes, Mr. President. I am the daughter of Thomas Ritchie, of Richmond, whose name and reputation are well known to you."

Just now it must have dawned upon Mr. Lincoln that the woman so earnestly pleading before him was none other than the erstwhile befriender of Mrs. Lincoln in 1861. As the interview proceeded, it was made clear that the Gittings family had not escaped the espionage of the Federal authorities in their endeavors of the past three years to repress the disloyal element in Baltimore. It was equally evident that the President had not lost sight of the Gittings family during this period. That he was fully conversant with Mrs. Gittings's political attitude in the community was attested by his next statement: "Madam, I have heard that you sympathizers are keenly active for the Southern cause, and, further, that you are suspected of sending material aid and succor to your Southern friends."

Not at all disconcerted, Mrs. Gittings responded: "Yes, Mr. President; my kinsfolk and acquaintances are suffering, and I do what I can to relieve them."

Here the conversation was for a moment suspended, Mr. Lincoln assuming a reflective mood, his visitors meanwhile in suspense as to the issue. The denouement suggests that the President was revolving in his mind the happenings in Baltimore just preceding his inauguration. Deep was the relief of the party when, breaking the silence, he abruptly announced to Mrs. Gittings: "Madam, I owe you a debt. You took my family into your home in the midst of a hostile mob. You gave them succor and helped them on their way. That debt has never been paid, and I am glad of the opportunity to do so now, for I shall save the lives of these men."

Instructions were forthwith issued for a suspension of the execution, and the Adjutant General, E. D. Townsend, on August 31 issued this order:

"The sentence, to be hanged by a military commission, promulgated in General Order No. 61, Headquarters Middle Department 8th Army Corps, Baltimore, Md., August 8, 1864, in the cases of Samuel P. (B.) Hearn, Braxton Lyon, and John R. H. Embert, citizens—is commuted by the President of the United States to confinement at hard labor in the penitentiary during the war. The penitentiary at Albany, N. Y., is designated as the place of confinement to which the prisoners will be sent under suitable guard by order from this department commander and delivered to the warden for execution of their sentence.

"BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR."

In accordance with these orders, the three prisoners were transferred to the Albany penitentiary on September 4. On January 6, 1865, the warden of the penitentiary was notified by the commissary general of prisoners to send them to Fort Monroe for exchange. Their parole followed, and on July 12 Adjutant General Townsend announced in General Orders the remission of their sentence and immediate discharge upon taking the oath of allegiance.

President Lincoln of course had no hand in the disposal of the men after April 14. His leniency may have been influenced by the protest of the Confederate authorities through Robert Ould, Commissioner of Exchange, who gave notice "that unless the men are released prompt and efficient measures of retaliation will be taken." The widow of Embert informs the

writer that a son of Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, was one of three Federal officers held as hostages in Richmond until the case was disposed of.

Ould had as early as September 9, 1864, informed Major General Hitchcock, the Federal agent for exchange, through General Butler that Embert, Lyon, and Hearn had left their command the previous March to visit their relatives in Maryland, expecting to return in a short time, and that they were in no sense spies, and that the fact could be proved.

For some unexplained reason, designedly or otherwise, there was no promulgation of President Lincoln's commutation of Embert's, Lyon's, and Hearn's sentence before the men were marched to the gallows at the hour designated for the execution. Then they were shown the boxes prepared for their burial, and the reprieve was for the first time read to them.

By a curious coincidence Mrs. Gittings on the night of February 23, 1865, the fourth anniversary of her entertainment of Mrs. Lincoln, again appeared as a suppliant for clemency at the hands of the President. This time she went in behalf of John Yates Beall, a Confederate officer from Virginia, about to be executed at Governor's Island, New York Harbor. Beall's friends everywhere were on the move. Scores of prominent people from various cities had for days besieged the White House about the case. Ninety members of Congress, irrespective of party, united in a petition for a commutation of sentence. The clamor from all quarters became intolerable. To escape incessant importunities, the President finally closed the doors of the White House to all visitors in Beall's behalf.

It was at this juncture that Mrs. Gittings appeared, accompanied by Montgomery Blair, former Postmaster General in Lincoln's Cabinet. She too was denied a hearing. The President, from the first averse to interference, continued inflexible in his purpose not to stay the execution. It was, therefore, not surprising that Mrs. Gittings was not exempted from his preannounced determination to turn away all such interceders. Furthermore, Mr. Lincoln had not long since subordinated the demands of public duty to the discharge of a personal obligation in the case of Embert, Lyon, and Hearn, for which he had expressed due appreciation. Having fully liquidated that debt, the President was free to ignore Mrs. Gittings's present visit. Before the lapse of many weeks Lincoln had forever passed beyond the reach of pardon seekers.

There is reason for believing that the President's instruction for commuting the sentence was intentionally neglected, the fact being that on the designated morning for the execution the prisoners were marched to the gallows and shown the boxes intended for their interment before the reprieve was read to them.

It was expected in the outset that the author would write also in regard to the execution of J. Yates Beall, but that mystery may never be solved.

A beautiful painting of the four flags has been received by the VETERAN from Miss Jessica Randolph Smith, of Henderson, N. C., whose love for these emblems of the Confederacy inspires her brush. The grouping is most artistically done, and each flag is in the bright colors of the original.

This talented young woman is ready to supply others with this product of her art, and orders may be sent to her at the above address. She will furnish this picture, 14x20 inches, for \$5, and twice that size for \$10. Camp and Chapter rooms should be beautified by this painting.

ARLINGTON MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING JUNE 30, 1911.

Receipts.

Beauregard Chapter, No. 1102, U. D. C., Washington, D. C., \$2.75.

Miss Doriska Gautreaux, Director for Louisiana, \$60. Contributed from sale of stamps and collections.

Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 1135, U. D. C., New Orleans, La., \$5.

Mrs. F. P. Odenheimer, Director for Maryland, \$105. Contributed by Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, U. D. C., Baltimore, Md., \$100; Mrs. E. H. Bash, \$5.

Mrs. J. B. Gantt, Director for Missouri, \$12.50. Contributed by St. Louis Chapter, No. 624, U. D. C., St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$32.30. Contributed by Charleston Chapter, No. 4, U. D. C., Charleston, S. C., \$15; Palmetto Chapter, No. 638, U. D. C., Anderson, S. C., \$2; Calvin Crozier Chapter, No. 1191, U. D. C., Newberry, S. C., \$10; Michael Brice Chapter, No. 1029, U. D. C., Blackstock, S. C., \$5.30.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, \$32. Contributed by H. A. Carrington Chapter, No. 1055, U. D. C., Charlotte C. H., Va., \$10; Hope-Maury Chapter, No. 85, U. D. C., Norfolk, Va., \$5; Isle of Wight Chapter, No. 699, U. D. C., Smithfield, Va., \$12; J. B. Early Chapter, No. 543, U. D. C., Rocky Mount, Va., \$5.

Total for month, \$249.55.

Balance on hand from last report, \$20,379.14.

Total to be accounted for, \$20,628.69.

Expenditures.

Sir Moses Ezekiel, sculptor, second payment as per contract made with him by the Executive Committee, \$3,000.

Balance on hand July 1, 1911, \$17,628.69.

WALLACE STREATER, *Treasurer.*

GEN. JOHN MORGAN WOULD NOT LEAVE HIS MEN.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ELIZABETHTOWN, KY.

On page 302 of the *VETERAN* for June there is mention of the "first Confederate Soldier in Arkansas," which induces me to say a word of the first cavalry company in Kentucky, which was drilled by me at Garnettsville, Ky. It was armed by General Forrest with arms out of Louisville. This was Forrest's first company, I think.

I did not go on then, though urged to be its captain, but was on every raid of John H. Morgan's command after September, 1862. I saw him standing with his staff about a hundred yards out in the Ohio River, when a part of his command swam that river at Belleville (?), just twelve miles above where we had a fight at Buffington Bar, Ohio.

On our Mt. Sterling raid our advance guard captured four hundred thoroughbred horses near Lexington, Ky. The guard were selected for their soldierly qualities, at least fifty per cent being college bred. Their mounts were selected from those captured thoroughbreds, and it was the finest cavalry troop the world has ever seen or will ever see.

Morgan could have easily escaped at Bellville, but would not desert his command. Was his action correct? If it was, it cost the Confederacy dearly. He kept at least fifty thousand men guarding bridges, etc., and as soon as he was captured at least thirty-five thousand of them were rushed to the front, and then for the first time our Tennessee boys were driven back. [Morgan and his men have ever been gratefully remembered in Tennessee.]

YES, WE LOVE YOU STILL IN DIXIE.

BY E. J. H. M'LAURINE.

"Do they love us still in Dixie?"

How our hearts do thrill with pain
At the pathos of this query,
Seeming doubt to entertain!

"Do they love us still in Dixie?"

Can our mem'ries of the past
Fail to keep love's fires aglowing
For those ranks now thinning fast?

Think ye that we have forgotten

When you proudly donned the gray
And in flush of youth and manhood

Hastened to the bloody fray

In defense of Dixie's honor,

Starved and bled and would have died,
Every selfish hope and feeling

On her altar crucified?

Then our prayers and tears and blessings

Followed you from day to day,

When so oft the smoke of battle

Wrought a shroud for boys in gray.

But despite its awful havoc,

Through the seething shot and shell,

How you bore our banner bravely

Let impartial history tell.

Love and reverence for the remnant

Who survive to tell the tale

Of those years of fearful carnage,

When your courage ne'er did fail.

Sure your deeds were deeds of glory

Which we never can forget;

They will live in song and story

When life's sun for you hath set.

Bright and brighter grows the halo

Round each veteran's hoary head

As they haste to join their comrades

"In the bivouac of the dead."

Love and smiles for those who linger,

Tears and love for those who die

Till they meet in grand reunion

In the mansions of the sky.

In sending the above Mrs. McLaurine writes: "I send these lines, evoked by the pathetic words embodied in the speech of Gen. Stephen D. Lee which was to have been delivered at the last Confederate Reunion in Birmingham. The closing words of his speech were: 'Do they love us still in Dixie?' How I loved our cause and its immortal heroes with a deathless love! And though only a girl of twelve years when the cruel war began, I deemed it my greatest pleasure to outwit the enemy and carry food and clothing and even arms to our soldier boys through the mountains of North Alabama. The male members of our family were all following the fortunes of the Stars and Bars. My father, a warm personal friend of Gen. W. B. Bate, of Tennessee, was appointed by him as enrolling officer for the Confederacy, and in consequence he made many enemies, who wreaked their vengeance on his unprotected family; but we would gladly endure it again under like circumstances. My father, though old, marched with the army and engaged in some great battles, including Shiloh, and it is no

wonder that I imbibed his sentiments and loved our Southland and its cause better than life itself. Long live the VETERAN to perpetuate the memory of our fallen braves and to lend encouragement to those who realize that

'Adown the west life's sun is setting,
And I see the shore where I shall rest.'"

OFFICERS WHO WERE PAROLED TOGETHER.—T. G. Lyon, Esq., of Cartersville, Ga., desires to hear from any of the party of officers who went with him from Virginia, just after the surrender of General Lee, to Charlotte, N. C., and on to Augusta, Ga. It was composed of Cabell Breckinridge, of Kentucky; Alfred H. Belo, of Salem, N. C., afterwards editor of the Galveston News; Hall Dudley, of Canton, Miss; Lieutenant Pettigrew, of Charleston, S. C.; and Comrade Lyon. They separated in Augusta, where all were paroled by General Upton, U. S. A.

MAJ. GEN. EARL VAN DORN.

BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM THOROUGHLY.

[Tribute to one of the most active, accomplished, alert, and ardent American patriots that ever graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point.]

As a schoolboy of sixteen years he appealed to ex-President Jackson (who was a kinsman by marriage) to aid him in his desire to enter the academy. Of course for the General to make the request was to have it granted, and soon the name of Earl Van Dorn was enrolled for the four years' military training which prepared him for his chosen life work in the United States army.

At the age of twenty-one he left the institution with the rank of lieutenant, and was assigned to duty with the 7th United States Infantry Regiment. This regiment was one of the first to be sent to the border of Texas preparatory to the war with Mexico. The first daring act of this young officer occurred at Fort Brown, which was under siege. The United States flag had been shot down. The pole being some distance outside the fort, the commanding officer called for volunteers to rehoist the flag. Lieutenant Van Dorn promptly answered the call, and with the aid of a soldier went out,

and while shot and shell tore the ground under his feet he raised the flag, threw it to the breeze, and amid the huzzahs of his comrades returned as by a miracle safely within the fort. His military bearing, fearlessness, and fine horsemanship placed him on the staffs of several generals, and he rode into the City of Mexico with General Scott.

After the close of the Mexican War, the Comanche Indians became so aggressive and brutal along the frontier of Texas that the government equipped cavalry regiments for its protection, composed of picked officers and men who had won their spurs in Mexico, the rosters showing the names of Albert S. Johnston, Robert E. Lee, Joseph E. Johnston, George H. Thomas, Earl Van Dorn, John B. Hood, and others no less renowned. General Twiggs often sent out companies of cavalry with Brevet Major Earl Van Dorn in command to pursue and put to rout the savage enemies of the plains. Many of these expeditions resulted in fearful and bloody encounters. Twice Major Van Dorn was severely wounded with arrows, which he pulled from his body, "the blood flowing like wine from a drunkard's tankard."

The press teemed with the conspicuous deeds of this young officer. He had received brevets for gallantry on the battlefields of Mexico and in honor of his successful Indian campaigns. His native State and county recognized with pride his fame as a Mississippian, and presented him with jeweled swords, which in accepting he pledged to the service of the State should they ever be needed, little dreaming that a dissolution of the Union would become the need. Thus when Mississippi seceded he promptly resigned his life commission in the United States army, was elected brigadier general, and then succeeded to the position held by Mr. Davis as major general when he was elected President of the Confederacy.

Vicksburg became a formidable strategic point, New Orleans had fallen before Federal battleships, Baton Rouge was in the hands of the enemy, and it was a vital necessity to defend the Hill City against the frowning armored boats in front, with Generals Grant and Sherman bearing upon every vulnerable point save one, that to the south, where General Van Dorn asserted that if a crossing of the river by the enemy could be made he would have to be met at the banks of the Mississippi River or at Big Black River. Bringing all the energy of his intense nature, strengthened by his military training, to the defense of the city, he issued an order that the daily papers should cease publishing the movements of troops, and that the citizens desist from all trading and communication with the enemy, then in full view of the city, shelling its houses and tearing up the ground about them. At the same time General Van Dorn, coöperating with General Breckenridge and the ram Arkansas, which had done such wonderful work in routing the enemy's fleet in front, was planning to retake Baton Rouge and to undertake the recapture of New Orleans.

Secrecy was manifestly important, and General Grant secured copies of the newspapers daily. The ban upon the press caused a vicious attack upon their commander. Vilified, misunderstood, and grieved, their officer bowed his head in sorrow, and requested the President, a warm personal friend, to relieve him and assign him to duty elsewhere. As for the personal attacks of the newspapers, he was too much engrossed in his public duty to notice them at the time, but said that if he survived the war he knew his enemies and would deal with them. But the venom and bitterness of the press remained cruel and unreasonable, and pursued him even beyond the grave.



GALLANT GEN. EARL VAN DORN.

Men have said that had Van Dorn remained in command of Vicksburg Grant's transports (which passed the city and enabled him to cross the river and besiege the city from the south side) could never have passed, and would either have been turned back or destroyed, for Van Dorn later frustrated Grant's plan by capturing his supplies, and nearly his person, at Holly Springs, Miss., thereby turning back his entire army from North Mississippi.

General Van Dorn's forces, joined with General Price's, fought a bloody battle at Corinth. The failure of one officer to obey orders was responsible for defeat. Had he obeyed orders, victory instead of defeat would have crowned their arms. General Van Dorn assumed all the blame, and again the newspapers, recouped by affrighted cowards from the battle field, renewed their attacks. General Van Dorn asked for a court of inquiry, and all the charges of inhumanity, neglect, and want of proper preparation were disproved by that court after a most rigid examination of witnesses. General Price presided, and wept over the outrage.

After this battle, General Van Dorn, being in command of all the cavalry, with the coöperation of Generals Johnston and Bragg, was planning to retake Nashville and to cross the Ohio into Cincinnati. For two weeks a cavalry force encamped at Spring Hill, Tenn., where preparations for this campaign were daily being made. General Van Dorn was in communication with General Johnston, and the movement was about ready. A physician living near, accustomed to riding through the country on passports from the commanding officers, was known to be a Union man. He had lost his property on the Arkansas side of the Mississippi River, and he remarked that he would soon recover it. To remove the daring and alert commander of the cavalry that was to carry out the obvious plans on foot for the movement upon Nashville he saw his opportunity, and acted accordingly. Feigning darker and baseless reasons, under the pretext of obtaining a passport to the country, he entered the room of General Van Dorn and asked for a passport. Moving back of the table on which the General was writing, he shot the unsuspecting officer in the back of his head and fled.

The assassin had prepared relays of horses, the fences were let down, and before a bodyguard could mount and overtake him he had fled through the lines to Nashville. That night he roomed with an eminently respectable citizen of Tennessee, a stranger to him, to whom he related his escape, proving by his unreasonable and untrue story and crazed conduct the coward his conscience had made of him. A court of justice, had there been one, would have at once vindicated his unoffending victim, basing its decision on the description the assassin gave of General Van Dorn's appearance and dress. The assassin recovered his confiscated plantation and negroes, but lived in mortal fear of assassination until he died, his black hair having turned snow white, and, as he imagined, a bullet having passed through the pillow upon which he was sleeping. Thus passed away the conscience-stricken assassin. His name will pass into oblivion, while that of his victim will live in the memory of his comrades and countrymen as that of a true patriot and an honorable devotee to the finest instincts and rules of true manhood and true living.

The pages of history reek with misstatements, exaggeration, prejudice, and injustice; wrong motives are ascribed, and often the fate of men hangs upon the temperament, the humor, the jealousy, the praise or the blame, and even the pure imagination of so-called history.

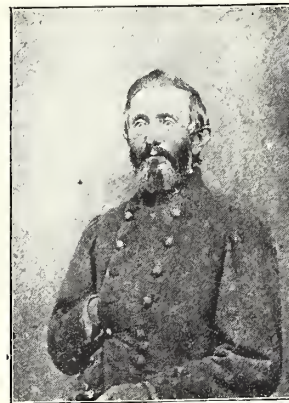
MAJ. WELLS J. HAWKS, C. S. A.

AN APPRECIATION BY HIS SON, A. W. S. HAWKS.

A good many years ago up in the bleak hills of Massachusetts a young boy whose father had been killed at a barn-raising was "farmed out" to an old farmer. The farmer was a good, kind-hearted man, but his wife was a termagant, mean and cruel. Besides the boy, there were two orphan girls, Trypheny and Tryphory. One day the boy saw the farmer's wife take one of the little girl's hands to use as a protector in taking the hot frying pan off of the stove. That night he ran off with both of the girls, left them with a relative, and worked his way to New Haven, Conn., where he learned the trade of a wheelwright, saved a bit of money, and went to Winchester, Va., where he entered the carriage business with Hugh L. Gallaher. The firm prospered, and shortly after my father went to Charlestown, Va., bought an old church, and turned it into a carriage factory. He was married three times, his first two wives being daughters of Dr. Smith, of Massa-

chusetts. His last wife was Miss Sarah Worthington, my good stepmother, who is buried by my father in Charlestown.

My father prospered in his business, became an ardent Democrat and an intensely devoted Southerner. He served the State for three terms of the legislature, and was an officer in the militia. I was with him at Harper's Ferry, when I first saw Gen. Robert E. Lee. During the trial of John Brown and his men General August and his staff were my father's guests.



MAJ. W. J. HAWKS.

Governor Wise often visited in our home, and I remember hearing John Wilkes Booth read Shakespeare in our parlor.

When the War between the States broke out, my father went to Harper's Ferry with the 2d Virginia Regiment, and received his first commission as captain and commissary of that regiment. Afterwards he received his commission as major, and served on Gen. Stonewall Jackson's staff until the General passed "over the river" to "rest under the shade of the trees." And among the last words of Stonewall Jackson were these: "Tell Major Hawks"—I am very proud of that.

After the passing of General Jackson, my father served on the staffs of Ewell, Early, and in Pennsylvania on the staff of General Lee. He had charge of the money presented to us by the people of Pennsylvania, and I never will forget how we hustled that money from Gettysburg to Winchester. He paid a great deal of it out in the Valley for flour, meat, cattle, etc., and they came in very well shortly afterwards.

In my father's department served Capt. J. J. Lock, James Campbell, William Gallaher, and J. Fred Blessing, all of Charleston, and James North, of Barber Hill.

I was a mere boy, but my father took me along with him, and I acted as a sort of courier. My recollections of that eventful period are all pleasant, save about thirty days spent in prison at Harper's Ferry. Father came out of the war as so many other good folks did—broken down in health, spirits—but went hard to work to build up his shattered fortunes.

On a green hill in Charlestown, in the Valley of Virginia, near the Shenandoah and the Old Blue Ridge, a marble slab tells of his record in the Confederate army.

I have not been very successful; and after thirty-five happy years upon the platform, I am broken down in health, and am resting here in Iuka, Miss., where the healing waters are, waiting for the evening call and the sunset.

I am proud to be the son of Maj. Wells J. Hawks, of Stonewall Jackson's staff.

MARKER FOR MAHONE'S BRIGADE AT CRATER.

EXTRACTS FROM ADDRESS BY COL. W. H. STEWART IN
DEDICATING IT.

It is a beautiful picture to see a mother teaching her child to kneel at her knees and lisp: "Our Father who art in heaven." It is sublime and touching beyond the power of artist to describe, and next to this it is a glorious picture to witness an organization of ladies teaching patriotism by placing an everlasting marker at the line where duty stood in the presence of danger. * * *

We have seen our lands produce boundless wealth, the roses bloom where briars and thistles lived, golden fruit gathered where the ashes of destroyed homes were spread by the winter winds in the wake of war, and our Confederate States' area is a land of promise to every section of the nation.

Our hearts have softened with the years and our pride and hopes now go along with the great government under the stars and stripes; but while life lasts we shall not forget to honor our dead comrades and declare their deeds before the world.

The awful eruption here so pierced our lines that only the artillery blocked the path to the very heart of Petersburg; but so true and sharp were the shots that the invaders were unable to deploy for advance until Mahone's Brigade came from Wilcox's Farm to yonder ravine, from which it charged twelve-fold its numbers, occupying these fortifications, and fought with bayonets, butts of muskets, and swords until the breastworks were won, and here the ghastly dead were thick and the earth was pooled in blood.

Eight hundred men of Mahone's Brigade, under Col. D. A. Weisegar, with their battle flags proudly floating above them, charged with the steadiness of ordered drill Burnside's ten thousand, recaptured the fortifications at the mouth of the yawning Crater, held them until the lines were fully established, and sent fifteen Federal battle flags as trophies of their victory to the Confederate War Department at Richmond. These captured flags tell with beautiful brevity the story of the achievements of Mahone's Brigade on this field.

The Confederate victory at the Crater was the deepest sting that the heart of Grant received in all his contests with the Army of Northern Virginia.

I saw and heard Gen. William Mahone, who was in command of Anderson's Division, personally direct the formation of troops for the charge, and the official records say that President Davis ordered his promotion "to date from the day of his memorable service, July 30." * * *

It is eminently proper to mark this line to let the descendants of the eight hundred soldiers know where their ancestors imperiled their lives for home and country.

One hundred and seventeen lost their lives, and you will see the names on a plain marble tablet in Old Blanford Church.

"They died in their glory surrounded by fame,

And victory's loud trumpet their death did proclaim;

They are dead, but they live in each patriot's breast,
And their names are engraved on honor's bright crest."

But I am not here to give all credit to Mahone's Brigade, for others on that 30th day of July, 1864, deserve equal honor, and fought with the same desperate determination of men contending for right and justice. * * *

I would like to tell of the perils of all, of the sufferings of all, of the courage of all of Robert E. Lee's soldiers during the memorable siege of Petersburg. The story of the marvelous victory on this famous field has been often told; but I must extol this work of these devoted women, and Southern hearts shall praise it for evermore.

A Greek maiden, being asked what fortune she would bring to her husband, replied: "I will bring him what gold cannot purchase—a heart unspotted and virtue without a stain, which is all that descended to me from my parents."

So these daughters of Petersburg have brought to this granite altar the inflexible love and the unpurchasable patriotism that descended from their mothers, which is the richest fortune stainless virtue and unspotted hearts can give to Confederate soldiers.

The Confederate veterans recognize with lofty pride and deepest gratitude the noble work of the Petersburg Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, in marking this site of the charge of the Crater, as its inscription says: "This stone marks approximately the extreme right of Mahone's Brigade, Virginia Volunteers, when it recaptured the Confederate breastworks on the 30th of July, 1864."

It is fully in keeping with the heroines of beleaguered Petersburg who heard the solid shot and shells crushing through their homes, and stood by their altars while dangerous mortar shells were shining and sparkling overhead like meteors in the sky. Not ashamed of antiquated bonnets and faded dresses, they reported daily at the sewing circles to make garments for the soldiers in the trenches or cooked at home such food as was obtainable for the sick in the hospitals.

Ah! the women, the good angels of the Confederacy in the hospitals endured war in its most terrible form. They stood by the surgeons while bending over rough board operating tables amputating arms and legs, and bandaging the stumps by the light of tallow candles or pine torches. They witnessed all these horrible and heart-rending scenes; they saw war without the brilliant alignment of troupes, without battalions charging in columns with glistening bayonets, without the battle flags flying in the wind, without galloping generals with their standard-bearing couriers waving the bright colors of their corps; they saw war in blood, in suffering, and in death. There they labored and prayed, and such were the greatest souls in our Southern republic, such were the truest hearts in all its service, such were peerless in patriotism, such were noblest in mind and highest in righteous conduct, such were the angels of mercy, humble in the sight of God and worthy of highest admiration and honor.

And now in the name of and for the true daughters of the noble mothers of the Confederacy, I dedicate this monument to the memory of the men of Mahone's Brigade, who recaptured the breastworks on this line on July 30, 1864.

O, my comrades, let us be grateful to the Master, who guarded us in the peril of this field and spared us to put our hands upon this precious stone. Let us keep his commandments in the fullness of faith, love him with mind and soul and heart, walk in the straight way the remainder of our lives to testify our love for good and pure works.

THE LAST ROLL

DR. HERBERT M. NASH.

The death of Dr. Herbert M. Nash at the Sarah Leigh Hospital, Norfolk, Va., following a surgical operation, cast a pall of gloom over the entire community, where he was so widely known and so universally esteemed.

Dr. Nash, for more than half a century a practitioner of medicine and surgery, was born in Norfolk May 29, 1831, the son of Thomas and Lydia Adela (Herbert) Nash.

The Nash family was founded in Virginia by Thomas Nash and his wife, Annie, who with their servants settled in Norfolk County in 1665. They were adherents of the Church of England, and Thomas Nash received land grants in the Virginia colony. The fourth Thomas Nash, the great-grandfather of Dr. Nash, was a vestryman of St. Bride's parish, in Norfolk County, from 1761 until his death, in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The fifth Thomas Nash was born in 1758, and when a youth was wounded in the battle of Great Bridge. He subsequently served his country during the period of the Revolutionary War, and lived to render conspicuous service in the War of 1812. His eldest son served in the artillery at Craney Island and took part in the repulse of Admiral Cockburn's fleet. Thomas Nash the sixth was the father of Dr. Nash. The Herbert family, from whom Dr. Nash descended in the maternal line, settled in Norfolk County, Va., in 1650, and for one hundred and fifty years its men were prominent in public and business affairs.

Dr. Herbert M. Nash attended the classical school of the late James D. Johnson and the Norfolk Military Academy. In 1851 he entered the University of Virginia, and graduated with the degree of doctor of medicine in June, 1852. He received clinical instruction in New York City in both medicine and surgery.

Dr. Nash began practice in Norfolk in 1853, and was the last survivor of the physicians who encountered the yellow fever epidemic of 1855. His general practice was interrupted by the War between the States.

In April, 1861, Dr. Nash was appointed assistant surgeon of the State forces of Virginia and attached to the post at Craney Island until May, 1862. After the evacuation of Norfolk in May, 1862, he was with the command at Seven Pines, and subsequently with the Confederate army in the battles around Richmond, ending at Malvern Hill. He was also with the troops on the Rappahannock in pursuit of Pope, and was detailed to care for the wounded in the different skirmishes. After the injured were sent to the general hospital, he rejoined Lee's army as it recrossed the Potomac after the repulse of McClellan at Sharpsburg. As surgeon Dr. Nash served with Mahone's Brigade at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg. He was then ordered to the artillery division of A. P. Hill's corps, and was with it at Mine Run, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania C. H., Hanover Junction, Cold Harbor, and in the siege of Petersburg, where he was placed in charge of the medical department of the artillery of the third corps as its chief surgeon.

Dr. Nash was disabled and captured in a cavalry charge

upon the Confederate reserve artillery on the evening of April 8, 1865, the evening before the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Dr. Nash returned to Norfolk in 1865, and soon regained a good practice. The surgical training received during the war was by him utilized in a branch of surgery then new to Norfolk. He gave attention to plastic surgery and gynecology, and was the pioneer of such work in Norfolk.

Dr. Nash was a member of the Norfolk Medical Society from its organization, and served several times as its president. He was a member of the Virginia State Medical Society, and had been its president. He held many other positions of distinction.

In February, 1867, Dr. Nash was married to Miss Mary A. Parker, the daughter of Nicholas Wilson Parker, of Norfolk, Va., a representative of one of the oldest families of South-eastern Virginia. He is survived by two daughters (Mrs. Elizabeth Lee, widow of Edwin G. Lee, and Mrs. Edward Brockenborough) and one sister (Mrs. P. H. Dillard, of Rocky Mount, Va.).

His funeral was conducted by Bishop A. M. Randolph, and Rev. James M. Owens, of St. Paul's Episcopal Church.

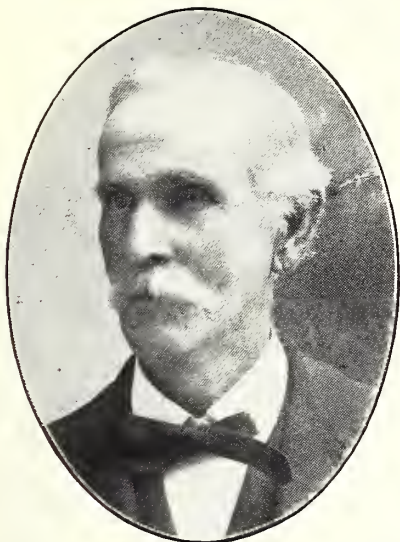


JAMES WRIGHT GILLESPIE.

James W. Gillespie, whose death occurred at his home in San Antonio, Tex., on July 9, 1910, was a native of Tennessee. He was born on the old family plantation in Fayette County on November 2, 1844, a son of Andrew Jackson and Julia Wright Gillespie. The Gillespies were an old and prominent Tennessee family, well known in the early history of that State. On his father's side he was descended from the Virginia Edmondsons, Gen. Edmondson Jones, of Confederate fame, being a cousin. On the maternal side William Gillespie was descended from the Wrights of North Carolina and the Philpotts. During the war he served with distinction as a member of the 7th Tennessee Cavalry, under Forrest. After the war he completed his education in Europe, spending some time at Heidelberg, Germany, and Oxford, England. Upon returning to America he went with his family to Texas and settled in Colorado County. Later he removed

to Dallas, and there married Miss Fannie McGary in 1873. In 1895 he became a resident of San Antonio, and had been one of the most active members of the Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, U. C. V., of that place. He had been interested for years in the land and mining business. Surviving him are his three daughters and two sons, five brothers and two sisters.

Comrade Gillespie was known extensively over Texas and loved for his genial, kindly personality. He was a true type of the courteous Southern gentleman, a consistent Christian. His friends were numbered among all classes.



DR. M. R. BANNER.

A committee composed of Rev. J. B. Fletcher, J. M. Hughes, M. V. Allen, and J. A. Hudson pays tribute to Dr. Banner, in which the following facts in his history are recounted: He was born in Germantown, N. C., March 27, 1827. On June 12, 1856, he married Miss A. B. Barrett, of Charleston, Tenn. To them were born five children. One child died in infancy. He resided for some years before the Civil War at Dalton, Ga., and practiced dentistry. At the commencement of the war he volunteered in the 39th Georgia Regiment. He was a personal friend of Gen. J. B. Gordon, who visited him at his home in Jacksboro some years ago.

Comrade Banner commanded the signal service corps during the "Battle above the Clouds." He commanded the sapper and mining corps at Vicksburg, and was promoted for his efficient service there. He was wounded three times.

In 1881 he located in Jacksboro, where he and his wife "did more than all others to promote its cause." No man stood higher than he in the town, and he was loved and honored as a gentleman and worthy citizen by all who knew him. On a beautiful May evening he was laid beside his loved ones gone before. His children were all present. To them Camp R. E. Lee tender their heart-felt sympathy and love, hoping that they, as well as all the members of the Camp, will emulate his virtues and that all of us may meet again in that beautiful home in the grand camp above.

DEATH OF COMRADES IN LEBANON, VA.

The Commander of Camp McElhany, No. 835, of Lebanon, Va., reports the following deaths: Henry Steele, T. J. Statzer, Capt. L. Finney, Dr. S. H. Speer, John Smith, A. Castle, Joseph White, J. L. Smith—all honorable citizens and appreciated members of the Camp.

LAURENCE L. PRINCE.

Laurence L. Prince was born in Cheraw, S. C., in 1847; and died in St. Louis, Mo., March 10, 1911. He was the eldest son of the late Gen. W. L. T. Prince, a distinguished lawyer of South Carolina. The son was ambitious to follow his eminent father in the legal profession, but his education was arrested by that stormy period of the sixties. He joined Charles's Battery of Light Artillery, and served as a cannoneer in the defense of Charleston Harbor. Cheraw, his home, was in Sherman's path, and suffered accordingly.

When the war was over Laurence Prince faced the necessity for immediate work. In 1868 he went to Baltimore and secured employment with a cotton commission house, and in 1877 he went to St. Louis and founded the firm of L. L. Prince & Co., cotton buyers. He did an extensive export business, and bought largely from New England mills. He became prominent in the business world, and served as President of the St. Louis Cotton Exchange.

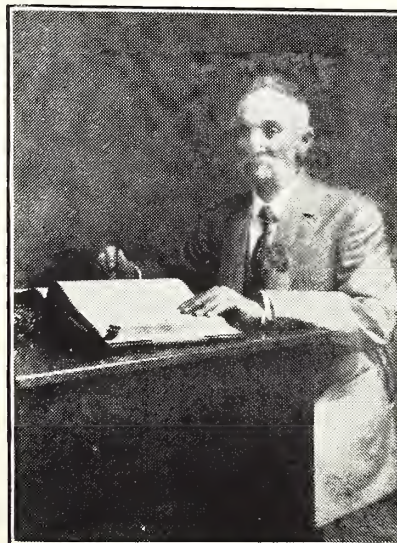
In 1879 he was married to Miss Elizabeth Duvall, of Baltimore, who survives him with six children. He was a member of the Sons of the Revolution and the Society of Colonial Wars and, best of all, a Christian.

T. M. LAKE.

So peaceful was the end of life to Thomas Lake, of Higginsville, Mo., that those who watched beside him hardly knew the passing. In his death the community lost one of its most useful and beloved citizens, and his long and honorable career was closed. As a soldier and citizen he had served his country and community faithfully and well.

Thomas M. Lake was born in Virginia in 1828, the son of Isaac Lake, who had twenty-five children, of whom two sons are now living. He was educated in private schools, and was a man of business in his section of Virginia before the war. He served in the 7th Virginia Cavalry during the war, and had many thrilling experiences.

He removed to Warrensburg, Mo., in 1868, and later settled at Higginsville and engaged in farming. He removed to Kansas in 1880 and opened a store at Eureka, but returned to Higginsville in 1891 and started the present remarkable store of T. M. Lake & Sons. He was married in 1850 to Miss Almira Harding, of White Ridge, Va., and to them were born nine children, five sons and four daughters.



T. M. LAKE.

MRS. HELEN V. DAWSON.

Mrs. Helen V. Dawson was born in Little Rock, Ark., in 1836; and died at her home, in Causey, N. Mex., on May 14, 1911. She left two children, a daughter (Mrs. Mary Frances Hart, who was living with her) and a son (John Bostic Dawson, of Dardanelle, Ark.). Her husband, Tolliver Bostic Dawson, enlisted in the first company of volunteers at Dardanelle, Ark., and was killed at that place in 1864. His brother, Henry Clinton Dawson, enlisted in the same company, and was killed at Oak Hill, Mo., in August, 1861.

No soldier in the Confederate army was truer to the cause than was Mrs. Dawson. She went through all the hardships of a soldier's wife; and with her son, Thomas Barclay Moon, then eight years old, toiled by day and far into the night to keep a home and bread for themselves and three younger children while the husband and father was away fighting for their beloved Southland. She was ever ready at the risk of her own safety to help any Confederate soldier who came her way, and now will enjoy the reward that comes to those who were faithful to the end.

CAPT. DANIEL B. EDWARDS.

Daniel B. Edwards, third son of Littleton Edwards, was born April 10, 1836, in Dallas County, Ala. He died March 19, 1911, in the same county in which he was born and lived the whole of his long life of seventy-five years.

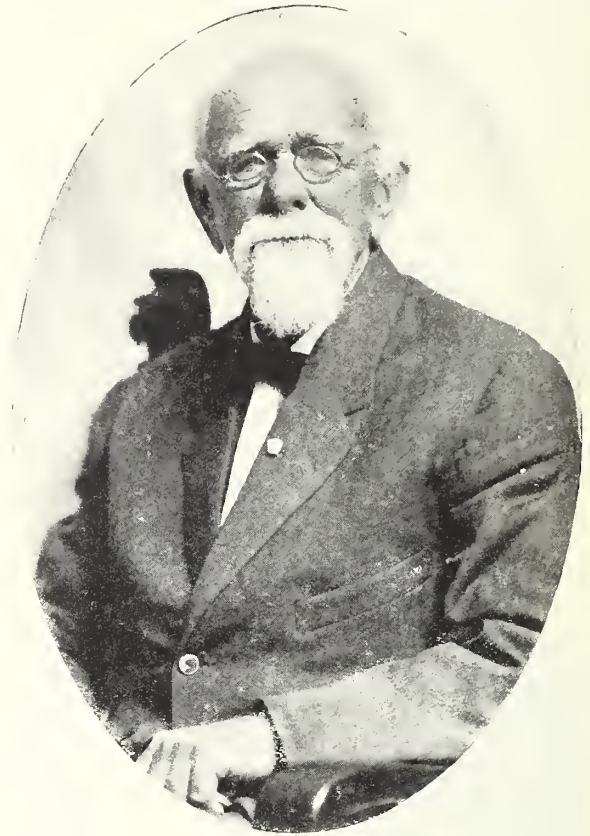
His boyhood and young manhood were passed in the pursuits common to sons of the planters of that period. He attended the neighborhood schools, and later completed his education at Howard College. At the age of sixteen he joined the Baptist Church, and thenceforth was a faithful member of that Church, holding its office of deacon for the last forty-five years of his life. In 1860 he married Miss Lou E. Traylor, of Benton, Ala.

In the spring of 1862 he enlisted and was chosen third lieutenant of Company A, 44th Alabama Infantry Regiment. On March 8, 1863, he was promoted to first lieutenant, and on May 16, 1864, he was commissioned captain of his company, in which capacity he served until the sad days of Appomattox. He was captured near Suffolk, Va., in 1863, but was exchanged within a month. The only Minie ball that ever touched him buried itself in a Bible which he carried into all of his battles. Once, during the early days of '65, although only a captain, he commanded the 44th for a week, all of its field officers having been killed or disabled by wounds.

Captain Edwards was a brave, faithful, and typical soldier of Lee's Army of Northern Virginia—"the grandest army that ever trod the face of the earth, an army that fought with more success for a longer time against greater odds than any other army that ever engaged in battle."

Terrible as was the War between the States, hardly less so was the war of Reconstruction that followed. Captain Edwards, returning to his devastated home in '65, began hopefully—nay, cheerfully—to rebuild his shattered fortune. But the sky was soon overcast with clouds. Carpetbaggers, the scum of the human race, the refuse of the North, marshaled negro voters to the polls. The noblest men of the land charged with crimes they never committed, with manacles on their hand, were carried by negro guards before strange and infamous judges. The substance of the people was wasted in onerous taxes which were stolen by corrupt officials. The situation for eight years, twice as long as the war, was appalling, until finally it became intolerable. Then it was that

Captain Edwards and about sixty more true men of Dallas County of like mind, braving the power of the Federal government, choosing if need be a Federal prison or even death for the sake of the principles for which they had risked their lives on many battle fields, rose in their might and rescued



CAPTAIN D. B. EDWARDS.

Dallas from the carpetbaggers and their negro allies. An important part in this reconstruction was performed by him.

At the time of his death he was a registrar for the county, and also a member of the County Board of Education, both offices of honor rather than of profit.

Besides his second wife, Mrs. Fannie A. Edwards, to whom he was married in 1882, he left a daughter, two sons, two grandsons, one sister, and one brother.

In all of his family relations he was kind and devoted. He died full of years and full of honor. His great personality, his splendid intellect, his unblemished record, and his patriotic service to his country merited the honor. He was buried by members of his Camp at Old Town Cemetery in the county he had loved and served so long and so well. The immense crowd of sorrowing people, the largest ever gathered at that famous old meeting place, attested the esteem in which he was held.

[From paper read by Prof. D. M. Callaway at memorial exercises by Camp Jones, of Selma, Ala., June 3, 1911.]

S. W. WHITMORE.

S. W. Whitmore, of Maricopa, Cal., who died on January 6, 1911, was a faithful member of Sterling Price Camp, of Fresno. His service for the Confederacy was as a member of Company E, 14th Virginia Cavalry. He was highly esteemed for his noble character wherever known. His wife survives him with several children.

DEATHS IN HATTIESBURG (MISS.) CAMP, U. C. V.

James B. F. Bruce was born in Laurens District, S. C., February 25, 1825; and died near Hattiesburg, Miss., August 25, 1910. He was buried at Decatur, Miss. In 1848 he was married to Miss Emily Brown. He served in Company 'H' of the 1st Regiment, commanded by General Forrest.

George S. Edmondson was born in Perry County, Miss., October 12, 1840; and died near Rawles Springs, Miss., September 24, 1910. He served in Company B, 4th Mississippi Cavalry Regiment. He was married to Miss Eliza A. Norris in 1859.

John W. Rush was born in Jones County, Miss., September 12, 1843; and died October 20, 1910. He served as second sergeant in Company B, 7th Mississippi Battalion, and was in prison at Camp Chase for several months. He was married twice, to Misses Matilda and Margaret Hamilton, sisters.

O. H. P. Bennett was born in North Carolina in 1833; and died in Hattiesburg, Miss., November 28, 1910. He served in Company A, 31st North Carolina Regiment, and was slightly wounded at First Manassas. He was educated at the University of Virginia.

Benjamin F. Rawles was born in Perry County, Miss., August 18, 1828; and died near Rawles Springs, Miss. He served as second lieutenant in Company B, 7th Mississippi Battalion. He was married to Miss Charity Duckworth in 1849.

Thomas C. Boucher was born in Fayette County, Ala., March 9, 1833; and died at Hattiesburg, Miss., March 28, 1911. He served in Company G, 31st Mississippi, and also in Company F, 8th Mississippi Cavalry. He was married to Miss Mary Fulford in December, 1859.



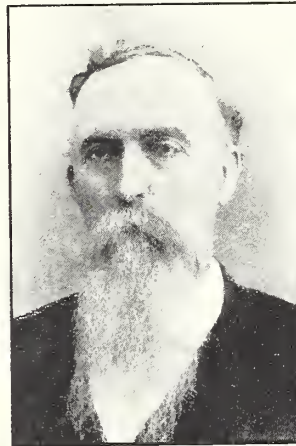
JAMES HARVEY CLARIDGE.

James H. Claridge died at his home, in Huntsville, Ala., on January 5, 1911. He was born in Memphis, Tenn., February 5, 1847, a son of Dr. Henry Claridge and nephew of Col. James Hamilton, of Huntsville, Ala. He enlisted in the Confederate service as a private (Captain Manning's company) in the 18th Mississippi Cavalry in August, 1864. He was later discharged on account of disability. At the time of his death he Color Bearer of the Alabama Brigade, Forrest's Cavalry, U. C. V., with the rank of Captain.

JUDGE JAMES BERRY MILAM.

James B. Milam was born in West Tennessee, near the line between Henry and Weakley Counties. His father died during his boyhood, and his mother was left with a family of seven sons and five daughters and in straitened circumstances. On arriving at manhood James Milam engaged in teaching school; but when the tocsin of war sounded in 1861, he and five of his brothers enlisted in the Confederate army, four of them serving in Company C, of the 5th Tennessee Infantry. One died at Chattanooga and one was killed on Missionary Ridge; another died in Paducah, Ky., since the war. One brother now lives in Jacksonville, Fla., and the other is Treasurer of Union City, Tenn.

Judge Milam served as sergeant during the first year of the war, and was then promoted to lieutenant. He was seriously wounded in the hip at Perryville, Ky., and captured, remaining in prison until the summer of 1863. Meanwhile his company was consolidated with another, and he became a supernumerary officer. In conjunction with Capt. J. P. Cooper (now of Paris, Tenn.) he secured permission from the Secretary of War to raise a company of cavalry; but unhappily he was again captured and sent to Fort Delaware, where he languished and suffered until exchanged in April, 1865.



JUDGE J. B. MILAM.

James Milam again entered the schoolroom and taught several years, during which time he married Miss Mary E. Milam, of Henry County, a most estimable woman. Later he conducted the Paris House at Paris, Tenn. The health of his only son induced him to move to Florida in 1881, and he located at Leesburg, where he again engaged in the hotel business, and was successful. He also served as town marshal and in other positions until 1899, when the Governor appointed him judge of Lake County, which position he held until stricken with paralysis in September, 1910. On the 20th of that month he was called to his reward. In all the walks of life—as son, husband, father, teacher, judge, and as neighbor—he proved himself worthy and stood in high repute wherever known. As Vice Commander of Lake County Camp, U. C. V., he showed his interest in the Confederate cause and his affection for those who had touched elbows in the days that tried men's souls.

His first wife having died in 1883, Judge Milam married again a few years later, and this wife survives him with one son and two daughters.

DEATHS IN CAMP CABELL, No. 125, U. C. V., VERNON, TEX., SINCE APRIL, 1910.

W. C. Grice, Company B, 24th Alabama Regiment; Edward Wiltse, Company A, 1st Virginia Reserves; H. Feely, Company B, 20th Georgia Infantry; B. G. Kelley, Company I, Brown's Texas Regiment Infantry; Shem E. Hatchett, Company C, 7th Ark. Comrade Feely was a veteran of the Mexican War. He walked one hundred and fifty miles in order to join the army and go to Mexico. B. G. Kelley was also a Mexican veteran.

THOMAS J. CARTER.

Thomas J. Carter died from general debility at his home near North Fork, Loudoun County, Va., on April 12, 1911, aged seventy-one years.

Mr. Carter was a private in Company C, 8th Virginia Infantry, Hunton's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, and was with the 8th in her many struggles until the famous charge of this regiment in the battle of Gettysburg, where he was taken prisoner, and was not paroled until the close of the war.

He was a true and faithful soldier, and was proud to be called a member of the 8th Virginia Regiment. He was a consistent member of the Baptist Church, and fought the battles of life in true Christian spirit, with Christ as his Commander, and died as he had lived, trusting in his Saviour and leaning upon his everlasting arms.

DEATHS IN DICK DOWLING CAMP.

Adjutant W. C. Kelly, of Dick Dowling Camp, at Houston, Tex., reports the following roll of the dead comrades of Dick Dowling Camp, No. 197, U. C. V., Houston, from March, 1910, to April, 1911: J. S. Swope, second lieutenant Rip Ford's command, died March 23, 1910; J. J. M. Smith, Company K, 35th Georgia Regiment, May 25, 1910; William H. Martin, Company B, 13th Texas Volunteer Infantry, June 6, 1910; C. H. Schmeltz, Company G, Elmore's Regiment, August 6, 1910; Paul Lesesne, Company K, 46th North Carolina Regiment, December 13, 1910; J. H. Cox, Company A, 6th Texas Infantry, January 30, 1911; T. H. White, Company C, 5th Texas, March 1, 1911; C. S. Bordenheimer, Company A, 3d Missouri Cavalry, March 26, 1911.

The present Commander of the Camp is J. J. Hall.

CHARLES HORACE GALLAHER.

Charles H. Gallaher, son of the late Horatio N. and Adaline B. Gallaher, and the last of his father's family, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Arthur Davenport, in Charlottesville, W. Va., on January 29, 1911. He was born April 17, 1838, and nearly all of his life was spent in that community, the four years of war and a brief residence in Washington and in Philadelphia comprising his absence. He was of genial disposition, and his loss is deeply felt by family and friends.

Comrade Gallaher belonged to the Botts Grays, organized before the war, which became **Company G, 2d Virginia Infantry**, Stonewall Brigade, with which he made a fine record as a soldier during the entire war. He is survived by a daughter and two sons. He was a devoted Christian and a loyal Mason.

H. B. LOVE.

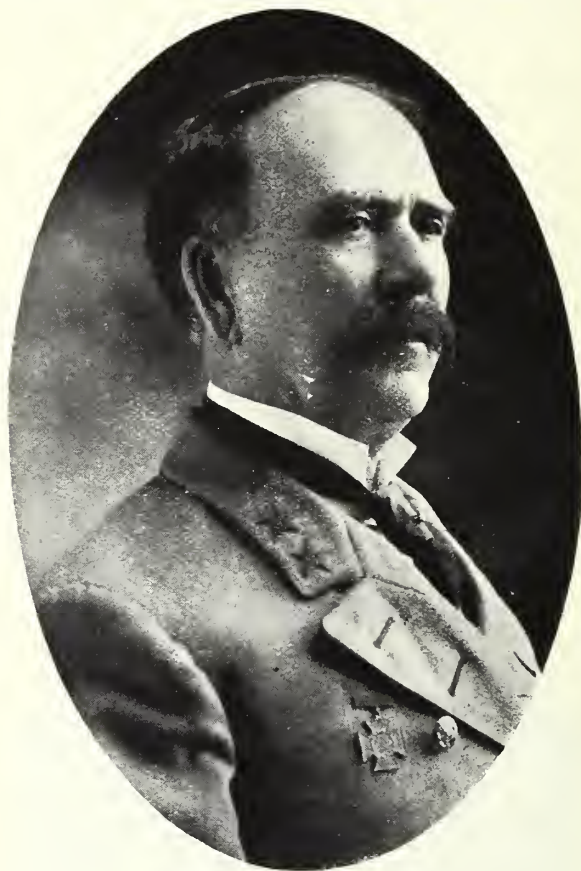
H. B. Love was born in Montgomery County, Ala., and when quite young went to Texas with his parents. In 1861 he returned to Alabama and entered the Confederate army from that State, joining the 4th Alabama Regiment of Law's Brigade. He saw much hard service in the Virginia Army, and was wounded in three engagements. He returned home on crutches after the war. He settled in Lamar County, and, as did all true Confederate soldiers, resolved to be a good citizen, and that he kept this resolution is attested by those who knew him best. His death occurred on January 14, 1911, in his seventy-third year.

Comrade Love was a Christian gentleman whose memory it is a delight to honor. He was an enthusiastic member of the Camp U. C. V. at Paris, Tex., and was appreciated for his sterling worth.

COL. W. B. JENNINGS.

Col. W. B. Jennings, one of the best-known and most highly esteemed Christian gentlemen of Moberly, Mo., died from an operation on May 1, 1911.

Comrade Jennings served throughout the war in Clark's Battery, afterwards King's and then Farris's, most of the



COL. W. B. JENNINGS.

time in Forrest's command, until the close of the war. He was a good and faithful member of Marmaduke Camp, U. C. V., and he was in the service of the Wabash Railroad Company for forty years in the freight department. He was a noble soldier, true to any trust imposed in him, and as a citizen commanded the respect of all with whom he came in contact. A good comrade is gone. Peace to his ashes.

[G. N. Ratliff, J. W. Martin, and G. E. Green, committee.]

T. O. C. MURPHY.

T. O. C. Murphy entered the Confederate service in 1861 as a member of Company A, 61st Virginia Infantry; and participated in many important battles during his four years' service, among them being Hampton Roads, Gettysburg, and the Crater. After the war he was a useful citizen of Arkadelphia, Ark., esteemed for his integrity and public spirit. His death is a loss to the community.

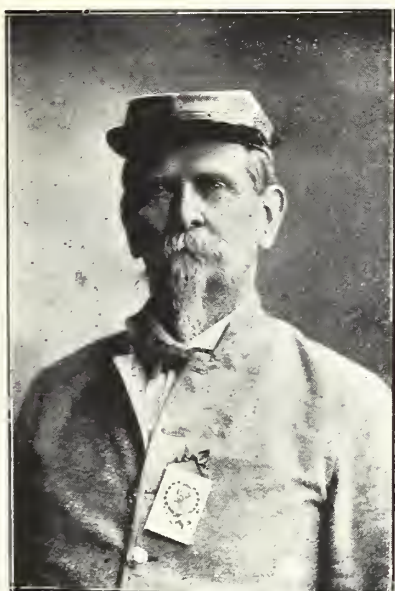
There can be no better eulogy on the life of a brave man than has been given of Comrade Murphy by Col. William H. Stewart, of Portsmouth, Va., who wrote of him to the Daughters of the Confederacy at Arkadelphia in September, 1910: "This is to certify that I was captain of Company A, 61st Virginia Regiment of Infantry, and was promoted to major and later to lieutenant colonel of the regiment, commanding it in many of the battles in Virginia. T. O. C. Murphy, of Arka-

delphia, Ark., was a private in my Company A, and was faithful to the end. He was one of the bravest and truest men of the regiment. He well deserves a Cross of Honor."

What Colonel Stewart said of him during those four years of war may be truly said of the remaining years of his life. Honorable in all the walks of life, a true husband, an indulgent father, a helpful neighbor, his blameless life was an example to the young people of his community.

CAPT. "DICK" STEELE.

Captain Steele was born in Bedford County, Tenn., September 23, 1836, and was seventy-five years of age. He entered the Confederate army at the breaking out of the Civil War, serving in the Rock City Guards of Nashville, Company A, of the 1st Tennessee Regiment (Maney's), and was desperately wounded in the battle of Perryville, Ky., during a charge upon a Federal battery. The battery was captured, but at a fearful cost, as more than three-fourths of the gallant regiment were dead or wounded. Among the wounded was Capt. B. P. Steele. He never recovered fully from the wounds, but for nearly half a century suffered cheerfully.



CAPT. "DICK" STEELE.

Captain Steele was well informed concerning the battle of Perryville, Ky., and he wrote many reminiscences of it, including a clever poem.

Capt. B. P. Steele was united in marriage with Margaret, daughter of former Governor Swayne, of North Carolina, in May, 1875, and of the union two children survive—Mrs. W. T. Kirk, of Plainfield, N. J., and Miss Willie Warder Steele, of Asheville, N. C. The last-named arrived Sunday morning, and was present at the last sad rites at the church, but arrived too late to be at the deathbed scene.

The beautiful and impressive burial ritual of the Episcopal Church was used in the service, which was conducted by Capt. B. H. Wilkins. The remains were taken to Asheville, N. C., for interment.

FELIX E. BLOUNT.

Felix E. Blount was born in Washington County, Ala., July 12, 1828; and died in Hattiesburg, Miss., July 10, 1911. He served in the Western Army under Generals Bragg, Johnston,

and Hood, being a member of Company G, 32d Alabama Regiment. He was in most of the battles fought in Tennessee and Georgia. He was captured twice, once at La Vergne, Tenn., in 1862, and again at Nashville, Tenn., in December, 1864.

Comrade Blount was twice married, his first wife being Miss Annie Smith, who died about a year after their marriage. In 1855 he was married to Miss Mary Miller, of Mobile, Ala. His life was spent in Washington and Escambia Counties, Ala., and Winn Parish, La. He had been a Methodist for about sixty-five years. His body was taken to Brewton, Ala.

COL. LEVIN LAKE.

Col. Levin Lake, who died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Lida Owen, in Grenada, Miss., in January, 1911, was in his ninety-fourth year, having been born in Dorchester County, Md., September 7, 1817. He went to Mississippi in 1834, and except for a short residence in Tennessee his home had been continuously in that State. He was a pioneer merchant of Grenada, and his first goods were brought there on barges up the Yalobusha River.

He was twice married, the first wife living but a short time. He was married the second time in Maryland to Miss Harriet Ann Crawford, who died in 1905. Of their nine children, only two daughters survive; but there are twenty-four grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren, to whom he left a legacy that "neither moth nor rust can corrupt" by the example of an incorruptible life.

Colonel Lake was a valiant soldier of the Confederacy, and was the first quartermaster ever to receive the title of major. He became a Mason in 1836 and went up step by step in Masonry, and it is said he was the oldest Shriner in the world.

Illustrative of Major Lake's patriotism attention is called to a letter from him to Col. C. G. Armistead, of Demopolis, Ala., who was paymaster at Demopolis and colonel of the 12th Mississippi Cavalry, urging that a stop be put to traffic with cotton in sections adjacent to Memphis, although Colonel Armistead was a large planter and might have obtained large pecuniary benefits. Colonel Armistead referred the letter to the adjutant general, Maj. Douglas West, with earnest commendation of Major Lake "for his integrity and reliability."

JUDGE J. LEE BULLOCK.

In Washington, D. C., May 9, 1911, the spirit of Judge J. Lee Bullock crossed over the river to "rest under the shade." He was seventy-five years of age, respected and loved by all who knew him. Judge Bullock was the last member of his family. A son, three years old, died in 1864. His wife, who was a daughter of Col. Wm. M. Voorhies, of Columbia, Tenn., died some years ago, leaving two daughters, who had also preceded their father to the better land.

Judge Bullock was a Confederate who never became "reconstructed." The "blessed cause" was still right to him, though he was liberal in mind and heart. He joined the Confederate army in the early sixties; was captured in 1863 and sent to Johnson's Island, where he was kept for about eighteen months, then exchanged. He was afterwards with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's command until the surrender.

Though a lawyer of much prominence, he never prosecuted any one, saying, "I would rather free a wicked man than hang a good one." He was a man of deep convictions—right was right and wrong was wrong with him. He possessed a keen sense of humor and had an irresistible fund of wit.

His body was laid to rest in beautiful Rose Hill cemetery at Columbia, Tenn.

WILLIAM BOLD M'KEE.

Born February 10, 1843; Died May 8, 1911.

H. S. H. in a memorial tribute states that he first knew William Bold McKee in 1863, then fresh from the South Carolina Military Academy, and a lieutenant in Schultz' Battery, White's Battalion, to which this battery was attached, was in service on the coast of South Carolina. Extracts are given:

"It was a period of incessant campaigning from Charleston Harbor to the mouth of the Savannah River. The Federal forces had gained a foothold upon the intervening sea islands, and the Confederates were defending the main land from invasion. Lieutenant McKee was appointed adjutant on the staff of Colonel Kemper, chief of artillery in that district. He was a bright young officer, erect in stature, precise in deportment, and efficient in the discharge of duty.

"It fell to the writer's lot to be placed in charge of the railway equipment that had been pressed into service by military authority and which had been assembled at Florence. There one day he was summoned to the hospital at the request of Lieutenant McKee, who had been seriously injured by the explosion of a caisson. When he became convalescent, the writer provided for his journey in comfort to the home of his family in the up-country. * * *

"Under his intelligent and tactful handling soon after the war the work of reconstruction of the Charleston and Savannah Railroad was fairly under way, when the writer was called to the Atlantic and Gulf Railroad and invited his friend to accompany him to Savannah.

"For thirty years thereafter we were closely associated in business and personally. Together our field of action was broadened, until he became assistant to the General Manager and Vice President of the 'Plant System.' In all that time he retained the characteristics which had marked his early years, ripened in efficiency by experience. He never failed in fidelity; he never faltered nor quailed in the presence of danger. When the angel of death was hovering over every household in Savannah in the yellow fever epidemic of 1876, he was indefatigable in attention to the sick and in rendering the last offices to the dead. After two years with the Southern States Freight Association, he returned in 1897 to the 'Plant System,' being now merged with the Atlantic Coast Line, and while in that service he was unexpectedly summoned to answer the last call in the ranks of the living.

"He received the announcement from his physician with characteristic equanimity. On February 1 in a letter to the writer he said: 'I shall have to face the sufferings which must now come to me. I have made up my mind to be as cheerful as I can and to keep at my work as long as I can. I have forbidden long or doleful faces at home. I have been associated with you so long that I want you to write a little sketch of my services with you.' On May 5 he wrote me a few lines: 'I have managed to keep at the office until yesterday, when I had to give up—so weak and exhausted.' Three days thereafter our friend passed away.

"This tribute is but the bald recital of the service in which he was so long engaged. It affords but a shadowy semblance of a life which was passed in the faithful discharge of important duties and in assistance cheerfully rendered to those about him who stood in need of works of help and charity. It has been prepared by one who knew and appreciated him more intimately than any other person not of his own family, one who valued his friendship as a precious possession, and who will treasure his memory for the remainder of his own life.

SARAH ELIZABETH GABBETT.

The death of Mrs. Elizabeth Gabbett occurred at her home, in Atlanta, July 16, 1911, after a few weeks of serious illness, although she had been failing in health for a year or so. Mrs. Gabbett was a mysterious person to many Daughters. Because of her great zeal and excellent taste in designing the cross of honor, which was conceived by Mrs. Erwin, sister of Miss Mildred Rutherford, of Athens, Ga., she became one of the most conspicuous women in the United Daughters of the Confederacy. She was very peculiar, not in every way amiable, but she was devoted to the cause second to no other woman. She was independent in her manner, and rarely surrendered a prejudice. Many Daughters will agree that her life, in the latter part at least, was pathetic. She was regarded as wealthy, but through no boast of her own; and while not specially popular, she was admired for her ability to carry her point in conventions, and she deserves the kindest remembrance of the Southern people.

The Atlanta Constitution gives this interesting sketch:

"The widow of a Confederate veteran who, coming to this country from his native Ireland wielded a sword in defense of a cause which he considered righteous, she threw herself into the work of immortalizing the men in gray with an energy which amounted to a passion. The busy world around her, save in so far as it related to the past, seemed to interest her little. Wrapped in an atmosphere of a by-gone day, cherishing an abiding love for her dashing, hero-husband, she



MRS. S. E. GABBETT.

was all but a recluse. Only for the betterment of the Confederate veteran did she mingle with the outside world.

"Mrs. Gabbett was the eldest and only surviving daughter of the late eminent Dr. Cosmo P. Richardstone. She was born in Savannah July 16, 1833, and her early days were spent there. Her mother, who was Miss Margaret Bailey, of Hancock County, Ga., died while she was a young girl, and her father died in 1852. In that year she married William Gabbett, of Mount Minnett, County Limerick, Ireland. Some time after their marriage they came to Savannah from their home in Ireland, and resided there for several years.

"Mr. Gabbett enlisted in the service of the Confederate States as captain in the engineering corps, and served through the four years with distinction. Shortly after the war Mr. Gabbett's father died at the ancestral home in Ireland, and Mr. Gabbett came into possession of the old family estate. He returned to Ireland, where he lived until his death, which was the result of a sunstroke received during the war. In 1896 Mrs. Gabbett returned to Georgia, and made her home in Atlanta. After her return to this country, Mrs. Gabbett interested herself deeply in the Daughters of the Confederacy.

"It is said that Mrs. Gabbett chose her design for the cross of honor from an old tombstone in Ireland. For many years she was the active custodian of the crosses, and later became the honorary custodian for life. Mrs. Gabbett is the last of an old and distinguished Southern family. Dr. Richardsons, her father, was considered one of the most brilliant and prominent physicians of his time. His residence in Savannah was considered the finest in the city just before the war, but on the eve of Sherman's march into the city it was burned. She had no children, and none of her brothers or sisters have survived her. She was a woman of much refinement and cultivated tastes. She was deeply interested in art and music, and spent several years in the music and art centers abroad.

"Mrs. Gabbett was an inveterate collector of curios and works of art. Her house on Bedford Place, where she lived alone save for a companion and a servant, was filled with rare pictures, handsome silverware, and yards and yards of exquisite old Irish lace which had been handed down by the Gabbett family. One of her hobbies was dogs. She had six blue-blooded pugs. In addition, she had some twelve or thirteen nondescript canines which she had found wandering homeless around the streets. These she provided for with care. They had a special yard to themselves, and were fed as carefully as her more aristocratic pets.

"One of Mrs. Gabbett's priceless possessions is a string of huge amber beads, such as were worn only by Ireland's kings. These beads were dug up on the estate of her husband by some peasant children. Mrs. Gabbett discovered the children playing with them, and they were rescued. Mrs. Gabbett owned a large amount of property on Bedford Place, and her estate is considered a valuable one.

"Mrs. Gabbett is survived by the following nephews and niece: Dr. H. Clay Foster, of Union Point, Ga.; John Foster, of Augusta; and Miss Eugenia Foster, of Savannah. Her surviving first cousins are: Miss Elizabeth Bailey, of Rome; Mrs. M. B. Hill, of Rome; Mrs. J. C. Nesbitt, of Chattanooga; and Alfred Bailey. Two of her first cousins once removed, A. H. Bailey and H. C. Bailey, live in this city.

"At the time of her death Mrs. M. B. Hill, of Rome, was with her, having been summoned to her bedside some four weeks ago from Kentucky, where she was visiting.

"The funeral services were held at the residence Sunday afternoon at five o'clock, Rev. Dr. Pise officiating. Escorted by a guard of honor composed of Confederate veterans, Mrs. Gabbett's body was taken to Savannah for interment."

[Upon leaving the Little Rock Reunion Mrs. Gabbett missed a train and seemed confused in finding her way, when the Editor of the VETERAN had this last opportunity of serving her. She possessed many excellent traits of character, and was steadfast in Confederate loyalty. She left an estate of \$10,000 or more. Her jewelry is to be sold for the Home of the Friendless, and \$500 was left to St. Philip's Cathedral, Atlanta. The remainder goes to relatives.]

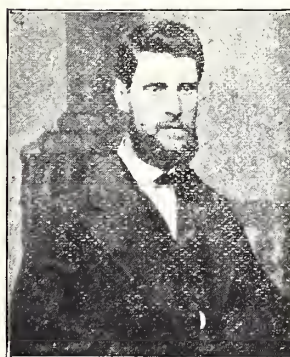
GEORGE F. AMOS.

G. F. Amos, a veteran of the Mexican and Civil Wars, and one of the oldest men of Etowah County, Ala., died at his home, in Short-Creek, on July 3, aged ninety-two years. He was born in Spartanburg, S. C., in 1819, and lived in that State until 1844, when he migrated to Georgia, and there married Miss Emmeline Satterfield in 1845. To them were born nine children, seven of whom are still living. He enlisted in the war against Mexico in 1846, and served to its close, when he returned to his home in Georgia. In 1859 he removed to DeKalb County, Ala.; and when the Civil War began, he enlisted under Capt. W. B. Beeson, and served through the great conflict as a private, doing his duty valiantly until mustered out at Memphis in 1865.

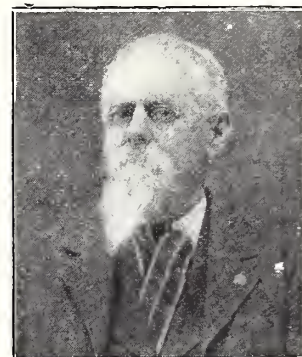
In many ways the coming generation can afford to emulate the life of "Uncle Frank," as he was familiarly called. He was fearless and courageous and daring in the expression of his opinions, yet accorded to others the same freedom. He was a close student of events transpiring in his day, and retained his interest in public matters even to the last.

Capt. W. B. Beeson, under whom he served as a member of Company G, 49th Alabama, writes from Collinsville, Ala.: "In the early days of the Civil War George F. Amos was mustered into service at Nashville, Tenn., and he was one of the finest-looking soldiers I ever saw. He was six feet two inches in height, weighed two hundred pounds, and was as straight as an Indian, and every fiber of that great body was made up of gallantry and courage."

ENGRAVINGS HELD OVER FROM JULY.



S. K. WOODWARD.



JOSEPH M. MOORE.

Tributes to these comrades are printed in the June issue, pages 295 and 296. These engravings should have appeared then.

GEN. CLEMENT ANSELM EVANS.

BY CHARLES W. HUBNER, ATLANTA.

Men such as he divine evangels are;
The spark of Godhood in us they proclaim.
Not pale and faint, but like a brilliant flame
Men see and follow as a holy star;
Great because humble, free from taint or blame,
True priest in peace, a son of Mars in war,
Upon all hearts in love he carved his name
And won and wore the white flower of his fame.
So lived, so died he; but we call not dead
Him whose grand soul death set forever free,
When angels placed God's crown upon his head
And bore him heavenward, singing as they sped;
And the great dead there, how they thronged to see
Our Evans clasping hands again with Lee!

GEN. CLEMENT A. EVANS.

OFFICIAL MEMORIAL ORDER FROM HEADQUARTERS, U. C. V.

A memorial regarding the death of Gen. Clement A. Evans, of Atlanta, embracing the prominent points in his career as a Confederate general and patriot, has been prepared at the headquarters of the United Confederate Veterans as follows:

General Orders, No. 17.

NEW ORLEANS, July 4, 1911.

It is with profound regret that the General commanding announces the death of our late and now lamented Commander-in-Chief, Gen. Clement A. Evans, who died at his home, in Atlanta, on July 2, 1911, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. His was a long and distinguished career, both in civil and military life. He was born in Stewart County, Ga., in 1832. Choosing the law for a profession, he was early admitted to the bar of his native State, and at twenty-one years of age he was elected judge of his county, and at twenty-six was elected as a Senator in the legislature of Georgia.

Immediately following the first election of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States, Comrade Evans, believing an armed conflict inevitable, organized a military company and began its training. He was among the first to enlist in the cause of the Southland, and with his company joined the Army of Northern Virginia at the beginning of hostilities. He served with this army throughout the entire struggle, at times under the immediate command of Generals "Stonewall" Jackson, Jubal A. Early, and John B. Gordon, and was successively promoted to the ranks of major, colonel, brigadier general, and at the close of the contest was acting major general. When the struggle had ended, he returned to his home and devoted his exceptional talents and fine energies to the rehabilitation of our beloved section. Reëntering the legal profession, he added to the laurels which he had previ-

ously won. The literary instinct was strong in him, and he contributed to contemporary literature a valuable work known as the "Military History of Georgia," and was Editor-in-Chief of the "Confederate Military History."—[Supplied by the VETERAN.]

He was a deeply pious man, devoted to the Christian religion. For a time he was a minister in one of the great Christian Churches, and throughout his long life was an earnest teacher of moral principles. He was at the time of his death a member of the State Prison Commission of Georgia, a position which he filled with honor and with credit to his State.

For many years he was the idolized Commander of the Georgia Division of United Confederate Veterans, and was promoted therefrom to the command of the Army of Tennessee Department, and afterwards succeeded Gen. Stephen D. Lee as Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, and was annually reëlected to that distinguished position until failing health impelled him to decline a reëlection. He was very popular with and was greatly and deservedly loved by his old comrades in arms. His uniform urbanity and gentleness of manner, his philanthropic disposition, his love of truth and justice, and his faith in men and God drew him near to all who knew him well. "While his steps were in the dust, his eyes were on the stars."

By command of G. W. GORDON, *General Commanding.*W. E. MICKLE, *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.*

Elsewhere, on page 401, there are additional tributes to General Evans. His devotion to the cause for which he and his comrades fought was faithful with every breath of his life, and to his comrades, the men directly under his command, was intense. He was ever eager to make reparation for any errors that he may have committed.



GENERAL EVANS'S BODY AS IT LAY IN STATE IN THE CAPITOL OF GEORGIA JULY 5, 1911.

The suggestion occurred to the VETERAN through familiarity with the recumbent figure of Gen. R. E. Lee. It was cordially acted upon, and no casket was used until removal from the capitol to the First Methodist Church for the funeral service.

CONFEDERATE COMRADES.

BY FATHER P. F. BRANNAN, DALLAS, TEX.

In spirit we go back to-day
 When all of us were young and strong,
 When we were proud to wear the gray,
 Opposed to what we thought was
 wrong,
 When every man stood at his post.
 To do, to dare, and to obey,
 To prove he loved his country most,
 Resigned to give his life away.

'Tis sad, yet sweet, now to recall
 The hardships that we underwent;
 Far worse than Cæsar's when in Gaul,
 For often we had not a cent.
 And haversacks were mighty slim,
 And everything was O so blue;
 It almost made the eyes grow dim
 To find the rations that we drew.

But then it was some recompense
 To slip at night among the trees
 And take a turkey off the fence
 Or rob a fruitful hive of bees,
 And maybe we would get a shoat;
 If not, a chicken or a goose;
 If nothing else, a billy goat,
 Or anything that lay round loose.

It's wrong to wager, we all know;
 The soldiers, though, had some excuse.
 The money, sometimes called "the
 dough,"
 Was of no particular use.
 Soda was six dollars a pound,
 Sugar and salt were out of sight;
 Coffee had a far-away sound
 Like to an echo at midnight.

There were no books for us to read;
 Papers and novels we had none.
 In camp the men would go to seed
 If not some way to have some fun.
 So they antied up and saw the blind;
 All were alike when they were done,
 For every one that quit behind
 Had just as much as those who won.

The weary march who can forget,
 So tired, hungry, sleepy too,
 Trudging along in cold and wet
 Trying to find those men in blue.
 And wash day—it was something great;
 We'd wash in some stream flowing by,
 Sit clothesless on the banks and wait
 For shirt and other things to dry.

Our troubles were enough by day,
 But often they were worse at night.
 We could not sleep, we could not pray,
 For every soldier got a bite.
 And often he would have to rise
 And hold his shirt above the blaze,
 Their numbers try to minimize,
 And shorten thus their length of days.

But, after all, we now delight
 To bring once more to memory's door
 The beating drum, the march, the fight,
 And comrades brave who've gone be-
 fore;
 The cannon's boom, the screeching shell,
 The fierce contention on the field,
 The bayonet and the "Rebel Yell,"
 Before which everything would yield.

O, how I love to bring to mind
 Dear old Virginia's many charms;
 Her people knightly and refined,
 Her lovely streams, her vernal farms,
 Her purple mountains, skies so blue,
 The old turnpike, the fence of stone,
 The clover fields all wet with dew,
 And other beauties all her own.

Farewell, dear Richmond on the James;
 Farewell, sweet valley Shenandoah;
 Farewell, grand State, which still pro-
 claims
 The valor which was shown of yore
 In silent graves where now do sleep
 The cold remains of those who died,
 Where memory shall her vigils keep,
 While truth and honor shall abide.

The Southern soldier has no cause
 To be ashamed of anything.
 The world may now withhold applause;
 But unborn poets yet shall sing
 In glowing language of his name,
 Will tell the story of his past,
 Will write it on the scroll of fame
 To live as long as time shall last.

The Johnstons, Hill, and Beauregard,
 Stuart, Morgan, Sterling Price,
 And James Longstreet, who hit them
 hard,
 And Gordon at them in a trice;
 The gallant Cleburne, none more true,
 How willingly his life he gave!
 Forrest! say it; it is his due;
 He was the bravest of the brave.

But there's one name that's far above
 And far away beyond them all,
 Whose memory we shall always love,
 Who kept his grandeur in his fall,
 Whose fame shall ever amplify
 In centuries that are yet to be;
 A name that will not, cannot die—
 Our great and peerless Robert Lee.

How grand was his majestic soul
 In victory or in sad defeat!
 How perfect was his self-control!
 How kind his heart, how pure, how
 sweet!
 No monument, however high
 Although its summit kissed the skies,
 Would be too great to testify
 The glory which his name implies.

And there's a name that meant success,
 Whose fame's eternal as the hills,
 The army's hope when in distress—
 A name that burns, a name that thrills.
 How dazzling were his splendid deeds!
 In strategy he led them all,
 And all the world to-day concedes
 That there was only one Stonewall.

No braver man was ever born;
 He flung the lightning in his path,
 Snatched victory out of hope forlorn
 Like to a whirlwind in its wrath.
 Jackson and Lee—Fame's synonyms!
 Their tombs shall always be a shrine
 Where valor sings her sweetest hymns,
 Where history shall their names en-
 twine.

My dear beloved soldier friends,
 We soon shall hear the last tattoo,
 Which time shall beat as it descends
 To hide us all from mortal view.
 But there's a land I hope we'll see,
 Where there's no sorrow and no wars,
 Where there's an endless reveille
 Which angels sing beyond the stars

Good-by, beloved friends, good-by;
 Our lives are passing fast away,
 Like clouds that fleck the lilac sky
 Or moths that round the candle play.
 A few more years 'twill be at best
 When all of us who wore the gray
 Will have passed, let's hope, to rest,
 Awaiting that last judgment day.

Good-by once more, a last good-by;
 Together here no more we'll meet.
 Our friendship, though, shall never die;
 A soldier's love knows no deceit.
 There is a bond as strong as steel
 That binds us as the day to night—
 That is, that we shall always feel
 That what we did was for the right.

Guy Sandefur, of Carrollton, Ky.,
 wishes to get into communication with
 some comrades of his father, John Tandy
 Sandefur, who was a member of
 Graves's Battery of the Orphan Brigade.
 He enlisted at Bowling Green, Ky., was
 taken prisoner at Fort Donelson, and
 sent to prison at Indianapolis. He was
 exchanged, again went South, and was
 in the battles of Chickamauga, Atlanta,
 and other engagements.

Mrs. A. S. Atkins, of Brewton, Ala.,
 is applying for a pension, and wishes to
 hear from some comrade who can testify
 as to the service of her husband, A. S.
 Atkins, who enlisted at or near Mount
 Willing, Lowndes County, Ala. Ad-
 dress her in care of W. K. Kelley, Rural
 Route No. 1, Brewton, Ala.

THE SOUTHRON'S FATHERLAND.

BY A PAROLED CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

Where is the Southron's Fatherland?
Is Carolina's sunlit strand,
Where Sumter's walls in ruins dare,
The refuge of the South's despair?
No; our Homeland farther lies,
A brighter shore, 'neath happier skies!

Where is the Southron's Fatherland?
Is it where Blue Ridge bulwarks stand?
Can those brave Highlanders drive back
The wolves that follow on our track?
No; far beyond those Ridges Blue
The Homeland of the Tried and True!

Where is the Southron's Fatherland?
Can Georgia guard the hero band
Within her lengthened frontier line,
From Yonah's brow to Tybee's brine?
No; that fair land is broader far;
Its limits reach from star to star.

Where is the Southron's Fatherland?
Is it where leagues of golden sand
Fence Florida from sea to sea,
The land baptized at Olustee?
No; that fair shore lies farther yet,
Undimmed by shadows of regret!

Where is the Southron's Fatherland?
From sea to summit where make stand?
Can Alabama, Arkansas
Redeem the wrongs of Bayonet Law?
No; our Homeland farther seek,
Where Strength protects—not smites
—the Weak!

Where is the Southrons' Fatherland?
Is it where Mississippi's strand
Bears laurels for the martyred Chief
Who shared our glory and our grief?
No; that far land beneath fair stars,
With rankling hate no victory mars!

Where is the Southron's Fatherland?
Is it in fettered Maryland?
Why should we seek a farther shore
When welcomes come from Baltimore?
No; that far land gives better cheer,
Stills every pang, dries every tear!

Where is the Southron's Fatherland?
Is it where Forrest lit the brand
That showed the way to victory
In Fair Kentuck and Tennessee?
No; our Homeland's flowery meads
No fierce baptism of fire needs!

Where is the Southron's Fatherland?
Louisiana's breezes bland
Blow soft o'er sunny seas. Can they
Bring back the blooms of our lost May?
No; that fair land, our hearts' desire,
Still blooms untouched by frost or fire.

Where is the Southron's Fatherland?
Is it near distant Rio Grande,
Whence Texan Rangers came to aid

The sacred cause with ball and blade?
No; that fair shore, let none forget,
Our Fatherland, lies farther yet!

Where is the Southron's Fatherland?
Is it where Lee fought hand to hand
With Northern hordes for four long
years,
Virginia bathed in blood and tears?
No; that dear land, say what we will,
Hope what we may, lies farther still!

Where is the Southron's Fatherland?
Where Love and Justice hand in hand
Bring peace on earth, good will to men
And fallen Freedom crown again!
That is the Land, where'er it be,
That is the Homeland of the Free!

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.

Mr. W. O. Moore, of Wytheville, Va., writes: "I send you a poem written by Pat Kenna, an Irishman, that I think deserves to be preserved and handed down to future generations. In his later life he was a tramp; and, being a comrade of the father who bore the flag and the son who died under its folds, these lines were written at the request of the daughters of the old comrade who carried this flag and sisters of the boy who gave up his life for his country. A few weeks after these lines were written the old Irish soldier-tramp was found dead in a fence corner near the road."

TRIBUTE BY PAT KENNA.

Keep this banner, so long borne
Bravely through the gory strife;
Keep it safe; though rent and torn,
It was fondly loved as life.
It was borne by my father;
'Neath its folds my brother died,
And to-day this tattered relic
Is my glory and my pride.

In the valley 'tis remembered;
Ragged now though it appears,
Eyes of brave men on it lingered,
Blest! was it by woman's tears;
Blood of heroes made it holy.

See, the stains look fresh to-day,
To awake to deeds of glory
Others for another fray.

Maidens love it, for the dear ones
That they loved beneath it fell,
And the trusting few adore it
Who have watched it proudly swell
When the shout arose to heaven
O'er the well-fought victory.
O this flag had life then in it;
Now it lives in memory.

O to see it o'er the wild waves
Of red battle flaunting high,
Proud as heaven's fiery pennant
Tempest-shaken from the sky!

God, 'tis sad now to behold it
Shrouded thus from human sight,
Once the soul and inspiration
Of a nation's love and light.

Keep it safe. This flag of glory
Fluttered o'er a hundred fights,
From the throbbing side of ocean
To Kanawha's forest heights.
How proud it looked in victory
When the vaunting legions ran
And we rested by the waters
Of historic Powhatan!

Truly love it, fondly love it.
Jackson's last gaze on it fell;
'Twas his beacon light of glory,
And you know he loved it well.
For his sake devoutly treasure
This memento of his fame,
This old battle shroud of glory
That we wrapped around his name.

On some dreamy summer evening
In the sunset's tender glow
I will come back here to see you,
And we'll speak of long ago,
And above our heads this banner
Fondly its dear folds will spread,
To illumine with hope the living
And immortalize the dead.

SAM DAVIS.

TRIBUTE BY J. TROTWOOD MOORE.

"Tell me his name and you are free,"
The General said, while from the tree
The grim rope dangled threat'ningly.
The birds ceased singing—happy birds,
That sang of home and mother words.
The sunshine kissed his cheek—dear sun,
It loves a life that's just begun.
The very breezes held their breath
To watch the fight 'twixt life and death,
And O how calm and sweet and free
Smiled back the hills of Tennessee!
Smiled back the hills as if to say:
"O save your life for us to-day!"

"Tell me his name and you are free,"
The General said, "and I shall see
You safe within the Rebel line—
I'd love to save such life as thine."

A tear gleamed down the ranks of blue
(The bayonets were tipped with dew);
Across the rugged cheek of war
God's angels rolled a teary star.
The boy looked up, and this they heard:
"And would you have me break my word?"

A tear stood in the General's eye:
"My boy, I hate to see thee die;
Give me the traitor's name and fly!"

Young Davis smiled as calm and free
As He who walked on Galilee:
"Had I a thousand lives to live,
Had I a thousand lives to give,
I'd lose them—nay, I'd gladly die
Before I'd live one life a lie!"
He turned, for not a soldier stirred.
"Your duty, men; I gave my word."

The hills smiled back a farewell smile,
The breeze sobbed o'er his bier awhile,
The birds broke out in glad refrain,
The sunbeams kissed his cheek again.
Then, gathering up their blazing bars,
They shook his name among the stars.

O stars, that now his brothers are,
O sun, his sire in truth and light,
Go tell the listening worlds afar
Of him who died for truth and right,
For martyr of all martyrs he
Who died to save an enemy!

GENERALS IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY, 1861-65, WHO WERE BORN IN THE SOUTHERN SLAVE STATES.

Scott, Winfield, Lieutenant General
and Commander in Chief of the United
States army, born in Virginia.

Major Generals.

Birney, David B., Alabama.
Blair, Francis P., Kentucky.
Brannan, John M., Maryland.
Buchanan, Robert C., Maryland.
Buford, John, Kentucky.
Buford, Napoleon B., Kentucky.
Canby, Edward R. S., Kentucky.
Clay, Cassius M., Kentucky.
Emory, William H., Maryland.
Fremont, John C., South Carolina.
French, William H., Maryland.
Love, John, Virginia.
McClelland, John A., Kentucky.
Mitchell, O. McKnight, Kentucky.
Nelson, William, Kentucky.
New, John, Virginia.
Newton, John, Virginia.
Oglesby, R. J., Kentucky.
Ord, Edward O. C., Maryland.
Palmer, John McC., Kentucky.
Pleasanton, A. J., District of Columbia.
Pope, John, Kentucky.
Prentiss, Benjamin M., Virginia.
Reno, Jesse L., Virginia.
Reynolds, Joseph J., Virginia.
Rousseau, Lovel H., Kentucky.
Sibley, Henry H., Louisiana.
Smith, Giles A., Virginia.
Sykes, George, Maryland.
Thomas, George H., Virginia.
Ward, E. O., Maryland.
Wood, Thomas J., Kentucky.

Brigadier Generals.

Abercrombie, John J., Tennessee.

Adams, William A., Georgia.
Ammen, Jacob, Virginia.
Anderson, Robert, Kentucky.
Boyle, Jeremiah T., Virginia.
Brownlow, James P., Tennessee.
Burbridge, Stephen G., Kentucky.
Burke, Martin, Maryland.
Callis, John B., North Carolina.
Campbell, W. B., Tennessee.
Carrington, Edward C., Virginia.
Carroll, S. S., District of Columbia.
Carson, C. ("Kit"), Kentucky.
Carter, Samuel P., Tennessee.
Cooper, James, Maryland.
Cooper, Joseph A., Tennessee.
Crebs, John M., Virginia.
Crittenden, Thomas T., Kentucky.
Cross, Osborne, Maryland.
Davidson, John W., Virginia.
Denison, Andrew W., Maryland.
Denver, James W., Virginia.
Jackson, James S., Kentucky.
Johnson, Andrew, Tenn.
Johnson, Richard W., Kentucky.
Johnson, Robert E., Virginia.
Judah, Henry M., Maryland.
Kenly, John R., Maryland.
Landram, William J., Kentucky.
Lauman, Jacob G., Maryland.
Loan, Benjamin F., Kentucky.
Lockwood, Henry H., Delaware.
Long, Eli, Kentucky.
McCormick, Charles C., District of
Columbia.
McIntosh, John B., Florida.
Manadier, William, Maryland.
Marshall, Thomas, Kentucky.
Martin, James S., Virginia.
Meredith, Solomon, North Carolina.
Murray, Eli H., Kentucky.
Orme, W. W., Maryland.
Paul, Gabriel R., Missouri.
Pennick, William M., Kentucky.
Prevost, Charles M., Maryland.
Dewey, Joel A., Georgia.
Duval, Isaac H., Virginia.
Edwards, John, Kentucky.
Fletcher, Thomas C., Missouri.
Fry, Speed S., Kentucky.
Gaward, Theophilus, Kentucky.
Goff, Nathan, Virginia.
Gorman, Willis A., Kentucky.
Graham, L. P., Virginia.
Graham, W. M., District of Columbia.
Hamilton, A. J., Alabama.
Hammond, William A., Maryland.
Harris, Thomas M., Virginia.
Hawley, Joseph R., North Carolina.
Hawley, William, District of Columbia.
Haynie, Isham N., Tennessee.
Hays, William, Virginia.
Henderson, Thomas, Tennessee.
Hobson, Edward H., Kentucky.

Hobson, William, Kentucky.
Hill, Bennett H., District of Columbia.
Hillier, W. S., Kentucky.
Price, Thomas L., Virginia.
Ramsey, George D., Virginia.
Reynolds, Alex. W., Virginia.
Sanders, William P., Kentucky.
Shackleford, James M., Kentucky.
Smith, Green Clay, Kentucky.
Spears, James G., Tennessee.
Stevenson, John D., Virginia.
Stokes, James H., Maryland.
Strother, David H. (Porte Crayon),
Virginia.
Taylor, Joseph P., Kentucky.
Terrill, William R., Virginia.
Thurston, Charles M., Kentucky.
Tidball, John C., Virginia.
Todd, John B. S., Kentucky.
Torbett, Alfred T. A., Delaware.
Wallen, Henry D., Georgia.
Ward, Durban, Kentucky.
West, Joseph R., Louisiana.
Whitaker, Walter C., Kentucky.
Wilson, T. J., District of Columbia.
Wright, Thomas F., Missouri.

Brevet Major Generals.

Birney, William, Alabama.
Chellain, Augustus L., Missouri.
Cooke, Philip St. George, Virginia.
Crittenden, Thomas L., Kentucky.
Croxtton, John T., Kentucky.
Donaldson, James L., Maryland.
Dyer, Alexander B., Virginia.
Easton, Langdon C., Missouri.
Garrard, Kenner, Kentucky.
Getty, George, District of Columbia.
Gillem, A. C., Tennessee.
Harney, William S., Louisiana.
Holt, Joseph, Kentucky.
Hunter, David, District of Columbia.
Hurlbut, S. A., South Carolina.
Manadier, Henry E., Virginia.
Meigs, Montgomery C., Georgia.
Morrow, Henry A., Virginia.
Powell, W. H., District of Columbia.
Shanks, John P., Virginia.
Thomas, Lorenzo, Delaware.
Williams, James A., Kentucky.

Brevet Brigadier Generals.

Abert, W. S., District of Columbia.
Alexander, Andrew J., Kentucky.
Alexander, Barton S., Kentucky.
Alexander, Edward B., Virginia.
Bankhead, Henry C., Maryland.
Barriger, John W., Kentucky.
Bell, George, Maryland.
Benton, W. P., North Carolina.
Brice, Benjamin W., Virginia.
Cutts, D. R., District of Columbia.
McFerran, John C., Kentucky.
McKeever, Chauncey M., Maryland.
McParlin, Thomas A., Maryland.

Otis, Elwell S., Maryland.
 Phelps, John E., Missouri.
 Roberts, Joseph, Delaware.
 Sewell, Washington, Virginia.
 Tompkins, Charles H., Virginia.
 Ward, William T., Virginia.
 Watkins, Louis D., Kentucky.
 Cuyler, John M., Georgia.
 Dandy, George B., Georgia.
 Gibson, Horatio G., Maryland.
 Hagner, P. V., District of Columbia.
 Hall, James A., Texas.
 Wherry, William M., Missouri.
 Whitely, Robert H. K., Maryland.
 Williams, Robert, Virginia.
 Wilson, Thomas, District of Columbia.
 From Alabama, 3; Delaware, 4; District of Columbia, 14; Florida, 1; Georgia, 6; Kentucky, 50; Louisiana, 3; Maryland, 27; Missouri, 7; North Carolina, 4; South Carolina, 2; Tennessee, 10; Texas, 1; Virginia, 40. Total, 172.

FOREIGN-BORN MAJOR GENERALS IN
 UNION ARMY, 1861-65.

Andrews, Christopher, Ireland.
 Cox, Jacob D., Canada.
 Kautz, August V., Germany.
 Osterhaus, Peter J., Prussia.
 Shurz, Carl, Germany.
 Sigel, Franz, Germany.
 Smith, John Eugene, Switzerland.
 Stahel, Julius, Hungary.

FOREIGN-BORN BRIGADIER GENERALS IN
 UNION ARMY, 1861-65.

Armstrong, S. C., Hawaii Islands.
 Ashboth, Alexander S., Hungary.
 Blenker, Louis, Germany.
 Blumenberg, Leopold, Prussia.
 Bohlen, Henry, Germany.
 Bengen, Louis, Germany.
 Busteed, Richard, Ireland.
 Leslie, Thomas J., England.
 McArthur, John, Scotland.
 McDougal, Clinton D., Scotland.
 McGroarty, Stephen J., Ireland.
 McNiel, John, Nova Scotia.
 Owen, Joshua T., Wales.
 Patterson, Robert, Ireland.
 Cluperet, Gustave Paul, France.
 Conner, Patrick E., Ireland.
 Corcoran, Michael, Ireland.
 Cummings, Alexander, Ireland.
 De Trobriand, Philip R., France.
 De Villiers, Charles A., France.
 Duffie, Alfred N., France.
 Ferrero, Edward, Spain.
 Fuller, John W., England.
 Gamble, William, England.
 Garesche, Julius B., Cuba.
 Geddes, James L., Scotland.
 Graham, Samuel, Ireland.
 Hall, Robert M., Scotland.

Heg, Hans C., Norway.
 Karge, Joseph, Prussia.
 Koltcs, John A., Prussia.
 Powell, William H., Wales.
 Prime, Frederick E., Italy.
 Salm-Salm, Felix P., Prussia.
 Salman, Frederick, Prussia.
 Solomon, Frederick, Prussia.
 Schoeff, Albin, Hungary.
 Shields, James, Ireland.
 Shummelfussing, Alx., Germany.
 Smyth, Thos. A. Ireland.
 Steinwehr, A. W. T., Germany.
 Stolbraud, Chas. J. N., Sweden.
 Sullivan, Peter J., Ireland.
 Sweeny, Thos. W., Ireland.
 Turchin, J. Basil, Russia.
 Weber, Max, Germany.
 Young, Thomas L., Ireland.

FOREIGN BREVET MAJOR GENERALS.

Jackson, Richard H., Ireland.
 McMahon, M. T., Canada.
 Minty, R. H. G., Ireland.
 Willich, August, Prussia.

FOREIGN BREVET BRIGADIER GENERALS.

Agnus, Felix, France.
 Andrews, Timothy P., Ireland.
 Bouneville, B. L. E., France.
 Conrad, Joseph J., Germany.
 Johnson, Lewis, Germany.
 Meagher, Thomas F., Ireland.
 Michie, Peter S., Scotland.
 Milhan, John J., France.
 Morgan, M. R., Nova Scotia.
 Nugent, Robert, Ireland.

GENERALS IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY,
 1861-65, WHO WERE BORN IN
 NORTHERN FREE STATES.

Cooper, Samuel, Adjutant and Inspector General, New Jersey.
 Pemberton, J. C., Lieut. Gen., Pa.
 De Russy, L. G., Maj. Gen., N. Y.
 French, L. G., Maj. Gen., N. J.
 Gardner, Franklin, Maj. Gen., N. Y.
 Johnson, Bushrod R., Maj. Gen., Ohio.
 Lomax, L. L., Maj. Gen. R. I.
 Lovell, Mansfield, Maj. Gen., Pa.
 Smith, Martin L., Maj. Gen., N. Y.
 Withers, Jonas M., Maj. Gen., Wis.
 Armstrong, F. P., Brig. Gen., Pa.
 Blanchard, A. G., Brig. Gen., Mass.
 Dimmock, Charles, Brig. Gen., Mass.
 Duncan, J. K., Brig. Gen., Pa.
 Frost, Daniel M., Brig. Gen., N. Y.
 Gorgus, Josiah, Brig. Gen., Pa.
 Leadbetter, D., Brig. Gen., Maine.
 McClay, Robert P., Brig. Gen., Pa.
 Pike, Albert, Brig. Gen., Mass.
 Reynolds, D. H., Brig. Gen., Ohio.
 Ripley, R. S., Brig. Gen., Ohio.
 Ruggles, Daniel, Brig. Gen., Mass.
 Sears, C. W., Brig. Gen., Mass.

Steele, William, Brig. Gen., N. Y.
 Stevens, W. H., Brig. Gen., N. Y.

FOREIGN-BORN GENERALS IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY, 1861-65.

Cleburne, P. R., Maj. Gen., Ireland.
 Polignac, Count C. J., Maj. Gen., France.
 Henningson, C. F., Brig. Gen., England.
 Von Borke, Brig. Gen., Germany.
 Additions and corrections to the above list invited.

TWO VIEWS OF FORT SUMTER.

She watched the fleecy clouds
 Go onward toward the sea,
 Floating high in heaven
 Like angels silently.

The city lay behind her,
 Calm, perhaps asleep;
 Out through the gleaming harbor
 Came the sobbing of the deep.

A step upon the sea wall,
 Pausing on its way,
 There came and stood beside her
 A veteran tall and gray.

He grasped the iron rail
 And strained his fading eyes
 Toward the long, dark line
 Where old Fort Sumter lies.

For him the years rolled back;
 He heard the cannons' roar,
 And saw their curling smoke
 Along the distant shore.

The whizzing shells came fast,
 Bursting far and near,
 Blazing in their fury,
 Dealing death and fear.

Upon his ear there came
 The rush of many feet,
 The echoes of the bugle
 That made his old heart beat.

The child saw pleasure yachts
 With white sails gliding by;
 He saw the phantom war ships
 Framed against the sky.

Sweet laughter came to her,
 Wafted by the breeze;
 He heard the flying bullets
 Which cut the battery's trees.

She looked so young, so sweet,
 Her battle of life begun;
 He so sear and gray,
 His fight with life was done.

And slowly the sun sinks down,
 Kissing their lips and brow
 On the sea wall, leaving his crimson
 'North the shadows of then and now.

LAST ROLL. (Continued from page 396.)

TRIBUTE TO GENERAL EVANS BY ADJT. GEN. W. E. MICKLE.

General Evans was a remarkable man, and his career as an officer in the Confederate army was as glorious and brilliant as his life as a private citizen was pure, modest, and retiring. He entered the army of the Confederacy as a private on the breaking out of hostilities, and by sheer merit rose to the rank of brigadier general, which was given him in 1864. He had for such a length of time had charge of a division, and carried it into action on so many occasions with such conspicuous gallantry that I shared the opinion held by many that he was a major general. He was beloved by his men, who appreciated his reckless bravery, and would follow him into any action.

As a private citizen his life can be pointed to for emulation by the young. He has held many offices of responsibility and trust under the State, and no one can find a flaw in his conduct. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, subsequently a minister, and it was his highest ambition to meet its requirements in every particular; and next to that to enjoy the love and confidence of his army associates, which he did to an unusual degree.

Pure in his life as a child, modest in his character, unassuming in demeanor, delicate and refined in imagination were qualities that entitle him to rank with the first of the land.

It is rare indeed that in the whole course of our lives we find an individual in whom all the high qualities of mind, heart, and manners were so harmoniously and admirably combined. There was a rectitude of principle, a refinement of sentiment, a moral grandeur of character united in him which commanded the honor and esteem of all who knew him and which will cause his name to live in history.

It was my good fortune to have known him intimately for

over twenty years, and I regard it as an honor, a very high honor, to have numbered him among my dearest friends.

GENERAL EVANS'S DEVOTION TO HIS SOLDIERS.

The last interview the VETERAN had with General Evans is memorable and pathetic. He told of his lonely ride from Appomattox. The division that he commanded was of the last to be paroled. He rode away entirely alone. The burden of his mind on that day was that he would ever devote himself as fully as practicable to the welfare of those men. He started on the long journey by himself, riding on and on until nightfall. When he reached a camp of Federals, he dismounted, hitched his jaded horse, and walked to the officers' tent. No one knew him personally; but as he wore his uniform with the stars and wreath of a Confederate general, the men greeted him most cordially and invited him to spend the night with them, which he did. They extended the most cordial hospitality to him and cared for his jaded horse as thoroughly as for their own. General Evans referred to this as one of the pleasantest experiences of that eventful time.

General Evans's devotion to the Confederate cause was explicit and absolute. It was like that to his beloved family, and dear to him as life itself. If he had been asked for a record to influence his people, he evidently would have commended his many urgent appeals for the VETERAN. The back page of the issue for January, 1898, is devoted to circulating the VETERAN in the Georgia Division, of which he was then the Commander. The page is given to a facsimile of his letter. Then as Commander-in-Chief of the U. C. V. in April, 1907, he made an earnest plea with every official of every Confederate organization to coöperate actively for its advancement. The last plea, which came as an inspiration, was as follows:

HEADQUARTERS COMMANDER IN CHIEF U. C. V.,
ATLANTA, GA., October, 1908.

I desire to use space in the true and able magazine, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published monthly at Nashville, Tenn., to appeal personally and officially to the officers of the United Confederate Veterans, to the officers of all Camps, and to all Confederate soldiers—the United Sons of Confederate Soldiers, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the Confederated Southern Memorial Association—to take into special practical consideration the very important matter of greatly increasing the subscription list and the general distribution of our official organ throughout the Southern States especially and in all other States as well. . . .

The Confederate Associations above mentioned are members of one great body, each bound to the others by the most sacred ties which ever united a patriotic people. They are united in the spirit of perfect patriotic allegiance to our own great country as the union of great States, and our aims and objects are worthy of our best and purest purposes to keep good faith with all the prime principles which distinguish our government; while we will be equally faithful to our own Confederate history, our memories, and our present obligations to the dead and the living actors in the Confederate struggle.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is the organ of all our Confederate Associations; and it is not only most ably and attractively engaged in presenting every month the true historical features of the Confederacy and publishing incidents of heroic life in Confederate times, but it is becoming a truly Southern magazine which represents the present glory of the South as well as the historic glories of the Southern States and people. Its own fidelity in our service for many years demands



GENS. CLEMENT A. EVANS AND JOSEPH E. WHEELER.
Occasion of Reception to General Wheeler in Atlanta.

our fidelity to it, which we can show by an energetic effort to increase its usefulness.

Permit me, therefore, to urge the officers and members of our Associations to recall the appeal made a few years ago on this behalf by General Lee and the Commanders of Departments, Divisions, and Brigades of United Confederates, which produced widespread interest throughout the South; also to urge again all the Camps of United Confederate Veterans, all Chapters of the United Daughters, and the Camps of Sons to adopt practical plans by which subscriptions will be secured. We should show in this way our appreciation of the great work done for us by the able editor, our faithful Confederate comrade, S. A. Cunningham.

I would not ask my comrades and others addressed in this communication to do this important work for our cause without doing the same myself. I will gladly make personal solicitations for subscriptions wherever I have opportunity.

Faithfully yours,

CLEMENT A. EVANS.

PATRONS OF THE VETERAN IN CITIES.

IS YOUR CITY OR SECTION DOING ITS PART?

[Since in these closing days of the soldiers of the Confederacy there is no duty so important as extending the circulation of their publication, the *VETERAN*, the status of its patronage in many cities is given again. Some of the places have a creditable list, while others may be easily and greatly improved. Every faithful man and woman should be diligent in this cause. They could soon bring about a revolution.]

It is an interesting feature of the *VETERAN* to note its circulation in cities. Nashville is not included, for, of course, its patronage, as may be expected, is largest. Going over the list by States, the numbers are as follows: Birmingham, 91; Mobile, 71; Montgomery, 57; Little Rock, 87; Los Angeles, 50; San Francisco, 25; Denver, 34; Washington, D. C., 87; Jacksonville, 49; Atlanta, 98; Augusta, 54; Savannah, 63; Athens, Ga., 32; Rome, 32; Chicago, 42; Louisville, 96; Bowling Green, 30; Lexington, 40; Lancaster, Ky., 24; New Orleans, 124; Shreveport, 40; Baltimore, 82; Aberdeen, Miss., 20; Jackson, 42; Kansas City, 50; St. Louis, 87; New York, 90; Muskogee, Okla., 36; Charleston, S. C., 72; Columbia, 35; Chester, 23; Chattanooga, 55; Memphis, 107; Austin, 61; Dallas, 71; Fort Worth, 75; Houston, 56; San Antonio, 42; Sherman, 42; Waco, 57; Norfolk, 62; Lynchburg, 31; Portsmouth, 32; Roanoke, 42; Richmond, 85; Charleston, W. Va., 30; Charlestown, W. Va., 33.

Other cities of smaller population have more in proportion. Meridian, Miss., with 104 subscribers, is the largest of all in this respect; Humboldt, Tenn., 36; Morristown, Tenn., 30; while Texas towns have always led save a few in Tennessee. For instance, in Texas, Amarillo has 51; Hubbard, 36; Longview, 43; Corsicana, 35; Bay City, 33; Cleburne, 25; Denton, 29; Greenville, 31; Marshall, 33; Mount Vernon, 26; Terrell, 27; Waxahachie, 23; Weatherford, 26; Temple, 32. Stillwell, Okla., with 31, exceeds the number in Oklahoma City. It is a singular coincidence how in the States the proportion is in such consistency with the population.

Glancing at the smaller towns, it may be seen in Alabama that Brewton has 21; Demopolis, 29; Evergreen, 20; Livingston, 15. In Arkansas, Arkadelphia has 31; Batesville, 18; Benton, 22; Camden, 21; Fort Smith, 27; Van Buren, 21; Pine Bluff, 33. Lakeland, Fla., has 30, while Tampa has but 26. Columbus, Miss., has 42; Corinth, 29; Greenwood, 21; Greenville, 19; Grenada, 20; Lexington, 20; Natchez, 20;

Vicksburg, 22; West Point, 28. Charleston, Mo., has 39; Carlsbad, N. Mex., 27; Winston-Salem, N. C., 31; Cleveland, Ohio, 21; Columbia, Tenn., 52; Franklin, 44; Shelbyville, 26; Paris, 24; while Murfreesboro has 40 and Knoxville 44.

In the far-away State of Washington it goes to many post offices. Seattle takes 21, Spokane 14, and Tacoma 9.

The foregoing is given as a mere glimpse of the territory in which the *VETERAN* has its best patronage. Many other places are stronger in proportion to population, yet these more generally represent those who are most interested. If readers who see that their cities are not sufficiently represented would take it in hand and send for sample copies and speak to friends who don't even know of the *VETERAN*, they would gratify both parties. It is impossible to achieve the good to which the *VETERAN* is devoted except by active coöperation of its friends.

It becomes a personal matter after all. If in remitting a friend would suggest to another that he is sending anyhow and would include the amount, it would often secure a new patron.

J. R. PORTER, NEW ORLEANS., IN TRIBUTE TO ITS WORK.

To-day I am renewing my subscription to the *VETERAN*, and I personally acknowledge my indebtedness for the enjoyment I have derived during these many years from the *VETERAN*. A few years ago it appeared that "the story of the glory of the men who wore the gray" had been pretty thoroughly told, but now it would seem that the "glory" is perennial; and when veterans meet and speak of it, they say: "Cunningham still gets out a good number, and his supply of material seems inexhaustible."

In my estimation, the *VETERAN* is doing more than any other publication in the world for the truth of history, especially history of our glorious but ineffectual struggle—sixty-one to sixty-five. In the June number I read that on the day before the battle of Gettysburg there was a council of war at which General Hood proposed the occupation by our forces of "Little Round Top," but was overruled by General Lee. Every Confederate who was in the battle of the following day knows that our failure to occupy "Little Round Top" was disastrous to our right wing. If this is true history, it ought to relieve in some measure the odium attached to Hood's Tennessee and Georgia campaign.

In the July number we read that Dr. Stowe, son of the woman who "forced the Northern heart" with "Uncle Tom's Cabin," stood before an audience of negroes at Fisk University, Nashville, and asked: "Is it not perfectly evident that there was a great rebellion, but that the rebels were the Northerners, and that those who defended the Constitution as it was were the Southerners, for they defended State rights and slavery, which were distinctly entrenched in the Constitution?"

The assassination of Lincoln could never be palliated; but we ought to feel a little differently toward Wilkes Booth when we learn that he shot Lincoln to avenge the death of a school-mate whom Lincoln executed after promising Booth to pardon him, and that the killing had no connection with the war. How else would we get these lights on correct history?

R. T. Chambers, of Dyer, Tenn., writes: "I was a member of Colonel Strafford's company (F), 31st Tennessee Regiment. He was first captain of the company. Seventeen members of the 31st Regiment surrendered at Greensboro. Of that number, ten were of Stafford's old company. I was one of the ten surrendering with General Johnston, and as far as I can learn am now the only survivor. Of the ninety boys composing the company, there were recently six survivors."

"THE WESTMINSTER OF THE SOUTH."

The Church of the Redeemer at Biloxi, Miss., is often called the "Westminster of the South" in that it contains so many beautiful memorials to the family of President Davis presented by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. On July 1, 1911, the rector, Rev. C. B. Crawford, held a service at which the Bishop of Mississippi, the Rt. Rev. Theodore Du Bon Bratton, D.D., LL.D., consecrated a beautiful set of green altar hangings, the gift of Mrs. Livingstone Rowe Schuyler, of New York, in memory of her father, Col. Samuel St. George Rogers. He was one of Florida's most distinguished soldiers and statesmen. He commanded United States troops in the Seminole war, and was colonel of the 2d Florida Regiment, C. S. A., and a member of the Confederate Congress.

Mrs. Schuyler has also completed a white set of altar hangings, of which the superfrontal for the altar was given in memory of Mrs. Margaret Howell Davis Hayes by the U. D. C. Chapter in Denver, Colo., which bears her name. The two sets of altar hangings thus given to the Church of the Redeemer are considered to be among the finest of their kind.

TO FORT DELAWARE PRISONERS AFTER JULY, 1863.—I would like to learn through the columns of the VETERAN if there is any soldier living who was a prisoner at Fort Delaware in or immediately after July, 1863, who knew Daniel A. Stewart, of Company D, 15th Alabama. Mr. Stewart was my uncle, and was captured in the battle of Gettysburg. He was a prisoner at Fort Delaware when last heard from. Address Mrs. J. M. Jones, 310 14th Street, Columbus, Ga.



FRANK GURLEY HALL AND HIS DOG,
Grandnephew of Captain Frank Gurley, Gurley, Ala.

FROM A PRISONER UNDER COL. RICHARD OWEN.

"I am glad from my heart that you have undertaken this work," writes R. H. Rogers, of Plantersville, Miss., in sending a contribution to this fund. "There was no man, North or South, in charge of prisoners during the Civil War who had a nobler, kinder, and more generous heart than Col. Richard Owen, Commander of Camp Morton Prison during the early part of 1862. He was truly a big-hearted, whole-souled man. I was in Camp Morton prison from February 22 to August 22, 1862, and remember Colonel Owen with the kindest feeling. He was one enemy the Confederates knew but to love. * * * I was one of the Fort Donelson prisoners; belonged to Company I, 1st Mississippi Infantry, John M. Simonton, colonel."

DREAM OF FIFTY THOUSAND CONFEDERATES.

While visiting in Kansas City, Mo., some time since Dr. W. H. Hancock, of Paris, Tex., made the acquaintance of a lady stopping at the same hotel, and one morning she related to him and his wife a very remarkable dream which had come to her the night before. She wrote it out for him later, and he sends copy to the VETERAN:

"My father, who had been a Union soldier, died on the 4th of October, 1910. Naturally I think of him often, and always after I retire evenings and before sleep comes I think of him lying on his deathbed in a stupor and rousing some two or three times each day the last four days of his life, each time attempting to say something to us. It is but natural I should dream of him.

In this dream I was back in the little cottage where he died. I saw him lying in bed and heard some one come running down the walk and up on our veranda, calling my father's name, urging him to dress and get out on the street, for 'fifty thousand Confederate soldiers will soon be marching by.' As this strange man told us this news I glanced out of the door, and off in the distance I could see thousands of men, all in gray, marching some ten or twelve abreast, in perfect order. My father called me to dress him, and asked to be carried across the street, saying he thought he might see some of the faces he had seen and known during the Civil War when he was fighting those very men who were making their last march. I managed to dress him, and, with the assistance of my little thirteen-year-old nephew, succeeded in carrying him out on the walk, where we let him fall, as he was too heavy for us to carry. I realized from the expression on his face that the fall had hurt him seriously; but he urged me to let him lie there, and told me to run along without him and then come back and tell him whether I had seen any of the faces he had known. I reached the main road just as the marchers passed the road leading from our house. Riding ahead of these thousands upon thousands of men was a man on a snow-white horse, his head bowed as in prayer, and in one hand he carried the two flags—the Union and Confederate. Each soldier wore a tattered suit of gray, each the cross of honor, and each face was seamed with lines of care and age. I finally recognized your face, and rushed back to tell my poor, helpless father that I had seen Dr. Hancock. In a feeble, disappointed voice he said: 'My dear, I did not know Dr. Hancock. I wanted to see some one I knew.' Then my dream was over.

"It was a beautiful dream, so realistic that I feel I have actually gazed into the faces of fifty thousand Confederate ex-soldiers. And my father was with me as much that night as he ever was. Who shall say he did not tell me he had met and seen those faces in heaven?"

SURVIVING CONFEDERATE GENERALS.

A recent report from Brig. Gen. Marcus J. Wright, who has long been employed in the War Department, states that of the four hundred and twenty-five generals appointed by President Davis only twenty-five are now alive. The list is as follows:

Lieutenant General: Simon Bolivar Buckner, of Kentucky, eighty-eight years, living at Munfordsville, Ky.

Major Generals: Robert F. Hoke, of North Carolina, seventy-four years old, Raleigh, N. C.; G. W. C. Lee, of Virginia, eldest son of Gen. Robert E. Lee, seventy-nine years old, Burke, Va.; L. L. Lomax, of Virginia, seventy-six years old, Gettysburg, Pa.; C. J. Polignac, of France, Radmannsdorf, Podwein, Austria.

Brigadier Generals: F. M. Cockrell, of Missouri, seventy-three years old, Washington, D. C.; W. R. Cox, of North Carolina, seventy-nine years old, Richmond, Va.; Julius A. De Lagnel, of Virginia, Alexandria, Va.; H. B. Davidson, of Tennessee; Basil W. Duke, of Kentucky, Louisville, Ky.; S. W. Ferguson, of Mississippi, Greenville, Miss.; D. C. Govan, of Arkansas, Memphis, Tenn.; James M. Goggin, of Virginia; W. W. Kirkland, of North Carolina; E. McIver Law, of Alabama, seventy-three years old, Bartow, Fla.; T. M. Logan, of South Carolina, seventy-one years old, Richmond, Va.; John McCausland, of Virginia, Point Pleasant, W. Va.; Dandridge McRae, of Arkansas; William McComb, of Tennessee; Francis T. Nicholas, of Louisiana, seventy-seven years old, New Orleans; Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia, eighty-three years old, Brooklyn, N. Y.; J. P. Simms, of Georgia; G. W. Gordon, of Tennessee, seventy-five years old, Memphis; R. D. Johnston, of North Carolina, seventy-four years old, Montgomery, Ala.; Marcus J. Wright, of Tennessee, eighty years old, Washington, D. C.

General Wright is evidently in error as to General Davidson. He went West to California (?) early after the war, and the VETERAN is of the impression that he has been dead for years. General Govan died in Memphis, Tenn., March 12, 1911. There are evidently other errors in the report. Please report any known. The VETERAN would like a brief sketch of each survivor.

NORTH CAROLINIANS ON ELSON HISTORY.

The following resolutions were adopted by Mecklenburg Camp of Confederate Veterans at their regular meeting June 10, 1911:

"Whereas William Henry Elson has written a history of the United States in which he libels the people of the Southern States by describing the worst element of its people and applying their status to the whole population; and whereas it would have been equally as just to have taken the worst element of the slums of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other cities of the Northern States; therefore be it

"Resolved: 1. That the Mecklenburg Camp of Confederate Veterans denounce the infamous libel of the said William Henry Elson made in his history of the United States against the people of the Southern States.

"2. That we appeal to all of our colleges and schools not to use Elson's history of the United States, and we especially appeal to all Confederate veterans and all good citizens of the Southern States to use their influence against the use of the said history in our colleges and schools.

"3. That the newspapers of this State and of all Southern States are requested to publish the above resolutions.

"Committee: W. M. Smith (Commander), S. B. Alexander, L. O. Hawley, W. W. Robinson, J. P. Sossamon."

A MOUNTAIN RESORT FOR SALE.

Notice has been published in the VETERAN of the famous Keith's Springs property on the Cumberland Mountain, nine miles from Winchester, Tenn., which is offered for sale for one thousand dollars. Several veterans have inquired about it, but they have not been encouraged to buy because of its difficult access by the mountain road—much timber has been hauled down the mountain—and no man who fought through the war should undertake the development of the property. The advertisement is as follows:

BETTER THAN BONDS—A LEGACY FOR WHOM YOU LOVE.

We offer for sale a tract of land lying on top of Cumberland Mountain about nine miles from Winchester, Tenn. This tract contains one hundred acres, less one acre sold for public school purposes. On it are two strong chalybeate springs, about one-fourth of a mile apart, and the flow of water, judiciously conserved, would be ample for ten thousand guests. About fifteen feet from the main chalybeate spring is a spring of freestone water—copious, cold, and pure. These waters conjoin a rod or so below, forming a beautiful cascade.

The only drawback is a very rough road caused by the hauling of much timber, yet it is in such demand that improvements will evidently be made ere long.

An old issue of the Winchester News Journal states: "These springs are well known for their curative properties. Many local citizens can attest to it as a desirable summer resort."

There are several houses on the property, much of the land is in a good state of cultivation, and the price is \$1,000 on easy terms, a trifle over \$10 per acre. It is well known as Keith's Springs, but has long been owned by Major Slatter.

Address S. A. Cunningham or W. J. Slatter, Winchester.

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A Library of Confederate States History
in Twelve Volumes

Written by able and distinguished Southern men, with Gen. Clement A. Evans, of Georgia, Editor-in-Chief.

This extensive Confederate publication has the commendation of the Historical Committee of the United Confederate Veterans. The military history of each Confederate State is given separately. Such writers as Prof. J. L. M. Curry, of Virginia, Capt. W. R. Garrett, of Tennessee, and Gen. Clement A. Evans, of Georgia, touch on the Constitutional questions and the Civil and Political events which brought on the Confederate movement, while the military history of the States is given by Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, of Maryland; Maj. Jed Hotchkiss, of Virginia; Prof. D. H. Hill, Jr., of North Carolina; Gen. Ellison Capers, South Carolina; Hon. Jos. T. Derry, Georgia; Gen. Joe Wheeler, Alabama; Col. Chas. E. Hooker, Mississippi; ex-Governor Porter, Tennessee; Col. J. Stoddard Johnston, Kentucky; Col. Moore, Missouri; Gen. J. M. Harrell, Arkansas; Prof. Dimitry, Louisiana; Governor Roberts, Texas; Gen. Robert White, West Virginia.

The VETERAN has by cash payment secured control of the entire edition of this valuable work, and while the supply lasts will furnish the entire edition

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R. E. LEE AND THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY. By Henry A. White. The author has gathered data for this volume from the most authentic sources; and after careful research, he gives an account that is vivid, personal, and new in form. Neatly bound in cloth. \$3.

RECOLLECTIONS AND LETTERS OF GEN. ROBERT E. LEE. Compiled and written by his son, Capt. R. E. Lee. A collection of letters written to his family which illustrates the domestic side of General Lee's character, while the connectional comments by Captain Lee add much to interest in the book. Cloth, \$2.50.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF THIRTEEN PRESIDENTS. By Col. John Wise, of Virginia. "Every one of them," he says, "possessed individuality, strength of character, commanding personality, and dominating force." Bound in cloth and illustrated with pictures of Presidents from Tyler to Roosevelt. Price, \$2.50.

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PICKETT AND HIS MEN. By Mrs. LaSalle Corbell Pickett. An entertaining and charmingly written history of the gallant commander and the men he led up the heights of Gettysburg to fame. Cloth. Price, \$2.50.

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PRISON LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS. By Dr. John J. Craven,

chief medical officer at Fortress Monroe at the time of Mr. Davis's imprisonment and whose friendly attitude toward the distinguished prisoner led to his removal. Price, \$1.50.

THE IMMORTAL SIX HUNDRED. By Maj. J. Ogden Murray. "A worthy and true account of the six hundred Confederate officers who were held as hostages and exposed to the fire of their own friends in the siege of Charleston, S. C. The story is of heroic suffering and strength of character." Price, \$1.50.

A BELLE OF THE FIFTIES. By Mrs. Clement Clay Clopton, of Alabama. These reminiscences cover a period before the war, when as the wife of the distinguished Senator Clay, from Alabama, she took part in the gay life of Washington society; during the war when she, in common with her sisters of the South, sacrificed and suffered; and after the war in her efforts to secure the release of her husband from prison. Handsomely bound in cloth, illustrated. Price, \$2.75.

A SOUTHERN GIRL IN 1861. By Mrs. D. Giraud Wright, of Baltimore. This is a vivid volume of reminiscences written in a charming style. It is handsomely bound and illustrates the beautiful women of that time. Price, \$2.50.

A VIRGINIA GIRL IN THE CIVIL WAR. By Mrs. Myrta Lockert Avary. The heart story of a young woman whose soldier husband made one of the great army of Lee. Cloth, \$1.50.

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BRIGHT SKIES AND DARK SHADOWS is the most attractive book ever offered at 50 cents, one-third the publishers' price. It is by the late Rev. Henry M. Field, D.D. (See VETERAN for June, page 301.)

Then there is the BATTLE OF FRANKLIN, by Col. R. W. Banks. (See review by Rev. J. H. McNeilly June VETERAN, page 307.) This book ("price, \$1.25; postage, 10 cents" printed on the cover) is offered for two new subscriptions to the VETERAN. The publishers' stock has been procured, and this price ought to attract many purchasers at once. Any subscriber in renewing can have the book by sending a new subscription and asking for this fascinating and thrilling story. It is well bound in cloth, large print of eighty-eight pages.

GEN. JOHNSON HAGOOD'S "MEMOIRS."

A. E. Gonzales, President of the State Company, Columbia, S. C., sends the VETERAN a copy of Gen. Johnson Hagood's "Memoirs of the War of Secession," just from the press, and this notice is given without waiting to review the book. Mr. Gonzales writes of the work: "In his modest story of a heroic part in stirring events, in his able analysis of the military operations in which his brigade participated, and in his just estimate of the officers and men who fought with and against him General Hagood has made, I believe, a noteworthy contribution to the military history of our great war."

"BUTLER AND HIS CAVALRY."

Another new book comes from the State office that will be specially interesting to many—viz., "Butler and His Cavalry."

"FROM BULL RUN TO APPOMATTOX."

In regard to this book Maj. Thomas L. Broun, of Charleston, W. Va., wrote to the author: "I like your book very much, and now I want two more copies, for which I inclose check. Your book is a clear and concise history of the condition of the United States just prior to the war, during the four years of war, and after." It is a captivating book for young people.

SOMETHING OF WHAT THE CONFEDERATES FOUGHT FOR.—E. H. Lively, of Aberdeen, Wash., writes: "The Confederates fought for bigger things than crowns and higher principles than the tenets exploited by J. C. Fremont, John Brown, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and the down-East people who sold the negroes to the South, and then came down in 1861 with guns in their hands but without the price paid for them and demanded their return or freedom. The VETERAN is a constant inspiration to its readers."

"THE BISHOP OF COTTONTOWN."

"The Bishop of Cottontown" is a story that runs the gantlet of every human emotion. Strong and vigorous, the characters have been drawn by a hand that knows no wavering in delineation, for John Trotwood Moore writes of the South as of his motherland.

The old bishop has an unbounded love for the human race, is generous, forgiving, and of undaunted courage. He preaches as wholesome a sermon as he wins a horse race—in fact, is as much at home on the track as in the pulpit.

Intolerant of child labor, he makes an appeal to humanity to take the children from the body-starving, soul-destroying drudgery and slavery of mills and factories and give them back to the blue skies, the bird songs, and the flower blooms that God has created for them.

The book was written for this purpose, and should awaken its readers to a determination to demand protection from the government for its future citizens.

Of special historic interest in the story is the account of the battle of Franklin, Tenn., and the graphic description of incidents connected with the Editor of the VETERAN's part in that memorable conflict. But the author takes novel and poetic license in this reference.

Romance, botany, woodcraft, and war, coupled with irresistible humor and tender pathos, liken "The Bishop of Cottontown" to a rare old wine that seasons with age.

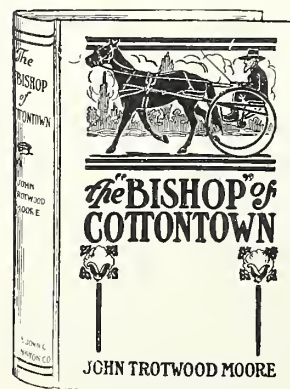
The CONFEDERATE VETERAN places the "Bishop" upon the list of historical romances possessing a fascinating diversity.

A request comes for a list of the author's works. They are:

"Songs and Stories from Tennessee," "A Summer Hymnal," "The Bishop of Cottontown," "The Old Cotton Gin," "Uncle Wash," "Gift of the Grass," and "Jack Ballington, Forester." The last two, his latest works, have had remarkable sale.

The VETERAN will supply "The Bishop of Cottontown" (\$1.25) as a premium for four new subscriptions, or send it free for four names and \$4. It will be sent for \$1, postpaid.

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Mrs. Kirkwood Otey, 806 Court Street Lynchburg, Va., wants a copy of the VETERAN for August, 1897. Those who can supply it will oblige her by writing.

Dr. T. A. Harvey, of Prattville, Ark., asks the whereabouts of William Morgan Pumphrey, of Company K, 2d Arkansas Regiment, from Saline County, Ark.; also C. H. Gandy, of the 6th Mississippi Cavalry, under Forrest.

Mrs. S. W. Evans, 2705 McKinley Avenue, North Fort Worth, Tex., wishes to hear from any relatives or friends of J. M. Evans, whose home was in Tennessee. His sister married a man by the name of Cox. She will appreciate any information from them.

Miss Elizabeth Hanna, 28 East Cain Street, Atlanta, Ga., needs the following numbers of the VETERAN to complete a file for the Julia Jackson Chapter, Children of the Confederacy: All of 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897; for 1898, February, July, September; 1900, March; 1902, January. Write her as to condition and price asked.

A reader of the VETERAN is interested in tracing the family of a faithful slave, Martha Ann Square, wife of George Square (her master's name), who was taken from Richmond, Va., to Mississippi before the war, leaving behind her five-year-old son and a brother, Hy Thomas Square. She is very anxious to learn something of them, and it may be that some readers of the VETERAN can give information of them through acquaintance with her master's family in Virginia. This can be reported to the VETERAN at any time.

Will H. Tunnard, of Shreveport, La., who was sergeant of Company K, 3d Louisiana Volunteers, refers to the notice in the March VETERAN of Mrs. H. S. Maddox's request for information of her husband's war record, and says that there was no company by the name of "Crescent Rifles" in the 3d Louisiana Regiment; that Company B was the "Morehouse Fencibles," but there was a "Crescent Regiment" from Louisiana, mostly from New Orleans. She has doubtless mistaken the regiment to which her husband belonged, and this is given in correction of the mistake.

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Let us not wait to place flowers on their graves and pay tributes of respect and honor after they are gone, but let us make glad the hearts of those that are left by doing them honor now.

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NINETEENTH YEAR

SEPTEMBER, 1911

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Many other interesting articles are not included in the above. Every sketch is prepared with closest care, but the limited space here causes the omissions.

Gen. George W. Gordon, the late Commander in Chief, was the last Confederate brigadier general in Congress, and may have no successor in that body.



GEN. G. W. GORDON, DECEASED.

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Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month before it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The civil war was too long ago to be called the late war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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VOL. XIX.

NASHVILLE, TENN, SEPTEMBER, 1911.

No. 9.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

KINDNESS BY SCOUTS OF GEN. G. M. DODGE.

BY H. W. KENDALL, ELDORADO, KANS.

In the winter of 1863-64 my regiment, the 52d Illinois, was stationed at Pulaski, Tenn., and I was detached for service under Captain De Heus, General Dodge's chief of scouts.

One day we were riding along a byroad in the timber between Pulaski and Columbia, when one of the boys saw something drop and saw a movement in the tall weeds and brush of a neglected field. We dashed into the field and came upon a Confederate soldier on furlough from Dalton, Ga. He had letters from the army to many friends. He had stopped to rest on the fence and to view again his old familiar neighborhood. He pleaded with our captain to let him go and shake hands with home folks. Our captain said: "No; we have to go in another direction." There was no exchanging of prisoners at that time, and I could have cried for the poor soldier. I asked the captain to let me take a squad and go to his home and join the company later, and he said, "You may go if he will give his word of honor not to escape nor permit his escort to be molested," which he promptly and gladly promised. So with one other man we left the company.

It was near night when we reached his home. Some boys on horseback spread the news of his arrival, and the house was soon filled with his old neighbors, all anxious to see him.

There was some restraint at first at seeing two "blue-coats" there; but I assured them that we were there to let him meet his friends, and that anything they wished to say would never make them any trouble. It was near morning when two soldiers—one of the blue and one of the gray—went to bed together and in a moment were asleep.

The next day I went with him some distance to call on a nice-looking girl. I talked with the father while he visited with the girl. From there we went to Pulaski, and he took his place with other prisoners. His name was Garrett. I came through the war all right, and hope he did also. I hope that he married the girl we went to see.

"I am the man he's talking about," said Mr. Garrett to the Nashville Banner, "and have written him to come to see me, to bring his wife and Captain DeHeus with him; also that we would pass watermelons between us instead of bullets. Yes, I married the girl too. Her maiden name was Katie Waldrop."

Mr. Garrett narrated all the incidents connected with his capture, east of Lynnville, and his visit home under guard.

"They thought at first I was a bushwhacker," said he, "and it was only my furlough duly signed that saved me from being treated as a spy or a bushwhacker. I won that furlough home in a raffle at Dalton. They gave two furloughs to a company, and we decided favors by raffling."

After the visit home, Mr. Garrett was taken to Pulaski and then sent to prison at Camp Morton, and was kept there over eleven months.

SILENCE.—A SISTER'S SOLILOQUY.

ANNE BACHMAN HYDE, LITTLE ROCK, IN CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.

I've come back to the old place, dearie,
Where we wandered in childhood's days
Hand in hand all through the green meadows
And over the upland ways.

The lofty mountains are standing
As they guarded us long ago;
The same winding brooks are rippling
And murmuring as they flow.

I see near the gray old college
The sundial wearily stand.
Ah, it cast the only shadows
In our happy playtime land.

But thou art not here, beloved;
That dear hand has slipped out of mine.
Vainly I've called thee and sought thee;
I hear every voice but thine.

The field lark's glad trill uprising,
The wood dove's low call to her mate,
The whippoorwill's sad complainings
Are answered sooner or late.

Always so ready to answer
And always so willing to come,
O, what has so long delayed thee?
And why are thy lips so dumb?

Thou'rt far in the heavenly country,
Where they know not a sorrow or tear;
But I am so lonely without thee,
And miss thee each day, my dear.

TACT OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

EPIDEMIC OF MEASLES IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

BY G. D. EWING.

During the winter of 1862-63 the 4th Kentucky Cavalry, to which I belonged, commanded by Col. H. L. Giltner, General Humphrey's brigade, served in Southwest Virginia and upper East Tennessee. This brigade at that time guarded a long line of the Virginia, East Tennessee, and Georgia Railroad; also to prevent Federals operating through Eastern Kentucky from destroying the salt works located in Washington County, Va. It extended from near Knoxville, Tenn., beyond Abingdon, Va. We were moving much of the time in all kinds of weather, and often without tents or any camp supplies.

On one of these marches we camped for the night at Rye Cove, Scott County, Va. It was our first night to sleep under a big snow, and besides measles was developing in our regiment. My brother, A. M. Ewing, had the first case. Colonel Giltner sent the sick to near-by houses, and it was the good fortune of my brother to be taken to the home of a Mr. Rod Taylor. My brother was thought to have simply humor of the blood; but Mrs. Taylor said it was measles, and that she had four small children in the house who never had it. My brother was so hoarse he could scarcely speak, but insisted on going back to camp. Mrs. Taylor, however, was resolute to serve him, and insisted that he be left at her home, and that she would care for him; and most nobly was this duty performed by this good family. As we moved away the next morning some of the sick were left in this good neighborhood, and we continued our march for a hundred miles into East Tennessee. One of the convalescent soldiers who had been left at Rye Cove came back to the regiment, and he informed me that my brother had recovered from the measles, but was low with typhoid fever. Procuring leave of absence, I went back to care for him. I too was soon sick with the measles, but we both recovered and returned to the regiment.

While at Rye Cove I became acquainted with one of Stonewall Jackson's men, and the incident he related to me suggested the caption of this letter. The name of this soldier was George Mullen, who was then at home at Rye Cove on sick furlough. As I now remember, he was in General Jackson's old brigade and in the battle of Bull Run. General Jackson's men stood like a stone wall. The incident occurred on one of General Jackson's rapid flank movements, that were so rapidly executed as to take the enemy by surprise. Mullen said that General Jackson was executing one of his rapid movements in the latter part of winter. The streams were swollen and were covered with soft ice and his regiment was in front. They came to one of those icy streams. The officer in advance rode haughtily to the stream and ordered the men to go forward. The foot soldiers hesitated to go into the cold water. This offended this martinet, and he rode to the water's edge with drawn sword and said he would run them through if they again halted. This was like a firebrand. The soldiers became so enraged that it seemed they would take him from his horse and tear him to pieces. Other officers came up and ordered the men into the water. One of them said that if they disobeyed again he would order up a battery and fire into them. This only increased the fury of the men, and the officers had lost control of the troops.

Just then Stonewall Jackson came to the front. Some of the officers rode back rapidly to meet him. General Jackson waved them aside and leisurely rode to the front. He observed a young soldier whose feet were almost bare, and so

footsore that he was lame; besides, he was hoarse from the effects of measles. General Jackson thus addressed this boy soldier: "Son, why are you not back at the hospital?" The lad replied: "General, I did not join the army to fill a hospital bunk, but to do a soldier's duty." Then General Jackson dismounted and told the young soldier to mount his horse and ride across the stream. The boy objected, saying he was not worthy to ride while his commander was afoot. General Jackson walked to the water's edge and in a quiet voice said, "Come on, boys," when the soldiers gave a loud cheer and waded the stream in perfect order. Many of the officers, having been thus rebuked by their commander, put the most disabled men on their horses and followed their leader.

Southern soldiers could not be driven like hirelings, but would go to sure death in obedience to their commander, whom they loved and who had shown in so many ways that he was willing to endure the privations and hardships with his soldiers.

Having great faith in the Supreme Ruler of all things, a firm belief in the justness of the struggle on the part of the South, the love and confidence of the men he commanded, with will power no less firm than Old Hickory Jackson, he surmounted obstacles that seemed impossible, and never lost a battle.

THE ELLA KING (NEWSOM) TRADER FUND.

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The total amount in bank to date is \$272.10, of which \$197 is pledged; but we are working to secure at least \$500 per year pledges. Please help us with the VETERAN.

[The merit of this cause is well known.—ED. VETERAN.]

JUDGE MOFFETT REPLIES TO ELSON'S ARTICLE.

Editor of the Roanoke Times: I ask the public to take notice and bear witness that I am not reviving discussion of the Elson history. This unhappy question is forced to the front again, so far as I am concerned, by a communication, dated July 8, in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, of Nashville, Tenn., for August, from Mr. Henry W. Elson. Because the VETERAN will not appear again until September, I think justice to myself and my friends requires that I reply immediately.

Mr. Elson's defects of memory and inaccuracy of statement regarding a matter in which he is personally and directly concerned do not augur very well for his value as a historian. He says in the VETERAN: "I am convinced that the whole controversy would have died out when I published my defense but for the vindictive spirit of one man, a certain judge in Virginia, who, in my opinion, has inspired practically every article and resolution against the history since then. The judge wants 'vindication,' so he said in one of his published letters, but he should now add the term 'revenge.'"

Mr. Elson made accusation against me of seeking "cheap notoriety" in his first article, which was widely published some months ago and which he called his "defense." He now says that he is convinced that the whole controversy would have died out when he published his "defense" but for the "vindictive" spirit of "one man, a certain judge," who, in his opinion, has inspired practically every article and resolution against the history since then, etc.

The fact is my attack on Mr. Elson and his history of which he complains was contained in private letters from me to Roanoke College, not intended for publication and not published until the course of the college authorities forced the matter into public attention; then it became necessary for me to produce the entire record for a perfect understanding.

I have never replied through the newspapers or otherwise to the sneering and somewhat defamatory allusions to me contained in Mr. Elson's communication which he called his "defense" and in some of the few newspapers that undertook to defend him. I was advised by friends that no reply was necessary, and I quickly learned that this advice was sound, as I could depend on the vast majority of the Southern newspapers, of the Confederate organizations, and people of the South generally, of their own volition, to expose the fallacies

in Mr. Elson's "defense" and the gross injustice in his book very much more effectively and strongly than I could do it.

Mr. Elson's book, not I, is the cause of the earnest protest almost universal among Southern people. It is true that I was the first to discover some of its gross and inexcusable errors and to call attention to a few of them. But since that time the press, Confederate veterans, their sons and daughters, and others have and are making it warm for his book without needing assistance from me. I have been vindicated, and am very complacently beholding the righteous revolt against his so-called history.

Mr. Elson attributes to me too much influence and detracts from the intelligence and patriotism of the press, orders, and people who have since his "defense" protested against that defense and his book when he says that I have inspired every article and resolution against the history since the appearance of his "defense."

My purpose now is to direct attention to the fact that Mr. Elson is continuing to stir this matter and will be responsible for any consequences that may follow revival of the discussion, and that he misstates absolutely, as shown by the records, when he insinuates that I have engaged in a newspaper controversy with him or attacked him through the newspapers. My concern was with the welfare of Roanoke College and for the proper instruction of the young men and young women of the South. For Mr. Elson as a person I have no thought and in him I have no interest.

W. W. MOFFETT.

EFFECT OF NORTHERN HISTORY AND ASSOCIATIONS.

An eminent citizen of this country writes from his summer outing place in Canada—a man who was colonel at the front in war times, who has served in Congress and in a cabinet position acceptably to the entire country: "The always-welcome VETERAN brings me your capital editorial on Elson's letter, and I note also the eloquent words of W. R. Hamby, of Hood's old brigade, at Cameron, Tex., about the history of the War between the States. Comrade Hamby says the South did not surrender the right to write the history of that war. In point of fact we have very largely surrendered to the North the privilege of writing the school books on the history of the war, etc. The current histories of the war, now generally accepted as authoritative, are, however, much nearer just than are those relating to the causes of the war and to actual social conditions in the South in ante-bellum days. Nothing has impressed me more than the widely disseminated false stories about the relations between the slaveholder and nonslaveholder, unless it be the scandals about Southern society. These originated in the literature of abolitionism, and have been perpetuated in the writings of some modern authors, who take them as the truth. My four grandsons are being reared in Washington City, where for the most part my three children were brought up while I was in public life. * * * It has required continued care on my part to keep my children and grandchildren from imbibing false notions about slavery, which as an institution I do not defend, and the causes of the war."

PROTESTS IN KANSAS CITY AGAINST THE ELSON BOOK.

Gen. John B. Stone and a delegation from the United Daughters of the Confederacy called upon the Board of Education in Kansas City to protest against certain passages in "Elson's History of the United States," used in the local high schools, and to ask that it be abolished.

They say that the history, besides being unfair to the Confederacy, makes allusions to relations between the races which



"LAST CAPITOL OF THE CONFEDERACY."

Old Home of Major Sutherland; Danville, Va. See page 377, August Veteran.)

give the impression that such things were common. General Stone said it created the impression in the minds of to-day that all Southern people were immoral during slavery days.

Gen. Milton Moore, who was a member of the committee which selected the history, said: "I recall reading the statements to which you have alluded, but they did not impress me greatly at the time. I just put it down as history, and let it go at that."

"INCREASED SALES" OF ELSON HISTORY.

P. T. Vaughan writes from Selma, Ala.: "Mr. Elson in his letter to the Editor of the *VETERAN* states that his 'history' is selling now faster than ever and a new edition is called for five to six months sooner than the publishers expected. The inference is that the denunciation of this book in the South has caused an increased demand for it in the North, for I cannot think there is any demand for it now in any Southern State. The reason 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and 'The Impending Crisis' had such an enormous sale in the North was because they slandered the South. Do you think Mr. Elson had this fact in mind and this mercenary motive in view when he was writing his 'history?' I do."

Dr. W. M. Flynn, of South Boston, Mass.: "The *VETERAN* is an enlightenment. I wish it were a weekly publication, for a get impatient waiting for its monthly visit. It is said: 'If there is hay in the rack, the sheep will look up to it.' The *VETERAN*'s rack is full to abundance. You are doing a great work. I wish you many years of activity."

In the same inclosure Dr. Flynn wrote: "When Gen. J. B. Gordon lectured in Boston about 1897, he told a story of a Northern Congressman who drove out to Manassas in the spirit of a sightseer. On being surrounded by Confederate faces he recognized an officer who had previously been a Congressional colleague, and with a feeling of intimacy said: 'I came down to see the fun.' 'Fun?' replied the Confederate officer. 'This is war,' and sent him as a prisoner to the rear."

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

Rev. J. T. Frazier, of Chilhowie, Va., who attended the reunion of the blue and gray at Manassas on the fiftieth anniversary of that battle, July 21, 1911, writes of it:

"I was a member of Company D, 7th Virginia Regiment, then in Early's Brigade, afterwards Longstreet's and later Kemper's, Pickett's Division. I took part in the battle of July 18-21, 1861, and was surprised and pleased to find things looking so very much as they did fifty years ago. Chives (?) House, where Early struck McDowell's right, is just as it was fifty years ago, except that the porches are gone. I went through the house where I spent the night of July 21 with wounded comrades. McDowell ought to have won that battle. He had every advantage.

"The gray and the blue met at the Henry House on July 21, 1911, and after mingling together for several hours formed in line facing each other, as in 1861, then with the old-time yell advanced on each other, not with guns, but extended hands and brotherly greetings. It was an inspiring scene. My heart grew tender and I thanked God for the kindly feeling that prevailed among those men who fifty years ago met in deadly conflict on this bloody field. In the afternoon President Taft gave us a good talk at Manassas courthouse. We shook hands with him and with each other, and parted with a 'God bless you' and 'I hope we may meet where there is no war in the sweet by and by.'"

A REMARKABLE GATHERING.

AT MANASSAS BATTLE FIELD.

On the 21st of July, 1911, there was assembled on the plains of Manassas one of the most remarkable gatherings the world

has ever witnessed. An Executive Committee composed of Lieut. George C. Round, of the "Blues," Private Westwood Hutchison, of the "Grays," G. R. Ratcliffe and C. M. Hopkins, civilians, had perfected all arrangements for the National Peace Jubilee on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of First Manassas.

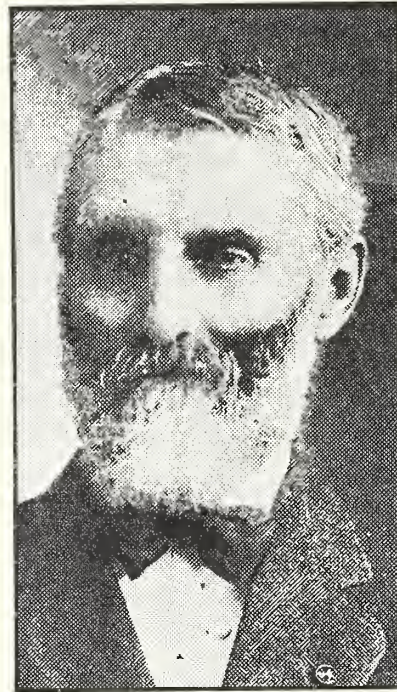
On the morning of the 21st the sun rose clear, and by eight o'clock the road from Manassas to the battle field was thronged with veterans, United States soldiers, and civilians. At eleven the exercises were opened by Col. Ed-

mund Berkley, C. S. A. Lieutenant Round introduced Gov. William Hodges Mann, of Virginia, who addressed the vast crowd assembled about the Federal monument near the historic Henry House—the first monument to be erected after

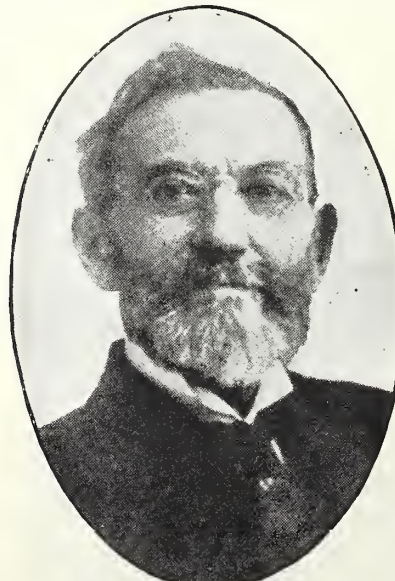
the war. The Governor was followed by Major Lowell, a Union veteran, and also by a representative of Colonel Thompson, of the Grand Army, who gave the beautiful badges.

Then came a scene never before witnessed in the history of the world. Old soldiers who fifty years ago met each other in deadly combat marched out near the place where Jackson won his sobriquet of "Stonewall," formed two columns, and at a given signal ad-

vanced and shook hands in fraternal peace. This was followed by a bountiful luncheon prepared and served by the



LIEUT. G. C. ROUND, U. S. A.,
Master of Ceremonies at Henry House.



WESTWOOD HUTCHISON, C. S. A.,
Master of Ceremonies at Court House.

ladies of the Confederate Memorial Association of Manassas, the Manassas and Groveton Chapters of the Southern Confederacy, and the W. C. T. U. of Manassas.

The vast crowd then returned to Manassas and assembled at the courthouse, where a camp fire was held by the blues and the grays, presided over by Private Westwood Hutchison, who served as courier to Gen. R. E. Lee. About five o'clock President Taft arrived and addressed a united people of a united country. As to the meaning of all of this, there

can be but one answer: two thousand years ago the hills of Judea resounded with the angels' song, "Peace on earth and good will to men," and this peace jubilee is but its echo.

THE SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER U. D. C.,
FROM JULY 15 TO AUGUST 15, 1911.

Wade Hampton Chapter, Los Angeles, Cal., \$10; Winnie Davis Chapter, C. of C., Savannah, Ga., \$4.50; J. N. Williams Chapter, Murray, Ky., \$5; J. William Noyes (personal), New Orleans, La., \$1; Kosciusko Chapter, Kosciusko, Miss., \$5; Zollicoffer-Fulton Chapter, Fayetteville, Tenn., \$5; Kirby-Smith Chapter, Sewanee, Tenn., \$3; Forrest Chapter, Brownsville, Tenn., \$10; Fifth Tennessee Regiment Chapter, Paris, Tenn., \$21.25; individual members Shiloh Chapter, Savannah, Ga., \$3.50; Musidora McCorry Chapter, Jackson, Tenn., \$28; T. B. Cox (personal), Waco, Tex., \$1; Breckinridge Chapter, Breckinridge, Tex., \$3; Warren Rifles Chapter, Fort Royal, Va., \$5; Alleghany Chapter, Covington, Va., \$1; H. A. Carrington Chapter, Charlotte C. H., Va., \$5; Lee-Jackson Chapter (location not given), \$5; Richmond Chapter, Richmond, Va., \$70.25; interest, \$204.95. Total since last report, \$391.45; expense since last report, \$94.95; total in hands of the Treasurer, \$9,886.76.

ARLINGTON MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING JULY 31, 1911.

Receipts.

Mrs. Mary M. Force, Selma, Ala., 50 cents.

Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$28. Contributed by Mrs. C. Coffey, Jacksonville, Fla., \$1; Martha Reed Chapter, No. 19, U. D. C., Jacksonville, Fla., \$25; J. J. Finley Chapter, No. 685, U. D. C., Gainesville, Fla., \$2.

Philadelphia (Pa.) Chapter, No. 972, U. D. C., \$25.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, \$23, including \$5 by W. M. Terry Chapter, No. 580, Bedford City.

Interest on deposits credited July 1, 1911, \$194.35.

Total receipts for month, \$270.85; balance from last report, \$17,628.69.

Expenditures.

Balance on hand August 1, 1911, \$17,899.54.

WALLACE STREATER, Treasurer.

OFFICERS OF CAMP BEAUREGARD, U. S. C. V., NEW ORLEANS.

—B. P. Sullivan, Commander; J. R. Wells and W. O. Hart, Lieutenant Commanders; G. K. Renaud, Adjutant; Dr. G. H. Tichenor, Jr., Surgeon; Rev. J. W. Caldwell, Jr., Chaplain; R. F. Green, Treasurer; E. A. Fowler, Quartermaster; L. Dickson, Color Sergeant; S. Seiferth, Historian.

Committee on Finance: Howell Carter, Jr., Chairman; J. M. Quintero, Edward Rightor.

Committee on Applications for Membership: C. J. Chapotin, Chairman; J. B. Rosser, Jr., Mark Anthony.

CONFEDERATES GIVEN DIPLOMAS AT CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

W. B. Fort writes from Pikeville, N. C.: "I attended the commencement of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, last June and received with seven others of my class of 1862 our A.B. diplomas. I was the only one that represented the Confederate navy. Our class (1862) subscribed \$100 to the Confederate monument which will be erected to the boys who joined the Confederate service and will be unveiled on the campus next June by veterans and Daughters."



Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

A MODEL APPEAL—WHAT A DAUGHTER SAYS.

"A Daughter," unknown to the Editor and heretofore unheard of, writes for the Monroe Watchman under "Now:"

"Every day of my life I am more and more thankful that my kith and kin wore the gray in the war of the sixties. Our heritage in history is most glorious. History, that great vindicator, is bringing out the brief but wonderful record of those four years greatly in our favor. And those who gave most can now read in lines of light the recompense. Yet how little any one of us knows of the real history of the Confederacy. Our younger men, reaping of its material results, are sordidly forgetting the past in the getting of a dollar. Only here and there is found an antiquarian among us gathering up the precious fragments, lest they be lost.

"Perhaps the most authentic of these are found in the pages of the VETERAN, the official organ of our historians, published at Nashville, Tenn., at \$1 a year, now in its nineteenth year. I am ashamed to say I never knew of its existence until this year. It is well edited and conducted by Mr. S. A. Cunningham. Its pages are filled with most valuable as well as interesting Confederate history. The illustrations are fine, notable among them the oft-recurring patrician face of the Southern woman.

"The constant supporters of the VETERAN are the veterans themselves, that fast-thinning last column of our olive-wreathed armies. It is due them, it is due the dead, it is due ourselves to fill up every gap in the subscription list as these hoary heads fall out of line. But most of all it is due our children to thus perpetuate in their minds and hearts these splendid records.

"The absence of bitterness and rancor is noticeable. Not infrequently a good paper comes from a Northern pen. This magazine should be found in every Southern home, and bound volumes of all its nineteen years would be a treasure shelf in the library of your sons and daughters.

"No better service could be rendered to our past, present, and future history by the Daughters of the Confederacy than for each one of us to look after the increased subscription list of the VETERAN."

[The author of the above, wrote wiser, doubtless, than she realized. Her letter becomes a model for others. The local press of the South is very kind. Suppose that every Chapter having access to the columns of their home paper should make similar appeals, and then compute the beneficial results!]

SUBSCRIPTION CORRESPONDENCE.

A woman writing a good hand states: "I paid in advance for one year; since that time you sent it without my consent, so I am not indebted to you in any way." She paid for a year from June, 1908, and owes over two years.

The next letter opened after the above states: "I have been and am hard up, and would hate to lose the VETERAN, but could not blame you."

The next states: "Inclosed I send three dollars, one for the VETERAN and two for that humane Yankee, Col. Richard Owen."

Mr. Malcolm MacNeill, of Atlanta, reports complaint about a subscriber who paid at Little Rock and had received but one copy. Will every friend who learns of an error like this report it? Mr. MacNeill also suggests that friends to the cause buy one hen and appropriate receipts from eggs to a subscription for the VETERAN."

"My husband has been dead for the past eighteen months, and the reason I did not write you to stop the VETERAN was because I knew it was against the postal law to send out magazines after the subscription expired, so thought you would stop it without instructions to do so."

"You will favor me by not sending your magazine any longer. I paid in advance for one year; since that time you sent it without my consent, so I am not indebted to you in any way."

W. W. Downer, of Gordonsville, Va.: "I am now eighty years old and forgetful. Let the VETERAN come on as long as I live and send bill when due."

It was intended to explain now, but it is deferred; why it is so important to send notices promptly, for within a month notice has been received of perhaps a hundred deaths of comrades who owed one or two years' subscription, and nobody, it seems, considers it obligatory to pay the arrears. It is grievous that so many consider that the debt is paid by the death of the subscriber. Don't imagine that your "solvency" is questioned. By your delay many dishonest people secure advantages. Every true patron should write. If delay is desired, it will be granted cheerfully.

An inconsistency is suggested in regard to two pictures on page 354 of the July VETERAN as showing the mother too young. It should be remembered that they lived in different periods. The son was not ten years old when the mother died. In this connection it will interest those who knew them to mention that the mother died at 31 years, 7 months, and 12 days, while the son was 31 years, 7 months, and 16 days old.

J. T. Morton, of Danville, Va., a member of Company A, 53d Virginia Regiment, Armistead's Brigade, Pickett's Division, who was captured at Gettysburg and was a prisoner at Point Lookout, wishes to get in communication with J. Ed Hall, who lived at Philippi, W. Va. He was captured at the same time and place. They were prisoners together, but they have not heard from each other since they were exchanged.

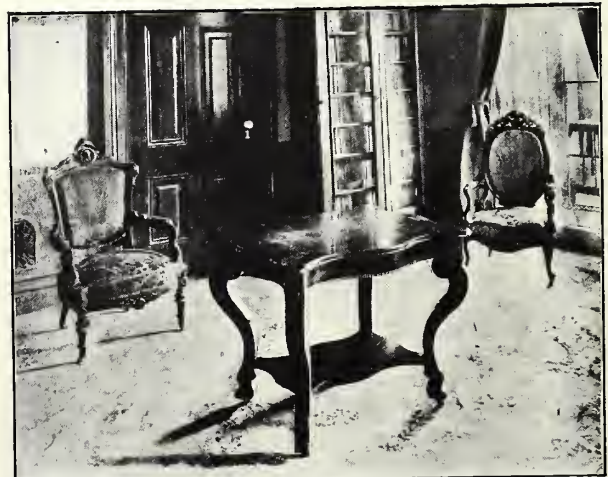


TABLE IN SUTHERLIN HOUSE, DANVILLE, VA., ON WHICH
PRESIDENT DAVIS WROTE HIS LAST MESSAGE.

SENATOR HEYBURN DOESN'T RESPECT R. E. LEE.

REV. GILES B. COOKE SOUGHT AN INTERVIEW.

Having had the honor of being a member of Gen. R. E. Lee's military family for a while during the great war, I was naturally indignant with Senator Heyburn, of Idaho, for charging General Lee with dishonesty, in one of his speeches before the United States Senate. Happening to be in the Senate gallery on May 16, 1911, it occurred to me to seek an interview with Senator Heyburn concerning this charge. I met him in the Senate audience room. After politely greeting him, I said: "Senator, I was once a man of war, but now as a minister—a man of peace—I have come to ask you a question. The newspapers reported you as having charged Gen. R. E. Lee with accepting his salary after having resigned his commission as colonel in the United States army. If the newspapers have reported you correctly, will you tell me where or from whom you got your information to sustain such a charge?"

The Senator replied quite calmly: "You will find my speech relating to this matter in the Congressional Record, and I stand by it."

I replied: "Senator, your answer is not to the point. I would like to know upon what authority you make this charge."

He replied somewhat excitedly: "I see that you are trying to draw me into a discussion of this matter. I have no respect for General Lee, and I am no rebel."

He then left me abruptly. Although he was so discourteous, I was not conscious of being disrespectful to him. * * * As to General Lee's honesty, I don't suppose there is a human being, except Senator Heyburn and the like of him, who believes it possible that this great and good man and a devout Christian would be guilty of a dishonest act.

[Poor Heyburn! He was born too late. Thirty years ago he would have been a champion of Reconstruction. He is so entirely destitute now of decent company that his predicament is pitiable. The charity of eighty millions of Americans who regard him as out of time is commended.]

SUBWAYS IN NEW YORK—"OUR DAY" RECALLED.

The marvelous and truly wonderful achievements of Mr. W. G. McAdoo in boring under North and East Rivers and up and down on Manhattan Island, New York, and then so securing the confidence of the men who furnished him many, many millions of dollars as to be made president of the great company recalls how near the Editor of the *VETERAN* came to being famous and making good with a periodical as "an exponent of Southern sentiment in New York."

Just ten years before he launched the *VETERAN* he began the publication of *Our Day* in that great city, making it exactly the size of the first volume of the *VETERAN* in every way. Seeking an officer on a holiday, he was crossing the plaza in front of City Hall when he was amazed at the conception as set forth in the following publication copied exactly as it appeared in *Our Day*, its first issue. The publication ran on for a year, but the promoter could not enlist sufficient interest to sustain it. The proposed plan was set forth as follows:

ARCADE ACROSS CITY HALL PARK.

"The undersigned makes public his desire to secure a lease of ninety feet width across City Hall Park for the purpose of building an under-surface arcade. His plan, if the lease can be secured, is to remove the earth to a sufficient depth for a passage of thirty feet width for the public, which would be extended across Broadway and Park Row, with places of entrance on each side of the park, just inside the rows of iron

posts and at each corner of Murray by Broadway, and one near the Franklin statue by Park Row, with another to connect with a passageway from the bridge. Then the design is to make small fancy stores on each side of the public thoroughfare. The surface with iron and glass could be just as it is, or improved as the Park Commissioners might direct. This great benefit to the public will be at once apparent, and the plan proposed makes it free of expense to the public. Not a sprig of grass would be removed, and only the few trees on the north side of the main promenade. The novelty of such a thoroughfare and the benefit whereby the public could cross Broadway free from the danger of vehicles or Park Row undisturbed by the cars, also free of mud in wet weather, and cross the park without exposure to the cold winds and rains of winter or the heat of summer entitles the petition to consideration. By this improvement much valuable vault room might be made under the steps and in front of City Hall which would be of value to the city should it be found expedient to remove the Register's office on completing the bridge.

"Again, it would seem wise to consider at once whether it is practicable to increase passage room from the end of the great bridge ere it is completed. The project has been submitted to capitalists, who approve it and would give abundant security that the improvement would be elegant, commensurate with the interests involved. S. A. CUNNINGHAM, 252 Broadway.

"Conference with any persons of influence with the authorities is desirable. My office is near the place, P. O. Box 3059."

Upon application to his friend, John H. Inman, who was worth many millions and could control many more, an offer of the money was made provided permission could be procured. He found ardent friends who congratulated him upon the conception. He sought the coöperation of former Mayor Edward Cooper, son of the writer's honored friend, Peter Cooper. Then one of the editors of the *New York Sun* espoused the cause; but Mr. Dana, according to his custom, disapproved. Later on a company was formed to build under Broadway, and the Arcade project was coupled with it, but that undertaking failed after the expenditure of much money.

The *New York World* took the kindest interest in the project, calling it an "underground road and arcade." It explained in detail the proposed advantages, suggesting how passage might be secured across Broadway and Park Row free from danger of vehicles and the slippery streets in wet weather.

STRANGE COINCIDENCE AT COLUMBIA, S. C.

[J. D. VanDeman, President First National Bank at Delaware, Ohio, writes an interesting war reminiscence to Col. J. Coleman Alderson, of Charleston, W. Va., at the request of his daughter, who is Mrs. Capehart, wife of a West Virginia Congressman.]

In 1883 my family was spending the summer at Stribbling Springs, Va., one of those ante-bellum resorts for the summer gathering of the beauty and chivalry of the Old South. There was at these springs a guest who had occupied a high position in the medical corps of the Confederate army, Dr. John Ancrum, of Charleston, S. C. At the beginning of the war he was sent with Messrs. Mason and Slidell to Europe, and was in that "unpleasantness." My youngest daughter was taken ill with scarlet fever; and as there were many children there, we were quarantined on top of a mountain in an old building once used as a card or billiard room, with probably at intervals poker games, and Dr. Ancrum consented to attend her.

One brilliant moonlight night we were looking out of the upper window at old North Mountain, when Dr. Ancrum remarked: "Right over there on the north side of that mountain I had run my medical supplies, horses, and camp equipage to escape a raid of General Sheridan, never dreaming he would get there; but as he was in the habit of doing what one would least suspect, he came and gobbled up all my outfit, and I was left for the rest of the war to get along with what I could buy, beg, or steal. When the war closed, I was stationed at the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, Va. (now W. Va.), without money. The paymaster had not been there for some time. My clothes were ragged, and I had only one suit at that. I could get no transportation, and started to walk the long distance to Charleston, S. C., and I did it. It was home under any conditions. The last I had heard of my wife was that she had been sitting one night on a pile of furniture in a street of Columbia, S. C., with our child that I had never seen and a basket of silver, while that city was burning, and that she had been assisted by two kind-hearted officers, who took her to a house in the suburbs. After starting on my long tramp, I bethought me how I could cross Tar River in North Carolina. The farther I walked, the more anxious I became. After crossing a little stream on some stepping-stones, I had walked about four miles, when I met an old darky and asked him how much farther it was to Tar River. "Why, God bless you, Marsa, you have done crossed Tar River about four miles back." Since then I have learned not to worry over imaginary troubles ahead. I reached home at last, to find my child dead, but my wife awaiting me."

Some ten years after my talk with the Doctor I was on a hunting trip with General Gibbon and Major Freeman, and we camped by a little stream in the Rocky Mountains. Both officers had been conspicuous on the Federal side. Gibbon was the commander of Hancock's Corps at Gettysburg, and afterwards was one of the officers who drew up the articles of capitulation of Lee's army. Freeman, now a retired brigadier general, was captain in the 18th United States Infantry.

While sitting around a roaring camp fire one night Freeman related the following incident: "I had the ill luck to be captured in one of the fights of the Eastern Army. I succeeded in escaping five times, but the Confeds always succeeded in getting me again, and finally sent me to the prison pen at Columbia, S. C. * * * One day we heard the rumbling of heavy artillery, and I was sure that it was General Sherman on his raid, of which the 'grape vine' had told us. There was in the pen a one-story building used for a hospital. The guards were busy routing out the prisoners from their gopher holes to hurry them farther South. Another prisoner—a colonel—and I stepped into the hospital, which seemed to be empty, and we noticed an open door which communicated with the attic. We at once jumped in and climbed to the loft, and lay there across the joists until after night, when we discovered that the city was on fire and the fence of the inclosure burning. We waited until an opening in the fence was burned, and then we got into the street. Near there we saw a lady sitting on some furniture with a child in her arms and a basket. She was crying bitterly. We took her to the suburbs and got her into a home. We went on, and as we crossed the river we were challenged by a sentinel whose voice was familiar: "Come in, Johnnies, or I'll shoot." We told him we would come in without being shot. We were taken to the colonel's quarters, and I found myself among friends of my old regiment."

Upon conclusion of his story, I related what Dr. Ancrum had told me, and afterwards wrote to him about Major Freeman's statement; but he answered me that, singular as the coincidence seemed, it could not be the same officers, for they were Confederates who had helped his wife. Upon telling Major Freeman of this, he said: "Why, yes, we had on Confederate uniforms, which we found on the floor of the hospital."

THE OKLAHOMA SOLDIERS' HOME.

BY EUGENE RAY, ARDMORE.

Carter is a Southern county in Oklahoma just as Oklahoma is a Southern State in the Union, and is only one county removed from Texas. Ardmore, the county seat, is likewise Southern. A stranger would recognize that he was among people of the Old South. Nowhere else in the South, save perhaps in a few of the larger cities, has the remnant of old Confederate soldiers met weekly every Sunday afternoon to pray and sing, to hold a reunion, and rehearse the comedies and tragedies of the war.

Out on the prairie, less than two miles from Ardmore, is a magnificent new building, a monument to Southern chivalry and industry. Approaching it across the prairie from the south, it appears as a palatial modern hotel. It is a hotel and more: it is a Confederate Home. Over its main entrance are the two words, "Confederate Home." If the day is fine, you may see groups of old men, with snow-white locks, on the grounds surrounding the buildings.

Opening the 1st of July, 1911, the Home now has thirty-three inmates, including the wives of veterans, whose feeble condition emphasizes the fact that such a home is an absolute necessity for these disabled veterans. These old women have been soldiers in peace as well as in war.

This home for disabled Confederate soldiers has an interesting history. It was built with individual subscriptions. Subscribers to the fund are Oklahomians. Oklahoma had a home for its old soldiers before it was four years old. The people of Oklahoma with only ten thousand dollars from the State treasury built a thirty-thousand-dollar home. This new earthly building will shelter them until they pass under the sheltering arms of Him who offers "a home not made with hands."

A decade or more ago the people of the Indian Territory were agitating the question as to how they might obtain the money to build a home for disabled Confederate soldiers, and, as usual in such cases, the idea originated in the mind and heart of a good woman, Mrs. Serena Guy Carter, wife of Judge Benjamin W. Carter, of Ardmore. Her husband had been a valiant soldier in the Confederate army. The Carters were natives of this Indian country, natives by blood. Hon. Charles D. Carter, Representative in Congress from Oklahoma, is a distinguished son of that distinguished couple.

Judge Carter died, and Mrs. Carter soon followed him; but the good work begun by Mrs. Carter, like every such undertaking, goes on forever.

The Southerners of the new State went about asking for subscriptions to the fund. Somebody contributed ten dollars, somebody else ten times ten, and somebody else ten times that. Almost twenty thousand dollars was contributed when the legislature appropriated \$10,000 to the Home and \$30,000 for the maintenance of the Home for two years—\$15,000 a year.

The building is two stories and colonial in style. One hundred and fifty feet in length, it has wide, long piazzas, and several porches on both floors. It has a large parlor, a reading

and writing room, also four lobbies with tables and chairs, where the inmates may read and write. It has forty-five rooms neatly furnished with two beds and two closets for two inmates. It has water and lights. If Oklahoma's Confederate Home had been built a quarter of a century ago, it would doubtless have been accepted as a model.

The grounds embrace twenty-three acres, a gift to the Home from Mrs. Lutie Hailey Walcott, daughter of Gen. D. M. Hailey, President of the Board of Trustees and Commander of the Oklahoma Division, U. C. V.

Judge John L. Galt, a native of Georgia and a Confederate veteran, long a citizen of Ardmore, ex-Mayor and municipal judge of the city, is Superintendent of the Home. His estimable wife, Mrs. Ora McGhee Galt, a Georgian also, is the matron.

The Board of Trustees are: Gen. D. M. Hailey, McAlester, President; John Threadgill, Oklahoma City, Vice President; Col. R. A. Sneed, Lawton, Secretary; George Henry Bruce, Ardmore, Treasurer; J. W. Blanton, Rocky; N. F. Hancock, Muskogee; Mrs. W. R. Clement, Oklahoma City.



MRS. W. R. CLEMENT, ONLY WOMAN MEMBER OF BOARD.

There are thirty veterans in the Home, and five of them have their wives with them. They served from the States as follows: Alabama, 2; Arkansas, 2; Georgia, 2; Kentucky, 1; Louisiana, 1; Mississippi, 3; Missouri, 3; North Carolina, 1; South Carolina, 1; Tennessee, 4; Texas, 4; Virginia, 2; and one was with Quantrell.

GALLANT WILLIAM WADE—HIS BATTERY FLAG.

BY W. L. TRUMAN, GUEYDAN, LA.

About December 15, 1862, while Van Dorn's army was encamped at Grenada, Miss., William Wade, of St. Louis, captain of the 1st Missouri Battery, went to Richmond, Va., and when he returned his new uniform showed the rank of colonel of artillery. He brought us a beautiful new battle flag made of heavy red silk with blue silk bars and white satin stars, with heavy gold silk fringe and bordered with cord and tas-

sels, and on both sides the inscription; "Wade's First Missouri Battery." We boys understood that the flag was made by some ladies of Richmond and presented to Colonel Wade for the battery. I would like to know certainly how Colonel Wade came into possession of that flag and what became of it after it was brought out of Vicksburg by our color bearer, Frank E. Day, now of Milton, Fla., who delivered it to Richard Walsh, acting as our captain.

Many sacred memories cluster around that beautiful emblem. It received its first baptism of blood about April 29, 1863, when the brave and noble Colonel Wade, whom the whole army knew and loved, gave his life blood for our cause in the first gunboat battle at Grand Gulf and under the very shadow of this waving flag. Colonel Wade was standing close to my gun, watching the effect of our shells, when a huge one from the enemy exploded in our midst. As the smoke cleared up I noticed Colonel Wade upon the ground. I stepped to his side to assist him, and noticed that about three inches of his skull was carried away by a piece of shell without injuring his brain. He was perfectly conscious, but could not speak. With a bright smile upon his face, he looked me in the eyes, as I knelt by him, and moved his lips for a few seconds, trying so hard to tell me something, and then gently fell asleep with the happy smile still upon his face. It pained my very soul when I failed to catch the dying words of our beloved Colonel. They may have been for loved ones at home.

A nice coffin was procured and his body was taken to Port Gibson by loving hands and buried according to the rites of the Episcopal Church, of which he was a devoted member.

A somewhat similar circumstance occurred in the battle of Elk Horn. As I passed a dying Northern soldier, whose head was lying in the lap of a Confederate, the latter called to me and asked if I had any water in my canteen. I went to them, raised the head of the dying man and placed my canteen to his mouth. He took about two swallows, and as I laid his head back in my comrade's lap, he extended his right hand and, with a smile upon his manly young face, he patted me upon my cheek and moved his lips several times, but was too far gone to speak. He was evidently thanking me for that last drink of cold water. He was a handsome, blue-eyed, beardless youth from Illinois.

The magnificent career of Colonel Wade shown by the "War Records" deserves a more extended tribute.

THE SWORD OF GEN. JAMES J. ARCHER.

BY W. H. HARRIES, 505 SELLEY AVENUE, ST. PAUL, MINN.

In the July VETERAN appears an article by W. A. Castleberry that is so at variance with the facts as I remember them that I ask permission to make a brief reply. Besides the regiments he mentions, the 5th Alabama Battalion was also in Archer's Brigade.

In the battle of Gettysburg I was second lieutenant of Company B, 2d Wisconsin Infantry, and D. B. Dailey was the first lieutenant. Our brigade on the morning of July 1 marched from Marsh Run, near Emmitsburg. When we reached a point about one mile south of Gettysburg between 10 and 11 A.M., we left the Emmitsburg road and charged diagonally across the fields into the woods in which Archer's Brigade was deployed. Our brigade was composed of the 2d, 6th, and 7th Wisconsin, 19th Indiana, and 24th Michigan. The 6th Wisconsin, however, did not go with us, as it was detached from the brigade and sent to the railroad cut on the right, where Major Blair and the 2d Mississippi surrendered to Colonel Dawes, of the 6th Wisconsin.

The 2d Wisconsin went into the woods on the right of the brigade, and our company had twenty-one men and was on the right of the regiment.

As we charged into the woods Archer's Brigade gave way, and it appeared to me that General Archer refused to be borne to the rear with his retreating men, some of whom remained with him and became prisoners. I came up directly opposite General Archer and a few feet from him, and while I was getting the prisoners to the rear of our troops Lieutenant Dailey stepped up to General Archer and said, "I will relieve you of that sword," and he did so. He then threw away his own sword and buckled on the Archer sword. This sword is now in the possession of the widow of Lieutenant Dailey, who resides at Council Bluffs, Iowa.

About twenty years ago I was on the battle field of Gettysburg with Gen. Harry Heth, who commanded the division in which Archer served, and I asked him about the relatives of General Archer. After this I had some correspondence with Mrs. Dailey, suggesting the return of the sword if any of Archer's relatives could be found, or placing it in the Historical Society of Wisconsin; but nothing came of it, as Mrs. Dailey wrote me that her two sons were then in the army, and she did not wish to do anything with it without their consent.

On the afternoon of July 1 we were driven back through the town of Gettysburg, and Lieutenant Dailey, seeing that he would probably be taken prisoner, rushed into a house and gave the sword to a Miss McAllister, who resided there. When I was in Gettysburg twenty years ago, I saw and conversed with her in relation to the sword. She said that she concealed in a wood box the sword Lieutenant Dailey gave her, throwing a newspaper and some wood over it. General Archer did not break his sword in the ground or anywhere else that day. Lieutenant Dailey was taken prisoner about 4 P.M. on July 1. He escaped in the dark July 5, and went back to Gettysburg and got the sword from Miss McAllister.

WAR VETERANS IN CONGRESS.

The death of Representative Gordon reduces the number of veterans of the great war between the states in Congress to nineteen, less than any time since the close of hostilities. It removes also the last Confederate Brigadier-General from the Federal Congress. Preceding him the last was Senator Edmund W. Pettus of Alabama.

The veterans now in Congress, numbering nineteen, are:

Senate: John H. Bankhead and Joseph F. Johnston, of Alabama; Augustus O. Bacon, of Georgia; John R. Thornton, of Louisiana; and Thomas S. Martin, of Virginia—Confederates. Henry A. Dupont, of Delaware, Knute A. Nelson, of Minnesota; and Francis E. Warren, of Wyoming—Union.

House—George W. Taylor and Wm. Richardson, of Alabama, Atterson W. Rucker, of Colorado, Albert Estopinal, of Louisiana; J. F. C. Talbott, of Maryland; Charles M. Stedman, of North Carolina; James Lamb, of Virginia—Confederates. Isaac R. Sherwood, of Ohio; Napoleon B. Thistlewood, of Illinois; Thomas W. Bradley, of New York; Henry H. Bingham, of Pennsylvania—Union.

It is a fact worthy of meditation that, while the South is largely in the minority in membership of both branches of Congress, the representation by men who fought in the two armies is nearly in the ratio of two Confederates to one Union soldier—twelve Confederate and seven Union. Before General Gordon's death there lacked but one of being twice as many.

[Since the foregoing was written several reports of errors have been sent for publication, which will be made.]

DISTINGUISHED SURVIVING CONFEDERATES.

COL. CARRICK W. HEISKELL.

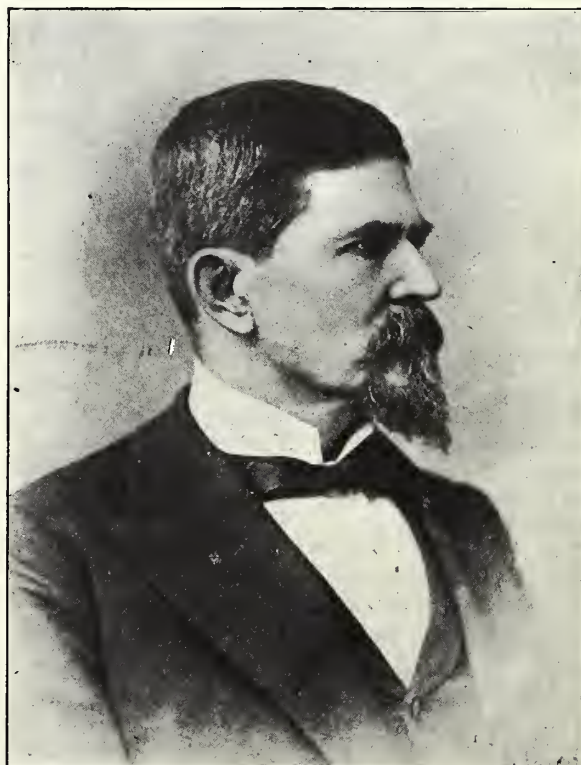
Col. C. W. Heiskell was born near Knoxville, Tenn., July 25, 1836, a son of Frederick S. Heiskell, a native of Virginia, who made his home at Knoxville in 1814.

Carrick Heiskell was one of the founders of the Knoxville Register and its editor for more than twenty years. Through his mother, Eliza Brown, Colonel Heiskell is of Scotch-Irish descent, and of kin to Col. Joseph Brown, soldier of the Revolution. He was educated at the University of Tennessee and Maryville College, graduating at the latter school. He studied law at Rogersville, Tenn., and was admitted to the bar in 1857.

At the beginning of the war he enlisted as a private in Company K, 19th Tennessee Confederate Infantry, the first company raised in Hawkins County; and at the organization of the regiment in June, 1861, at Knoxville he was elected captain of Company K. He commanded his company through Zollicoffer's campaign in Eastern Kentucky, and was in the engagements at Barboursville and Fishing Creek. After the battle of Shiloh, in the reorganization of the regiment, he was reelected captain of the company. Just after the battle of Murfreesboro, in which Maj. R. A. Jarnagin was killed, Captain Heiskell was promoted to major of the regiment.

Of the battle of Chickamauga, where the old 19th suffered a much heavier loss than any other regiment of Strahl's Brigade, General Strahl said: "Most of the field officers on my right were dismounted by having their horses shot from under them, and Major Heiskell, a very gallant officer, was severely wounded in the foot." The wound was so grave that it was several months before he was able to rejoin his regiment, and then on crutches.

Some time after the death of Colonel Moore, early in 1864,



COL. CARRICK W. HEISKELL.

and before the death of Colonel Walker, Major Heiskell was made lieutenant colonel of the regiment.

After the battle of Jonesboro, Ga., Atlanta Campaign, and death of Colonel Walker, Heiskell was promoted to colonel.

In the battle of Jonesboro, Ga., although not able for duty, he remained with the regiment through the battle; but the wound gave him so much trouble that he had to remain absent longer from his command. He next joined the regiment at Columbia, Tenn., after the battle of Nashville, and took command of Strahl's Brigade, which he kept until the close of the war.

Colonel Heiskell was a witness of the dispute between Generals Cheatham and Forrest as to who should cross the river at Columbia first, the two generals having reached the river at the same time. He took part in and witnessed the fight of the barefooted boys at Anthony Hill and Sugar Creek. He commanded the brigade in the gallant charge under Hardee in the battle of Bentonville, N. C., in which General Hardee lost his son.

At the close of the war Colonel Heiskell removed to Memphis, Tenn., where he resumed the practice of his profession. He was on the bench as judge of the Circuit Court for eight years, and served as City Attorney for four years. After four years' service as City Attorney, he resumed the practice of law, and so continued until his seventieth year, when he retired, and now, having passed the seventy-fifth milestone, he states that he is proud of four things in his career: That he was a Confederate soldier, that he is a prohibitionist, that he is a Presbyterian, and that he is a citizen of the United States.

He is brother of the venerable Confederate Congressman and father of the young men who have made so great a success of the Arkansas Gazette at Little Rock.

WITH CUMBERLAND UNIVERSITY 49 YEARS.

SOMETHING OF THE SERVICE OF PROF. A. H. BUCHANAN.

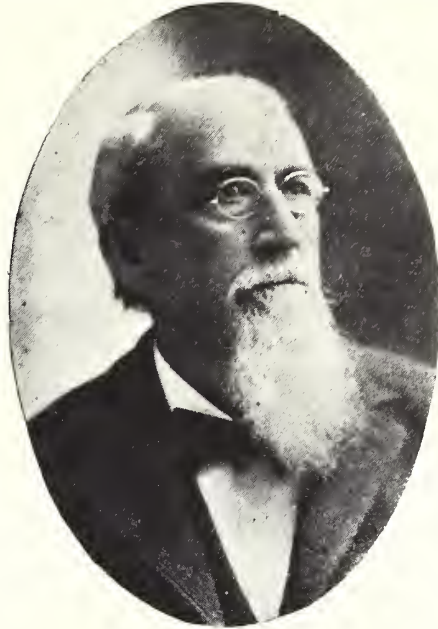
Prof. A. H. Buchanan, LL.D., has severed his connection with Cumberland University after forty-nine years of active service in the Department of Mathematics and Engineering. Professor Buchanan began his career with Cumberland University in 1854, in that year being called to assist Gen. Alexander P. Stewart, who, after graduating from West Point, accepted the professorship of engineering in Cumberland, where he served until shortly before the outbreak of the Civil War.

Professor Buchanan remained at his post in the university until the call for volunteers. Then he entered the Confederate army, being assigned to duty with the engineering corps. He was intimately associated with Gen. Joe Johnston, who remarked after the war that he had planned many battles upon the maps made by Professor Buchanan. In his narrative of the war General Johnston refers to him as "that very intelligent officer."

Resuming his college work some time after the war, Professor Buchanan has remained faithfully at his post, rendering in all forty-nine years of active service, being invalid but once. In addition to his university duties he was for twenty years employed in the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, devoting his vacations to the triangulation of Tennessee. When the boundary dispute between Virginia and Tennessee reached the acute stage, he was one of the three men employed by the government to settle the dispute.

Professor Buchanan was Dean of the Engineering Department in Cumberland for forty years, and for the last ten years he has been acting Dean of the Collegiate Department. A

report by the Nashville Banner states that during his long term he has impressed his remarkable personality upon thousands of young men and young women, who will learn with sadness that he has resigned his position in the university.



ANDREW H. BUCHANAN.

He was conspicuous throughout his entire professional career for faithfulness to duty with rigid discipline coupled with the tempered spirit of a Christian—a character under test that would declare to his own temporal hurt.

MEMORIAL DAY, JUNE 3, IN LOS ANGELES.

BY MISS KATHRYNE E. ENTLER, SECRETARY R. E. LEE CHAPTER.

I write of Confederate Memorial Day in Los Angeles. There are four U. D. C. Chapters here—the Robert E. Lee, Los Angeles, Wade Hampton, and John H. Reagan. All are doing good work, of course; but we of the Robert E. Lee Chapter think some of our work is particularly good. One of the good things is the placing of stones as markers at the heretofore unmarked graves of the Confederate soldiers buried in the cemeteries here in Los Angeles.

Our Chapter always holds memorial services in Trinity M. E. Church, South, on June 3. On this day, in accordance with our custom, services opened at 1:30 P.M. The day was ideal. The church had been beautifully decorated by our members. It was well filled with ladies and a few gentlemen. Among the latter was one old soldier who is always at such meetings. He is past eighty, is straight, clear-eyed, having a good suit of hair without any gray in it. His wife, who is a few years younger, is one of our honorary life members. All of the members carried quantities of fragrant flowers, which were placed around the chancel railing.

The services were opened with prayer by Rev. J. J. W. Kinney, after which Miss McEwen, of Maryland, rendered a beautiful vocal solo. Rev. R. P. Howell, pastor of the Church, made the address. He spoke of President Jefferson Davis in the most loving terms, giving a brief sketch of his life from his birth—June 3, 1808—saying he was one of the truest, bravest, and most gentle of men. He was fond of the Word of God and enjoyed the holy songs. He said one day Mr. Davis took his pastor by the hand and said: "As God is my

judge, though I have been cruelly treated, I feel that God does all things well." In spirit and in character he represented the Southern people. Duty laid her kiss upon the Confederate soldier's brow. He paid high tribute to the Southern women, who had often to weave the material and make their own gowns. There is a star in every flag for each Southern State. With them it is "well done, good and faithful servant." In closing he recited a beautiful poem which he found on a recent visit to the South, "Do They Love Us Still in Dixie?"

Professor Miller sang "Just before the Battle, Mother," accompanying himself on a harp.

Mrs. J. F. Ponder, chairman of the meeting, read a newspaper clipping which had been brought to us from New Orleans by Mrs. S. R. Thorpe, who had just returned from a visit to her old home. The article described the unveiling in that city of the bronze statue of Jefferson Davis on the fiftieth anniversary of his inauguration as President of the Confederacy. Rev. L. J. Milliken made a short closing prayer.

After the services were over, all of the flowers were collected, and then taken in automobiles and street cars to the different cemeteries to decorate the graves of our Confederate soldiers and other Southern friends, of whom there are many.

Let me give to you a glimpse through my eyes of my first impression at the sight of the stones which we had placed over those unmarked graves of our soldiers of the Southland. We were in Evergreen Cemetery. Some one said: "Look, there is one of our headstones." I turned to look. It was pure white, and on it was a name and the words, "At rest." Our first President, Mrs. S. R. Thorpe, had just strewn over the grave some red carnations and fine fern leaves. As I looked I saw the fresh, cool green sward, and on it the emblem of love; the simple white stone, denoting purity, bore the words "At rest." All made a beautiful picture. I just imagined I could see a dove of peace with outspread wings floating over all, completing the quiet, peaceful scene. Can you conceive anything more in keeping with a U. D. C. Memorial Day?

ALABAMA BRIGADE AT LITTLE ROCK.

Comrade A. C. Oxford, of Birmingham, had a good time at the Arkansas Reunion. Roberta Harris Winn wrote of it to the News:

"On the memorable day of the surrender in '65, that day of mingled sorrow and gladness, there was no thought of an organized effort to see comrades again, nor was there a general meeting of the 'boys in gray' until June 20, 1891, at Chattanooga, Tenn. At this Reunion Gen. John B. Gordon, who was instrumental in perfecting the organization, was present. The second Reunion was held at Jackson, Miss., in the early summer of 1892. The third Reunion was to have been held in Birmingham in the spring of 1893, but on account of the yellow fever scare it was postponed until 1894. A special building was erected and known for many years as the Winnie Davis Wigwam. Substantial business houses now occupy the site upon which it stood.

"How eagerly each year the 'boys' wait for the appointed time! How anxiously they anticipate news of the place, of the young sponsors and maids, for any and all arrangements pertaining to the event!

"At these Reunions there are many meetings of comrades who have not seen each other since the days of Yankee bullets and bursting shells. These meetings are ever pathetic. Incidents of those stirring and trying times are recalled and 'talked over.' Indeed, it is the great pleasure derived from

'talking over old times' that attracts and stimulates the dear old veterans' efforts to be present at each Reunion.



GEN. A. C. OXFORD.

"Slowly but surely the ranks are thinning and familiar faces are missed at each gathering. Some retain in their old age their straight and soldierly carriage; others bear scars and marks of the hard-fought battles.

"Citizens of Birmingham, through the efforts of earnest women, contributed a sum sufficient to send all indigent veterans in her district to the Reunion at Little Rock.

"One of the most enthusiastic of the Confederate veterans is Gen. A. C. Oxford, Commander of the Fourth Brigade, Alabama Division, U. C. V. This Division consists of thirty Camps. General Oxford in the war was a member of Gen. Joe Wheeler's staff (cavalry). General Oxford was in the battles of Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Perryville, Ky., Murfreesboro, Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga, and after those there was continual fighting until the surrender.

"General Oxford likes the company of ladies, as is testified by a letter to Judge George L. Basham, Commander of Omer R. Weaver Camp, United Confederate Veterans, Little Rock, Ark.: 'Will you kindly interest yourself in an effort to induce some of your lady friends, from one to one hundred, to become associate members of my official staff during the Reunion and to ride with me in the general parade? We ride, as you know, at a slow walk, and therefore almost any kind of a mount, so long as it is gentle, will be admissible. I will most kindly thank the comrades of the Camp to debate the matter with their lady friends who they may think will accept. I have rooms at the Hotel Marion.'

"In reply Judge Basham wrote as follows: 'Your letter has been received, and I shall publish the same in the society columns of our leading daily paper, and I have no doubt but that so gallant a cavalier will receive many favorable responses. Your letter is a little indefinite in calling for from one to one hundred; but that matters little, as I think we can safely

promise you the full hundred. Little Rock is a city of beautiful, charming, cultured, sweet, and pure women. Our women



MISS IDA BELLE CARSEY,
Maid of Honor Fourth Alabama Brigade.

are more beautiful than poets' dreams; they are cultured, they are as sweet as they are cultured, and they are as pure as they are sweet—pure as the dewdrop kissed by the breath of angels that sparkles on shrub and flower; and when a man wins their smiles, he thinks that he is in heaven."

At the Little Rock Reunion the Fourth Brigade, under General Oxford, "brought up" the rear of the Alabama Division. The Commander writes: "Our ranks were largely minus the usual number on such occasions; but with the addition of over two dozen lady equestrians, mounted on fine saddle horses, my Brigade carried off the 'blue ribbon.' I cannot recall the names of all the ladies who rode with me, but they looked only a little short of angels in the parade." Comrade Oxford's conception of ladies for his staff was a happy one, and no doubt future parades will contain attractive additions from this beginning.

VICKSBURG MILITARY PARK COMMISSION.

William T. Rigby, Chairman, Vicksburg, gives the following statement as to the condition of this park on June 30, 1911:

Area, 1,323.78 acres; cost per acre, \$46.624.

Miles of finished roadway, 30.37; cost per mile, \$13,313.21.

Number of bridges, 16; cost, \$116,449.

Number of guns mounted by United States, 128 (66 Union, 62 Confederate).

Number of tablets by United States, 897 (31 bronze, 866 iron; 568 Union, 329 Confederates). Number of iron guideboards, 122.

Number of memorials by United States, 22: 1 for Union Navy, 4 portrait busts—2 Union, 2 Confederate; 17 portrait

tablets—11 Union, 6 Confederate; cost, \$157,928.93. A memorial for Confederate Navy is desired, at approved site, to cost not to exceed \$125,000.

Number of memorials, monuments, and markers, by States, in place, 424 (400 Union, 24 Confederate).

Number of monuments and markers, as gifts, in place, 22 (5 Union, 17 Confederate); cost, \$4,257.50.

Number of bronze portraits as gifts, in place or under contract, 21 (4 statues, 1 bust, 16 tablets); cost, \$57,084.85.

Number of bronze portraits, as gifts, assured, 9 (2 equestrian statues, 1 bust, 6 tablets).

Appropriations by United States, \$1,219,000, including \$150,000 for construction of Union navy memorial; cost of this memorial, \$144,041, leaving an unexpended balance of \$5,959. Authority of Congress is desired to use this unexpended sum (\$5,959) for bronze portraits of brigade and division commanders, Union and Confederate, engaged in the operations commemorated.

Missouri has appropriated \$50,000 for the park; amount heretofore reported, \$797,000; total, \$847,000, by fifteen States.



MISS ALTA NENA HAMMOND,
Sponsor for Fourth Alabama Brigade.

Mr. A. Reese, 216 South Franklin Street, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., has been a member of the Crescent Regiment of Louisiana since they surrendered at Natchitoches, La., as a part of Kirby Smith's army, and says he would like to correspond with any of the original regiment.

Comrades generally are very good in answering inquiries. It is well; a little diligence in this way may prove a lasting blessing that is merited.

A DISTINGUISHED TENNESSEAN.

HON. EDMUND COOPER.

It is interesting to consider the career of a man who for fifty years was conspicuously the leading man of a county from which emanated many eminent men. Hon. Edmund Cooper was born in Williamson County, Tenn., September 11, 1821; died in Shelbyville, Bedford County, July 21, 1911.

"Death makes no conquest of this conqueror,
For now he lives in fame, though not in life."

He was educated in Maury County, and graduated from the Harvard Law School in 1841. He at once commenced practice at Shelbyville, and was eminent as a lawyer the greater part of seventy years. In 1844 he was married to Miss Mary E. Stephens. There were three children by this marriage: Horace S. Cooper, deceased, Mrs. Sallie C. Hoyt, and Edmund Cooper, Jr. His wife died in 1863, and in 1868 he married the beautiful Miss Lucy R. Bonner, of Fayetteville, Tenn., who died in 1890. Of this marriage Ernest B. Cooper, of Nashville, is the only child.

Mr. Cooper was a devoted member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and out of his private means he erected the Church of the Holy Redeemer at this place as a memorial to his first wife. Through disastrous cholera epidemics in Shelbyville he remained and lavishly supplied the needy.

Before the great war Mr. Cooper was a staunch Whig, a conservative Union man, and actively opposed to secession. Through all the years of the war he was considerate and helpful of those who differed with him and a valued friend of Confederate soldiers when they returned to their homes. After the war he affiliated with the Democratic party.

He was a Bell and Everett presidential elector in 1860 and again was a Tilden and Hendricks elector in 1876. He was Private Secretary to President Andrew Johnson, and as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under Hon. Hugh McCulloch signed the draft to the government of Russia in payment for Alaska. He was a member of the Thirty-Ninth Congress, and was a valiant foe to the evils of Reconstruction. In January, 1865, Governor Brownlow tendered him the appointment circuit judge, but he declined to accept.

The Shelbyville bar in a memorial tribute said:

"So many were the marked characteristics of this great citizen, though in no sense eccentric, so many-sided and varied was he in his activities in his long, fruitful, and useful career that we cannot within the limits of a memorial sketch for record attempt to depict in barren words this splendid life, so high in its ideals, so lofty in purpose, and so lustrous in all the charms of goodness and courtesy to his fellow-men.

"His professional life affords a most attractive retrospect, especially to the busy lawyer who loves his profession. It possesses and presents a regularity, a well-rounded symmetry, a methodical promptness, and uniformly courteous demeanor in the discharge of every professional duty and obligation to all of the courts before which he appeared and to his brother lawyers, which always commanded respect and admiration.

"During the entire active years of his professional life, even until the infirmities of age compelled him to retire, he retained a large clientele composed of the old, substantial citizens of the county, who clung to him with unfailing loyalty. They confided in him absolutely, never doubting his skill and ability to manage successfully the business intrusted to him. He never lost a client who once engaged him with his business.

"His wonderful skill and adroitness as a practitioner was exemplified in the conduct of his cases before the courts and juries and in the examination of witnesses. He was never uncandid with the court. He never attempted to "brow-beat" in the cross examination of adverse and unfriendly witnesses. His remarkable skill as a lawyer was never more conspicuously shown than in this particular. In cross examinations he always manifested a considerate and affable spirit. His manner at once assured the witness he would be treated fairly, and thus he secured the witness' confidence, which enabled him to uncover his obliquity, if such existed, and to obtain the very truth. This we may term masterly tactics and profound knowledge of human nature. It has been a common saying for years that no witness ever left the stand who did not feel that Edmund Cooper was his friend. His argument was always short, pointed, and helpful. * * *

"His courtesy to all who came in contact with him throughout his life sat upon him as a charming grace and stamped him as a cultured and refined gentleman. He was the highest type of the learned, resourceful, and capable lawyer.

"Each of us feels a real and personal bereavement in his death, and with aching hearts we lament the loss from our ranks of this foremost chief and exemplar."

There were attached to the memorial the names of Chancellor Walter S. Bearden and sixteen other lawyers.

The Editor was a lad at school in a village of Mr. Cooper's county during the early excitement in regard to secession when the eminent statesman and matchless orator, Meredith P. Gentry, was announced to speak in favor of secession. Edmund Cooper, of Shelbyville, rode eleven miles to make reply. Conditions were extraordinary. Companies were being organized for the war. The drum and fife were in evidence daily, and the beautiful "Stars and Bars" was floating defiance to the Union. Yet the eminence of these men secured respectful consideration throughout, and Mr. Cooper expressed his opposition to secession without reserve.

Mr. Cooper and W. G. Brownlow both visited Camp Morton prison in the spring of 1862 for the purpose of inducing the prisoners to take the oath and return to their homes, then in the Union lines. Mr. Cooper had a respectful audience and sowed some evil seeds in the prisoners' idea of patriotism and honor. Brownlow's visit was on another date, and a large assembly—say 2,000 prisoners of the 4,000 there—gathered around the speaker's stand. With haughty manner he began: "I'll tell you, men, that your Jeff Davis Confederacy is about out of soap." (Excuse the space for giving the entire speech.) When Brownlow had gone that far, a shrill cry of indignation arose, and the men scattered as they would from a hornet's nest. They bleated like cattle and hissed him, but waited not for another expression.

UNION SOLDIER'S REMAINS FROM HARTSVILLE

While the greatest diligence was exercised soon after the great war of the sixties to collect all the Union dead into national cemeteries, some were overlooked who had been buried in a trench near Hartsville, Tenn., some fifty miles above Nashville, near the Cumberland River, and recently they were discovered by grave diggers. While none could be identified, it was evident by pieces of blue cloth and the U. S. A. buttons that they were Federals, and the nine were brought to the National Cemetery near Nashville.

Gen. John H. Morgan won a notable victory in the battle at Hartsville December 7, 1862, and these are evidently some of the dead who fell in that battle.

MAJ. CHATHAM ROBERDEAU WHEAT.

Chatham Roberdeau Wheat was born in Alexandria, Va., on April 9, 1826. His father was an Episcopal clergyman and of an old Maryland family; his mother was a granddaughter of General Roberdeau, a Huguenot and the first general of the Pennsylvania troops in the Revolutionary War, who built a fort at his own expense and furnished the outfit for our first Commissioners to the Court of France.

Mr. Wheat was graduated A.B. at the University of Nashville, Tenn., in 1845. Having been chosen the year before as representative of his literary society in the junior competitive exhibition of oratory, he departed from the established usage by making an extempore address which gave bright promise of the eloquence for which he became afterwards distinguished.

He was reading law at Memphis at the breaking out of the Mexican War, and was among the first to volunteer. His father, then rector of Christ Church, Nashville, had written to advise him to wait awhile and promised he might go if there should be another call for volunteers. Before he could get his father's letter (the mail by stage then being four days between the two cities) one was sent him to this effect:

"*Dear Pa:* 'A chip of the old block,' I knew you would be ashamed of me if I did not volunteer as soon as the call came. My name, I am proud to say, is the very first on the list. I have been unanimously elected second lieutenant in a company of cavalry. Please send Jim by some careful hand."

Jim was a fine blooded horse, whose doglike training and wonderful sagacity made him a chief actor in many scenes both tragic and comic and a universal favorite in his master's regiment.

Upon the expiration of the twelve months for which they had enlisted, this regiment was disbanded at Vera Cruz, and most of the men returned home; but Wheat raised a company of one hundred and four men and was chosen captain. The night before they left the city he was seized with yellow fever. In a hammock swung between two mules he was carried to Jalapa, where he arrived in an insensible condition. As soon as he was able he reported to General Scott, and was detailed for special service as a separate command. His men being well mounted, handsomely uniformed, splendidly equipped, and perfect in drill "did the ornamental," as he laughingly said, "on great occasions for general officers and triumphal entries into conquered cities." Accompanying a party making a reconnaissance, as they drew near to the City of Mexico, he pushed ahead and was the first to catch a distant view of the city as it lay, to use his words, "glorified by the morning sun in the midst of the loveliest landscape the eye ever beheld."

Captain Wheat was several times honorably named in General Scott's official reports for important services and gallantry on the field. His command having suffered severely in killed and wounded, he was sent home soon after the taking of the City of Mexico to fill up his ranks with new recruits. These he soon obtained at Nashville, where a flag was presented to his company by the young ladies of Christ Church School, on which occasion the color bearer had on a complete suit of armor—helmet, breastplate, etc., of polished brass—taken from one of Santa Anna's bodyguard.

Returning to Mexico, Captain Wheat was detained at Jalapa until the close of the war. He used to regret that the government of the United States did not keep permanent possession of what he pronounced the finest country in the world, insisting that the present occupants were as incompetent to develop its resources as the Indians whom the Spaniards had

supplanted. He thought it would be a charitable proceeding as in the interest of civilization and reformed Christianity. He regarded the corrupt Church in Mexico as the curse of the country.

After the war Captain Wheat settled in New Orleans and resumed the study of law. He was admitted to the bar in 1847, and early acquired considerable reputation as a criminal lawyer. His very first effort resulted in the acquittal of one of his former command charged with murder and after the senior counsel had given up the case as indefensible.

In 1848 Captain Wheat was elected one of the representatives from the city of New Orleans to the State legislature. He also canvassed the State for the Whig candidates in the pending presidential election by request of the central committee, and he had no little success as a stump speaker. His father having deprecated his frequent introduction of scriptural language and illustration into his political speeches, he was equally surprised and aggrieved, saying he had found nothing so telling and effective with the masses, and that he had not felt it to be a desecration of God's Word, for which, being familiar with it from his childhood, he always had the profoundest reverence.

And now we come to the period when he entered upon a new military career that has been much misunderstood as to its character and motives, and was generally stigmatized as "filibustering." His was a far nobler purpose. He was induced to join General Lopez's first Cuban expedition not only from an impulse of philanthropy but from a patriotic purpose—*i. e.*, to maintain the equilibrium of the States by strengthening the South. Several prominent statesmen, who were also his warm personal friends, urged him to embark in an enterprise which promised great national benefits as well as personal fame and fortune.

In the coming sectional strife, which was then casting its shadow before, he and his friends fondly believed that the acquisition of Cuba as a new slave State would enable the South to withstand the further aggressions of Northern fanaticism and maintain her rights under the Constitution. Several leading men had promised their open coöperation as soon as it was expedient. The public authorities did not interfere, and the expedition sailed from New Orleans with the sympathy and good wishes of the entire community. So far from being regarded as Quixotic, it was universally expected to be completely and at once successful. The Cubans were represented as only waiting the landing of an organized force with a supply of arms and ammunition to rush into its ranks and fill up its skeleton regiments with patriots yearning for freedom. To those who quoted the philosophic aphorism, "Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow," Colonel Wheat (so commissioned by the Cuban Junta) was used to say: "Suppose a weak woman, gagged, manacled, dungeoned, and completely in the power of a brutal ravisher; would you hesitate a moment, even at the risk of your life, to attempt her rescue? Every sentiment and instinct of manhood answers, No; a thousand times no!" It was from General Lopez that he got the full information which won him to the cause of Cuban independence. All their subsequent intercourse did but deepen his first favorable impression of Lopez as a pure patriot, an accomplished soldier, and a truly Christian gentleman.

In planning this first expedition especial care was taken not to compromise the neutrality of our own government. The place of rendezvous was in midocean, beyond the limits of the United States. There the "emigrants," as they called them-

selves, were first formally made acquainted with their destination and its ulterior objects.

While the Creole was getting water at the island of Mugeris nearly all of the Mississippians and Louisianians determined to abandon the expedition. Colonel Wheat's eloquence was called into requisition, and, assembling the men upon the beach, he addressed them in a brief but stirring speech which so re-kindled their enthusiasm that they unanimously resolved to persevere in their undertaking.

The place of landing on the island of Cuba, as it turned out, was ill-chosen, and without concert or coöperation with the Cubans the invaders were unable to hold it. In the night attack upon Cardenas Colonel Wheat was severely wounded; and when they had returned to the steamer, they narrowly escaped capture by the Spanish warship Pizarro. The "Filibusters," as because of their failure they were now first called, pursued by the Pizarro, found refuge within the harbor of Key West.

Colonel Wheat did not accompany Lopez in his second expedition, having been providentially prevented, very much to his chagrin at the time, though, as the event showed, most mercifully for himself, for his strong attachment to Lopez would have made him cling to his friend and share his fate with the gallant Crittenden.

It was a generous sentiment for the oppressed everywhere, and not a mere restless spirit of adventure, which next led Colonel Wheat to join Carrajaval in his effort to put down the Church party in Mexico and give that beautiful land our free institutions instead of the effete misrule of a licentious priesthood. And again, when Walker, who had been his classmate at college, was in imminent peril of his life after his defeat at Rivas, faithful to his friend in adversity he hastened to his relief. It was in Nicaragua that he met with the most wonderful of his numerous escapes from death. By the explosion of the boiler of a steamboat he was blown from the hurricane deck into the river, but so entirely without injury that he swam to the shore with ease, taking a wounded man with him.

When Alvarez "pronounced" against Santa Anna and the Church party in Mexico, Colonel Wheat accepted a command in the patriot army. As general of the artillery brigade when Alvarez became President, he received permanent rank and pay under his administration, with official commendation and thanks for his services. When afterwards, by reason of age and its infirmities, Alvarez resigned the presidency and retired to his hacienda, at his earnest solicitation General Wheat went with him. The old hero would fain have persuaded him to remain there for the rest of his life as his adopted son; but being now in the fullest flush of a matured manhood, he could not be content with a life of inglorious ease. As the world was just then beginning to resound with the name and exploits of Garibaldi, General Wheat determined to gratify a long-cherished wish to visit Europe, now become doubly attractive by the rapid march of events in the historic changes of governments and peoples. He landed in England and joined a party of congenial spirits who were going to Italy for the purpose of tendering their services to Garibaldi.

They stopped a few days in Paris, and General Wheat had a most informal yet a most agreeable exchange of salutations with no less a personage than the Empress Eugenie herself. Having driven to the Bois de Boulogne, she had alighted from her carriage, and, followed by her ladies in waiting, was walking leisurely down a shaded avenue, when General Wheat, arm in arm with an English officer, came suddenly before the Empress. His friend, from the impulse of his national senti-

ment that no one may presume to come unannounced and without previous permission into the presence of royalty, turned instantly and beat a hasty retreat. Not so General Wheat, who, believing that his reverent salutation to the woman would not be resented by the Empress, tendered his homage by expressive look and gesture, and the lovely Eugenie promptly acknowledged it by a bright smile and a gracious inclination of the head. That interchange of grave, sweet courtesies would make a pretty picture, for General Wheat was a man of as noble and commanding presence as she of queenly grace and beauty. Over six feet in height and finely formed, he had a dignified carriage and a polished ease of manner and address.

General Wheat's reception by Garibaldi was in every way gratifying—a hearty welcome and the offer of a position on his staff. Promptly accepting it, he engaged at once in active service, and in several engagements which quickly followed his dash and gallantry were the frequent theme of the army correspondents of the English press.

WHEAT AS A CONFEDERATE OFFICER.

The troubles at home, however, gave another sudden turn to his career. As soon as he heard of the secession of the Southern States from the Federal government he hastened back to England and took the first steamer for New York. His friend, General Scott, urged him to fight again under the old flag, promising his influence to procure for him an eligible position in the Federal army. General Wheat had a great affection for his old commander and a still greater for the old flag. It was, therefore, a most painful sacrifice to sever those ties which had been made more sacred by much service and suffering in their behalf. But he felt the call of a still higher and holier duty—and he obeyed—which was to share in the fortunes of his own people and kindred and family.



MAJ. C. R. WHEAT.

In the spirit which animated that purest of patriots, R. E. Lee, and from a like stern sense of duty he gave his hand, with his heart in it, to the South.

Stopping but a day at Montgomery, Ala., then the seat of the Confederate government, to learn the situation of affairs and the probable opening of the campaign, he hurried on to New Orleans, where he hoped to raise a regiment of volun-

teers for immediate service. Before his arrival the Governor of the State, by the authority of the convention which passed the "Ordinance of Secession," had put in commission all the officers of the large force already raised. But at the call for volunteers to go to Virginia, where it was certain the Federal government would strike the first blow, five full companies were organized by General Wheat in a few days. And but for his impatience to join in the first fight, then thought to be imminent, he could easily have raised a regiment. Making all speed with his battalion (entitling him, of course, only to the rank of major, a secondary consideration with one who thought more of the cause than of himself), he arrived at the front in time to take that conspicuous part in the first battle of Manassas which made ever after the "Louisiana Tigers" a terror to the enemy. Major Wheat had called the first company raised the "Old Dominion Guard;" but another company named the "Tigers," and having the picture of a lamb with the legend "as gentle as" for its absurd device, exhibited such reckless daring and made such terrible havoc in their hand-to-hand struggle with the head of the attacking column that the name of "Tigers" as often as Wheat's Battalion was thereafter its popular designation.

General Beauregard in his official report mentioned Major Wheat in the most flattering terms as having won for himself and his command the "proud boast of belonging to that heroic band who saved the first hour at the battle of Manassas." Major Wheat's being in position to bear the brunt of the enemy's first onset (unexpected at that point, which was the extreme left), in heavy column, was one of the several providences which "saved the day." He was here desperately wounded. The surgeons warned him that it must prove fatal. He replied cheerfully: "I don't feel like dying yet." "But," said the surgeon, "there is no instance on record of recovery from such a wound." "Well, then," he rejoined, "I will put my case upon record." His unexpected recovery was owing, the surgeon thought, chiefly to his resolute will.

His knightly courtesy was shown when a colonel of the Federal army on his way as a prisoner to Richmond begged permission to see his old friend, lying in a house by the roadside. The meeting was of the most friendly character. At parting Major Wheat directed his orderly to give Colonel P. some money and underclothing, saying: "He will need them in prison, poor fellow."

Major Wheat's mother, who had flown to him as soon as she had heard in her distant home of her darling's disaster, and was righteously indignant at the invasion and desecration of the soil of her own loved native State, warmly opposed this generous gift of her wounded son; but he insisted, saying: "Why, my dear mother, P. is as conscientious in this war as we are; and if our places were changed, he would do as much for me, wouldn't you, P.?"

The popular sentiment in the army and out of it was in favor of his immediate promotion to the command of a regiment or a brigade. One of his friends, a Confederate officer, said to him: "Wheat, I would give a thousand dollars to stand in your shoes to-day." Whereupon Wheat demurely directed his orderly to give Captain B. his shoes. Various efforts were made, but nothing had been done for his advancement when, at the end of two months, Major Wheat returned to his battalion. He was not fully recovered, and President Davis advised him to go home with his father (they had called together to pay their respects) and "keep quiet until entirely well." The Major quickly replied: "I shall keep quiet, Mr. President, as long as yourself and the army do, but no longer."

Very soon afterwards he returned to his command, and was with Jackson in that brilliant campaign which resulted in the discomfiture successively of Fremont, Shields, and Banks. He was always among the foremost in the fight, taking batteries and driving the enemy from his strongest positions. The newspapers of the day seldom give an account of a battle in which his name and daring are not conspicuously mentioned.

After all his wonderful escapes, our patriot hero and martyr fell in the bloody battle of Gaines's Mill, near Cold Harbor, on the 27th of June, 1862. It was one those desperate battles of the "seven days" fighting around Richmond, when McClellan was driven back and utterly defeated.

In compliance with his own wish expressed in the words, "Bury me on the field, boys," his remains were at first interred near the spot where he fell; but it was afterwards found impossible to protect the grave properly, and therefore the body was removed the following winter to Hollywood Cemetery, being escorted by a large military and civic procession from the Monumental Church, where the burial service was performed by the Rev. Dr. Woodbridge and at the grave by Dr. McCabe. The caisson bier, the riderless horse, the solemn dirge, the soldiers' thrice volleyed farewell were "the last of earth" to our hero. His manly, beautiful form was laid in the grave; but he, the pure patriot, the self-sacrificing soldier, the martyred hero, the sincere Christian, had passed into the heavens—promoted at last. His friends think of him as having gone up from a remote province to the capital of the empire. The faithful soldier was summoned from his obscure post to become a member of the "family" of the Commander-in-Chief. We seem to hear a voice from heaven saying: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Major Wheat was not promoted by the Confederate government, according to the general expectation of the army and of the country; but if he felt the least resentment himself, he never showed it. General Ewell pointed him out to his staff as he led the storming party against McClellan's strongest position as a "too shining mark."

One incident of that eventful day revealed the loftiness of his character and afforded to his mourning family and friends their most precious consolation. His mother had sent him some months before a little book of devotions called "Morning and Night Watches" (being brief meditations and appropriate prayers of a very elevated tone of piety and great beauty of language) with a request that he would read it regularly. He wrote to her that he was delighted with it, had been reading it as she desired, and would do so as long as he lived. He begged her to send a copy of it in his name to a lady friend who had nursed him when he was wounded and another to a lady who had in like manner befriended his younger brother, Capt. John Thomas Wheat, who fell at Shiloh. Major Wheat's officers tell us that they often saw him reading this little book night and morning, and that he frequently asked them to listen to such passages as he thought particularly eloquent and impressive. One who slept in the tent with him says that he several times waked him up to listen to the "Night Watch."

On the morning of the 27th, in the gray light of the early dawn and just before the battle was begun, he called his officers about him, took the little book from his breast pocket, where he was accustomed to carry it, and told them what it was—that it was the gift of his mother, that the portion for

that morning had been marked by her own hand, that he had just read it in his tent, and, finding it peculiarly appropriate to men about to imperil their lives, he would read it, and expressed the hope that they would join him. It was a prayer for "Joyful Resurrection." Uncovering his head (which example they followed), he reverently and devoutly read it in his own most feeling and impressive manner. This is its conclusion: "Lord, I commend myself to thee. Prepare me for living, prepare me for dying. Let me live near thee in grace now, that I may live with thee in glory everlasting. Let me be reconciled to endure submissively all that thy sovereign wisdom and love see fit to appoint, looking forward through the sorrows and tears of a weeping world to that better dayspring when I shall behold thy face in righteousness and be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness. And all I ask is for the Redeemer's sake. Amen."

Putting the precious volume into his bosom, he mounted his horse and led them into the battle which was to cost so many of them their lives. * * *

From his earliest childhood he scorned not only direct lying but all suppression of the truth, refusing to associate with a schoolmate who got out of a difficulty by telling the teacher a falsehood. When about twelve years old he met with an accident which confined him to the house, and his mother, in order to amuse him and reconcile him to the unusual restraint, gave him "Thaddeus of Warsaw" to read. He soon became deeply interested in it, and at some very affecting scene he went to his mother, weeping passionately as he dwelt upon the wrong done to his hero. To quiet him she said: "This is not a true story; it is just made up by the author." "Not true!" he exclaimed, while a burning indignation quickly dried his tears, "and you, a Christian mother, give your child lies to read!" He flung the book from him as if it were contaminating, and never could be induced to take it up again.

Some years afterwards when a senior in college, being obliged by a serious accident to remain indoors, he was very severe upon his sisters, who were reading the "Wandering Jew," just then coming out in weekly numbers, and who tried to interest him in it. In return for some beautiful passage of their reading he would call out, "Put down that foolish book and listen to this"—something from Blackstone, for he had already begun the study of law. When he was going the second time to Mexico, his mother put into his valise one of Dickens's last works, thinking it might serve to while away the tedium of camp life. He brought it back with the leaves uncut; said he had much more profitable reading, having procured at New Orleans on his way out a goodly number of histories and biographies.

The writer of this memoir dwells with melancholy pleasure upon these recollections of a boyhood that gave the brightest promise of a distinguished future. The bread of religious training cast upon the waters of his young life was gathered after many days. The precious seed, hidden for a time from human observation under the unfriendly influences of a soldier's life, yielded nevertheless in due time a glorious harvest of piety and heroism, even to the sacrifice of life upon the altar of duty.

In his report of the battle of Bull Run General Beauregard said: "The enemy was soon galled and staggered by the fire and pressed by the determined valor with which Wheat handled his battalion until he was desperately wounded." Again: "No one displayed more brilliant courage than Colonel Wheat."

Gen. R. (Dick) Taylor wrote on May 26, 1862: "Major

Wheat performed his part in gallant style. * * * Major Wheat rendered gallant service."

In reorganization of the Army of Northern Virginia Wheat's command was designated as "Wheat's Special Battalion."

A CIMOURDIAN OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BY EDGAR WHITE, MACON, MO.

People who lived in the far North have but a milk-and-water notion of the horrors of war. It was in the border States where brother rose up against brother, neighbor against neighbor, Damon against Pythias that the frightful scenes occurred. Before Sumter was fired upon Bill Dunn and Sylvester Barker were sworn comrades. They hunted, fished, and went sparking together. Then they married and lived on adjoining farms in Schuyler County, Mo. As occasion arose they helped each other in the field, borrowed corn, and swapped sorghum. It was an ideal friendship till the tocsin sounded. Dunn went into the Confederacy and became a captain of the Schuyler County Grays. Barker thought the Union was right and that Dunn and his crowd were insurgents. One day Dunn's men gathered Barker up, and Dunn sentenced him to be shot for making war on the South. The Union commanders had been executing bushwhackers, and the Rebels evened up when they got a chance.

"All right, Bill," said Barker; "but what's going to become of the oats and the hay? There ain't anybody there to harvest them."

"Got much of a crop, Syl?" said Captain Dunn.

"'Bout twenty acres."

"The mischief! Well, you can't afford to lose all that. You trot along home, get your stuff laid by, and then come back, or I'll send after you."

Barker went home and harvested his hay and oats and gave his wife directions about running the farm. Then he went back and surrendered himself to Dunn's command.

"Get your hay in, Syl?" asked Dunn.

"You bet."

"How'd it turn out?"

"'Bout a ton and a half to the acre. It was a bit thin."

"What you got on that forty down on the creek?"

"Nuthin'. Was goin' to sow it in clover but for this."

"Got the seed?"

"No; but the Widow Hopper was goin' to swap me some for a couple o' hogs."

"Thought she'd married again."

"It didn't come off. That horse trader from Iowa got cold feet after he borrowed a hundred from her. Durn scalawag!"

"Ain't he? Wish we'd catch him. There'd be a wedding or a funeral sure."

The two enemies sat by the camp fire, smoked, and talked of the old days till late at night. Finally Captain Dunn knocked the ashes out of his pipe and told one of his lieutenants to get Barker some blankets.

"What time must I be ready, Bill?" said Barker yawningly as he turned to follow the lieutenant.

"Couldn't you take the oath to Jeff Davis, Syl?" said Dunn, yawning.

"Am 'fraid not, Bill. I'm a Union man, you know."

"Damn you! Good night."

In the morning after breakfast Dunn told the condemned that he had given his case serious consideration during the night, and had decided to banish instead of shooting him.

"Where you going to send me, Bill?" asked the condemned.

"Down in Mississippi."

"No, you ain't! I won't go."

"You're mulish, Syl."

"If I got that far from home, I'd never get back. Might's well be dead."

The two men sat on a log in meditative silence. Dunn's men, leaning on their squirrel rifles and slug-charged shot-guns, looked curiously on.

"I'll tell you what, Syl," said Dunn, suddenly rising; "if you'll swear that you'll never try to kill Jeff Davis or to shoot a hole in a secesh flag, I'll let you go home. Come on."

Barker showed no interest. "No use, Bill," he said, "cause just as sure as I get a sight o' Jeff I'm goin' to take a crack at him. He's the fellow that's trying to bust up the Union. But I'll tell you what I'll do."

"Well."

"If he stays where he's at, I'll swear that I won't go over there and hunt him up."

"Will you?" cried Captain Dunn delightedly. "I always knew you were the right sort, Syl, when you found out what was wanted. Here, boys! Get a piece of paper—there's some 'round one of them jugs—and let our friend Barker here take his solemn oath that he won't shoot Jeff Davis if he has to go after him. Put it down in black and white, Syl, and we'll take something, and then you can go home, confound you!"

After the war the Confederate captain and the Union man, who swore he wouldn't go over and kill Jeff Davis, resumed their neighborly relations, and remained warm friends until Dunn's death occurred, a few years ago. Barker is still living. He was chief mourner at the funeral of the man who had sentenced him to die.

[The foregoing very clever sketch is not vouched for, but it is a waggish story, and the "wags" were helpful.—Ed.]

M'INTOSH'S BATTERY AT SHARPSBURG.

BY DR. J. L. NAPIER, BLENHEIM, S. C.

In the January VETERAN D. E. Johnston in describing the battle of Sharpsburg states: "The two left companies of the 8th Connecticut Regiment ran over and captured McIntosh's South Carolina Battery, which had been thrown forward on the right of the 17th Virginia without support; in fact, it was run over before it had fired a shot." This statement of Mr. Johnston is full of errors, and I write to correct the same in justice to the men of that battery. Now I have no doubt that General Carman gave Mr. Johnston this very incorrect information, for in a controversy I had with General Carman on the same subject he claimed that we were run from our guns by a single company of infantry.

The facts are these: After a forced march from Harper's Ferry, the last few miles at a trot, three guns of the battery and twenty-one men were rushed into position, a courier having met Captain McIntosh at the ford of the Potomac with orders to hurry into action. Leaving the twelve-pound howitzer and all the caissons about three hundred yards in the rear, the three guns took position on the right of a large farmhouse and began firing on a column of Federals who were marching to the left. We had fired not more than two or three shots when Captain Adams of Gen. A. P. Hill's staff galloped up to Captain McIntosh and said: "General Hill says, limber up your guns and go at a gallop to the left of that corn field and support General Kemper." Going at a gallop to obey the order we had to pass about one hundred yards below the field before we could get in on the left of the corn on account of a ditch and plank fence, and when we reached the gate and

bridge at the entrance to the field we had to halt in order to let a battery which was leaving the field pass out. (General Carman says this was the Wise battery of Virginia.) As soon as it was out of the way, we pressed forward, and at right oblique went into battery with our right gun about fifty yards from the corn field and just on top of a hill, or rather a double inclined plain, not very steep, and we saw to our left front about two hundred yards away a small squad of Confederates, behind a partly pulled-down fence, firing on a heavy column of advancing Federals. About the time we unlimbered this little squad (of Kemper men we are told) were run over and dispersed. This left Captain McIntosh three guns and twenty-one men to fill the gap in our lines. The Federal line promptly advanced and we gave them double charges of canister. When they had advanced to within one hundred yards of us, their colors having been shot down three times, they lay down. Remaining in that position a few minutes, under our continued fire of double charges of canister, they rose and came again.

About this time General Toombs came up at double-quick and formed line of battle in the ditch behind the fence about one hundred yards in our rear. The Federal artillery had been pouring shells into us from the moment we took position. All of our horses being killed, we had no means of moving our guns; a heavy line of bluecoats were upon us; three of the twenty-one men had been shot down. Toombs had filled the gap. Then, and not until then, did Captain McIntosh, to save his men from capture, give the order to retire and leave our guns. And in leaving we carried off everything that could be used in firing or spiking the guns.

So far from our guns being overrun, as Mr. Johnston says, the truth is, the Federals came only to within thirty paces of the guns, only far enough on their side of the hill to fire on Toombs's men. Toombs, after exchanging a few volleys, charged them in front; and the 12th South Carolina Regiment, Gregg's Brigade, charging them in flank and rear, they were driven back, and before they were three hundred yards away Captain McIntosh's men were back at their post firing upon them again. Our color bearer got the lower part of the Federal flagstaff, which had been shot in two, and used it as a staff for our battery flag. Around where the Federal flagstaff was found lay forty-five dead Federals, killed by our fire. We had been firing on them for more than one hundred yards before they reached that point, and dead Federals were lying thick along the course of their charge.

How wild and remote from even the semblance of truth does the statement of Mr. Johnston appear in the face of the incontrovertible fact that instead of two companies of the 8th Connecticut Regiment we were charged by Warren's Division, nine thousand strong, and all the while our little band of twenty-one all told subjected to a heavy fire of shell and shrapnel from the Federal batteries across the Antietam! Certain it is that if Captain McIntosh had thought more of safety and less of duty, there would have been nothing between Warren and the ditch and plank fence. Had he reached that position first, could Toombs's small force have dislodged him? What would have been the result? The conclusion is inevitable: that the determined stand taken by Captain McIntosh impeded the onset of Warren and gave Toombs time to reach the point of danger and save the day.

The battle of Sharpsburg was different in many respects from any other fight. On one side were small bodies or detachments of Confederates, and on the other heavy columns of Federals opposing them. The Southern soldiers never fought better or at greater odds than they did at Sharpsburg.

THE ELEVENTH TEXAS CAVALRY.

BY LIEUT. T. S. BARNETT, COMPANY A, WHITESBORO, TEX.

The 11th Texas Cavalry was organized at Camp Reeves, in Grayson County, Tex., in May, 1861. During August it was ordered to North Arkansas, and went into winter quarters at Camp Lubbock, near Fayetteville. The next spring (1862) a march was made direct to the battle field of Elkhorn, where the regiment had its first experience in clash of arms. Two distinguished Texans, Generals McCulloch and McIntosh, lost their lives in this battle.

Soon afterwards the 11th Texas was dismounted at Des Arc, Ark., but with the promise of a remount, the horses being returned to the soldiers' homes in Texas. A transfer was made to service east of the Mississippi, and the trip to Memphis was made by steamer, then by rail to Corinth, Miss., where we arrived in April, 1862. The regiment did a lot of skirmishing until July, when it was sent by rail to Chattanooga, and remained in camp there about a month for the men to recuperate from maladies incurred in the swamps.

In August with two brigades, under Maj. Gen. E. Kirby Smith, we marched over a mountain route by Loudon, Tenn., to Richmond, Ky., where in September an encounter was had with the Federals, resulting in victory for us, but with heavy loss. From that place, in pursuit of the enemy we went to the northern border of Kentucky, via Lexington. We returned by way of Cumberland Gap, Tenn., and next participated in the battle of Murfreesboro in December, in which battle the regiment lost a number of privates and its colonel, John C. Burks. The senior captain in the regiment, George R. Reeves, was promoted to colonel.

From April, 1862, to February, 1863, the cavalry had been afoot, so fulfillment of the promise to remount them caused great rejoicing. Horses were bought in the country adjacent to Murfreesboro, and under General Wheeler scout duties were rendered until the great battle of Chickamauga, in September, 1863. Some small fighting had been done to prevent the Federals from getting farther South. The enemy was routed in the Chickamauga battle and drawn back into Chattanooga. The 11th Texas lost a number in killed and wounded.

After a battle as a part of Longstreet's Corps, winter quarters were selected near Knoxville; but we had no rest, as there was fighting almost every day, and many hardships were endured on account of scant supplies. Our clothes were nothing but rags, and many were barefooted.

In the spring of 1864 the 11th Texas, under General Wheeler, marched up the river from Morristown, via Asheville, N. C., on to Atlanta, then north to Dalton, where we rejoined the main army under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in May. The Federals had gone direct from Chickamauga to Dalton. In the Dalton-Atlanta campaign there was almost continuous fighting for about one hundred days during May, June, July, and part of August. In the latter month Atlanta was taken by the Federals soon after General Johnston had been superseded by General Hood, who on taking charge marched north with the main army, leaving Wheeler's Cavalry in Georgia. Sherman's forces were followed *en route* to Savannah, the cavalry harassing them in every way possible, capturing some and having small fights in the rear.

The march to Savannah was from August to November; then Wheeler's Cavalry crossed over into South Carolina and went into camp for a time, their main subsistence being sweet potatoes and rice. In February, 1865, we went in advance of Sherman's army north through South Carolina to Columbia,

then into North Carolina, small fights occurring occasionally, but no more heavy engagements. The surrender was in April.



T. S. BARNETT.

T. S. Barnett enlisted in Company A, of the 11th Texas Cavalry, when the regiment was organized near Whitesboro, in Grayson County. In April, 1862, he was appointed second lieutenant, and in October of the same year was promoted to first lieutenant. While the regiment was in camp south of Murfreesboro, he and a comrade were selected to return to Texas with letters and money to relations and friends. They were gone from October to February, and returned with letters, clothes, etc., for the men.

At Aiken, S. C., in a cavalry fight February 11, 1865, Lieutenant Barnett was shot below the knee, and a comrade was detailed to stay with him in the country near there. He was still on crutches at the time of the surrender. In July he returned to his home at Whitesboro, where he has since resided. He was married in 1867 to Miss Mary Roberts. Of their eight children, seven are living—five sons and two daughters.

PASTEL PORTRAIT OF STONEWALL JACKSON AT BENDANN'S IN BALTIMORE.—Rev. Dr. James R. Graham, of Winchester, Va., reports an interesting incident of how Stonewall Jackson's picture was procured. He relates that about November 1, 1862, he and General Jackson were guests at a dinner in the residence of Mrs. Hugh McGuire, mother of the eminent surgeon, Dr. Hunter McGuire, medical director of Jackson's Corps. As General Jackson rose from the table a sister of Dr. McGuire made bold to ask him for his picture, and to the surprise of the company he said: "Thank you, Miss Gettie, I'll go at once and have it taken." At the photographer's it was discovered that a button was missing from his coat. He asked for a needle and sewed it on, but "placed it a little out of line." It is from that photograph that the pastel portrait now on exhibition in Baltimore was made.

"ARLINGTON, ITS PAST AND PRESENT."

"Arlington! Euphonious name,
Wedded to heroes and to fame,
Home of the illustrious Lee,
Whilom star of liberty,
Virginia's pride, a chosen gem
Immortalized by tongue and pen."

How gently the name Arlington lingers upon the lips! How sweetly its cadences fall upon the ear like the dulcet strains of an æolian harp struck by some unseen hand! while within the heart and brain emotions are stirred and thoughts awakened that seem to open the entrance to some enchanted palace.

Many beautiful pictures hang upon memory's wall, and to-night we wish to draw aside the curtain of the years while we gaze on one that presents a vision of loveliness that time has not effaced. This picture as thrown upon the canvas is "Arlington at Sunset." As the great god of day slowly sinks to his couch, his shimmering rays throw upon the scene a radiant glow, and the picture, as if by the stroke of a magician's wand, appears before us illuminated with flames of gold.

Arlington, home of Robert E. Lee, in majestic grandeur stands upon Virginia's heights, while, like a silver thread, the Potomac flows at its feet. From its magnificent portico, with its massive white Doric columns, modeled after the temple of Theseus at Athens, the view is one of the rarest and most beautiful ever beheld. Across the river may be seen the nation's capital, spread out in splendid panorama, while far beyond the encircling hills roll away to the horizon's rim. As we gaze upon this picture we fall into a retrospective mood, and our thoughts revert to those who once lived, and moved, and had their being within these sacred halls.

Much unwritten history is there, but if those walls could speak we would listen spellbound to the tales of those olden days and times, when knighthood was in flower, when chivalry reigned in the hearts of men and led them to deeds of fame, and when death was preferable to dishonor. Then beautiful women presided over the homes, in which they were truly queens, with dignity and grace. The builder of this mansion was George Washington Parke Custis, grandson of Martha Washington by her first marriage, and adopted son of George Washington. The estate came to him by inheritance from his father John Parke Custis, and was originally part of a grant of 6,000 acres from William Berkeley, Governor of Virginia, to Robert Howsen, in 1669, in consideration for his services in bringing settlers to the colony. Howsen conveyed these lands to John Alexander for six hogsheads of tobacco. Land was indeed plentiful in those days, when 6,000 acres were given in exchange for six hogsheads of tobacco. From Gerald Alexander, son of John Alexander, in 1788, John Parke Custis purchased 1,100 acres of this land for £11,000 currency.

George Washington Parke Custis moved to this estate from Mt. Vernon in 1802, giving it the name of "Arlington," after the older Custis mansion in Northampton County, on the eastern shore; and this was named for Lord Arlington, prominent during the reign of Charles II. of England, and who was a great favorite with John Custis, sheriff of Northampton County, Va., in 1664. George Washington Parke Custis was a man of artistic tastes, and when the mansion was completed, in 1804, it met all the requirements of perfect architectural beauty and refinement. The rooms were stored with many precious relics from Mt. Vernon—rich furniture, costly ornaments, and splendid silver table service—while the walls were adorned with beautiful old portraits and handsome pictures.

For many years a most generous hospitality was dispensed at Arlington. Annually there assembled here hosts of visitors and friends, including the most distinguished Americans and Europeans of that time. In this house Robert E. Lee met the lovely Mary Randolph Custis, great-granddaughter of Martha Washington, and only daughter and surviving child of her parents, George Washington Parke Custis and his beautiful wife, Mary Lee Fitzhugh, of Chatham, and in this home she was married to the handsome young lieutenant in the United States army in 1831. In their childhood they had been sweethearts. Robert Lee lived at Alexandria, only eight miles away, and here their romance began when he first whispered of his love, "the sweetest story ever told."

The nuptial rites were solemnized on June 30, 1831, the service being read by Rev. Mr. Keith, a distinguished Virginia divine. The occasion has been thus described: "Beautiful old Arlington was in her glory that night. Never did the mansion hold a more joyous assemblage. The broad portico and wide-spread wings seemed to hold out their arms to welcome the wedding guests, and truly all went merry." In this historic home Lieutenant and Mrs. Lee began their honeymoon, which brightened and sweetened as the golden years went by. Thirty happy years were allotted to them to spend in this lovely home. Seven fair children (three boys and four girls) were given to them to bless and make glad their hearts, and all proved worthy of their parentage. It would be impossible in words to portray the home life of the Lees; but all that was purest, noblest, and best in the domestic life of the South formed the atmosphere that surrounded the inmates of Arlington. This lovely mansion formed the setting for many a joyous occasion, and oftentimes "there was a sound of revelry by night," as beauty and chivalry gathered there, and "bright the lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men."

But suddenly all was changed. Hark! did ye not hear it? It was the war call sounding throughout Dixie. From Arlington, with its hallowed associations lighted by its early romance and love-making, blessed by the joys of a happy married life, and the congenial companionship of sons and daughters all hard to give up, the hero, Robert E. Lee, goes forth, never to return. The glory of Arlington must now pass away, for the pall of war hangs heavy over the land.

Gently and reluctantly we drop the folds of the curtain over this picture on which we have been permitted to gaze and before which we fain would linger. This sacred and beautiful picture passes from our vision, but never from our hearts, for there it is photographed in colors fadeless and bright. * * * After the lapse of many years we find ourselves again at Arlington. All is changed and "all is quiet along the Potomac" again, but it is now the silent city of the dead.

During the war the mansion was converted into a hospital and the grounds used as a burial place. * * * The first interment at Arlington was that of George L. Rhinehart, a Confederate soldier of the 23d (or 26th) North Carolina Infantry.

At the close of the war the property was sold for delinquent taxes and bought by the government. In 1883 George Washington Custis Lee, eldest son of Robert E. Lee and heir under the Custis will, established his legal title to the property, and was paid \$150,000 by the government for it. And now it is the Arlington National Cemetery, one of the most beautiful in the world. It is visited annually by thousands from every part of the globe. The mansion still stands, and from the exterior looks much as of yore; but there is nothing to tell the stranger its history. The grounds are

beautiful in contour and adornment. The art of the landscape gardener by flower beds, ornamental trees, and shrubs has accomplished much; but nature has given the place its majestic beauty, with its picturesque slopes and ravines. A military character is now stamped upon Arlington. From a staff in front of the mansion the stars and stripes now float all day long, while at sunset the guns from Fort Myer send their echoes from shore to shore. South of the house is the Temple of Fame, an open circular colonnade, on whose columns are carved the names of some of the nation's heroes. Near by is the monument to "The Unknown Dead," where over two thousand nameless soldiers sleep in one common grave. East and west of the house are the graves of Revolutionary and Federal officers, where many handsome monuments have been erected. According to the privilege granted by the government to the wives and daughters of officers, there may be found many a woman's grave beside that of husband or father. Many of the flower beds are arranged to form the names of Federal commanders, and here and there about the grounds are bronze tablets containing verses from O'Hara's solemn dirge, "The Bivouac of the Dead." Many of the heroes of the Spanish and Philippine wars rest here, and a noble shaft marks the place.

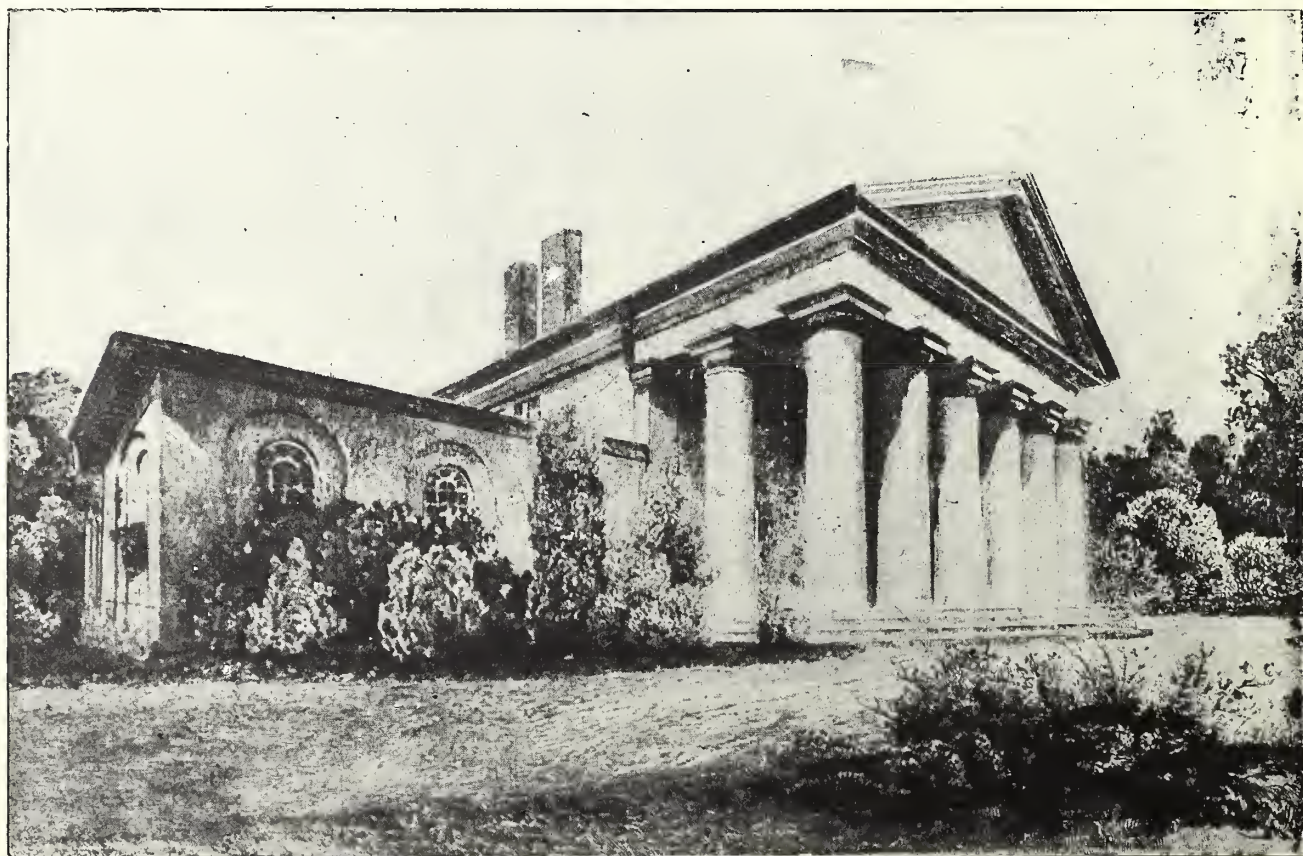
The most impressive sight at Arlington is the "Field of the Dead," containing the graves of 16,000 soldiers. It is on a level plateau, the headstones set in rows, uniform in size and distance, and seeming to stretch away in lines of endless vision like battalions marshaled for review. But in this survey of the mansion and grounds there is absolutely nothing to indicate to the stranger that Robert E. Lee ever lived here or that any Southern soldier ever performed a patriotic deed.

God speed the day when within the hall of Arlington may be placed a tablet to the memory of Robert E. Lee, commander-in-chief of the Confederate army, to tell visitors that he left this home to battle for his State and never returned.

But we pass on, and farther down the sloping bank we approach a sacred spot. "Stranger, tread lightly here, for this spot is holy ground." Here rest our Confederate dead at Arlington. No lofty or imposing monument as yet marks their resting place, yet sweetly they sleep, for the sun and dew fall equally upon the blue and the gray, and Virginia's breast forms the cradle for both in their long sleep.

You have doubtless heard of the almost miraculous decoration of the Confederate graves at Arlington. On the occasion of the first Decoration Day in the North (1869) some Southern ladies went to Arlington for the purpose of placing flowers on the graves of the Confederate soldiers buried there. They were refused admittance, as sectional feeling was then very bitter. That night a violent storm of wind and rain came, and the flowers with which the Federal graves had been decorated were blown over and piled high on the Confederate graves. James Ryder Randall in his poem entitled "At Arlington" refers to the incident in these beautiful lines:

Jehovah judged abashing man,
For in the vigils of the night
His mighty storm avengers ran
Together in one choral clan,
Rebuking wrong, rewarding right,
Plucking the wreaths from those who won;
The tempest heaped them dewy bright
On Rebel graves at Arlington.



VIEW OF ARLINGTON FROM DIRECTION OF WASHINGTON MONUMENT. THE CONFEDERATE LOT IS SOME 300 YARDS TO THE LEFT

McKinley, our noble and martyred President, was the first to lift his voice and say that the government should care for the graves of the Confederate soldiers as well as the Federals. All honor to his memory! In consequence of this noble sentiment expressed by him in his great speech at Atlanta, Ga., in 1898, the Confederate veterans of Washington, D. C., petitioned the President that a separate plot be designated at Arlington and all Confederate soldiers be removed to this section. In June, 1900, a bill was passed by Congress, approved by the President, making an appropriation for the reburial and suitable marking of the graves of Confederate soldiers. Up to this time the graves were scattered, and only headboards bore the number of the grave and the word "Rebel." In June, 1903, the work was completed. "Confederate Section" at Arlington was made a thing of beauty. The graves, two hundred and sixty in number, were arranged in circles around a central mound and the marble headstones inscribed with the name of soldier, his rank, company, regiment, and State, and the letters "C. S. A."

On June 6, 1903, the first memorial service for Confederate dead was held at Arlington. On this same spot the United Daughters of the Confederacy will erect their monument to the Confederate soldiers, according to a resolution adopted by them in convention at Norfolk, Va., November 13-16, 1907.

I pause for a brief tribute to the private soldier. So many touching poems have been written entitled "Only a Private." How significant are these words! A private in the line with knapsack, gun, and canteen, with no thought of fame, endured all hardships. Those manly sons of the South answering to the first call to arms, inspired by the teachings of their father and the spirit of 1776, gathered under the folds of the Southern banner, giving up their lives that their country might live. Over all this broad land wherever a monument is erected to the Confederate soldier it is also to Robert E. Lee; and if erected to Robert E. Lee, it is also to the Confederate soldier. They were so closely interlinked that it is impossible to separate them. Lee and his soldiers were worthy of each other. The splendid genius and nobility of the officer were seconded by the bravery and heroism of the soldier. They were ever inspired by the confidence of their leader, for they knew he would never ask a private to go where he would not willingly lead, and Lee was ever conscious of the love and devotion of his men. History gives many instances of those bound together by the strong ties of love and friendship, as Damon and Pythias, David and Jonathan, and others; but itself cannot draw asunder. How beautifully appropriate, then, was the design first suggested to be embodied in the monument at Arlington: "Lee to the Rear" at the battle of the Wilderness, for it represents the Confederate soldier when he shows his greatest exaltation of character in his solicitude for the safety of the person of his leader.

Arlington, home of Robert E. Lee, City of the Dead, on this sacred spot we, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, will erect our monument to the Confederate soldier. "There is not marble enough in the bosom of mother earth to build a monument grand enough to do justice to the heroic soldier of the South," for in all the history of the world they have never been surpassed in courage, endurance, and patriotism. But we place this memorial as a tribute of our love, as an expression to the world of our admiration and undying loyalty to the memory of the Confederate soldier, and as an inspiration to posterity for all time to come. Would that we might write upon it in letters of light this inscription:

"To the memory of the Confederate soldiers: 'Uncrowned heroes of an invisible empire of loyal hearts,' for

"Tell it as you may, it never can be told;

Sing it as you will, it never can be sung—

The story of the glory of the men who wore the gray."

[Address of Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, Historian Mississippi Division, U. D. C., and delivered during the State Convention at Meridian, Miss., May 1-4, 1911, Historical Evening.]

NOTES FROM BATTLE FIELDS.

W. D. Whetstone, of Grandview, Ala., writes:

"I was a member of the 21st Alabama Regiment, Gladden's Brigade. We were, I presume, in the battle as early as any command. Not long after we engaged the enemy, and during the time we were re-forming, a woman rode along just in rear of our line, screaming. From what we heard we concluded that she lived near by and was looking for her son.

"We steadily pushed the enemy, halting occasionally to reform our lines. One of these re-formings happened as we reached the sutler's and paymaster's tent, where there were large boxes of greenbacks. Our men broke them open and took what they wanted. I took only one ten-dollar bill, thinking it of no value; besides, it didn't look patriotic. I sent the ten home as a souvenir. One of my company, Alexander Cameron, got seven thousand. A few years afterwards he spent a day or two with me. He was then tramping, although he was the son of a wealthy shipowner, and a member of the Cameron family of Scotland.

"While we were behind the works at Corinth in May or June, 1862, one of my company, a man named Jackson, while on picket killed a Yankee who had a breastplate on. It had been struck twice by bullets, but Jackson's bullet struck him in the head.

"Our Camp, No. 396, U. C. V., is getting like our battle line in 1864. We have lost about thirty-two members since we organized, in 1893. I have been the Adjutant since its organization."

ABOUT FIGHT AT FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

BY W. G. ALLEN, DAYTON, TENN.

J. W. Du Bose in the July VETERAN requests information from participants in the Fayetteville (N. C.) fight.

On March 9, 1865, about 10 P. M., General Wheeler sent a courier to Col. G. W. McKenzie, who commanded the 5th Tennessee Cavalry, to come to his quarters. Colonel McKenzie directed me to ride over with him. General Wheeler laid the plan of the early morning attack of the 10th on General Kilpatrick's camps. Showing Colonel McKenzie as well as he could the location of Kilpatrick's camps, he gave him orders to go to the rear of Kilpatrick's camps and be in position by daylight. Colonel McKenzie ordered me to go in person and give each company commander orders to saddle up and fall in line quietly. When mounted we started with a guide. When near the point we were to occupy, we bogged, so that but few of the men got through.

General Wheeler brought on the attack. We were in sight of the fleeing Yankees. W. S. Reddick, who was a private in Company D, 5th Tennessee, my old company, has told me time and again that he was one of the first men to get to General Kilpatrick's quarters; that the General left his sword, uniform, and boots, also a woman, presumably his wife. I did not see General Butler, and General Wheeler did not speak

of him. As adjutant of the 5th Tennessee I had done special service for General Wheeler repeatedly. W. S. Redderick is an elder in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

REPORT BY JOSEPH A. JONES, BIRMINGHAM, ALA., COMPANY K, 51ST ALABAMA, PARTISAN RANGERS.

At the request of J. W. Du Bose, of Wetumpka, Ala., in the July VETERAN in reference to what part General Wheeler took in the surprise party given General Kilpatrick in the fight on the Fayetteville Road (North Carolina) and what part Butler's Cavalry took in the fight, I as a witness to that battle will answer.

Twenty-four hours before that engagement we (Wheeler's Cavalry) had hardly seen an enemy. We marched slowly all day on March 9 in a drizzling rain, resting occasionally, as though there was no occasion to hurry. At 3 A.M. March 10 we were halted, ordered to dismount, and be as quiet as possible. In this position we remained until the appearance of day, when we mounted and as quietly as possible we moved to the top of the hill in front of us. Upon reaching the top we beheld the sleeping camp of eight thousand of Kilpatrick's Cavalry, all well armed and mounted.

General Wheeler from 2 A.M. on that morning (March 10) had gone around Kilpatrick's camp dismounted with his escort and a few other select troops captured all the pickets and reserves; and when our brigade of Alabamians went into line of battle, we could see over that entire camp, and I saw but one Federal soldier stirring. It was a complete surprise. When all was ready for action, General Wheeler dashed up to General Hampton and, saluting, said: "General Hampton, with your permission I will give the order to dismount, so as to make the capture of this entire camp sure."

General Hampton with quiet dignity replied: "General Wheeler, as cavalrymen I prefer making this capture on horseback."

General Wheeler again saluted and said: "General Hampton, all is ready for action; have your headquarters bugler blow the charge." The cyclonic operations following this bugle sound can better be imagined than described.

As I now remember, General Butler commanded the Hampton Legion, then recently added to our cavalry force in Johnston's army. A few minutes after beginning the engagement I looked to our left westward and saw the South Carolina troops, with General Wheeler in their front next to the enemy, with sword uplifted begging them to go forward to the assistance of their comrades in battle; but they stood still as mere spectators to the scene in front of them. Why they thus acted we never knew. General Wheeler told them that if they would not fight for him to fight for their country; still they did not move.

The incident of General Kilpatrick jumping out of the window, leaving his woman, carriage, and horses, is true. Our brigade commander, Colonel Hagen, with a few men charged this little cabin and secured the prize carriage, pair of bay horses, and a woman. These, however, were recaptured by the enemy in the general mix-up.

In this battle, which lasted from daylight till half-past eleven, we captured five hundred prisoners and released three hundred and fifty of our own men, who had been captured a few days before. About 11:30 we stampeded Kilpatrick's entire command, but I have never known the losses on either side.

Great was little Joe Wheeler. Had General Hampton followed the suggestion of General Wheeler, no doubt we would have captured half of Kilpatrick's command.

ANOTHER BRIEF REPORT.

Sam Bennett, of Jasper, Tenn., writes of the fight:

"I reply to J. W. Du Bose's inquiry about the Fayetteville (N. C.) road fight of March 10, 1865. General Wheeler's cavalry was there. I belonged to Smith's 4th Tennessee Cavalry, Harrison's Brigade. We had marched all night, and at daylight we formed and charged through a swamp into the enemy just across the swamp. We ran into the 10th Ohio Cavalry and captured nearly all of them. They had not gotten up. We had some men killed and many wounded, General Harrison being one of the wounded.

"Our regiment was within three hundred yards of the house out of which General Kilpatrick ran. We could plainly see it from where we were. We captured his spotted pony and gave it to General Wheeler.

"Dibrell's Brigade engaged in the fight about the time we did. I don't know anything of Butler's being there.

"There are several men in Nashville who were in the fight."

UNION VETERAN UPON WAR-TIME DEEDS.

BY WILLIAM H. SANDERSON, DAYTON, OHIO.

Although I am a veteran soldier of the Union army during the War between the States, and took pride in my service to uphold the old stars and stripes, having served first in a Vermont volunteer regiment and thereafter in the 2d United States Infantry (regular army), I feel that now we, the blue and gray, are brothers and comrades in upholding the union of States against all invaders, be they internal or external enemies. But in this let us not forget that once we desperately fought each other in sincerity for the purpose of upholding "a government of the people, for the people, by the people."

Each side was American, and the Confederate was just as true to his ideal as was the Union boy in blue. But if we had known each other then as we know each other now, that terrible war of brother against brother would not have been a part of the nineteenth century history.

"I do not wish to write a dissertation on those events, but I wish to call attention to the line of events as brought out in the articles in the VETERAN concerning Gen. W. T. Sherman, atrocities, etc. I did not serve under that noted general, having been in the Army of the Potomac during all my service; but if he was the author of "war is hell" as an item of literature, he certainly is the author of much of war's hellish conditions.

Much has been said in the North about the atrocious burning of Chambersburg, Pa., by a raiding Confederate force; but it was an affair of honor compared with the destruction of Atlanta, Ga., and driving from their loved homes a multitude of women and children without cause or reason. Such action was worse than barbarian wars of the Middle Ages—while we were supposed to be intelligent, enlightened people; again, the burning of Columbia was wholly unnecessary.

In regard to the depredations of Confederate raiders within the Union lines, or the devastation of its army, they were on the whole no worse, if as bad, as that of the Union forces on raids. Take, for instance, Wilson's Union raiders when in Alabama on the Selma campaign. One brigade under General McArthur stopped for a day or two at Marion, Perry County, Ala., where I had a sister (Mrs. W. M. Catlin) living. Her husband was in the Confederate service at the time. Hearing that Mrs. Catlin was a Northern woman the commanding general made her home his headquarters, hence a protecting guard was placed; yet she lost many things taken by soldiers

in the presence of the guards. And at a neighbor's home the men entered, drove out the women and committed all kind of depredations—breaking furniture, dishes, and taking things of value. They smashed a piano to pieces, performing such acts with much hilarity. Other houses were entered in a similar manner, and the women were insulted. At length, upon my sister's solicitation an officer put a stop to some of the destruction. I never heard of Mosby's or Stewart's men committing such depredations. They sometimes demanded food and other things. But give credit to whom credit is due, and charge the sin and crime afflicted on humanity to the right ones. I saw much in those long years that left its imprint on my memory; and in the passing years those memories have culminated in better judgment than when a soldier boy in my teens. Yet I am thoroughly true to my country.

WHERE CAPT. S. L. FREEMAN WAS KILLED.

BY JUDGE JOHN H. HENDERSON, FRANKLIN, TENN.

The Editor of the *VETERAN* has made the first contribution of \$1 to the fund for the erection of a marker to indicate the spot where Capt. Samuel L. Freeman fell in the spring of 1863. The place is about two hundred yards from the Lewisburg Pike near Douglas Church and Franklin. This has been deposited in the National Bank of Franklin to the credit of the Captain Freeman fund. I will be glad to join in the effort to raise the fund for this purpose not less than \$50, upon contributions of \$1 or more. My sister, Mrs. Mary J. Warren, who owns the land, will make such deed as will protect the marker. All who will contribute to the enterprise can send their contributions to me at Franklin or to the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*, and all will be faithfully appropriated.

[On page 308, June *VETERAN*, Judge Henderson gives a most interesting story of Captain Freeman. The marker proposed is a fitting tribute to that gallant officer, and prompt responses to this opportunity to begin the work of honoring Confederate dead about famous Franklin should be improved. The liberality of Mrs. Mary Warren in offering to deed the necessary rich land should be an inspiration to comrades to send a dollar to Judge Henderson at Franklin.]

REPORT BY O. V. ANDERSON, TULLAHOMA, TENN.

In the June *VETERAN* I note the article by Judge J. H. Henderson, of Franklin, Tenn., in regard to the killing of Capt. Samuel Freeman, of Freeman's Battery, Forrest's Cavalry. I was a member of that battery and in the fight that day on the Lewisburg Pike near Douglas Church, and was taken prisoner with twenty-eight others, as brave soldiers and noble men as ever lived. Lieut. Nathaniel Baxter, now Speaker of the Tennessee State Senate, was of the number. My recollection is that General Forrest was moving on Franklin that day, intending to make an attack. Our videttes on the east side of the pike were captured by the United States regulars; then they charged our battery. We were completely surprised, and they were on us before we could unlimber and load.

After Captain Freeman had surrendered, a Yankee cavalryman rode up and shot him in the head while he was still on his horse, and Captain Freeman fell to the ground. I was within ten yards of him. His horse ran back toward General Dibrell's regiment, which was in our rear. General Starnes's regiment was in front of us in the line of march. The Yankees double-quickened us out of the way; they came in and threatened to shoot us if we did not keep moving. Dr. Skelton, our company physician, was wounded, as was Dick Rou-

ton also. We were guarded that night in Franklin, and taken to Nashville next day and put in the penitentiary. From there we were sent to Louisville, Ky., and thence to Baltimore, Md. Later we were sent to City Point, Va. We were among the last prisoners exchanged.

I don't know who the young man was who was crying and cursing the Yankees for the brutal murder of Captain Freeman, but my impression is that it must have been Glewes McWhirter or Tom Allen, for we three were the youngest of the company—each about seventeen.

General Forrest loved Captain Freeman devotedly, and I heard that he burst into tears when he heard of Captain Freeman's fate. Our battery always held to the name of Freeman. In the noted West Tennessee raid made by General Forrest he took our battery with him, and we were in the battle of Parker's Crossroads, where we captured a battery and a brigade of Yankees. When shot and shell were flying thick as hail, Lieutenant Baxter (we called him "Nat") walked among his men, encouraging them with his manly bearing and words of cheer. At one stage of the battle, when part of Dibrell's Regiment was supporting our battery (and braver men than Dibrell's never lived), they moved a little farther to our right. Not being aware of what the move meant, Lieutenant Baxter ran up to them and said: "Boys, for God's sake, don't leave us. We will whip them." They soon convinced him that he need have no fear of their leaving him, and then they poured the shot into the Yankees thick and fast.

I think, with Judge Henderson, that a shaft of some kind should be erected on the spot where the gallant Freeman fell.

WHO WAS LLOYD?

BY R. G. ROBERTS, OXFORD, ALA.

I would be thankful for information as to the nativity, life, and family connections of — Lloyd, who was killed by Croxton's (Federal) Raiders at Oxford, Ala., April 23, 1865. At that time Lloyd was stationed at Oxford as a clerk in the commissary department of the C. S. A., under Captain Clark, a government agent.

When the raiders passed through this part of Alabama, they were resisted occasionally by small bands of Confederates. Captain Clark, operating in this way, killed a Federal and shot down his horse as the troopers came into Oxford. In the mêlée that followed Clark and Lloyd were captured. The captors of Lloyd demanded of him to tell who did the shooting. His reply not being satisfactory, they threatened to kill him. He asked as a last resort to be allowed to run for his life, which they granted. He then darted through an alley, followed by a fusillade of bullets; but his only damage was the taking off of one of his fingers. When he had proceeded the distance of about two blocks, the troopers headed him off and effected a recapture. Then marching him back to where the dead Federal lay, they renewed their demands of him to divulge the name of the man who did the killing. Upon his refusal to tell they shot him.

At the time of the sad tragedy Lloyd's wife, in delicate health, was living on a hill overlooking the scene. She soon afterwards gave birth to a child. After the war was over, Mrs. Lloyd went away, perhaps to her home in Mississippi, where her husband was said to belong, and has not been heard from since. The remains of her heroic husband lie in the Oxford Cemetery. Hence to start a monument for a suitable memorial the writer would be pleased to be placed in communication with the family of that true soldier.

THE LAST ROLL

"But the truer life draws nigher every year,
And the morning star climbs higher every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burdens lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter every year."

MEMBERS OF CAMP AT PONCHATOULA, LA.

Capt. George M. Penn reports the "Last Roll" call of Camp No. 1074 at Ponchatoula, La.: George Mitchell, Company 7, 7th Louisiana; Arthur Poche, Pelican Battery; M. E. Viniard, Company 7, 7th Louisiana; John W. Sutton, Company K, 7th Louisiana; J. W. Duggins, Company E, 17th Missouri; W. B. Holden, Company D, 9th Louisiana Battalion; George W. Bowen, Company K, 12th Mississippi; R. B. Miller, Smith's Mississippi Battery.

DEATHS IN CAMP JACKSON, MONTICELLO, ARK.

Death roll of Camp James A. Jackson, U. C. V., Monticello, Ark., 1910-11: J. T. Dunlap, Company B, 1st Arkansas Cavalry; T. C. Erwin, Company A, 26th Arkansas Infantry; G. H. Owen, Owen's Arkansas Battery; W. D. Roddy, Company I, 1st Arkansas Infantry; A. W. Lowe, Company B, 26th Arkansas Infantry; Sam Hathaway, Company F, 2d Arkansas Cavalry; Ed Bowden, Company C, 3d Arkansas Infantry; J. A. Priddy, Company I, 10th Missouri Cavalry; J. A. Berryman, Company B, 2d Arkansas Cavalry; M. G. Hogue, Company F, 18th Arkansas Infantry.

DR. A. M. TRAWICK.

A. M. Trawick was born in Carroll County, Tenn., October 8, 1846. His death occurred at Nashville, Tenn.

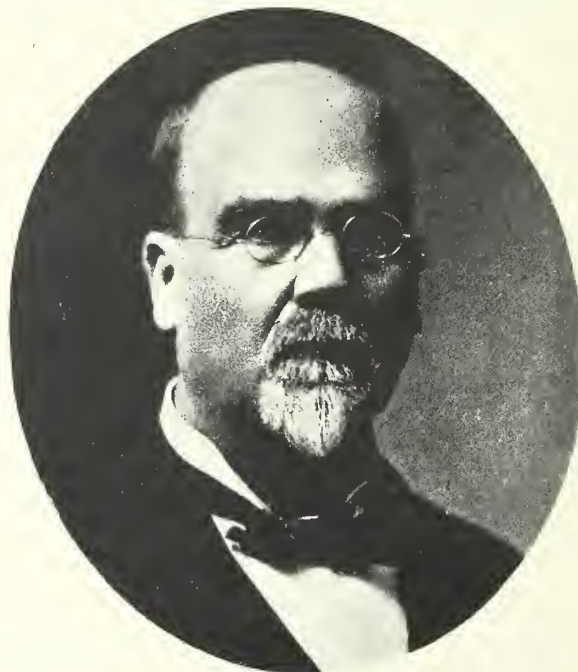
In a reminiscence of his service in the army he wrote that he was residing in Clinton, Ark., when the war began and that he sought to join his brothers George and John, who had enlisted in the 10th Arkansas Regiment; but as he was under fifteen years, he was not allowed to go. In October, 1861, when another company was organized, he left school to go with it, and was sworn into the 16th Arkansas on October 29, 1861. He gives in his diary a history of the movements of the regiment and their severe experiences in Arkansas.

In March 16, 1862, they started on a forced march for Corinth, Miss., arriving there on April 12, a few days after the battle of Shiloh. When the army fell back, Bragg started into Kentucky, and the 16th Arkansas went under Price to Tupelo, Miss., remaining there until September 15, when it moved back to Iuka, where they had a hard fight on the 19th. They fell back again after that battle to Baldwyn, Miss. About October 1 Generals Price and Van Dorn joined forces, and on the 3d and 4th a terrific and disastrous charge was made on the Federal fortifications at Corinth. The 16th Arkansas was ordered about November 1 to Port Hudson, where they went into winter quarters.

On February 18, 1863, young Trawick was promoted to a lieutenancy. On March 14 the Federal fleet under Farragut advanced up the Mississippi with gunboats and mortars. Two

ships, the Harvard and the Monongahela, passed by the forts; but the famous old war ship, the Mississippi, was set on fire and destroyed. This is a memorable event to all survivors of the forces there. Admiral Dewey was of those captured upon leaving the burning ship. The mortar shells, thrown with great diligence during that engagement, created consternation, as they could be observed by burning fuse going very high in the air and exploding with well-ordered fuse as they fell. During that siege Lieutenant Trawick was a volunteer with some men to occupy a most perilous position. In his written record he does not refer to it, yet he gave a thrilling account of it at a meeting of the Frank Cheatham Camp, U. C. V.

After the surrender of Port Hudson, Lieutenant Trawick was of those sent to Johnson's Island prison. He carried with him three books that he took from home: a Bible, Davies's Arithmetic, and Smith's Grammar. As soon as practicable he added to his books a list of useful ones, and became quite a close student. He read the Bible through twice and the Testament seven times. He was baptized in Lake Erie



DR. A. M. TRAWICK.

on March 27, wading through the ice to proper depth. His diary tells briefly of hardships in prison, and that they were kept on Johnson's Island until March 21, 1865 and thence sent to Fort Delaware, and kept there until June 13, 1865, when they were released.

COL. SIDNEY JACKMAN.

Rev. D. A. Embrce writes from Higginsville, Mo.: "I hear different opinions advanced as to what became of Col. Sidney Jackman, who had so much trouble on the Kansas and Missouri line. I know something of him through personal experience. Colonel Jackman served to the end of the war with credit to himself and to the cause. He settled in Texas after the war closed, and was Representative of his county one term in the legislature, and was appointed United States marshal by Grover Cleveland, in which office he served the remainder of his life. His oldest son has been sheriff of Haze County for several years. Capt. William Marchbanks, of Paris, Tex., served under Colonel Jackman."

STONEWALL CAMP, U. C. V., PORTSMOUTH, VA., 1909-11.

CHARLES T. PHILLIPS died at his home, in Portsmouth, Va., February 10, 1910, aged seventy-three years. He entered the service April 19, 1861, as a private in Company G, 9th Virginia Infantry, Armistead's Brigade, Pickett's Division, A. N. V. He was promoted to sergeant major of his regiment, participated in the great battles of Northern Virginia, and served to the end of the war. He then established a school, and continued teaching until 1882, when he was elected Clerk of the Court of Hustings for Portsmouth, and had since been successively elected to the office. He was Past Commander of Stonewall Camp and a prominent and highly esteemed citizen.

R. R. FERGUSON died at his home, in Norfolk, Va., on May 5, 1909. He entered the service at Charles City C. H. in May, 1861, as sergeant in the Charles City Southern Guards, was promoted to lieutenant and captain successively, and served to the end of the war in the Army of Northern Virginia. He was wounded twice.

JAMES K. LANGHORNE died in Portsmouth, Va., on April 12, 1910, at the age of seventy years. He enlisted April 20, 1861, as a private in Company C, 16th Virginia Infantry, Mahone's Brigade, A. N. V., in which he served until December, 1862, when he was appointed assistant engineer in the Confederate States navy and assigned to the Confederate steamship Stono, and then to the flagship Chicora during the siege of Charleston. He was transferred to the Confederate steamship Virginia in the James River Squadron in the last engagement with the enemy. He rejoined his old company, and was paroled at the end of the war.

JOHN E. SALE died at Portsmouth, Va., April 12, 1910, aged seventy-eight years. He entered the service April 20, 1861, as a private in Company G, 9th Virginia Infantry, Armistead's Brigade, Pickett's Division, and participated in the battles of Northern Virginia. He was wounded at Gettysburg and taken prisoner in that battle. He was not only a gallant soldier but a true friend.

M. C. LAWRENCE died at his home, in Portsmouth, June 16, 1910, at the age of seventy-two years. He entered the service February 16, 1862, at Gatesville, N. C., as a member of Company C, 2d North Carolina Cavalry, and served to the end of the war. He was wounded twice in the battle of Five Forks, April 1, 1865. His body was taken to Gatesville, N. C., for interment.

JOSEPH B. BOURKE died at Portsmouth July 1, 1910, aged seventy-three years. On April 2, 1861, he became a private in Company G, 9th Virginia, and served to the end of the war, taking part in the battles of the Army of Northern Virginia. He was wounded at Bermuda Hundreds November 24, 1864.

DAVID A. WILLIAMS died at Portsmouth July 19, 1910, at the age of seventy-three years. He entered the service April 19, 1861, as a member of Company K, 9th Virginia. He was wounded at Seven Pines, and was transferred to the construction department of the Confederate States navy, in which he served to the end of the war.

L. C. DUKE died at his residence, in Portsmouth January 22, 1910, aged sixty-four years. He entered the service in 1862 as a private in Company I, 9th Virginia Infantry, and served to the end of the war in the Virginia Army.

EDWARD F. BERRYMAN died in the Soldiers' Home, Richmond, Va., May 1, 1909, at the age of seventy-three years. He was sergeant in Company H, 61st Virginia Infantry, and served to the end, surrendering at Appomattox.

W. H. PARKERSON died at his home, in Gilmerton, Norfolk County, Va., March 10, 1910, aged sixty-six years. He was a private in Company A, 10th Regiment North Carolina Artillery.

JAMES H. ARCHER died at his home, in Portsmouth, September 9, 1910, aged seventy-two years. He entered the Confederate States army as a private in Company B, 3d Virginia Infantry, Kemper's Brigade, A. N. V., in which he served to the end at Appomattox.

ROBERT E. DEANS died at his home, in Portsmouth, October 1, 1910, aged seventy years. He entered the service on the 21st of April, 1861, as a private in Company H, 3d Virginia Infantry, and was promoted to sergeant. He was severely wounded in the Seven Days' fights around Richmond, and retired from active field service. He was a devoted husband and father, a Christian gentleman, and brave soldier.

JOHN W. BUNTING died at his home, in Portsmouth, October 1, 1910, at the age of sixty-seven years. He was a private in Company A, Battalion of Heavy Artillery, in which he served to the end of the war. When Richmond was evacuated, his command was assigned to General Mahone's division as infantry, and paroled at Appomattox.

THOMAS J. DASHIELL died in Portsmouth on November 16, 1910, aged seventy-one years. He entered the Confederate States army on April 20, 1861, as a private in Company K, 9th Virginia Infantry, was promoted to sergeant, and participated in the great battles of the Army of Northern Virginia. He was captured at Gettysburg, exchanged, rejoined his command, and was wounded at Dinwiddie C. H. He was an honored citizen of Portsmouth, a Christian gentleman, and was beloved by all who knew him.

LEROY B. EDWARDS died at his home, in Portsmouth, November 28, 1910, aged sixty-four years. He entered the service when a boy as a private in Company A, 3d Virginia Infantry, and served to the end of the war.

JOHN W. WOOD died in Portsmouth February 11, 1911, at the age of sixty-nine years. He entered the service June 9, 1861, as a private in Company G, 9th Virginia Infantry; was promoted to orderly sergeant, and was in all the great battles of General Lee's army. He was one of the best-known citizens of Portsmouth, holding the office of Street Inspector for over thirty years. He was a gallant soldier, with a host of friends.

WILSON B. LYNCH died in Portsmouth February 14, 1911, aged seventy-seven years. He entered the service April 20, 1861, as a private in Grimes's Battery, and participated in the battles of the Army of Northern Virginia. He was wounded at Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862; captured at Hatcher's Run, April 2, 1865, sent to Point Lookout prison, and released at the end of the war. He was a brave soldier and true friend.

CLARENCE H. WILLIAMSON died at his home, in Norfolk, March 12, 1911, aged sixty-five years. He entered the service in April, 1863, at Charlotte, N. C., in the Nitre and Mining Bureau, and later joined the Norfolk Light Artillery Blues, in which he served to the end of the war.

R. N. ASHTON died at his home, in Portsmouth, April 6, 1911, aged sixty-five years. At the age of eighteen he ran the blockade at Portsmouth, and on arriving at Petersburg enlisted in Company K, 5th Virginia Cavalry, in which he served until captured at Five Forks, taken to Point Lookout prison, and released when the war ended.

DEATHS IN CAMP PAT CLEBURNE AT WAUCHULA, FLA.

Camp Pat Cleburne, of Wauchula, Fla., has been organized

about four years. Nine deaths in its membership are from the regiments named as follows: D. M. Cason, Company E, 3d Florida; M. McClelland, Company E, 7th Florida; Joseph Heard, Company E, 42d Florida; James Morrow, Georgia Militia; J. L. Bowden, Company C, 4th Florida; J. B. Stafford, Company B, 4th Alabama; D. B. Griffin, Company B, 8th Florida; Humphrey Keen, Company K, 3d Florida; J. H. Pollard, Company A, 57th Georgia.

CAPT. E. P. MOORE.

After months of failing health, the summons came suddenly to Capt. E. P. Moore, of Chester, S. C., on July 14, and his passing was most peaceful. He was born at what is now Rock Hill, S. C., May 14, 1837, but had spent most of his life in York and Chester Counties and at Morganton, N. C., and was married in York County to Miss Lizzie Neely in 1858.

When the war broke out, Captain Moore enlisted with the 17th South Carolina Infantry, serving with valor and fidelity until wounded in the battle of Second Manassas. Recovering from this wound, though incapacitated for further service in the infantry, he enlisted in the Beaufort Artillery, and served with that command until the surrender.

His second wife was Miss Anne Wylie, of Chester. He is survived by his wife, her two sons, and the three sons of the first marriage. Captain Moore was a splendid type of citizen, prominently identified with Church work. He was kind and hospitable, and his cheery presence will be missed in his community.

CAPT. JACOB W. CAGLE.

Another prominent member was lost to Camp Pulliam, U. C. V., of Greenville, S. C., in the death of Capt. Jacob W. Cagle in December, 1910. He served in the Butler Guards and fought valiantly throughout the war. He was noted for his bravery, and in fighting with a comrade who was somewhat taller he would ask to get in front, so he would not be hidden from the thickest part of the battle.

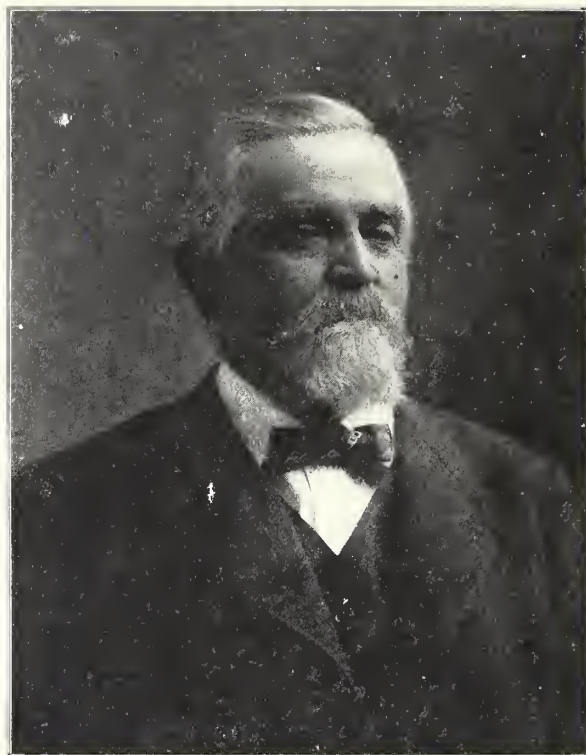
Captain Cagle went to Greenville from Transylvania County, N. C., before the war, and was a noted contractor and mill builder of that section. His later life was devoted especially to building cotton mills, in which he continued until retiring from business some years ago. He died in his seventy-eighth year, and his community felt the loss of a good man and citizen. He is survived by three sons.

CAPT. P. R. GARNETT.

Peter Richard Garnett passed peacefully away on March 21, 1911, at his home, near Willows, Cal. The interment was at the Masonic Cemetery at Willows under the auspices of Camp Pap Price, No. 1360, U. C. V., and the Masonic Lodge at Willows, Cal. He was born at Hannibal, Mo., February 14, 1841. His father, James Richard Garnett, was a native of Kentucky and his mother, Eliza Parker, of Virginia. He was at school when the Civil War broke out. He enlisted in Company I, 2d Missouri Infantry, May 12, 1861, and was in the battles of Lexington, Elk Grove, Iuka, Corinth, Hatchet Bridge, Port Gibson, Champion Hill, Big Black, Vicksburg, and Kennesaw Mountain. He was promoted to sergeant, orderly sergeant, second lieutenant, first lieutenant, and captain, which rank he held at the time of surrender at Mobile on April 9, 1865.

After the war Comrade Garnett taught school for a while; but the go-West fever seized him in 1863, and he went to California, settling on the plains of Colusa County to engage in the culture of wheat. His acquirement of several sections of good land proved remunerative. Besides, he left to his

family the heritage of an upright life. Captain Garnett was the embodiment of true gentility, a consistent member of the Baptist Church, charitable to all regardless of position or rank.



P. R. GARNETT.

He died without an enemy in the world. His funeral cortege was the best evidence of his popularity. He never lost sight of his allegiance to the Confederate cause, at the same time being one of the most loyal and progressive citizens of his adopted State. He is survived by his widow, two daughters, and one son—all loyal to their father and in sympathy with all he loved and cherished.

F. H. DAGGETT.

Sergt. F. H. Daggett, Company G, 2d Regiment Mississippi Infantry, was born at New Haven, Conn., April 2, 1844. His father moved his family from Mobile Ala., in November, 1849, to Pontotoc, Miss., where they lived till after the war. He was among the first in the organization of the Pontotoc Minute Men in 1860, and left with the company for the war April 29, 1861. He served in the Virginia Army, and participated in all the battles and skirmishes in which the regiment was engaged until the battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863, in which he was taken prisoner. He was held at Fort Delaware, Del., till June 11, 1865. After returning home he moved to West Point, Miss., in December, 1866. He was married to Miss Bettie Shearer April 28, 1869. He was Lieutenant Colonel in the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., on the staffs of Generals Coleman, Lowery, and Montgomery respectively. He died June 20, 1911, age sixty-seven years.

ARTHUR T. DEW.

Arthur T. Dew was born in Wilson County, Tenn., March 23, 1844; but his parents removed to Weakley County, near Dresden, while he was a child, and there he grew to manhood. He entered the Confederate army in 1863 as a member of

Company I, 20th Tennessee Cavalry, Bell's Brigade, under Forrest, and served to the close of the war, surrendering at Gainesville, Ala. He was a splendid soldier. The day before the battle of Harrisburg he was left behind with a sick horse, but he procured another mount and joined the command that night and participated in the battle next day, in which he was slightly wounded.

After the war he married and settled near Sharon, Tenn., where he died on June 4, 1911. He was a brother of Col. R. J. Dew, of Trenton, Tenn.

COL. A. S. VANDEVENTER.

Alexander Spottswood Vandeventer was born near Jonesville, Lee County, Va., in 1842, and in the schools of the country he acquired a good English education. He was yet a student when the news of the John Brown raid broke up the school and the boys went home after their muskets. A company was organized with him as captain at the age of nineteen. He went through the war and took part in all the big battles of Lee's army. At the age of twenty he was promoted to lieutenant colonel of the 50th Virginia Infantry, and was one of the youngest colonels in the Confederate army, and he acted as brigadier general before and during the battle of Chancellorsville. When reviewing the troops before a big battle, General Lee once called him to the front and complimented him on having the best-drilled company in the regiment.

After the war Colonel Vandeventer went West, and in 1866 was married to Miss Mary Patton in Nebraska, later moving to Washington County, Ark. In 1876 he located in Fayetteville, which had since been his home with two short intervals. Two sons and two daughters survive him. Of him it may be said in truth: "He bore without abuse the grand old name of gentleman."

MRS. LOU M. HOSKINS.

Mrs. Lou M. Hoskins died at her home, in Chattanooga, June 20. Rev. Dr. J. W. Bachman officiated at the funeral. The remains were taken to the old home at Lexington, Miss.

Mrs. Hoskins had made her home in Chattanooga for twenty-two years, and was widely known and greatly beloved. She was the daughter of James K. and Matilda (Mosely) Pinkston, wealthy and influential citizens of Montgomery, Ala., where she was born.

Mrs. Hoskins was the widow of E. Hoskins, of Lexington, Miss., a captain in the Confederate army, upon whose death she removed to Meridian, Miss., for its better educational advantages. She was a devoted and self-sacrificing mother, a woman of unusual ability and of beautiful character. She is survived by her three children: J. P. Hoskins, cashier of the First National Bank; Miss Pannie Hoskins, of Chattanooga; and Mrs. Alexander B. White, of Paris, Tenn. All of her children and her devoted granddaughter, Mildred White, were with her when the end came.

Mrs. Hoskins was a member of the First Baptist Church, and had always lived a consistent Christian life.

HENRY C. HARALSON.

On July 17, 1911, Comrade Henry C. Haralson passed peacefully away and was buried at Social Circle, Ga. His life of sixty-eight years had been full of good works. The local paper containing notice does not give his command, but states that he served with distinction throughout "the trying days."

He was a regular attendant at the Reunions until that at Little Rock, when he was kept away by illness. His cordiality

was noteworthy, and he had many friends. His wife, his companion for forty-four years, was Miss Effie Peters.

His four surviving sons and one daughter are: J. B., Charles M., and Walter, of Social Circle; J. H. Haralson, of Atlanta; Mrs. J. W. Daniel, of Social Circle. Six comrades were pallbearers at the funeral.

JUDGE STEPHEN CHENAULT.

Judge Stephen Chenault, a former citizen of Orange for many years and connected with much of the earlier history of the city, died on November 1, 1910, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Yancey W. Holmes, in Hale Center, Tex., at an advanced age. Stephen Chenault served throughout the entire war with Terry's Texas Rangers, and was in all the battles participated in by that famous organization.

After the war he went to Orange, where he lived most of the time afterwards. As Representative in the State Legislature, as County Attorney, and as County Judge of Orange County, he served the people faithfully and well, and was active always in every movement for the good of city and county. He leaves an only daughter, Mrs. Y. W. Holmes, of Hale Center, and a sister, Mrs. Ellen O'Brien, widow of the late Capt. George O'Brien, of Beaumont.

Stephen Chenault was born in Gallatin, Tenn., January 6, 1831, and was thus almost eighty years old at the time of his death. His mother was formerly Miss Anne Trigg, and was related to the McGavocks of Franklin, Tenn. His father, Felix Chenault, removed to Texas when Stephen was about six years old, and he spent his boyhood and young manhood in Gonzales County. In 1854 and 1855 he studied law in Tulane University, New Orleans. He resigned the office of Tax Assessor and Collector of Gonzales County to enlist in the Third Texas Regiment at the outbreak of the great war. He remained with Terry's Texas Rangers for all of the four years.

Returning to Texas after the surrender, he was again elected Tax Assessor and Collector, but resigned the office and helpful salary, so much needed by the returned penniless soldier, rather than take the iron-clad oath. Later he removed to Orange County and built up a large law practice that extended throughout the East Texas coast district. He was true to his principles when the test came during the carpetbag rule in Texas, and his counsel was always for moderation and patience. He was a member of the seventeenth legislature, and was one of the foremost workers during that notable session for the appropriation which made the University of Texas possible. Like his parents and his French ancestors, he was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and he was always proud of his Huguenot blood. His wife was Miss Jane McKenzie, also of Texas.

A brave man, Judge Chenault was unassuming in his public life and an ideal husband and father. A fellow-member of the legislature from Galveston wrote of him: "Amiable, modest, unassuming as a companion, watchful and conservative as a legislator, modest and unobtrusive, a friend whose fidelity was ever unquestioned."

[From sketch sent by W. M. Warren, of Amarillo, Tex.]

DEATHS IN MILDRED LEE CAMP, SHERMAN, TEX., FOR 1910-11.

1910: E. E. Matthews, Dr. J. T. Wilson (Maryland Artillery), Charles Williams, Judge W. W. Wilkins, J. W. Crutchfield (Tenn.), R. W. Blackburn, Dr. D. E. Starr, M. L. Webster, George Dickerman.

1911: D. B. Cappleman, H. N. Tuck, Charles W. Sevier, Capt. J. L. Randolph.

JOHN H. ROYAL.

John H. Royal died at his home, in Helena, Ark., on the 1st of April, 1911. He served with Company A, 2d Arkansas Regiment, and for the greater part of the war he held the responsible position of orderly sergeant of his company. He was in most of the battles in which his company engaged, and was severely wounded, but as soon as able he returned to his post of duty, and remained with his regiment to the close of the war.

Soon after the war he was married to Miss Lizzie Odle, of Phillips County, Ark., who survives him with two sons and two daughters. He was for many years a faithful member of the Church, also a member of Camp Sam Corley, U. C. V., and he was buried with military honors. He had lived three-score and ten years.

PETER BROWN BASKIN.

Peter B. Baskin, whose death occurred at Myrtle, Miss., January 18, 1911, was born in 1844. He was only seventeen when his two older brothers enlisted in the Confederate army, and, thinking it his duty to go also, he joined the army at Montgomery, Ala., in 1862, becoming a member of Company G, 63d Alabama Infantry, under Captain Padgett, who was succeeded by Captain Garland. He went through the perils of many battles, skirmishes, and exposure until he lost his health and had to undergo medical treatment, and as soon as he was able to be about he was made assistant surgeon to Dr. McSwain, the brigade surgeon. When able for field duty again, he had the misfortune to be captured, and was sent to prison on Ship Island, where he was kept for some time, on a diet of codfish and potatoes. His health was never restored fully, but he did his part in after years to build up the country for which he had fought. His wife, a son, and two daughters survive him.

JUDGE WILLIAM E. LIPSCOMB.

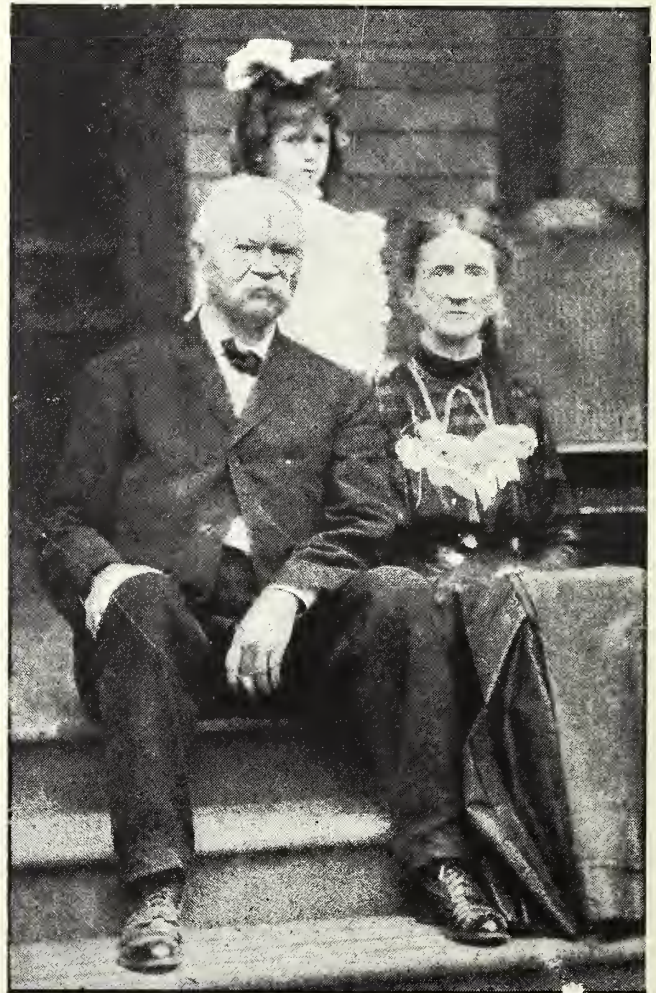
After an illness of two weeks, Judge William E. Lipscomb, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Prince William County, Va., died at his home in Manassas, May, 1911. He was born in Brentsville, Va., in 1833. He was educated at home, and at the age of fifteen entered the County Clerk's office, where, while pursuing his duties as Deputy Clerk, he studied and gained a practical knowledge of the law. In his ambition he was aided by the leading attorneys of the county and State who had cases in the Prince William County Court, and at the outbreak of the war William Lipscomb was in full charge of both the County and Circuit Court offices.

In the spring of 1861 he enlisted as a private in Company F, 49th Virginia Infantry, and was soon promoted to first lieutenant of the company. In 1862 he resigned from the service and resumed his official duties in the County Clerk's office until 1863, when he reenlisted as a private in Company H, 15th Virginia Cavalry, and served in the Army of Northern Virginia until his capture, in 1864. His prison life was in Fort Delaware, where he suffered many hardships and indignities from tyrannical prison officials. After this trying experience, and at the close of the war, he returned to his home and, until 1870, busied himself in agricultural pursuits. He then reentered the Clerk's office and served until 1876, when he removed to Manassas and engaged in law and the publication of the Manassas Gazette. He also conducted a mercantile business successfully.

Having been admitted to the Prince William bar in 1870, he

was in 1884 elected by the legislature as judge of the County Court, which he held by successive elections until the County court system was abolished in 1904. He was then appointed Deputy Clerk of the Court under Capt. Edwin Nelson, on the death of whom he was appointed to fill out the unexpired term. He had been appointed one of the Commissioners in Chancery for the Circuit Court in 1869, and the confidence of the bench and bar in him was such that nearly all the Chancery causes were referred to him. His reputation as an able and fearless jurist during his long service on the bench is well known throughout his county and State. For some time prior to his death he was Bail Commissioner. He served two terms as Mayor of Manassas and several successive terms as Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Town Council. Judge Lipscomb was the last county official who served in ante-bellum days. As a man of great judicial ability and legal training he was capable of directing affairs wisely and well, and many times questions of importance were submitted to him on account of the confidence felt in his ability and his integrity.

In September, 1859, Judge Lipscomb was married to Miss Henrietta Holland, and to them were born three sons and two daughters. He became a member of the Memorial Associa-



JUDGE W. E. LIPSCOMB AND WIFE.

tion of Manassas in its early history, 1875, and gave much of his time to the success of the work. His wife was the faithful and beloved President of the Association for many years.

WILLIAM P. MARTIN.

William Pitts Martin was born in Columbia, Tenn., May 11, 1848, and was the youngest of six brothers who served in the Confederate army. He ran away from school three times to join the army, but his father was successful in getting him back twice. The last time he was followed to the battle field. His father consented to his remaining, but told him if he ever showed the "white feather" not to return home. He was then fifteen years of age. He served two years with General Forrest in the 9th Tennessee Cavalry. His parole was signed by General Dibrell.

Mr. Martin was married twice, and of the first union three sons survive. His second wife was Miss Mai Oliver, who is left with one daughter. For the past quarter of a century he had made his home in Arkansas, mainly in Searcy, where he was actively connected with Church work. A few years ago he moved to Weatherford, Tex., where his death occurred shortly after the Reunion at Little Rock, which he had attended with much enjoyment. He was believed to be the youngest veteran in attendance. His body was carried back to the old home at Searcy, and there in his uniform of Confederate gray and with the flag about him he sleeps well.

[From sketch by Mrs. S. S. Wassell, Fayetteville, Ark.]

ANDREW JACKSON RICHARDS.

Andrew J. Richards, a member of Pat Cleburne Camp, Cleburne, Tex., died at his home, in Cleburne, May 14, 1910. He was the fourth son of Judge Evan G. and Mrs. Sarah (Webb) Richards of Lafayette, Chambers County, Ala., where Andrew J. was born March 15, 1844, and where he enlisted in Company



ANDREW JACKSON RICHARDS.

I, 37th Regiment of Alabama Volunteers, C. S. A., on the day he was eighteen years of age. He served as a true soldier until surrendered by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Greensboro, N. C., in April, 1865. It is claimed that Comrade Richards

answered "present" at more company roll calls than any other member of his company except Robert Wheeler. Wherever duty called A. J. Richards went; and though he participated in as many battles as perhaps any other member of his regiment, including the battle of Shiloh, siege at Vicksburg, and battles around Atlanta, where his regiment suffered great loss in killed and wounded, young Richards came through to the end without serious injury, being struck but once with a spent bullet.

After his return to his home, in Lafayette, Ala., he married Miss Jimmie E. Winston May 24, 1874. To them were born three daughters and one son. They are Mrs. Wayne Smith, Amarillo, Tex.; Mrs. Henry Allen, Weatherford, Tex.; Mrs. Louie R. Graham, Abilene, Tex.; and James Evan Richards, Cleburne, Tex. His wife and children survive him.

In November, 1861, with his family, he moved from Alabama to Weatherford, Tex., and later to Cleburne, where his life's work came to a peaceful close. Mr. Richards joined the Methodist Church the day before he went to the army, and was ever after a true soldier of "the cross," maintaining his Christian character through the remaining forty-eight years of his eventful life. He was modest and retiring; yet as a citizen he courageously met and faithfully discharged his every obligation. He served Chambers County, Ala., two years as sheriff. As neighbor, husband, and father he was faithful, loyal, and indulgent. He was devoted to his Confederate comrades, and rarely failed to attend a meeting of his Camp when physically able. He read the VETERAN with deep interest. In his death the South has lost one of her most loyal and patriotic sons, while heaven has one more to join the fast-growing camp of the boys in gray. His body rests in the family burial lot provided by his brother, Judge J. M. Richards, in the cemetery at Weatherford, Tex.

His three elder brothers—viz., Thomas E., of the 1st Alabama Regiment, Robert W., of the 16th Georgia Battalion, and John H., of the 14th Alabama Regiment—have passed on before, each of whom loyally followed our "bonnie blue" flag as long as brave hearts and strong hands could uphold it.

MRS. CAROLINE DRAKE POPE.

The following from the Nashville Banner of August 25 will interest and elicit the sympathy of many friends of the VETERAN, especially of those who have visited the office:

"An impressive funeral service over the remains of Mrs. Caroline Drake Pope, widow of the late W. C. Pope, was conducted at the family residence, four miles west of Thompson Station, in Williamson County, Thursday afternoon. Elder James E. Scobey, of Franklin, officiated. At the request of the family very little was said in eulogy, although the subject richly deserved much.

"The pallbearers were former servants and associates. From the beautiful home the procession went on foot across a richly carpeted lawn to the cemetery in which generations of the family have been laid to rest. Mrs. Pope was buried beside her father, Mr. James L. Drake, who was a man distinguished in many good works. There was a large attendance of friends and relatives.

"Of the family there are six surviving children, three daughters and three sons. Two of the daughters, Misses Mary and E. D. Pope, are well known and esteemed in Nashville. Miss Carrie Pope had continued at home, rendering vigilant care to home duties. Two of the sons reside in Texas, and all but one of the six children were present at the funeral service."

ALLIE G. HUNT.

Veteran Allie G. Hunt, who died suddenly of heart failure, at his home in Dallas, Tex., March 16, 1911, was born near Lexington, Ky., on December 23, 1839, and therefore was seventy-one years of age.

Lieutenant Hunt was a gallant soldier of the Confederate army. His family, like many other families in Kentucky, was much divided. His father had four sons, two of whom served on one side while the other two fought against them. This son, Albert Gallatin, and George W., the oldest brother, joined the Confederate army, both serving under Morgan; while his brothers Burgess Hunt, Col. P. B. Hunt (Collector of Internal Revenue at Dallas, Tex.), and G. Drummond Hunt, the youngest brother, served in the Federal army. The latter was killed in the battle of Missionary Ridge.

Lieutenant "Allie" Hunt entered the service in 1862, during Bragg's invasion of Kentucky, and he left the State as aid-de-camp to General Abe Buford, whose cavalry brigade was a part of the rear guard to Bragg's army as it retreated.

After reaching Tennessee he went to Mississippi and joined his brother in Blackburn's Company, the 28th Mississippi Cavalry—Starke's regiment. He remained with this command while it operated on the Mississippi River, and went with it to Columbia, Tenn., where it was placed under General Van Dorn, who was operating around Nashville and in Middle Tennessee. He was in the battle of Thompson Station, where Van Dorn captured the entire Federal force opposing him.

In the spring of 1863 he was transferred to the 5th Kentucky (Smith's), of Gen. John H. Morgan's command. To this he was entitled by the laws of the Confederacy, which gave to a soldier serving with a command from another State, a transfer to one from his own State, and especially if it was in the way of promotion. Colonel Smith had offered to him the position of sergeant major of his regiment. Shortly after he reached his new command and reported for duty, General Morgan started on his great raid into Indiana and Ohio. He was with his command when it was captured at Buffington, Ohio, and was placed in prison at Camp Douglas, but the Federals did not hold him long, for he soon made his escape from the prison walls, and in a short while he was back in the South and on duty. After his escape from prison, he went to Cincinnati by rail, where he remained several days; from there he went by Maysville to Millersburg, Ky., his purpose being to go through the mountains to Virginia; but from information he there received, and the advice of friends, he changed his mind. He sold his horse, went back to Cincinnati, and from thence by rail to St. Louis. He reached Memphis by steamer, and there he shipped as a deck hand on a government boat. He slept and ate with the hands, and helped in the work at the woodyards, etc. The captain and the mate were Southern men, though the other officers were Union, and at Friar's Point, Miss., he quietly stole away. From there he walked forty miles before reaching the Confederate lines. He went by Jackson and Mobile to Atlanta, Ga., where he reported to Col. Adam Johnson, who at Decatur was collecting and reorganizing the Morgan men—those who had failed to go on the Ohio raid, and those who had escaped capture in Ohio and with Colonel Johnson had succeeded in reaching the Virginia side by swimming the Ohio.

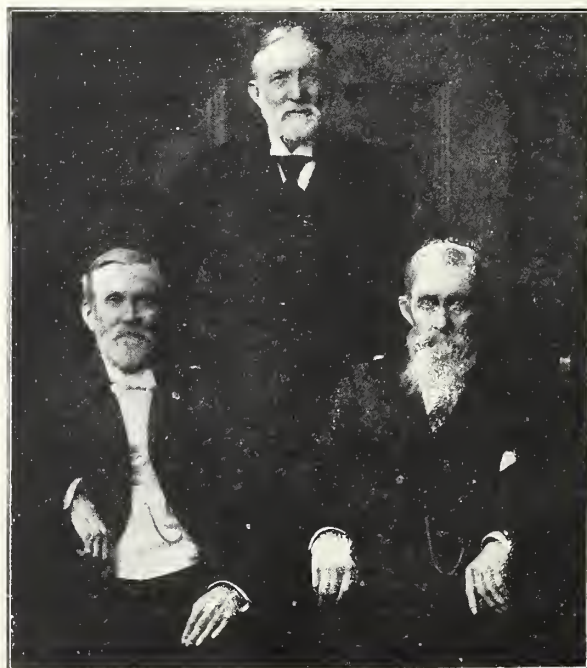
At this place, Decatur, he found his brother George, from whom he had been separated at Columbia, Tenn., when he left that place to report to General Morgan. His brother had made

application for transfer to Morgan at the same time he did, but the application was opposed by the colonel of the regiment and he was taken away down to Jackson, Miss.—the regiment having been ordered to Jackson—to report to Gen. Joe Johnston, who was raising a force to relieve Pemberton.

General Morgan having made his memorable escape from the Ohio penitentiary, at Columbus, was in the spring of '64 placed in command of the department of West Virginia, including a part of East Tennessee. Lieutenant Hunt was on duty with the Morgan men throughout the spring and summer, and up to that dreadful morning of the 4th of September, when at Greeneville, East Tenn., the Federals killed his beloved commander. He was commissioned as first lieutenant, for gallantry in the battle of Green River Bridge, Lebanon, and at Buffington, Ohio.

After General Morgan's death, General Duke was placed in command of the Morgan men, and Lieutenant Hunt was an active participant in all the operations of the command up to the close of the war. After Lee's surrender, General Duke moved into North Carolina, and at Charlotte he met President Davis and offered his brigade as escort. Two days later Mr. Davis, accompanied by the members of his cabinet, left Charlotte escorted by five brigades of cavalry, and moved slowly through the Carolinas, but when they reached Washington, Ga., he left them. General Duke, at the advice of General Breckinridge, disbanded his men at Woodstock, Ga., a few miles distant, when Lieutenant Hunt and others from Lexington went to Augusta and were paroled, having heard that they would not be permitted to return to their homes in Kentucky. They heard better news later, and just one year afterwards, in 1866, Lieutenant Hunt was elected to the office of Clerk of the County Court of Fayette County, a position that he held for sixteen years, having been reelected three times. In 1892 he moved with his family to Dallas, Tex.

In November, 1867, Comrade Hunt was married to Miss Mollie Craig, of Lexington, Ky., who, with their five chil-



ALLIE G. HUNT. COL. P. B. HUNT. GEORGE W. HUNT.

dren, three daughters and two sons, survive him. One daughter married William Karsner, another Walter Chambers, and the third Robert McGarvey. The sons are G. Drummond and Albert Gallatin. Mrs. Karsner resides in Lexington, Ky., all the others being residents of Dallas Tex. Comrade Hunt was also a valliant soldier of the cross, and he had expressed his readiness for his Master's call. He was a member of the First Baptist Church, of Dallas, Dr. Truett, pastor.

In their report of the death of Comrade Hunt, the Sterling Price Camp of Confederate Veterans say: "Another brave and valiant Confederate soldier and an honored and respected citizen, a worthy and exemplary Christian gentleman, has been called from among us and has gone to his reward."

SAMUEL H. DAY.

Another whose familiar "Aye" will be missed at roll call in his U. C. V. Camp is Samuel H. Day, whose death occurred at his home, near Tebbetts, Mo., on June 26, 1911. He was born in Callaway County, Mo., in 1841, and served the Confederacy as a member of Company C, 1st Missouri Cavalry, Shelby's Division, Jackson's Brigade. It was his delight to live over again those days of camp life and campaigns with a comrade, and he never wearied of reciting his experiences.



SAMUEL H. AND MISS DENA DAY.

Almost every U. C. V. Reunion had his name on its register, that at Little Rock being his last on earth. He was a brave and fearless soldier, and in the gathering of that mighty host "beyond the river" his place is secure.

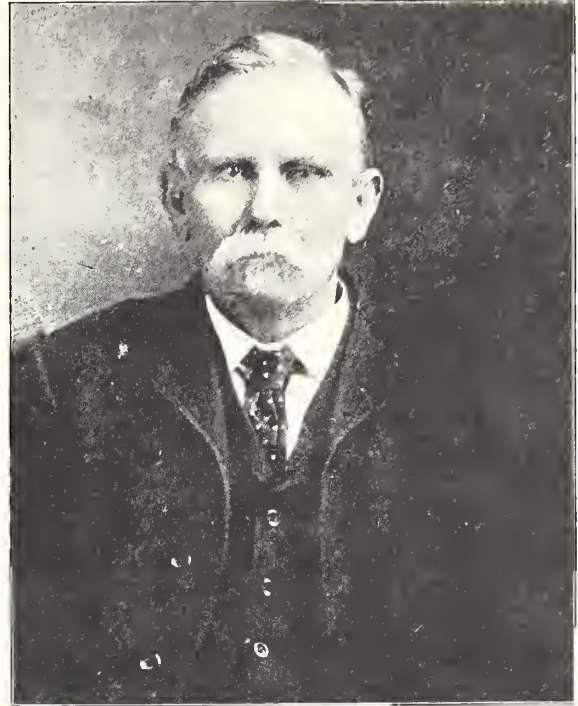
"O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands
To meet one another again."

LIEUT. ALEXANDER C. CHISHOLM.

A. C. Chisholm, who died at Florence, Ala., in June, 1911, was born in Nashville, Tenn., in March, 1840. His father, Rufus K. Chisholm, moved with his family to Lauderdale County, Ala., about 1856, and at the beginning of the War between the States four of his sons entered the Confederate service, Alexander and John enlisting in Capt. E. A. O'Neal's company, which was raised at and about Center Star, in Lauderdale County.

Alex Chisholm was elected ensign of the company, and carried to Virginia the beautiful Confederate flag which was presented to the company by the ladies of Center Star. After

passing through many of the severe battles in Virginia, he was captured at Gettysburg, and remained a prisoner of war at Johnson's Island and Fort Delaware the rest of the time.



A. C. CHISHOLM.

When the war ended he returned home, taught school two or three years, and then located in Florence, where he had resided afterwards. In 1874 he married Miss Pocahontas, daughter of Hon. Z. P. Morrison, and to them were born four children, two of whom—Dr. W. R. and Miss Nova—survive him. His wife died many years ago and he never remarried.

Alex Chisholm was a gallant soldier. He was devoted to the cause of the South, and ever held that it was constitutionally right in the fight it made. He was a man of retiring disposition; was not a great talker, but a good listener. Such a man is always popular. His friends loved him, and those who knew him best loved him most.

For many years he was connected with the Tax Collector's office, first as a deputy, and later he was elected to that office, by which time his health had begun to fail, and finally he resigned on that account. At no time of his life was there ever a whisper against his good name, and he stood high as a citizen, Mason, and Christian gentleman.

He was proud of his record as a Confederate soldier, proud of his Southern blood, and proud of the record made by our armies. He was proud of his friends, and no man would go farther for his friends than he. He was never known to drink an intoxicant. At the last moment he said, "There is nothing in the way," and passed to "where silent tears are spread."

"And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

DR. J. T. WILSON.

More than one year ago occurred the death of Dr. J. T. Wilson, Commander of Mildred E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., of Sherman, Tex., and a man whose life had been devoted in its ministrations to others. He had been called to Baltimore, Md.,

in November, 1908, to attend a sick brother. While the brother was recovering he himself was stricken down, and for many months his sufferings continued, until death relieved him on May 22, 1910, while under treatment in Washington, D. C. His wife and only daughter were with him at the time, and accompanied the remains back to the home in Sherman, where he was laid to rest by those who had known his friendship and loved him for his true worth.

Dr. Wilson was born on a plantation in Prince George County, Md., about sixty miles from Harper's Ferry, in 1846. In the early part of the Civil War, the State of Maryland being under control of the United States, he, with twelve other young men, ran the blockade across the Potomac and made their way to Richmond, Va., where he joined a Maryland battery of artillery, and fought in many battles to the final surrender at Appomattox.

After the war he finished his literary education and then studied medicine, graduating at the Jefferson School in Philadelphia in 1867. After graduating he served as interne at Blockley Hospital, and later located in the State of Missouri, where he practiced until 1876, and then went to Sherman, Tex., where he afterwards resided and practiced his profession.

Dr. Wilson was well known throughout the State, and stood high in his profession, especially in the treatment of the insane and of nervous diseases, in which he took the greatest interest. He was at one time Superintendent of the Insane Hospital at Austin, and his management was characterized by the utmost care and kindness for the unfortunates under his charge. He did much to secure the passing of State health laws and those regulating the practice of medicine, and was President of the first Board of State Medical Examiners.

His thorough knowledge of parliamentary law made him a fine presiding officer over medical meetings. He was also President of the Grayson County Medical Society several times and of the State Association. He was noted for his courtesy in the profession and his modesty as to his achievements. His death was a loss to his community and State, and many hearts were made sad by his going. He was idolized in his home, and his people held him in their hearts.

Dr. Wilson was ever one of the most zealous friends the VETERAN ever had, and no truthful tribute to his memory could be exaggerated in its pages.

GEN. D. C. GOVAN.

Gen. D. C. Govan died in Memphis, Tenn., March 12, 1911, at fourscore and four years of an honorable and useful life.

General Govan was a native of North Carolina, born July 4, 1827. When only a boy, he moved with his father to Mississippi and settled in Marshall County, near Holly Springs. He was educated at the University of South Carolina, Columbia, graduating from that institution in 1848.

The following year he went to California in company with Gen. Benjamin McCulloch and a party of Mississippians and Tennesseans to seek a fortune in the golden West. He returned to Mississippi in 1852, but moved to Phillips County, Ark., in 1853, and lived there until the outbreak of the Civil War, when he enlisted with the Confederacy.

He organized a company, was made colonel of the 2d Arkansas Infantry, and served in Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps. Later he was made brigadier general and placed in command of the Arkansas brigade, Cleburne's Division.

He took part in all the battles of the Army of Tennessee, serving under Albert Sidney Johnston and all the other com-

manders of that army. He and about six hundred of his brigade were captured in the battle of Jonesboro. He was never out of service during the entire four years of the war. The Marianna Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, bears his name.

After the war General Govan settled near Marianna, and used all his energies toward the rebuilding of his own fallen fortunes and those of his beloved Southland. He led the life of a planter until 1895, when he was appointed by President Cleveland as Indian Agent, with headquarters at Washington. For the past few years he had lived with his children in Mississippi, Arkansas, and Tennessee. General Govan was married in 1853 to a daughter of Bishop James Harvey Otey, of Tennessee. Several children blessed this union, three of whom are now living. They are: Mrs. P. H. McKellar, of Memphis, Tenn.; Mrs. J. J. Sample, of Magnolia, Miss.; and D. C. Govan, of Marianna, Ark. He is also survived by a sister, Mrs. Billups, of Columbus, Miss.

[The sketches of General Govan and Dr. J. T. Wilson immediately preceding are unsatisfactory. The VETERAN hopes to print engravings of each ere long.]

DR. F. M. MUMFORD.

Francis Marion Mumford, born at Bayou Sara, La., October 1, 1842, was the son of Robinson M. Mumford and Amelia Phillips, of good old North Carolina and Pennsylvania stock. The father went from Fayetteville, N. C., to Louisiana, and there amassed considerable wealth, and young Mumford was reared amid comfortable and refined surroundings. He was educated in private schools and at Centenary College, Jackson. His health prevented an early enlistment in the war; but in 1862 he joined Company C, 1st Louisiana Cavalry, under Colonel Scott. He and his three brothers were gallant soldiers of the Confederacy.

The spirit and daring of his great namesake must have inspired young Frank Mumford, for the records tell of his exploits concerning the gunboat Sumter. This boat had been captured from the Confederates at Island No. 10, and in trying to land at Bayou Sara it was run on a bar in front of the town, and the falling river made her career so that her fore and aft guns, 32-pounders, were rendered useless. Lieutenant Mumford was in command of a company of Louisiana State troops at Bayou Sara, and he determined to capture the boat if possible. He sent a courier to Port Hudson asking for forces to assist in the attack. During the night the transport Ceres arrived and made several unsuccessful efforts to pull the Sumter off the bar, then went back down the river. After waiting in vain for the expected help from Port Hudson, Lieutenant Mumford determined to try it with his own force. He went to the river under a flag of truce, expecting to demand a surrender; but he found the boat abandoned, the officers and crew having been taken off by the Ceres. Some negroes who went on board had probably given the commander exaggerated accounts of the Confederate strength at this point which induced the abandonment of the boat. Lieutenant Mumford went aboard with his men and began moving everything from the boat that could be handled. Shortly after daylight Gunboat No. 7 came in sight, and the men were ordered ashore, the Lieutenant only remaining on board to see that the boat was well on fire and beyond help from the oncoming boat. The captured stores were delivered to General Ruggles at Port Hudson, and the two guns (secured later) were the first guns mounted at the fort. Young Mumford was highly complimented for the daring and success of this ex-

plot. At the close of the war he was lieutenant and ordnance officer of Scott's 1st Louisiana Cavalry Brigade on the staff of Fred Ouden. The brigade was attached to Forrest's Cavalry and surrendered at Gainesville, Ala.

Returning to civil life, Comrade Mumford took up its duties with the same zeal that had characterized his soldier life. He studied pharmacy, and later took a degree in medicine at the University of Louisiana, New Orleans; but his health never permitted an extensive practice, and he confined himself finally to the care of a large drug store. He married Miss Alice Haile, who survives. Their only child died in infancy.

Dr. Mumford was always interested in public affairs, and served his town, Bayou Sara, both as Mayor and Postmaster. He moved to St. Francisville in 1894, and was ever a force for good in the town. His greatest interest was in Confederate matters. He organized West Feliciana Camp, U. C. V., and was its Commander until his resignation in April, 1911. It was largely through his inspiration and efforts that the Confederate monument at St. Francisville was erected. He was active in lodge work, and had served as Grand Chancellor of the Grand Lodge Knights of Pythias. He was a Mason and a Knight Templar of the highest rank under the York Rite.

GEN. J. C. BOYD.

Gen. J. C. Boyd, for four years Adjutant General of South Carolina, died in December, 1910, in his sixty-second year. He had shortly before been retired as major general of the National Guard, South Carolina. He was one of the youngest soldiers of the Confederacy, enlisting at the age of fourteen in Company A, 6th Alabama Cavalry, with which he served from January, 1863, until 1864, when he joined Company D, 62d Alabama Infantry. At the fall of Mobile he was taken prisoner at Spanish Fort, and subsequently confined on Ship Island until the middle of June, 1865. With his gallant record as a soldier he began at the age of seventeen his civil career. He was in business in Atlanta from 1868 to 1875, and during the time was also second lieutenant in the Governor's guards. He then removed to Greenville, S. C., and entered the brokerage business. He was always interested in military affairs, and in 1878 reorganized the Butler Guards, of which he was elected captain, and in 1886 he took his company to Philadelphia to participate in the Centennial exercises there. He was elected lieutenant colonel of the 5th Regiment in 1888 and to colonel in 1891, and for two terms he was Adjutant and Inspector General for the State, which office he held at his death. He was a member of Camp Pulliam, U. C. V., of Greenville.

General Boyd was born in Selma, Ala., the son of William H. Boyd, a native of Chester County, S. C., and Martha Lee, of Oglethorpe County, Ga. He was married in 1876 to Miss Etta Wearn, and leaves a son and daughter.

WHEELER WATSON.

Wheeler Watson died at Strong, Monroe County, Miss., on July 5, 1911. At the time of his death he was hardly sixty-three years of age. Joining the Confederate army when a mere youth, he remained with it until the surrender.

He served in the 9th Mississippi Cavalry, which regiment suffered many losses from shot and shell, but not a blot from dishonor.

In 1871 Mr. Watson was happily married to Miss Alice Clay. His widow and four children survive him. Many years ago he joined the army of the King of peace, and from his enrollment in the M. E. Church, South, he was as consistent a member thereof as he was a chivalrous Confederate soldier.

COL. EDWIN JAMES HARVIE.

SKETCH BY SENATOR H. D. MONEY, OF MISSISSIPPI.

It would require a master's hand to portray adequately the life of Col. Edwin James Harvie, who was born of an old colonial family in 1835 near the tidewaters of the James River in Amelia County, Va. At the age of twenty he graduated at the Virginia Military Institute, in Lexington, was appointed second lieutenant in the United States army, and sent to the far Northwest, where he did service in the Indian campaign. Two years of this arduous and hazardous duty gained him a promotion to the first lieutenantcy on December 29, 1857.

It was while he was on duty in the East that he was compelled to decide the momentous question which confronted officers of the regular army of the United States as to whether they would remain with that army or cast their fortunes with their native States and the Confederacy, and with that fine and characteristic decision that marked his every action he resigned his commission on March 15, 1861, being one of the first three officers of the old army who entered service with the Confederate army. He became chief quartermaster of the Virginia forces, later served with Wise's Legion and General Taliaferro's command, and was inspector general on the staff of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, commanding the Army of Northern Virginia. When that officer was dangerously wounded at Seven Pines, he was relieved of that command by Gen. Robert E. Lee, and Colonel Harvie filled the same position on his staff. When General Johnston regained his health, he was given a new command, and wrote to General Lee asking for his old comrade. General Lee graciously consented, expressing his strong appreciation of Colonel Harvie's services by saying that he would give him to no one but his old commander.

With General Lee, Colonel Harvie believed duty to be the sublimest word in the English language, and he was always so conscientious in its performance that he not only won this fine tribute from two of the greatest generals of the war and of the world, but also the highest expressions of approval from General Longstreet in the battle of Williamsburg, and a further expression from General Lee in his report of the Seven Days' battle.

Colonel Harvie described himself when he said of General Johnston that "he was a Virginian by birth and education and a gentleman by the grace of God." A man of singular purity of character, he never stopped to consider whether anything would appear honest or dishonest, noble or ignoble, honorable or dishonorable; he instinctively did what a gentleman should do, and with an exceedingly fine perception of duty he naturally perceived and performed all duties. In mind and speech he was as delicate as a woman, never saying anything that he could not say anywhere. He could not be but courteous and kind, and in dealing with inferiors no ungracious manner or language ever made them feel their position. He had a woman's sympathy, and his great heart was troubled by the distresses all around him. I have thus compared him to woman, because there is no higher standard of excellence and because he was so much better than the men I have known.

This gentle warrior fought fifty-four battles for the South, and at every moment of his splendid service he believed that he could not do otherwise.

It was a great privilege to enjoy the intimacy of this rare character, whose unusual thoughts were so firmly held yet so

modestly expressed, and I highly valued the opinions he gave me of what influenced the motives of certain great actors in that tremendous drama because they gave new light to things before clouded to my mind. In these opinions there could not be traced the slightest prejudice or predilection in their formation. Delightful as he was to his friends, he was everything to his family.

When a young officer he married Miss Edmonia Meade, who was of old Virginia stock known all over the South for domestic and social virtues. She died when his four children were not grown, and he was both father and mother to them their guiding companion and their idol, and he gave to them a life of devotion.

[The foregoing tribute is too exquisite for additional comment. It comes from United States Senator Money, of Mississippi, and was written at the request of Colonel Harvie's daughter, who mentioned him as her father's most intimate friend. Colonel Harvie's correspondence with the Editor, who never knew him personally, was second in pleasure to that of no other man. Some years ago he wrote that he would have to stop the VETERAN, as he had lost the position which furnished support for himself and family. The subscription was gladly continued complimentary. Some years later he remitted for the years that it had been so cordially given him with the explanation that he had again been restored to a position that enabled him to pay for his subscription.]

TRIBUTE BY COL. WILLIAM D. PICKETT TO COLONEL HARVIE.

On July 11, 1911, there passed away Col. Edwin I. Harvie, of Amelia County, Va., one of the most distinguished soldiers who came to the front in the service of the Confederate States of America during that memorable struggle of 1861-65. He died in Washington, D. C., at the age of seventy-six years, honored and beloved by all who knew him.

Colonel Harvie was the son of Lewis E. Harvie, of Amelia County, Va., one of the most eminent citizens of his State, who during that conflict was President of the Richmond and Danville Railroad Company, for two years the only line of transportation for the supplies of all kinds for the Army of Northern Virginia. His mother was Sarah Blair Harvie, of Richmond, a daughter of John G. Blair, for a long time President of the Farmer's Bank of Virginia.

After a preliminary education at private schools, Edwin Harvie entered in 1851 the Virginia Military Institute, and graduated from that institute in 1855. His preference being at an early day for a military life, he soon afterwards obtained a commission as a second lieutenant in the United States army, and was assigned to the 9th Infantry. With that regiment he served with honor for several years in campaigns against the Indian tribes in Washington and Oregon Territories and as assistant quartermaster of his regiment.

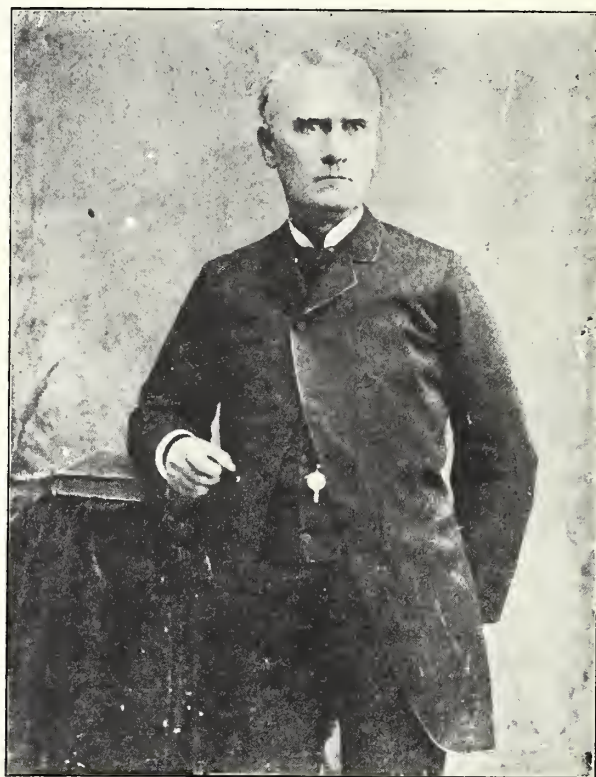
In 1860 he returned on a leave of absence to his old home in Virginia, and on November 20 was united in marriage to Miss Mary E. Meade, of his county.

Previous to this date and before his leave of absence expired, the distant mutterings of the approaching storm of war that was soon to overwhelm the country became so audible that young Harvie at once took decisive action, and in March, 1861, resigned his commission in the United States army and offered his services to his native State, which had not then seceded. He was the third officer of the old army to take this step.

Until the secession of his State he served as the quartermaster of the Virginia forces. He was then transferred to

the Confederate States army, with the rank of captain, and served for a short time as a staff officer of Gen. H. A. Wise. He was next transferred to the staff of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, then in command of the Army of Northern Virginia, and served with him during all the battles of the Peninsular Campaign up to the battle of Seven Pines, where his chief was seriously wounded.

On this account Gen. Robert E. Lee succeeded to the command of this army, and Colonel Harvie remained on his staff and participated in all the movements and battles of that army up to the time General Johnston reported for duty. On the assignment of the latter officer to the command of all the



COL. E. J. HARVIE.

armies of the Western Department Colonel Harvie was again transferred to the staff of his old chief, at the latter's request, and served continuously with him until the end of the conflict, on the 25th of April, 1865, except for an interval of about six months in the latter part of the campaign of 1864, during which General Hood commanded the Army of Tennessee. In that interval he served on General Hood's staff during the battles around Atlanta and the subsequent campaign into Tennessee.

During a part of the campaign of 1862 and all of the campaigns of 1863, 1864, and 1865 Colonel Harvie was a confidential staff officer of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, and soon rose to the highest rank in his staff corps, colonel and assistant inspector general. A mention of his many distinguished services in the various battles in which he participated would be equivalent to writing a history of those campaigns, which would be beyond the province of this sketch. Suffice it to say that under all circumstances and surroundings Col. E. J. Harvie always carried himself as a high-toned Southern gentleman and a gallant, educated soldier. The mere fact that for so many years he continued as the confidential staff officer of

such a man as Joseph E. Johnston is of itself sufficient evidence of the justness of this estimate of his character.

After the surrender and parole of Johnston's army in North Carolina April 26, 1865, Colonel Harvie at once established himself in business in Richmond, Va.

On the enactment by Congress of the law for compiling "The Records of the Rebellion" Colonel Harvie was appointed an assistant to Col. R. N. Scott, U. S. A., on that duty. It is needless to state that there was no officer of the Confederate States army more fully equipped for that duty than Col. E. J. Harvie. On the completion of that assignment he received an appointment in the Records and Pension Bureau of the War Department, which position he held at the time of his death.

"He was buried with the Confederate and the Virginia flags crossed on his breast. They were what he loved best." Such are the words of his daughter.

CAPT. ANDREW JACKSON HARRIS.

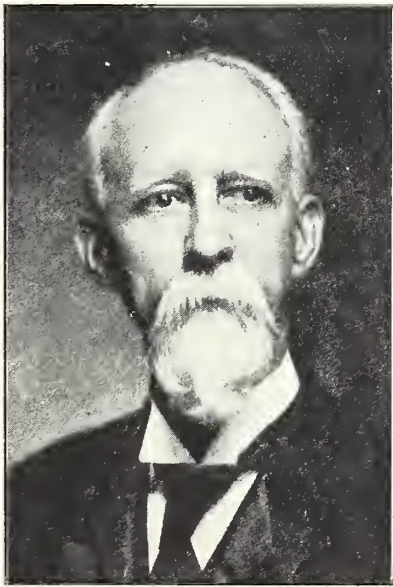
Capt. A. J. Harris, a leading wholesale dry goods merchant of Nashville, died May 2 in Austin, Tex., at the home of his daughter, Mrs. George A. Brush. He had been in poor health for the past two years, and had passed his sixty-seventh year.

Captain Harris was one of the pioneers of progress and advancement of Nashville, a citizen whose death leaves a space in the city's life which is difficult to fill. In every walk of the commercial, the financial, and the social life of the city the name of Capt. Andrew Jackson Harris stood foremost as a synonym for patriotism and self-sacrifice for the interest of his adopted city that he loved.

Captain Harris was born in Moulton, Ala., in 1844. Reared in the country, when the War between the States broke out, loyal to his native Southland, he enlisted in the Confederate army. He was a captain from the beginning.

When the war was ended, with his comrades he stacked his arms, but was one of the foremost of his fellow-citizens against the outrage of reconstruction. For over thirty years he engaged in the wholesale dry goods business. He had become one of the oldest merchants in the city, being a senior member of the firm of Harris, Davis & Co. Previous to that time he had been a member of the firms of Buford, McLester & Co. and also of Harris, McWhirter & Co.

For ten years he was President of the Chamber of Commerce, and at the time of his death he was President of the Nashville Boosters organization. He is survived by his universally beloved wife, Frank Harris and Eugene O. Harris, of Nashville, and Mrs. George Brush, of Texas. His sons are partners in the business that he established.



CAPT. A. J. HARRIS.

The largest trade organizations at once called meetings and adopted resolutions expressing their appreciation of his high character and their affection for him.

For many years he had served in every official capacity and as a member of the Baptist Church in East Nashville, and during this time he fulfilled every office faithfully.

Captain Harris was a rare character—a distinctive Southern gentleman, retaining all the dignity, courtesy, and gallant demeanor indicated by that term. He was active, energetic, industrious, and successful. His long career made him well known to many merchants throughout the Southern States, who realized they had in him a friend and counselor. The South is richer by the memory of such a man.

BISHOP O. P. FITZGERALD.

Oscar P. Fitzgerald was not a C. S. A. veteran, but he was an ardent Confederate from 1861 for fifty years. Being in California during the war period, he was as tenacious for his people as if he had carried a gun in the Confederate ranks or had been in State councils at Richmond. He wrote much for the *VETERAN*, and was ever loyal to the principles it advocated. With a long and delightful intimacy with the charming, cheerful, and gifted man place is cordially given to liberal extracts from a gifted fellow-bishop who knew him well.

Extracts from Sketch by Bishop E. E. Hoss.

Bishop Oscar Penn Fitzgerald was born in Caswell County, N. C., on August 29, 1829; and died at Monteagle, Tenn., on August 5, 1911. On both sides he came of good human stock. His father's people, as the name indicates, were from the Emerald Isle. He himself was dominantly Irish—Celtic Irish at that—in his temperament—a fact in which he sincerely rejoiced. It is doubtful whether he ever met an Irishman without feeling toward him a definite warming of the heart. His mother, who was a Hooper, on her mother's side was from the Virginia Goodes, a family of colonial times who never failed to produce uncommon men. Though Bishop Fitzgerald had lived outside of his native State for more than sixty years, he was still a North Carolinian. Through all his long and varied career he looked back with affectionate remembrance to his earliest home and his first friends.

When only fourteen years of age, having already laid the foundations of a good education, he went to Lynchburg, Va., and secured employment in the office of the *Weekly Republican*, where his wits were sharpened by contact with men of intelligence and by the incessant reading of newspapers and books. In this position he remained for seven years. At the close of this long service he returned to his native State, and for a year or so taught a private school in Rockingham County. An opportunity being offered him in 1851 or 1852 to do work on the staff of the *Richmond Examiner*, of which the famous John W. Daniel was then the editor, he gladly accepted it. In about two years he made a change to the *Telegraph*, a strong and influential State rights journal at Macon, Ga. In those days and always afterwards he was a pronounced Democrat. One of his friends, who had been brought up a Whig, used to accuse him of voting right along for Andrew Jackson till Mr. Bryan came. His uniform reply was: "Well, what better could I do?" There is not the slightest doubt that he would have achieved great distinction in secular journalism.

But Providence had other and better plans for him. From his childhood he had felt a strong inclination to be religious. Not a great while after reaching Macon he was stricken down with typhoid fever. In the midst of his illness new views of

life took possession of him. As soon as he recovered he identified himself with the Methodist Church. Some of the associations that he formed at that time, notably that with the devout Robert A. Smith, who afterwards died at the head of a regiment in the Confederate army, were of enduring effect and potency on his character. It was inevitable that he should become a Methodist minister. Within a few months he was licensed to preach. While waiting for the session of the Georgia Conference he acted as pastor of a large congregation of colored Methodists. It was one of his favorite sayings that he began his ministry as a "colored pastor." Always he was the friend and well-wisher of the negroes. Having been regularly received into the itinerancy in the fall of 1854, he was sent to Trinity Church, Savannah, as junior preacher. The next year, however, he responded to the call of Bishop James O. Andrew and took a transfer to the Pacific Conference. Before going he was happily married to Miss Sarah Banks, of one of the oldest and most reputable families in Georgia. The bridal journey was via the Gulf of Mexico, the Isthmus of Panama, and up the Pacific Coast to San Francisco.

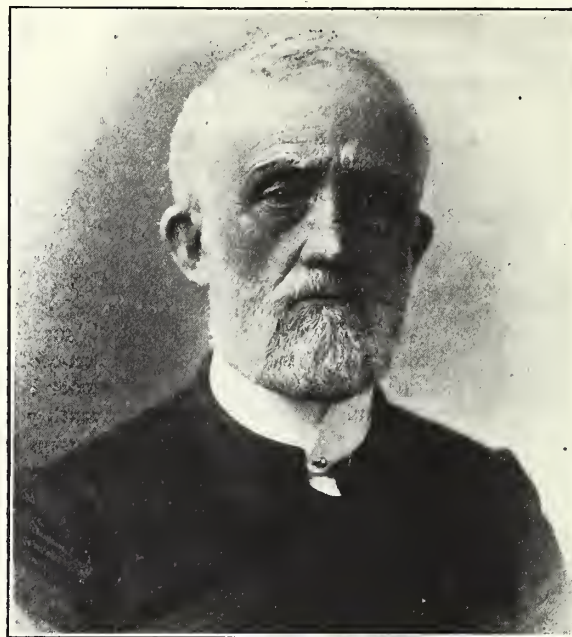
For three years the young preacher did effective work as a missionary in the mining camps and elsewhere on the coast. In 1858 he was unexpectedly chosen to be editor of the Pacific Methodist, and was kept in that position without a break till 1867, though along with his editorship he also did much preaching. He brought a brightness and a sparkle into the columns of his paper that were exceedingly attractive. Everybody in California came to know him. He was soon spoken of, from the mountains to the sea, as "Brother Fitz." During the Civil War he was often in critical circumstances, for he did not try to conceal his sympathies. Mark Twain, who had abandoned the Confederate army after a brief service and had drifted West to get out of danger, spoke of him as "trying to show the members of a Southern Church the Southern way to a Southern heaven."

From 1867 to 1871 he was State Superintendent of Public Instruction, having been elected by a large majority as the nominee of the Democratic party. Closing his engagement to the public with great credit, he reentered the pastorate, and filled the stations of Stockton and Santa Rosa. In 1877 he undertook the publication on his own account of Fitzgerald's Home Newspaper, a periodical of high excellence. But the General Conference of his Church, which met in Atlanta, Ga., in the spring of 1878, following the advice of Bishop George F. Pierce and others, elected him editor of the Christian Advocate in succession to the learned and able Dr. Thomas O. Summers, who had then recently become Dean of the Biblical Department of Vanderbilt University. This post of honor, by two successive reelections, he filled for twelve years, and made the Advocate more widely popular.

In 1886 at Richmond, Va., he received a heavy vote for the episcopacy, and in 1890 at St. Louis, Mo., along with the brilliant and courageous Atticus G. Haygood, he was elected bishop. When the General Conference met at Dallas, Tex., in 1902, he was, by his own request, put on the superannuate list. As a bishop he widened the very large circle of his friends. Wherever he went he was simply an elder brother, and in the chair of the Conferences he did not bother to follow conventional lines. Oftentimes he got over a difficulty by the free use of his never-failing humor, and in great emergencies he did not hesitate to fall back on prayer and song. On the platform and in the pulpit he had a style that was all his own. He imitated nobody, and nobody could imitate him. In the

social circle he was indeed a charmer. Take him one day with another and put him among all sorts of people, he had in his prime the rarest faculty for being interesting that I have ever known. The one thing he could not do was to be dull.

It is not using the language of exaggeration to say that, more even than many men who have university training, he



BISHOP O. P. FITZGERALD.

was a man of letters. Few men of his generation had read and absorbed as great a number of good books or had a keener sense of literary values. He gave himself with a willing heart to history, biography, essays, and poetry. Theology he studied because it was his duty, but the English Bible he conned because he loved it. His activity with his pen, considering the other drafts that were made upon him, was something wonderful. He wrote with almost infinite ease. Of some forms of literary expression he was perfect master. His paragraphs were works of art, as much so as the ivory miniatures of a Japanese craftsman, and his brief editorials often exhibited an Addisonian finish. Among all his books—and he wrote nearly a score—his "California Sketches" represented him at his best. Some of the short sketches in this volume are as good as the best that Bret Harte ever wrote on similar themes.

Even after his superannuation Bishop Fitzgerald kept busy. He did not withdraw from the world and spend his closing days as a leisurely recluse, but went in and out among men as he had always been accustomed to do. Wherever he went he carried a cheery temper and a pleasant voice. He had lived in Nashville over thirty years, and everybody recognized him as he passed along the streets. In the Churches and outside he had a great company of warm friends. Again and again he told me: "It's all right. I am God's child for both worlds. If he suffers me to stay here, I shall thank him. If he sees fit to call me hence, I shall not complain."

In 1882 Bishop Fitzgerald, then editor of the official paper of Southern Methodism, had a severe illness, and in resuming his labors in a semisalutatory way stated: "In dealing with so many persons and so many questions it is scarcely possible that I could have avoided giving offense to some. Yet on re-

viewing the editorial work of the four years as I lay on a bed of sickness, from which it seemed probable I would never arise, I felt real satisfaction in the reflection that I had not during all that time willingly given a pang to a human heart or laid a feather's weight on a brother man."

Livingston, Miss.: June 1867.

My dear Sir

I rec'd from Mrs. P. Lee & Walter of Andover \$509.00 in gold forwarded by you for the widows & orphans of Southern soldiers in Virginia, which I will endeavor to apply for the relief of those most requiring aid.

I hope you will permit me to express my individual thanks to you & the generous donors for the aid thus given to the suffering women & children of Virginia whose grateful prayers in your behalf will I am sure be registered in Heaven with great respect.

Yours obly Servt
R. Lee

Rev. A. P. Fitzgerald

[At the close of the war, when all the South was prostrate, Dr. Fitzgerald was active in California in raising money for those in distress. In the progress of his great work he had some correspondence with General Lee, and he preserved with pride a letter that adds to the beauty and faithfulness of that great man. His collections were about \$20,000 in gold.]

GEN. GEORGE W. GORDON.

So much has been published recently of the late Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans that but little space is given at this time. Every Southerner in this country knows of General Gordon's splendid career as a Confederate officer, of his eloquent orations in vindication of his comrades who went down in the strife, and of his zeal in behalf of correct history. His zealous devotion to his duties as superintendent of education in Memphis and Shelby County, Tenn. are well known, and the esteem in which he was held was demonstrated at the funeral in Memphis, when perhaps twenty thousand women and children witnessed the funeral procession through the streets of Memphis, thousands standing in the drizzling rain. A delegation of Congressmen manifested the esteem in which General Gordon was held among national counselors. There was pathos in the burial of the last Confederate general in Congress. Gen. John H. McDowell, commanding the Tennessee Division of Veterans, had charge of the parade, and Rev. R. Lin Cave, Chaplain General of the

U. C. V., conducted the service in the large and handsome Second Presbyterian Church, of which General Gordon was a member. Gen. W. E. Mickle, the Adjutant General, and many prominent Confederates from different States were present. Much esteem and sympathy was shown for General Gordon's wife. He left no children.

Lieut. Gen. C. Irving Walker, who succeeds General Gordon as Commander in Chief, could not be present.

Winona (Miss.) Comrades Pay Tribute.

[By Adj. J. C. Wadsworth, of Statham-Farrell Camp.]

In passing resolutions upon the death of Gen. George W. Gordon, which were adopted by Statham-Farrell Camp, No. 1197, U. C. V., at Winona, Miss., August 10, 1911, they say:

"Be it resolved by this Camp in annual reunion assembled that it is with the deepest regret that we receive the news of his death. We esteemed General Gordon as one of the most chivalric and knightly of Confederate officers. Duty was his highest motive, his guiding star. As a soldier, brave; as a citizen, patriotic; as a public servant, efficient; and as a man, honest and true.

"We shall ever cherish his memory and strive to emulate his many virtues, and we do not hesitate to hold up his character to the rising generation as worthy of veneration.

"We extend to his widow and relatives our sincere sympathy, and invoke God's blessing of consolation upon them.

The resolutions were ordered spread upon the minutes of the Camp and a copy sent to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

Committee: J. C. Purnell, John Richie, J. D. Simpson, V. D. Rowe.

CAPT. THOMAS H. EDGAR.

Camp Magruder, U. C. V., held a memorial service for the late Capt. Thomas H. Edgar, lifetime Adjutant of the Camp. A committee was appointed at a brief meeting of the Camp held Sunday, the 6th inst., to draft suitable resolutions upon the death of Captain Edgar. The committee, composed of Nicholas Weekes, F. Rodrigues, and Judge Robert M. Franklin, Commander of the Camp, submitted resolutions which were adopted—viz.:

"Resolved: 1. That the members of Camp Magruder feel most keenly their loss and the loss of this community in the passing of our lamented Adjutant and comrade, Thomas H. Edgar, a true son of Texas. He measured up to her full standard as a citizen, soldier, and patriot, serving his beloved Southland during the four years of the Confederate war. But more especially was our comrade endeared to us by his faithful service for more than fifteen years as the Adjutant and Secretary of our Camp, and by his loyalty to the cause for which he gave four years of his young manhood, and, more than all, by his kindness, his tenderness, and consideration for his old comrades in arms as they struggle on under their burden of increasing years and infirmities. The memory of his loyalty and kindness, his unselfish aid, and perseverance in getting his old comrades to a haven of rest in our Confederate Home at Austin is indelibly stamped in the hearts of many an old Confederate, and surely the recording angel will write down, 'As one who loved his fellow-man,' while his untiring devotion and work for our Camp up to the very last days of his life has written his epitaph: 'Faithful to the last.'

"2. That we tender to the bereaved widow of Thomas H. Edgar and to his relatives our condolence and sincere sympathy, and commend them to the care of the all-wise and merciful God, who knows best and will take care of his own."

REMEMBER THE RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL.

COLONEL OWEN'S KINDNESS AT ARKANSAS POST.

Mrs. L. A. Nutt, writes from Alva, Fla., and incloses \$1: "Admiring the magnanimity of Colonel Owen to prisoners of war at Camp Chase, where I visited my husband after his capture at Arkansas Post, and also admiring your noble impulse to honor him, I regret that my contribution must be so small."

ARKANSAS MONUMENT AT SHILOH.

The Arkansas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, will unveil its monument in the Shiloh National Military Park at noon Tuesday, September 26. The published program is as follows: Song, "America;" invocation by Dr. W. D. Buckner; report of Shiloh Monument Committee by the Chairman, Mrs. Josie Frazee Cappleman; unveiling ceremonies, Mrs. C. A. Forney Smith; unveiling, Miss Dorothy Shaver, Miss Lillian E. Reeves, Miss Jessie McCorkle, Miss Marie Ginocchio, Miss Anna Gantt, Mrs. May Rutherford Glenn, Mrs. J. L. Reid, Mrs. A. R. Govan, Mrs. D. W. Thomas; addresses by Gen. Robert G. Shaver, Gen. J. F. Smith, Commander Arkansas Division, U. C. V., and Hon. Hal Norwood; presentation by Mrs. Homer F. Sloan, President Arkansas Division, U. D. C.; reception by the Secretary of War or his representative and by D. W. Reed, Chairman of the Park Commission; closing address and benediction by Dr. W. D. Buckner.

MURDERS BY GENERAL (?) PAYNE, U. S. A.

BY JOHN T. FITZPATRICK, ROYSE CITY, TEX.

In May, 1861, I enlisted in Company E, 17th Tennessee Regiment, under Col. Taz W. Newman, Zollicoffer's Brigade. A. S. Marks was my captain. In July we went to Knoxville, from there to Cumberland Gap, remaining there and in that section for most of the summer. There was a little fight at Rock Castle, Ky., in which three or four of the company were killed and others wounded. We went into winter quarters at Mill Springs, and remained there until after the battle in which we lost our beloved General Zollicoffer. Then we went to Murfreesboro, where we formed part of Bushrod Johnson's brigade in A. S. Johnston's army, and on to Corinth, Miss. After the battle of Shiloh, on reenlistment I joined Company K (Rev. A. D. Trimble, captain), 4th Tennessee Cavalry Starnes's Regiment, Forrest's Brigade. I was taken prisoner while inside the Federal lines and released during General Bragg's Kentucky campaign.

After the battle of Murfreesboro, I was discharged from the army. When General Bragg evacuated Middle Tennessee, I went with the Army of Chattanooga, and was assigned to duty in the quartermaster's department. After the battle of Chickamauga, I was assigned to scouting service in Middle Tennessee. On one occasion General Payne, of the Federal army, ordered a general raid by his cavalry from Tullahoma, Estill Springs, and Decherd by all the leading roads through Franklin, Moore, and part of Lincoln Counties to Fayetteville Tenn. William Green, of Lynchburg, belonging to General Forrest's escort, was killed after having surrendered on the ridge above W. G. Motlow's house, and Capt. Bill Davis, scout for General Bragg's headquarters, was killed about a hundred yards from Green. A man named Brown was killed near the Lutheran church, and McKnight was killed in the road about halfway between Elk River and Chestnut Ridge. Old man Joel VanZandt was killed on the road leading from his mill on the river to his house. All were left lying where killed. The

first night Frank Burrough, with a broken arm, was taken prisoner at his grandmother's house, near old Salem, and about fifteen other scouts and discharged soldiers were also taken. When they reached Fayetteville on the next day, they were marched out and put in line and shot to death not far from the courthouse, by the order of General Payne, without trial or previous notice of their fate. Late in the evening, when this raid started, I learned the extent of it, and rode all night to notify the scouts that I knew of to seek hiding.

All this reminds me of the unveiling of the monument at Mulberry Village. In those days of gloom the Federal commander had sent a force of infantry and cavalry to Mulberry Village with orders to remain twenty or thirty days, and within a circuit of ten miles around the village to collect of the citizens the sum of thirty thousand dollars as indemnity for three soldiers said to have been killed near there. * * * The murdered VanZandt was a cousin to our Gen. K. M. VanZandt, Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V.

[Comrade Fitzpatrick was born in Winchester, Tenn., Franklin County, and was a son of Dr. John and Mary Carpenter Fitzpatrick, both of prominent old Virginia families.]

Mrs. C. F. March, 520 North Street W., Morristown, Tenn., is anxious for information about her father, Martin Davis, who was killed in battle. She writes that he was with Colonel Carroll's 18th Arkansas Regiment, Captain Barnett's company. He was killed in the second battle of Corinth, Miss. She states that one of his comrades notified the family and said he was shot through the heart, but they cannot recall now who it was. She wants to join the U. D. C., and would be very grateful for any information from his comrades.



THE MAGNIFICENT LOVING CUP.

Presented to Dr. Clarence J. Owens, retiring Commander in Chief of the U. S. C. V., at the Reunion at Little Rock.

FOUR BROTHERS WHO SAW SERVICE.

E. C. and T. B. Alexander volunteered with the Maury Artillery in the early fall of 1861, going to Kentucky and then to Fort Donelson, where they were surrendered and sent to prison at Camp Douglas, Ill. They were kept in prison seven or eight months during 1862, then exchanged and sent to Port Hudson, La., in the fall of 1862. Early in the siege of Port Hudson E. C. Alexander was severely wounded, and was not able for duty for some months.

T. B. Alexander was sergeant in his company, and active and at his post during the entire siege; but he was taken sick the night of the surrender, and was not able to walk out when the Confederates were paroled. So both remained at Port Hudson, and were soon afterwards sent to New Orleans to prison, remaining there a few months, until exchanged. They were in service again at Fort Morgan, Ala., near Mobile.



A. J. ALEXANDER, 67; G. W. ALEXANDER, 70;

E. C. ALEXANDER, 74; T. B. ALEXANDER, 72.

There they were surrendered again and sent to prison at Elmira, N. Y. This was about midsummer of 1864, and in the early spring of 1865 they were again exchanged at Richmond, Va., and sent to Georgia, but were not assigned to any command. The war considered over, they were paroled, with transportation furnished, and started for home, which they reached on May 18, 1865, the first time they had been home since leaving with the Maury Artillery in 1861.

In the summer of 1861 G. W. Alexander joined a company that was being made up in Maury County, Tenn., but was attacked with typhoid fever which settled in his limbs, and he could not walk for months. In July, 1863, he joined the 9th Tennessee Cavalry. He was in the battle of Chickamauga, and after that was with Gen. Basil Duke's regiment of Morgan's Cavalry, and was in several raids with them in Kentucky, and was with Morgan when the latter was killed at Greeneville, Tenn. Later he was captured, and remained in prison until the war closed.

A. J. Alexander joined his brothers at Port Hudson, La., in November, 1862, and was in the siege and surrender in July, 1863. He was paroled and walked out with his command, and when exchanged he joined the 9th Tennessee Battalion of Cavalry. He was paroled at Charlotte, N. C., April 8, 1865, reaching home May 18, 1865.

[It is unusual that so many soldier-brothers are yet living.]

ERRORS ABOUT GENERALS—AUGUST VETERAN.

Comrade J. C. Smythe, who was of the 2d Florida Regiment, writes from Ancilla, Fla.: "In your list of generals in the Confederate army born in the Northern States, Brig. Gen. E. A. Perry, who commanded the 1st Florida Brigade, composed of the 2d, 5th, and 8th Florida Regiments, A. N. V., is omitted. Gen. Joseph Finnegan, a native of Ireland, who fought the battle of Olustee, Fla., commanding the 9th, 10th, and 11th Florida Regiments, was, with his brigade, ordered from Florida to Virginia during the latter part of the war. He commanded the remnant of the old brigade and his own, Gen. E. A. Perry being in Florida permanently disabled from wounds in battle. He was elected Governor of Florida, succeeding Governor Drew. General Finnegan being senior brigadier, in the absence of Gen. William Mahone was in command of the division at Hatcher's Run, Va. Sometime after he resigned and returned to Florida. Both generals are dead. David Lang, colonel of the 8th Florida, was in command at the close."

Jonathan Kellogg, of Little Rock, writes: "There is an error that I report. Gen. Dandridge McRea in the list of brigadier generals from Arkansas has been dead quite a number of years. I knew him well. He lived at Searcy, fifty miles from this city, and he resided here for some time."

John W. Davis, Esq., of Fort Worth, Tex., writes: "The name of Gen. Felix H. Robertson is not mentioned. At the breaking out of the Civil War General Robertson was a student at West Point from Texas, and, I believe, in his second year. He resigned from West Point and entered the Confederate service, and was a prominent artillery officer for at least the first two years of the war in the Army of Tennessee, and was finally transferred to the cavalry under General Wheeler, and before the close of the war had been commissioned a brigadier general. General Robertson is a resident of Crawford, McLennan County, Tex., and is a modest, unassuming man; but there was not a braver or more loyal Confederate officer in the ranks, and his subsequent life has been one of perfect loyalty to the Southern cause."

[Gen. Felix H. Robertson's name appears in the list of artillery officers as brigadier general, but is not given in the list of general officers printed at Washington. His name was evidently not omitted intentionally. Thanks to Mr. Davis for notice of the error.—EDITOR VETERAN.]

GEN. O. F. STRAHL'S NAME OMITTED.—A. H. Lankford writes from Paris, Tenn.: "In the list of generals serving in the Confederate army who were born in Northern States which appeared in the August VETERAN, page 400, I note the omission of O. F. Strahl, brigadier general, who was born in Ohio. He said to General Hood at Spring Hill, Tenn., on the night of November 29, while the Federal army was passing by us and plainly in sight: 'If you will let me throw my brigade across the pike, I will have those fellows in the morning, or you may take these stars off my collar.'"

Joseph C. Mudd writes from Hyattsville, Md.: "In the August VETERAN the list of Confederate generals born in the Northern States omits the names of Lieut. Gen. John Clifford Pemberton, born in Pennsylvania, and Brig. Gen. Lawrence Sullivan Ross, born in Iowa." [The South should not forget General Pemberton's faithfulness to the Confederate cause. General Ross was not only a valiant Confederate officer but was Governor of Texas, and during his latter years was ardent in educational advancement through the agricultural college of his adopted Texas.]

TWO COMRADES AND CHUMS IN FLORIDA.

J. C. Grant and J. T. Whitaker enlisted in State service in H. B. Gross's company September 29, 1861, and served six months at Appalachicola. They reenlisted in the Confederate States service March 10, 1862, under the same captain in Company G, 6th Florida Regiment. Grant was elected fourth sergeant and Whitaker fourth corporal. The regiment was sent to Chattanooga, Tenn., then to Knoxville, and from there they marched through Kentucky in Bragg's army.

While on this march Grant was appointed first lieutenant. On the long, forced march they, with their comrades, were subjected to many hardships, as it was freezing cold, with occasional snow and sleet, and they had to sleep in the open.



J. T. WHITAKER AND J. C. GRANT.

Frank Whitfield, a member of their company, had been sick for several days, and one cold night Whitaker complied with his request to sleep with him. They had a fly tent. Whitfield died during the night without Whitaker's knowledge.

The regiment went back to Knoxville, and then to the Chickamauga battle of September 19 and 20, 1863. There Grant was wounded, and was found by Whitaker at night in a pool of blood. A ball had passed so nearly through his body that the doctor simply slit the skin in his back and took out the ball. He dressed the wound and hurried away to others, saying as he left: "Poor Jeff! He is gone."

After the Missionary Ridge battle, Whitaker was in command of the company to Dalton, Ga., and they were in all the battles from Dalton to Atlanta, and to Jonesboro. They were with Hood's army at Columbia, Spring Hill, Franklin, and Nashville, and at the latter place Lieutenant Whitaker was captured on December 16, 1864, and sent to Camp Douglas, Ill., where he remained until June 20, 1865.

Grant marched back through Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, to Greensboro, N. C., where he surrendered with Johnston's army, with only two others of his company present—viz., G. W. Phillips and Stafford Davis.

J. T. Whitaker is Commander of Camp Frank Phillips, U. C. V., at Graceville, Fla., and J. C. Grant is First Lieutenant of the Camp. When Grant was married in October, 1865, Whitaker was his best man. Grant has four sons and four daughters, and Whitaker, who has been married three times, has two sons and six daughters, four living in Texas.

"A lady from Martinsburg, W. Va.," writes: "I want to find out if Captain Coles and Richard Fulgum, of the 1st North Carolina Regiment, can be located."

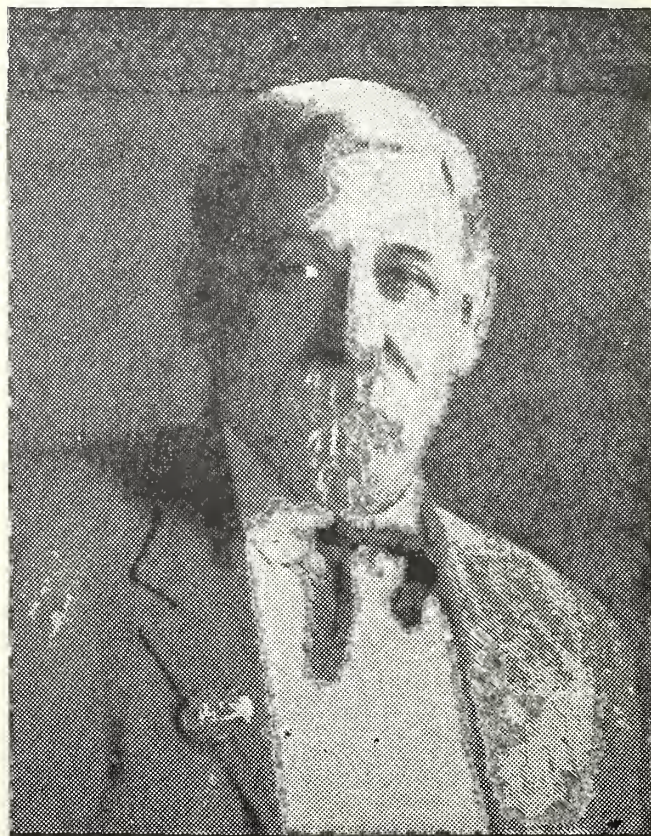
TWO MEN SOUGHT WATER AT SHILOH.

BY COL. HENRY GEORGE, PEWEE VALLEY, KY.

After the first day's battle at Shiloh, the Federal army had been driven back to the protection of their gunboats on the Tennessee River and were huddled in a disorganized mass, which would have ended in their being captured if the Confederate forces had pressed them for an hour longer. Some of the Confederate infantry and some of their batteries were close enough to throw their shots into them, when they were ordered to withdraw and to go into camp for the night. In the meantime a fresh Federal force under General Buell had arrived on the opposite side of the Tennessee River, and during the night was put across ready to reinforce General Grant.

The 7th Kentucky Regiment, to which I belonged, was well in advance and occupied Federal tents and camps during the night. Early the following morning, April 7, 1862, our men were aroused by a Federal skirmish line firing into our camp. The regiment was soon formed, and in a little while became hotly engaged with the enemy, which engagement lasted, with short intermission, until two or three o'clock in the afternoon.

During one of those intermissions Lieutenant Cochran, of Company E, of the 7th Kentucky, and I, being thirsty, moved off to our right in search of water. A short distance in our front a running stream was discovered making its way through a small field. We entered the field, and were approaching the stream, when a heavy Federal skirmish line from the opposite side of the field opened upon us. We made our way back toward our lines about as fast as two young soldiers ever ran. The clothing of Lieutenant Cochran was pierced by a Federal ball, and my cartridge box, gun, and canteen were struck, my gun being ruined. Cochran emigrated to and resided in Texas.



COL. HENRY GEORGE.

BLUE AND GRAY REUNION AT MEMPHIS.

Mr. Pettingill, of the Pettingill-Flowers Company, of Memphis, in sending the notice that appears on the back page about the blue and gray reunion at Memphis, states:

"Many of the veterans felt that the proposed reunion would be a grand thing as an initiative in bringing together the veterans of both the North and the South, but that it was not likely to receive sufficient enthusiasm as to make it a wonderful success. But when Judge J. M. Greer, Mr. W. C. Duttlinger, and Mr. N. B. Forrest, grandson of Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest, went to the encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Rochester, N. Y., to invite the members of the Grand Army to attend this reunion in Memphis, they were received with the most extraordinary enthusiasm.

"For the first time in the history of the encampment total strangers, not members of the order at all, were admitted to the floor and the rostrum, and Judge Greer was invited to address the assemblage. This speech was received with the most vigorous applause, and long after his speech was over there was such a crush to shake hands with the Memphis delegation and to get further particulars that order could not be restored until after the delegation had left the hall. Resolutions were later adopted recommending all the Grand Army veterans that were able to do so to attend the Memphis Blue and Gray Reunion."

"THE MEN IN GRAY."

There was perhaps never printed a book more concisely written and that went so directly to the subject in hand as "The Men in Gray," by Rev. R. C. Cave, who was the orator at the Little Rock Reunion. It is not a large book—143 pages, and is under three headings after a most interesting "Foreword"—viz.: "The Men in Gray," "A Defense of the South," and "Cavalier Loyalty and Puritan Disloyalty in America." It is being ordered more freely than any volume ever offered by the VETERAN. Price, postpaid, \$1.

Capt. John H. Lester, of Deming, N. Mex., contemplates writing a history of the 7th Alabama Regiment of Cavalry, and would like to correspond with men from each company of the regiment. He says the number of the regiment was changed a few weeks before the close of the war, but few knew of the regiment, and it was called the 7th by the men of the regiment until the surrender. James C. Malone was its colonel. The regiment was in Wheeler's command from its organization until the close of the war.

MORE OF FIGHT AT FAYETTEVILLE.

RECOLLECTIONS BY HON. U. R. BROOKS, COLUMBIA, S. C.

"Mr. J. W. DuBose, of Wetumpka, Ala., requests of comrades, officers, and privates of Wheeler's Cavalry, especially of participants, information of the fight of March 10, 1865, with Kilpatrick on the Fayetteville (N. C.) road, and asks whether Wheeler's Cavalry came on the field at daylight and led in the attack on Kilpatrick's Camp and what part Butler's Cavalry took in the fight."

In response to the above, I would say that I was one of General Butler's couriers, and just as soon as we could see to ride on the morning of March 10, 1865, General Butler ordered Col. Gid Wright, commanding Young's Georgia Brigade, to charge Kilpatrick's camp. With Butler's famous scout, Hugh Scott, by his side and followed by the brigade and also by Butler's old brigade, Wright made the charge. General Butler was among the first to ride into camp; and

after having had two of Kilpatrick's cannon spiked, he sent me to ask General Wheeler to come on, as he was hard pressed. This was not an order but a request, for Wheeler outranked Butler. I did not deliver the message, because I met General Wheeler and his staff, followed by General Dibrell, at the head of his brave men. About the time General Wheeler rode up General Hampton had ordered Butler to retire. No blame could be attached to Wheeler nor to his cavalry. General Wheeler was one of the bravest men I ever saw, and so was General Butler.

You have a copy of my book, "Butler and His Cavalry."

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W. W. Bruton, Box 71, Baird, Tex., writes in behalf of the widow of Thomas West, who served in Captain Park's company, 17th Arkansas Volunteer Infantry, C. S. A. If any of his comrades are living, she will be glad to have their testimony as to his record so she may secure a pension.

Mrs. Albert Vernon Goodin, Sr., of Charleston, Mo., has sought in vain some information of her husband's service during the war, and will appreciate hearing from any surviving comrades who can aid her in this way. Albert Vernon Goodin and Dr. Tinsley Vernon, his cousin, went from Charleston, Mo., to Hillsboro, Tex., and there enlisted in the Confederate army. It is thought that they were in the company of a Captain Nunnely.

**First National
REUNION
Of Blue and Gray
AT MEMPHIS
September 27th, 1911**

Appreciating that there was great need of someone taking the initiative in bringing together in a National Reunion the Veterans of the Blue and the Veterans of the Gray, Memphis has become responsible for the holding of the first National Blue and Gray Reunion.

The committee appointed to attend the Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, at Rochester, N. Y., met with most enthusiastic reception, and resolutions were adopted urging all the members who could to be present in Memphis at this Reunion.

Every Veteran Should Go

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The Reunion is most happily timed, occurring in Memphis when the cool weather has come to make the event delightful, and preceded and followed by festivities of every kind.

On TUESDAY, September 26th, there will be an immense Day Parade of Arts and Industries. On the day of the Reunion, after the program, the Veterans will be the guests of the United Sons of the Confederate Veterans, who will give an old-time Southern barbecue at East End Park.

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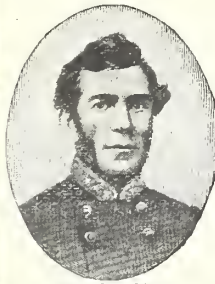
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NINETEENTH YEAR

OCTOBER, 1911

NUMBER TEN

LEADING ARTICLES.



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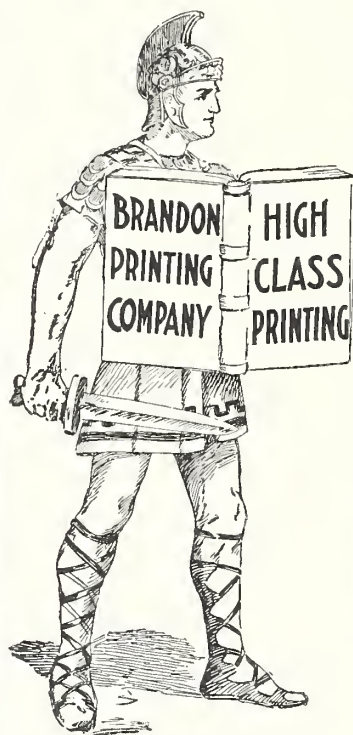
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"Leading Articles" in the abridged space is an incomplete table of contents. There are more long articles in this number than usual.

The November issue will contain entertaining gossip upon subjects treated herein. Make contributions brief.

Coöperate, please, with other friends in calling attention to the VETERAN.



Facts about PRINTING

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Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important. Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application. The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The civil war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted. The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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VOL. XIX.

NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1911.

No. 10. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

GEN. C. IRVINE WALKER, COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

Gen. C. Irvine Walker has long been prominent and influential in veteran circles, and particularly in coöperation with the Sons of Veterans in the movement for the monument to the women. His Confederate career was most worthily distinguished. He entered the service in April, 1861, when only nineteen years of age, as a drill master. He rose step by step by dint of his gallantry and devotion to duty, so that when only twenty-two years old he became lieutenant colonel of the 10th South Carolina Regiment, and commanded that regiment during the last year of the war. He was in every battle or skirmish with his command, and was desperately wounded in front of Atlanta July 28, 1864. As a cadet in the Citadel of Charleston, S. C., he was on duty when the opening gun of the war was fired January 9, 1861, and surrendered

when the last act of the great drama was closed, at Greensboro, N. C., with General Johnston, and in between he was always at the front with his comrades. No more loyal, more devoted, or braver man gave the best years of his life to a beloved cause.

General Walker was born in Charleston February 14, 1842, a son of Joseph and Cornelia Walker. He graduated at the South Carolina Military Academy, Charleston, in April, 1861. On June 20, 1868, he married Miss Ada Oreanno Sinclair, of Georgetown. In December, 1868, he entered the business of Walker, Evans & Cogswell, and continued at the head of that large publishing house until 1900. He is a member of the South Carolina Chickamauga Monument Committee, and he has ever been active in the Confederate cause.

VIRGINIA STATE REUNION AT NEWPORT NEWS.

Stith Bolling, Major General commanding, Petersburg, Va., with William M. Evans, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Richmond, in General Orders No. 10 announces that the next annual meeting of the Virginia Division of United Confederate Veterans will take place in Newport News, Va., October 17-19, 1911, the same dates as the meeting of the Grand Camp C. V. at the same place.

All Camps of the Division, U. C. V., will elect delegates in the proportion of one delegate and alternate to every twenty active members and one additional delegate for a fraction of ten members, each Camp being entitled to at least two delegates, all dues being paid.

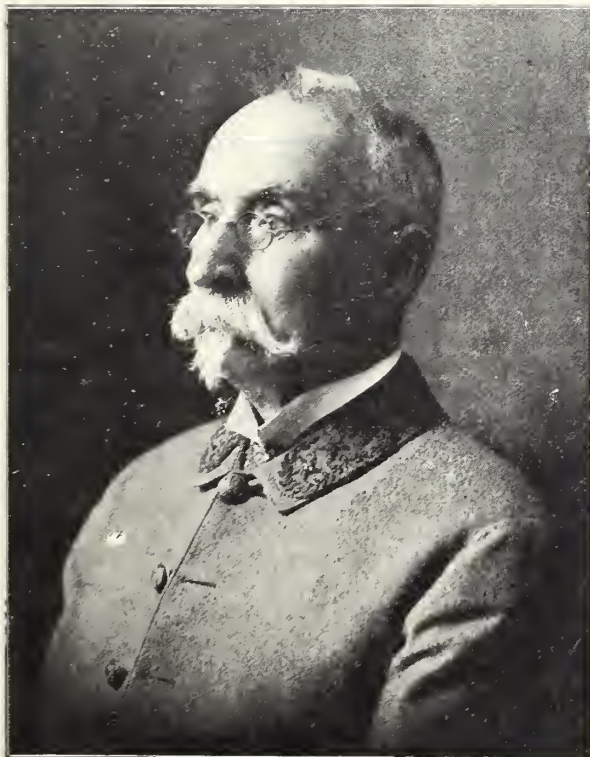
Major General Bolling strongly impresses upon all the Camps the importance of paying up their dues.

Railroad rates for the reunion will be the usual reduced rates for round trip tickets.

Magruder Camp, Newport News, desires to make the occasion one of exceptional interest and pleasure.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GEN. MANSFIELD LOVELL.

Miss Alice Q. Lovell, of Natchez, Miss., writes from Sewanee, Tenn.: "On page 400 of the August VETERAN in the list of Confederate generals born in the Northern States Maj. Gen. Mansfield Lovell is reported from Pennsylvania. My uncle, Gen. M. Lovell, was born in Washington, D. C., in a house on Lafayette Square facing the White House. He was the second son of Dr. Joseph Lovell, surgeon general U. S. A., and on the death of his father he was sent to West Point."



GEN. C. IRVINE WALKER.

SOME BEAUTIFUL SOUTHERN WOMEN.

The story of the competition called forth by the Buffalo Exposition eleven years ago for faces of the two most beautiful women in the Pan-American countries to be used in medallion for awards is readily recalled. One of those chosen was that of Maxine Elliott, the actress, and the other the charming and gifted Miss Maude Coleman Woods, of Charlottesville, Va., to whose graces was added "simple and unaffected piety," and of whom Thomas Nelson Page wrote: "In the long list of her beautiful daughters Virginia never had one who by every gentle grace filled more fully the measure of that sweet womanhood which we, who are of the soil, love to think the distinctive stamp of her endowment. . . . No adulation changed her; no trace of self-consciousness marred her exquisite simplicity. She was as beautiful and natural as a flower." Early in 1904 Miss Woods was called to such reward as must be joyous for so faithful and so beautiful a life here. Readers of the VETERAN may recall the worthy record of her beloved father, Capt. Micajah Woods, in the VETERAN for June of this year, page 296.

Pictures of other Southern women were placed in the competition by friends of some at least who knew nothing of it. One of these who came close in the competition was Miss Elliott Todhunter, of Lexington, Mo. (at that time of Higginsville). Her picture was of a very few in a competition of, it is said, twenty thousand that received honorable



MISS ELLIOTT TODHUNTER.

mention, and it was published extensively in illustrated periodicals. The *St. Louis Post Dispatch* took an active part in the exhibit, and it championed Miss Todhunter. She is delightfully remembered by many of the "old boys" through her charming conversation and public recitations at reunions as

well as by her beauty of person. Her two sisters are also shown in this sketch. A lovelier trio of daughters may not be



MISS MAUDE COLEMAN WOODS.

found. Beauty of person is no more conspicuous than is their reputation as young women reared in the spirit of the Old South. Their father, as well as their multitude of friends, is their admirer. But with all of his paternal pride in the daughters, his enthusiasm is keenest in connection with their mother, whose face would hardly indicate an age ahead except for her soft gray hair.

Col. Raymond Todhunter, father of Miss Elliott and the two other fair girls, Missouri maids of honor at Little Rock, is one of the most irrepressible of all Confederates. He is robust, active, and genial, and shows no evidence of the debility that usually comes to men of his years. An illustration of his activity of mind and body is in his having conceived in the closing days of the Confederacy a command of supernumerary officers. He was at the time assistant adjutant general with Brigadier General M. D. Ector. This was eight days after the surrender of General Lee. His application was commended by many officers who knew him. Gen. Randall Gibson approved it on condition that the command be "exclusively of supernumerary officers." The account of this organization may be seen on page 398 of the VETERAN for 1907.

It was a treat and amazing to hear Colonel Todhunter, when a guest at his home at Grayson Park, Lexington, during the recent Missouri State Reunion there, discuss the battle field of Nashville. He recalled Shy's Hill, the Harding, Hillsboro, Granny White, and Franklin Pikes as vividly as though he had been a resident of Nashville ever since that awful battle was fought. He happened to be on Shy's Hill when Bate's Division was being placed on its summit, connecting its left with Cheatham's right, and he volunteered important information to General Bate concerning the Federal lines. Bate arrived there after dark, which at least delayed the disaster to that most important part of the Confederate battle line.

TWO MAIDS OF HONOR AT LITTLE ROCK.

The two younger daughters of Colonel and Mrs. Todhunter were maids of honor for Missouri at the Little Rock Reunion. They are not only beautiful and look like twins, but they are

gifted in music. Katherine, with the light hair, was graduated from both the Central and Ladies' Colleges at Lexington, and then received her B.A. degree from Randolph-Macon College at Lynchburg, Va. Emary, the younger, with dark



MISSSES KATHERINE AND EMARY TODHUNTER.

hair, graduated in the violin and literary courses in Lexington and took the B.A. degree also at Randolph-Macon College in 1910. They were the first sisters to graduate in the same class in this famous old college at the same time.

GREAT HIGHWAYS ACROSS KENTUCKY.

A few months since the people of Kentucky undertook to build a great highway from Louisville to Nashville, passing the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln, near Hodgenville, Ky.

A great deal of enthusiasm has been aroused in Kentucky in this era of good road-building. The road from Louisville to the Tennessee line has been engineered, financed, and is now under construction, and will be completed in the next twelve months. It is hoped that Tennessee will finish the road from the Kentucky line to Nashville, passing by the grave of Jackson. This road is designated "The Lincoln-Jackson Way."

Citizens of Western Kentucky, not to be outdone, have undertaken the construction of a highway from Bowling Green, Ky., to Paducah, Ky., a distance of one hundred and thirty-four miles. This road branches off from the Lincoln-Jackson road at Bowling Green, one hundred and thirteen miles from Louisville, and then passes in a westwardly direction to Paducah, through the counties of Warren, Logan, Todd, Christian, Trigg, Calloway, Marshall, Graves, and McCracken. The enterprise was first set on foot by Rush C. Watkins, a native-born Tennessean, a member of the Board of Safety, and a large real estate dealer of Louisville. He married a Kentucky woman whose people lived in the district touched by this road. The people of these counties have taken up the enterprise with great vigor, public meetings have been held at Elkton, Hopkinsville, and Franklin, and another large meeting is to be held at Paducah on the 22d of September.

The country through which this great road passes has an abundance of good road material, consisting largely of what is known as Paducah gravel, which bonds beautifully and makes a road almost as solid as asphalt. On September 9 at Hopkinsville a great public meeting was convened; Mr. Penick, Chairman of the Roadway Organization, provided delegates from nine counties, and several hundred persons were present. As is usual in all matters affecting Confederate affairs in Kentucky, Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander Department Army of Tennessee, was asked to deliver an address. His tribute to Jefferson Davis was received with great applause. He suggested the change of the name to the "Jefferson Davis Highway," and this was unanimously adopted. Hereafter this great historical monument will be known under that name. It was proposed to make the roadway sixty feet wide, and General Young has promised to furnish to those whose lands border the highway a *Speciosa Catalpa* for every fifty feet on each side of the roadway. He makes this his contribution to this great enterprise.

Through a rich and fertile country, in the midst of cultured and refined people, this historical highway will become one of the most attractive roads in America. It is a magnificent monument to Jefferson Davis, in many respects the most superb that has ever been erected to this great man, for whom love in the South year by year grows with increasing intensity.

Of course it will pass directly by the splendid property purchased by the Jefferson Davis Home Association at Fairview.

"THE BATTLE FIELD ROUTE" IN GEORGIA.

BETWEEN CHATTANOOGA AND ATLANTA.

The following account of the trip of the Atlanta Constitution's Thomas Flyer scout car from Atlanta to Chattanooga over the "Battle Field Route" appeared in the Constitution recently:

"It is worth traveling over all the rough road on the battle field or Sherman-Johnston route between Atlanta and Chattanooga just to get the magnificent view of the Tennessee Valley and Lookout Mountain from Missionary Ridge, one of the most famous battle grounds of the Civil War. At nearly every point the people are wide-awake, and in many sections work is now being done with a view to getting the route in better condition for the proposed tour to be made over it this fall. Dalton and the people of Whitfield County are keenly alive to the importance of this road. They have graded most of it and will chert it within a short time. Catoosa, although it has had the example of the government road, a splendid turnpike from Ringgold into Chattanooga, has done practically nothing, and the only road improvement through this county has been by private subscription, with the aid of Chattanooga. So much for the roads on the battle field route, one of the most interesting road routes in the Southern States, when it is properly improved, so as to be feasible for travel. * * *

"It was at Dalton that the greatest enthusiasm was met. From that point three cars came out to meet the Constitution party, a distance of some ten miles. In them were H. J. Smith, President of the Sherman-Johnston Highway Association, Mayor Paul B. Trammell, and others. Leading Dalton citizens met the party in Dalton and gave hearty assurance of their purpose to do everything possible for the development of the battle field route. Assurances were given that Whitefield County would make the roads just as good as it is possible to make them."

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME CHAPTER, U. D. C.

C. B. BREWER, FAIRVIEW, KY.

On September 23, under the majestic oaks in the Jefferson Davis Memorial Park, where annual reunions are held in honor of the birth of the illustrious Jefferson Davis, there was organized a Chapter of United Daughters of the Confederacy. The fourteen charter members are: Mesdames Jennie Humphrey, Mattie Combs, G. H. Gee, Lizzie Gray, Julia Keeling, Albertine Brewer, Bertha Humphrey, Oma Barksdale, Annie Wiles, M. R. Tandy; and Misses Mary Layne, Lela Bowen, and Ivey Gray. The officers elected were: Mrs. Humphrey, President; Mrs. Combs, Vice President; Miss Gray, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Bowen, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Gee, Historian; and Mrs. Keeling, Treasurer. The Chapter was organized by Mrs. F. McBlackemore and Mrs. C. H. Duke, of the Hopkinsville Chapter. At least twenty more have signified their intention of joining at the next monthly meeting, which will be the fourth Saturday afternoon in October. It will be noted that the word "Jeff" is not used, but "Jefferson."

The question of a "Jefferson Davis Highway" from Bowling Green to Paducah is being agitated, and of course it will take in Fairview. A great amount of money is being raised to further the work, which will begin in a short while in all the counties which the road will traverse. "Fairview will be put on the United States in *big letters*," says Capt. John H. Leathers, Treasurer of the Jefferson Home Association. That it may be true, is the desire of every true Southerner.

ABOUT ELSON'S HISTORY IN TEXAS.

A committee of the U. C. V. in Marshall, Tex., acts upon the Elson history. It is composed of W. P. Hudgins, F. A. Elgin, and Dr. E. B. Blocker, and states in part: "He is quoted as denouncing 'the plantations of the South' (not some of them nor in some parts of the South) as being seraglios, etc., evidently intending to embrace every plantation owner in the country, not excluding George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, Andrew Jackson, John Tyler, James K. Polk, Zachary Taylor, U. S. Grant, and Robert E. Lee, every one of whom owned plantations and slaves in the late slave-holding States. More than that, he has the audacity to charge a sister of James Madison with uttering the falsehood. Now he says: 'What is said about President Madison's sister may be found in "Goodall's American Slave Code," page 11,' another scandal monger whose shekels grew and multiplied just in proportion as he lied. What decent historian would search such a volume for facts to lay before the American people? This one acknowledgment of Elson is enough to damn him forever in the estimation of every truth-loving man in either the North or South. As to Martineau, another of Elson's authorities, we know little about her, but feel quite sure that she was only another scandal monger largely paid to vilify Southern people, or Elson would never have consulted her. As for Elson, he has never yet attempted a defense of his case without making it worse. He sends along with each defense a reprint of the story of the animosity aroused by his history, of course gotten up to suit himself. Why does he not send a reprint of the objectionable pages in his history and, like a man, subject them to the scrutiny of a candid world? He dares not do it, because he knows they would convict him of all that is charged against him."

This Elson history matter should enlist the active interest of every Southerner.

CORRECTIONS IN REPORT ABOUT GENERALS.

BY GEN. MARCUS J. WRIGHT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

In your list of Confederate officers born in the North you have Maj. Gen. L. G. De Russy. He was not a general officer, but was colonel of the 2d Louisiana Infantry. Gen. L. L. Lomax was born in Newport, R. I., while his father, an army officer, was stationed there. His family were Virginians. Gen. F. C. Armstrong's family were Tennesseans.

Robert P. Maclay was not a brigadier general in the Confederate army. He was a major of artillery, and was recommended for appointment as brigadier general by Gen. E. Kirby Smith March 15, 1864, and in September, 1864, General Smith assigned him to duty as brigadier general subject to the approval of the President, but he was not appointed.

Under the head of foreign-born generals in the Confederate army you have Von Borcke, of Germany. He was a staff officer, not a brigadier general. Charles F. Henningson you name as brigadier general. He was not appointed to that rank, but was colonel of the 59th Virginia Infantry.

ARLINGTON MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING AUGUST 31, 1911.

Receipts.

Mrs. A. J. Emerson, Director for Colorado, \$24. Contributed by Margaret H. D. Hayes Chapter, No. 1288, U. D. C., Denver, Colo., \$15; Judge J. J. Banks, \$5; Allen F. Burris, \$2; A. L. Thompson, \$1; Dr. Perkins, \$1.

Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$2. Contributed by J. J. Finley Chapter, No. 685, U. D. C., Gainesville, Fla.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$34.50. Contributed by Chester Chapter, No. 234, U. D. C., Chester, S. C., \$10; graded schools, Chester, S. C., \$4.50; Robert A. Waller Chapter, No. 687, U. D. C., \$10; Wade Hampton Chapter, No. 29, U. D. C., Columbia, S. C., \$5; John C. Calhoun Chapter, No. 945, U. D. C., Clemson College, S. C., \$5.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, \$80.30. Contributed by Caroline Chapter, No. 166, U. D. C., Croxton, Va., \$6; Portsmouth Chapter, No. 30, U. D. C., Portsmouth, Va., \$24.30; Southern Cross Chapter, No. 746, Salem, Va., \$50.

Balance from last report, \$17,899.54.

Total to be accounted for, \$18,040.34.

Balance on hand September 1, 1911, \$18,040.34.

WALLACE STREATER, *Treasurer*.

THE SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER U. D. C., FROM AUGUST 15 TO SEPTEMBER 15, 1911.

Alex Poston Chapter, Cadiz, Ky., \$1; W. A. Smith, Ansonville, N. C. (personal contribution given in memory of Lieut. Col. Charles G. Nelms, of DeSoto Rifles, 22d Mississippi Regiment), \$2.50; total since last report, \$3.50; total in hands of Treasurer at last report, \$9,886.76; total in hands of Treasurer to date, \$9,890.26.

SHILOH POST CARDS FOR THE MONUMENT FUND.—Post cards of the celebrated "Bloody Pond" at Shiloh, with some historical facts printed on them, have been gotten out by the Shiloh Monument Committee, and are now on sale two for five cents for the benefit of the Shiloh fund. They are beautiful and historic, and it is to be hoped every one—Daughters, veterans, and the general public—will buy and use them liberally and help the committee in this grand monument work. Orders may be sent to the respective State Directors or to the Director General, Mrs. Alexander B. White, Paris, Tenn.

MONUMENT ON MOUNT ISER, BEVERLY, W. VA.

BY J. W. HAMPTON, THOMAS, W. VA.

During a visit to a friend near Beverly, W. Va., I was surprised to find that no notice had been given of the unveiling of a beautiful monument on a high spur jutting out from the main mountain range and overlooking the ancient capital of Randolph County (formerly "old" Virginia). It is a home-like-looking town in the Tigris River valley, where at least two battles between small forces of three to five hundred men were arrayed on each side between the Confederates and Federals, and in a commanding view of the Rich Mountain gap, where a battle was fought between two hundred and fifty valiant Confederates and a large force from General McClellan under immediate command of General Rosecrans. This force made a detour from the main road leading from Philippi to Beverly and came in between General Pegram and the small force in the gap, cutting him off also from another detachment of several hundred men on the Beverly side of the mountain.

Later in the war General Pegram could not thus have been caught. The Federals then garrisoned Beverly, as Randolph County was the home of many Southerners, and kept it so garrisoned until October, 1864, when the garrison was captured by a force of Confederates.

So Mount Iser is a fitting place for a Confederate monument, and the monument itself is an imposing shaft as seen from any part of Beverly. It was erected by the Randolph Chapter, U. D. C., and has this inscription:

"1861. U. C. V. 1865.

To the Confederate soldiers resting here and to all who wore the Gray.

LEST WE FORGET.

ERECTED BY THE RANDOLPH CHAPTER,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY."

The plot of ground owned by the Chapter comprises something over an acre, and has a beautifully graded road leading up the mountain and circling the cemetery plot, and this is kept in good order. Here rest, just above the monument, seventy Confederate soldiers, many of whose names are not known; hence there has been no effort to place markers at their graves.

The total cost of the monument and fitting up the grounds was more than two thousand dollars. The unveiling occurred on September 30, 1908, in the presence of several thousand people. The annual convention of the West Virginia Division, U. C. V., on the previous day had brought together a large

number of representative veterans, and the Confederates in the line of march to Mount Iser numbered two hundred and sixty-five, together with many Sons of Confederate Veterans. Gen. Robert White, Commander of the State Division, was one of the most prominent veterans present.

A good program was carried through, with a free dinner for all on the grounds, and the occasion was most successful in every way. All the credit was given to the Randolph Chapter, U. D. C. The hospitality of Beverly and the surrounding country was generous. Many of the citizens were Union sympathizers.

MONTEAGLE CONFEDERATE VETERAN REUNION.

Under the direction of the Kirby Smith Chapter, U. D. C., of Sewanee, Tenn., and John W. Thomas Chapter, of Monteagle, Tenn., there was held on September 7, 1911, in the Assembly Hall a delightful service.

At the morning session, with Dr. H. M. Hamill presiding, the following program was carried out: The Lord's Prayer by the audience, welcome to Monteagle by Dr. Hamill, reply by Captain Keith, of Winchester, song, "Bonnie Blue Flag," address by Bishop Gailor, reading by Miss Strickland, address by Dr. Spencer, reading by Mrs. Stripling, solo by Brantley Smith. Dinner was served veterans and visitors by the ladies.

At the afternoon session Adjutant Carick, of Tracy City, presided, and the following program was rendered: Medley of Southern war songs by select singers, brief talks by veterans attending, reminiscences by several. Suitable resolutions were adopted, and there was an old-fashioned handshake by the audience and the veterans.

The escorts of the day were made up of girls and boys wearing the Confederate colors. The Monteagle playground cannon was used by the boy escort in firing the morning salutes.

Before concluding the exercises Dr. Hamill offered to take charge of any funds that comrades and other friends present would like to contribute for sending the VETERAN to old Confederates who can't subscribe, and the following persons gave him one dollar each for that purpose (Mrs. J. A. Randolph gave two dollars): Mrs. Kitty B. Meeks, Tracy City; Mrs. Wilkins, Duck Hill, Miss.; Miss Emma Wilkins, Duck Hill, Miss.; Miss Patty Purnell, Monteagle, Tenn.; Mrs. J. A. Randolph, Fort Barrancas, Fla.; Miss Sallie Devine, Monteagle, Tenn.; Mrs. W. W. Carre, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. Jane Weir, Redlands, Cal.; Miss Liela V. Griggs, Birmingham, Ala.; Mrs. D. F. Robertson, Columbus, Miss.; Jesse W. Green, Monteagle, Tenn.

ACTION FOR THE VETERAN IN MISSOURI CONFEDERATE HOME.

At an open meeting of the Board of Managers of the Missouri Confederate Soldiers' Home (the Editor having called on a visit to the Home) a resolution was submitted and adopted by unanimous vote that every man present (and there were ten of them) secure and send to the VETERAN ten subscriptions each. Capt. J. R. Walton, Superintendent of the Home (who served with Company A, Gordon's Regiment, Shelby's Brigade), paid for his ten in an hour. The resolution follows:

"Resolved, That the Board of Managers and officers of the Confederate Soldiers' Home at Higginson, Mo., secure ten new subscriptions each to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN at one dollar per year and remit as soon as said number is secured in recognition of their high appreciation of its editor and his splendid magazine."

Comrade Woods in reporting the action adds to his letter: "I have secured five and will get the other five soon."



BEVERLY MONUMENT.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

IMPORTANT STATEMENTS TO PATRONS.

The VETERAN is never sent to anybody after notice to discontinue. If a subscriber dies, those who receive and read it are expected to pay for it. It is in bad taste, to use the mildest phrase, for anybody to receive it and read it and then report "too poor to pay." There are men and women who would gladly contribute for such, but will not do it if they impose on the VETERAN in such manner.

A favor that will be most gratefully appreciated is to report any error heard of in regard to subscriptions. Deplorable accidents happen, and thereby injustice is done. For instance, the Editor misplaced a subscription book at the Little Rock Reunion, and it is more regretted than would be twice the loss in cash. Again, when a man who was a subscriber dies, a postal card notice would be greatly appreciated.

On page 463 the action of ten Confederates of Higginsville, Mo., is referred to. Putting the resolution into effect, Capt. J. R. Walton, Superintendent of the Home, paid for his ten in an hour, and others are making good their pledge. Comrade John A. Woods, Secretary of the Board, remits for twenty-five, with the explanation that he could not stop after the impulse of securing the ten that he promised. Others have more than half completed their lists.

Chaplain General R. Lin Cave, attending a reunion recently, with all the care incumbent upon his high official relation, procured five subscriptions.

Maj. J. L. McCollum, Superintendent Western and Atlantic Railroad, becoming impressed with the importance of the subject, stated that he will make Atlanta friends subscribe.

Many, many other friends have become imbued with the importance of largely increasing the subscription list for the good to the cause as well as the importance of sustaining patronage.

Such manifestation overcomes the depression that resulted from replies in regard to hundreds whose time had been extended under the assumption of good faith, which state in the most formal way that ——— has been dead such and such a length of time, with not a suggestion in scores of instances that such arrearages would ever be paid.

Is your name to be so reported? Is the VETERAN being received now by the family or friend of a dead comrade who will wait on and on to report his death? If your subscription is behind, are you willing to let it go on and on until you are dead and so impair its usefulness? And now to you prosperous patrons, will you continue indifferent to the notices sent? The management must continue to trust the good faith of patrons regardless of what they have or whether their representatives when they are dead will pay arrearages.

It is both amazing and humiliating that ardent, devoted Southerners in many sections of the South have never heard of the VETERAN. This fact should bestir every patron and friend to call attention of neighbors to it or order sample copies sent. There are families in cities who have been devoted patrons for years who have good friends in the same block who don't know of the publication. Please consider this.

BLUE AND GRAY AT MEMPHIS.

Report and comment of a blue and gray reunion at Memphis, Tenn., on September 27 is deferred except to state that a resolution was adopted for each side to appoint a committee of six to submit a suggestion to the next meetings of the U. C. V. and the G. A. R. that a joint reunion of the two bodies be held in 1913. The committee of Confederates: Henry Myers, Judge James Greer, and J. M. Williams, of Memphis; William H. Feezon, of Covington, Tenn.; A. D. Vega, of Donaldson, La.; and S. A. Cunningham, of Nashville; while Gen. I. H. McDowell, who presided at the meeting, was added to the committee of Confederates.

THE RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL.

BY W. A. ANDERSON, HOLLY SPRINGS, MISS.

I heartily approve of the very laudable purpose of placing a memorial tablet or erecting a monument by Confederate prisoners and their friends to the unequalled kindness of this Federal colonel. I take great pleasure in sending a dollar for this fund, and wish I were able to send many times this amount, as I agree with you that "there is no monument on the continent that would teach a finer moral lesson."

On February 23, 1862, I entered Camp Morton, Indianapolis, a prisoner of war, having been captured with my regiment, the 26th Mississippi at Fort Donelson, Tenn., on February 16. I had been in Camp Morton only a short time until I found how very fortunate we were in having a man for our commandant so noble as was Col. Richard Owen. Every day he came to our division, which had been named the First Division, and called the roll. He was uniformly kind, considerate, and gentlemanly, and did much to mitigate the sting of the life of a Confederate prisoner of war. He greeted us day after day with a smile, showing his good heart and kindly nature.

The boys (many of us being boys indeed) began to pass away the time in playing different games in this beautiful and capacious fair ground. One of the first games that engaged our attention was that of the discus or quoit. Not being provided, of course, with regular quoits, we improvised some by beating large bullets till they were perfectly flat and using them in our games, and we also used horseshoes as quoits, just as schoolboys often do now. All through the encampment you might see those boys in gray pitching in sport bullets that were but yesterday used in deadly conflict.

That gallant old gentleman and soldier, Col. Richard Owen, passed through our grounds, and we noticed him paying special attention to our games. The next day great was our surprise and gratification at receiving quite a number of quoits purchased by Colonel Owen for our special pleasure and accommodation. Had this been all that he did for us, it would have been enough to win the boys. He seemed to delight in contributing to our comfort in many ways. It did win us, and as long as we live we shall hold in affectionate remembrance the name and kindness of Col. Richard Owen.

Davis H. Bryant, of Orlando, Fla., made a contribution to the Owen memorial fund, which he considers "a privilege." He writes: "I have read every word that you have published in reference to the subject of a memorial to Col. Richard Owen with peculiar interest, and most heartily indorse all that has been written in commendation of the undertaking. I wish it were in my power to contribute largely toward it. The spirit manifested by Colonel Owen under the circumstances was Christlike and heroic, and should be propagated and perpetuated as you propose."

VIRGINIA IN THE WAR TRAGEDIES.

BY J. COLEMAN ALDERSON, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

South Carolina seceded December 20, 1860. The others seceded in 1861 on the dates given: Mississippi, January 9; Florida, January 10; Alabama, January 11; Georgia, January 19; Louisiana, January 25; Texas, February 1; Virginia, April 17; Arkansas, May 6; Tennessee, May 6; North Carolina, May 21.

Virginia and Texas submitted the ordinance of secession to the vote of the people.

CHRONOLOGY OF EVENTS IN VIRGINIA.

On November 13, 1860, Gov. John Letcher issued a proclamation convening the General Assembly of Virginia in extra session.

On January 7, 1861, the General Assembly met in extra session in Richmond, and on January 14, the General Assembly passed an act providing for a convention of the people.

On February 4 delegates were elected to that convention.

On February 13 the convention assembled in the old Capitol at Richmond, and on April 17 it adopted the ordinance of secession.

On May 23, 1861, the people voted on the ordinance of secession, adopting it by an immense majority.

SESSIONS OF CONVENTION.

On February 13, 1861, the first regular session began and ended May 1, 1861, and on June 12, 1861, the first adjourned session began and ended July 1, 1861.

On November 13, 1861, the second adjourned session began and adjourned on December 6.

This will ever be known as the "Secession Convention of Virginia." It was composed of the ablest body of statesmen that had ever assembled in the Capitol of the "Old Dominion." A large majority were elderly men, who had occupied many

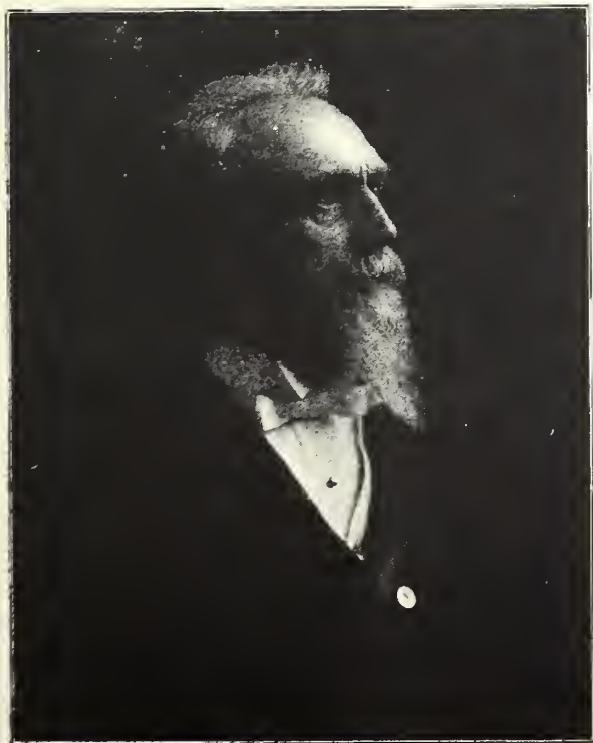
positions of honor and trust in the councils of their State and nation, and had retired to the quiet shades of their loved homes, never expecting to be called again into public service. They loved the Union their fathers fought to create, and now their sons had met together for the last time to fight to perpetuate that Union they loved so well. Seven Southern States had already seceded. Virginia stood for the Union like a stone wall against a strong pressure of those States and the young hot blood element of the convention. She steadily maintained her large majority against seceding. Three different committees had been sent to Washington to invoke the aid of President Lincoln.

Nothing definite was accomplished until after many anxious weeks, when on April 14, 1861, the President heeded Virginia's earnest appeal and commissioned General Campbell to go to Richmond with authority to negotiate with the convention in its effort to hold the State in the Union. He had been assured that Virginia would not withdraw from the Union if he would agree not to call on her for troops to aid in coercing her sister seceding States.

That ever-memorable Friday night General Campbell met the Committee on Federal Relations in the east parlor of the old Ballard House of the Exchange-Ballard Hotel. It was composed of nine of the most prominent and patriotic members who were opposed to secession. General Campbell stated the object of his mission, and showed his authority from Mr. Lincoln to treat with the convention. He promised that "if Virginia would stand firm and not secede she would not be called upon to furnish aid in coercing the States which had done so." When this announcement was made, its effect was electrical. Old, gray-headed, care-worn statesmen, who loved their country as devotedly as any men North or South, embraced each other and wept for joy that the Union had been preserved. This touching scene was related to me not only by Ex-Gov. Samuel Price, of Lewisburg, W. Va., who was a distinguished member of that committee, but also by his eldest daughter and the daughter of Mr. Carrington, the proprietor of that noted hostelry, who sat in the adjoining west parlor and witnessed the whole proceeding through the parting portieres between the two parlors.

It was agreed at the same time that Virginia would also use every honorable means to bring back the seceding States, and thus have the effect of preventing others from leaving the Union.

General Campbell returned to Washington on Saturday, April 15, and made his report that afternoon to Mr. Lincoln. He afterwards stated: "The President seemed greatly pleased at the success of my mission." His Secretary of State, Mr. William H. Seward, and one other prominent member of his cabinet heard that same evening what had been done. They immediately called at the White House and violently opposed the concession which had been made, or any other. They sat up late that night, and eventually induced the President to disregard the agreement which had been made, and on Sunday morning, April 16, he issued that never-to-be-forgotten order calling for 75,000 volunteers not only to march across Virginia, to make war on her sister States, but demanded that she should furnish her full quota of troops to help do it. This declaration of civil war struck Richmond like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. All the powers of earth could not resist that unexpected death blow. Pandemonium reigned throughout Virginia and the entire South. Thus the mother of States and statesmen was forced to withdraw from that



COL. J. COLEMAN ALDERSON.

Union which she had aided in establishing with the blood of her patriots. This occurred on Monday, April 17, at 4:15 P.M. The civilized world knows the result. These same hoary-headed statesmen who only three days before wept for joy at the assurance that the Union would be saved now wept bitter tears of disappointment. It has been stated that at the time the vote was taken there was not a dry eye in the convention.

State rights were bred in the bone of all Southerners. They believed they had the right to withdraw peaceably from the Union when the Federal government refused to protect their person and property. Even Mr. Lincoln indorsed this doctrine in his speech in Congress in 1848. The New England States had adopted secession resolutions in two conventions for much less cause—one on account of the Louisiana Purchase and the other when Texas was admitted into the Union—simply for the reason that additional territory would be added to the South and she would continue to control the general government as she had done up to the election of Mr. Lincoln in 1860.

Hon. George W. Summers, justly called the "Daniel Webster of Western Virginia," and who had been tendered by Mr. Lincoln a seat on the supreme bench of the United States, was an able member of the Committee on Federal Relations in that secession convention. He said in his speech delivered in Wheeling in 1863: "It was not the firing on Fort Sumter that carried Virginia out of the Union. We went on steadily and firmly voting in that convention under the constant announcement of its bombardment, its success, and final triumph. No man gave way. Our large majority was maintained on every resolution. The Union men, those elected as Union men (as most of them were), who ultimately gave way, did not do it upon the ground that Fort Sumter had been attacked. The pretext for the secession was the proclamation of President Lincoln calling for 75,000 troops to march across the sacred soil of Virginia to make war on her Southern sister States, which they (we) chose to announce and act upon as a declaration of war."

That convention was composed of one hundred and fifty-two members said to be the ablest body of men that had ever assembled in Virginia. On the final ballot April 17, 1861, eighty-nine voted for secession, fifty-five against it, and eight did not vote. All of them have "crossed over the river." Hon. J. C. McGrew, of Kingwood, W. Va., was the last one. He died November 18, 1910, ninety-seven years old.

It is an interesting fact that the assassination of President Lincoln occurred on April 14, just four years after and about the same hour that General Campbell and the Committee on Federal Relations signed the agreement referred to above.

THE END.

I arrived in Lewisburg, W. Va., on April 13 from the surrender of General Lee. About 6 P.M. the following day I was conversing with Governor Price's family on his front veranda, when we noticed a man on horseback coming rapidly up the street. He halted at the front gate, and all of us, much excited, ran out to learn what he wanted. He asked if Governor Price lived there, and when informed that he did he said he had an important document for the Governor from the President of the United States. I said Governor Price was out at his Richlands farm, four miles from town. As his horse appeared very tired and I had a fresh one in the stable and could take a short cut through the open country, I said I would be pleased to deliver the document. He hesitated, saying he was ordered to deliver it to him in person; but when assured by the Gov-

ernor's family that it would be perfectly safe and I could deliver it much sooner than he could he handed me a large official envelope. I went at the greatest possible speed, and found the Governor at his barn cleaning wheat in an old-fashioned wind mill, with two negro men assisting him. He had resurrected two sacks of wheat which his faithful servants had buried under the barn floor to keep body and soul together during the occupancy of Federal troops—they were forced to hide what little was left to subsist on. I dismounted and handed him the large envelope, saying: "Here is a message from President Lincoln." He quickly stepped out of the dust and broke the seal with trembling hands.

The whole country was intensely excited. Rumors of destruction and death were being circulated. We were fearful that Grant's and Lee's terms of surrender would not be indorsed by the United States government, for we knew that of Mr. Lincoln's cabinet Secretaries Stanton and Seward were very bitter and uncompromising toward the South and that they had a remarkable influence over the President. It was reported by marauding bands of Federal cavalry claiming to be gathering up Federal property, regardless of whether it was branded U. S. or not, that we would be banished from our impoverished homes, imprisoned, or "shot on the spot."

As Governor Price read this letter his eyes began to sparkle and bright smiles lightened up his pleasant face, and, handing the letter to me, he said: "Coleman, good news, good news." Turning quickly to one of his servants, he said: "Sam, saddle my horse quickly." He showed me the letter; and although it has been over forty-five years, that letter is indelibly engraved on my mind, and I repeat it here almost verbatim: "I desire you to proceed immediately to Richmond and convene your legislature. Tell your people to come back and hang their hats on the same pegs they hung them on before the war."

Though he was over sixty years old, we returned to Lewisburg in a rapid gallop, arriving after sundown. He got a hasty lunch, a fresh horse, and rode all night, thirty-nine miles, to Jackson River Depot, now Clifton Forge. The old Virginia Central Railroad, now the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, had then been completed only that far west. The Governor took the morning train for Richmond to convene the legislature. When he arrived at Staunton, Hon. Sandy Stuart, who had been President Buchanan's Secretary of Interior, Judge Hugh Sheffey, Col. John B. Baldwin, and Mr. Michie met him at the depot, having heard that he was coming. They informed him that President Lincoln had been assassinated the previous night. Governor Price returned home on the next train west.

Soon after this followed the infamous carpetbag rule of plunder and murder throughout the Southern States. This was the greatest calamity, not excepting the war, from which we had just emerged, that ever befell the South. Her people lamented Mr. Lincoln's death almost as much as the North, not so much because they loved him, but because they detested and feared Andy Johnson. Mr. Lincoln visited Richmond only two days before his death, and was received more cordially than he anticipated. He had already promulgated his generous and humane policy of reconstruction. The leading men of the South firmly believed that had he lived and been strong enough to have enforced his policies against bitter opposition there would never have been any carpetbag or Ku-Klux Klan rule in the South, and she would have been twenty-five years farther advanced in every line of endeavor than she is to-day.

Hon. William Smith, known as "Fighting Extra Billy," because he had been a gallant general in the Confederate army and an able Governor once before, had been elected Governor and Hon. Samuel Price Lieutenant Governor during the war. On the evacuation of Richmond April 2, 1865, Governor Smith had left with President Davis, or at least could not be communicated with, and the above-quoted message from President Lincoln was sent to Governor Price, Lieutenant and Acting Governor of Virginia.

Governor Price was the father of the "Old Virginia Central Railroad" and a director in that road until its reorganization and name changed to the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad in the seventies under Mr. C. P. Huntington. He was President of the Constitutional Convention that adopted the present Constitution of West Virginia in 1871-72. He was also appointed by Governor Jacob to the United States Senate in 1876 to fill vacancy caused by the death of Senator Caperton.

FIFTEENTH REUNION MISSOURI DIVISION, U. C. V.

BY GEN. GEORGE M. JONES, SPRINGFIELD, MO.

The fifteenth annual Reunion of the U. C. V. held at Lexington, Mo., September 6 and 7 passes into history as one of the best, if not the very best, the veterans of this goodly State have heretofore enjoyed.

A few of the many things which contributed to this happy result may be mentioned. The country in the immediate vicinity of Lexington furnished more soldiers to the Confederate army than all other parts of the State combined. The fame of its Southern hospitality and splendid citizenship extends far beyond the limits of the State of which it is a part. It was here that the second most important battle fought upon Missouri soil took place, and, as at Wilson Creek, resulted in decisive victory to the Confederates.

The business meetings of the Reunion were held on the spot and in the building now so greatly transformed and added to as to make it the finest and best-equipped college for young ladies in the West, where brave Colonel Mulligan and his equally brave one thousand men held out for three days against the assaults of Price's army.

The town was beautifully decorated, and under the leadership of Comrade Cobb, familiarly known as "Brother Cobb," every want of the veterans had been anticipated and provided.

Among the resolutions passed a very important one was that condemning Elson's history and asking its elimination from the public schools in Kansas City, where it is being used, and other places in the State, if there be such.

Another matter of great interest and importance to the veterans was the report of the Board of Managers, announcing the transfer of the Confederate cemetery at Springfield to the United States government for its care and keeping, and which was the result of a resolution passed at the Reunion at Fulton four years ago authorizing and directing them so to do. The report and transfer were approved by unanimous vote.

This being the first instance in which the government assumes the care and keeping of a Confederate cemetery, and that Confederates everywhere may know what the government binds itself to do, the bill as unanimously passed by the Senate and House of Representatives and approved by the President is herein given in full. The bill is "Public—No. 455. S. 3501," and is "an act providing for the taking over by the United States government of the Confederate cemetery at Springfield, Mo.:"

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives

of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Confederate cemetery near Springfield, Missouri, and which adjoins the national cemetery at that place, having been tendered by proper authority to the United States Government, the same is hereby accepted, under the conditions that the Government shall take care of and properly maintain and preserve the cemetery, its monument or monuments, headstones, and other marks of the graves, its walls, gates, and appurtenances; to preserve and keep a record, as far as possible, of the names of those buried therein, with such history of each as can be obtained, and to see that it is never used for any other purpose than as a cemetery for the graves of men who were in the military or naval service of the Confederate States of America: Provided, That organized bodies of ex-Confederates or individuals shall have free and unrestricted entry to said cemetery for the purposes of burying worthy ex-Confederates, for decorating the graves, and for all other purposes which they have heretofore enjoyed, all under proper and reasonable regulations and restrictions made by the Secretary of War.

"SEC. 2. That the Secretary of War, under this Act, is directed to take the necessary steps for the proper transfer of the cemetery to the Government, and when the same has been duly completed to put it in charge of the keeper of the national cemetery at Springfield, Missouri, requiring him to exercise the same care in the preservation, beautifying, and caretaking generally as is done in regard to the national cemetery. Also that a suitable gate or entry way be made in the stone wall which now divides the two cemeteries, so that persons may readily pass from one to the other. Whatever additional funds may be required for the purpose of carrying out the provisions of this Act shall be paid out of any fund which may be available for the maintenance of national cemeteries.

"Approved, March 3, 1911."

The deed conferring the title to the government as consideration recites the provisions of the bill, and that there may never be any question as to its full intent and meaning closes with these words: "The essence of which is that the government of the United States agrees to keep and maintain the cemetery situated on the premises hereby conveyed as a Confederate cemetery in perpetuity, and in accordance with the letter and spirit of the Act."

It will be noted that the government pledges itself to the preservation of its "monument or monuments" (which includes the inscriptions thereon), and the principal of which is one costing \$12,000 erected in memory of the private Confederate soldier and surmounted by a life-sized statue in bronze, thus saying to the world that the men who lie buried here and the principles for which they contended are worthy to be kept in memory by future generations.

It was a source of great satisfaction and pleasure to the committee and Board of Managers having the matter in charge that both of our recent Commanders, Generals Evans and Gordon, were heartily in favor of this action and bill.

General Gordon was a member of the House Committee on Military Affairs to which this bill was referred, and took an active interest in its passage through the committee and through the House of Representatives.

[The consummation of this worthy matter has been through the tactful, able, and untiring services of George M. Jones, of Springfield, the retiring Major General commanding the Missouri Division, U. C. V. In a personal letter General Jones states: "This is the first Confederate cemetery to be taken in

charge by the government, and my own impression is that this is only the beginning, and others who may have in contemplation for other cemeteries this same disposition of them may be interested in the character of the act and deed by which this conveyance was made."]

ACTIONS OF THE DIVISION AS REPORTED BY COMMITTEE.

The Committee on Resolutions, composed of J. W. Halliburton, of Carthage, John B. Stone, of Kansas City, and Frank Gaiennie, of St. Louis, submitted the following resolutions, which were adopted:

"That we tender to the citizens of Lexington, Mo., our sincere and heartfelt thanks for their cordial reception and generous hospitality, and beg to assure them that the occasion is one that will be long remembered and cherished as an oasis in the pathway of life.

"We assure our comrades of Lexington Camp, No. 648, U. C. V., that they have indeed shown to us their brotherly love and made us to feel that they are comrades indeed, and they will ever be held by us in kindly and loving remembrance, and their efforts to make our stay with them enjoyable will never be forgotten.

"We tender thanks to the members of Tom Cobb Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans for their untiring efforts for the comfort and entertainment of our members and their aid in every way to relieve us of many labors that are incident to the reunion. We also cordially thank them for the splendid way in which they have entertained our wives and daughters and made this reunion one that will be remembered with pleasure.

"To the members of the Sterling Price Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, of Lexington, we not only return our thanks for the courtesies extended and their untiring efforts to make our stay among them pleasant and enjoyable but give them our love and assure them that they will be treasured in our memories so long as life shall last.

"We tender our thanks to Miss Norma Comer, Miss Mary Aull, Mrs. Mattie Lou Catron Todd, and Miss Sellers for the entertainment and cheer given us by their beautiful musical program, and to Mrs. Allen Russell Porter for her splendid recitations, and assure them that the beauty and grace of their entertainment was exceeded only by the graces and beauty of the entertainers.

"We tender our thanks gratefully to the management of Central College and Baptist College for opening their buildings for the entertainment of ourselves, our wives and daughters; also to the Wentworth Military Academy for a like favor and the B. P. O. E. for their rooms for the reception and entertainment of our sponsor and maids of honor.

"To the newspapers of Lexington we return thanks for their preliminary notices of the meeting and for full and fair reports of the proceedings.

"To the Major General commanding and the Brigadier Generals we return our thanks for their active and efficient work during the past year.

"We tender our thanks to Senator William H. Warner, of Kansas City, Congressman Hamlin, of this district, and Hon. Charles H. Morgan, of the Fifteenth District, who were the leaders and active and untiring in their efforts to pass the bill by which the national government has taken charge of the Confederate cemetery at Springfield, Mo., and agreed to care for it in the future.

"We desire to congratulate our worthy Chaplain, Gen. Thomas M. Cobb, for the fruition of his active work in giving

to his comrades one of the most successful and pleasant reunions in the history of our organization, and to thank him for his untiring labors in seeing that his comrades were so comfortably located for this occasion, and through him we return our thanks to all of those who aided him in the work.

ELSON'S HISTORY REPUDIATED.

"Whereas we have learned that 'Elson's History of the United States' has been introduced into the public schools of Kansas City and other schools of the State; and whereas we have examined said history, and find on such examination that it has a large number of statements of alleged facts about the South and the Southern people that are vituperative, slanderous, and willfully and maliciously false, and in our judgment it is such a history as is unfit to be placed in the hands of our children and grandchildren; and whereas the intelligent thinking people of this State are opposed to partisan textbooks being used in the public schools; therefore be it

Resolved, That the members of this organization will use every honest effort to have said history removed from the schools now using same and to keep it out of other schools of the State. We call on our sons and grandsons to give active and energetic aid in so doing, and we heartily commend the action heretofore taken by the Margaret A. E. McClure Chapter, No. 119, and Stonewall Chapter of Kansas City, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and call on all other Chapters of the Daughters to take similar action and to aid in removing this obnoxious book from our public schools and keeping it out of them."

OKLAHOMA STATE REUNION.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CONVENTION AT ARDMORE.

When the Ardmore band struck up "Dixie" in front of headquarters on September 7, a patriotic yell of the gray boys went up and the festivities had opened. In the brilliantly decorated opera hall Maj. Gen. D. M. Hailey called the convention to order. Adj. Gen. R. B. Coleman sang a song that he wrote about the Arkansas boys after the war.

Capt. R. H. Barrett, of Vinita, in behalf of Congressman H. T. Davenport presented to the Confederate Veterans of Oklahoma a gavel that he secured some time since while on a visit to Arlington. Workmen were changing an old floor, and out of pieces of that flooring he had the gavel made. A lengthy letter was read from Mr. Davenport in regard to Arlington, in which he stated:

"All Southerners know the history of Arlington, and know that when General Lee assumed command of the Confederate forces during the Confederate war it was thought by his foes, including commanders of the Union forces, that the greatest humiliation that they could inflict upon General Lee would be to confiscate Arlington and convert it into a national cemetery, which was done. After the war, it is said that the pride of General Lee did not permit him to try to recover his property or require the United States to compensate him for its loss.

"Shortly after General Lee's death the heirs to the estate brought suit in the United States court and recovered a judgment against the United States for the property. After the judgment was recovered, the United States government bought the property, paying for it \$150,000. However, the home of General Lee is to-day quite as it was while occupied by him.

"A portion of the building was being repaired while I was there, and the gavel which I am presenting to you was made from the material that was being removed, this material, ac-

according to history, having been placed in the building several years before the war while the property was occupied by General Lee. I deemed it fitting and proper to have the material worked into a gavel to be used at a Confederate Reunion, believing, as I do, no greater tribute could be paid to General Lee than that of preserving the material from his home for use at a Confederate Reunion.

"From childhood I have revered the name of General Lee. My eldest brother fought with him at Manassas (second Bull Run), and received a wound from which he afterwards died. Another brother of mine went through the entire campaign with him leading up to Gettysburg and back to his surrender at Appomattox, while my father saw service in the Army of the Tennessee, taking part in the battle of Vicksburg and Corinth. * * *

"It is right and proper that we should hand down to posterity the true history of that war, teaching them that the cause for which their fathers and brothers fought and died on the Southern side was a cause of right as they saw it; that when they laid down their arms at Appomattox they did it honestly and truly, and from the day of the surrender there have been no truer patriots and no nobler supporters of the flag of the Union. We should also teach the rising generation that much of the bitterness growing out of the unfortunate war was brought about by the reconstruction administration."

Rev. Mr. Gray, pastor of the Broadway Methodist Church, in asking Divine Providence to grant blessings during their stay in Ardmore to "this body of aged veterans," added: "Let us all be at the reunion in heaven, and let us pray for the boys who fought on the other side and for all the wives, sons, and daughters of the veterans of both sides."

The assembly sang "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name."

Mayor E. H. Dawson delivered a most welcome address to the visiting veterans and to all visitors. It was full of good cheer. He spoke of the great conflict and that his parents were of Southern blood.

Major Rump responded to the welcome address in behalf of John Morgan Camp.

A telegram was read announcing the death of W. F. Gilmer in North Carolina. He was formerly of Ardmore, and worked faithfully in securing funds for a Confederate Veterans' Home for the State and for the location of the Home at Ardmore. Major General Hailey with deep feeling paid a tribute to the memory of Mr. Gilmer. On motion a committee of three was appointed on resolutions—namely: R. H. Sneed, Lawton; Captain Reed, McAlester; Captain Barrett, Vinita. Three on credentials—namely: Gen. W. L. Taylor, Altus; Gen. W. B. Rodgers, Checotah; Gen. Jarrett Todd, Mangum.

MAJOR GENERAL HAILEY'S ADDRESS TO HIS COMRADES.

Mr. Chairman and Comrades: We are assembled again to-day for our annual reunion, to renew those pleasant relations that have so long existed between us, and to foster and perpetuate that fraternal feeling that was born on the battle fields of Dixie. I always look forward to these meetings with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow. It fills my heart with joy to know that it is a gathering of old comrades, whose friendships are as strong as family ties, whose reminiscences of thrilling experiences we delight to hear told over and over again, and the familiar faces we look for from the end of one meeting to the beginning of another. These are the joys that we experience at our annual reunion.

On the other hand, each new year claims its full quota of the grizzled veterans, and we fail to see the smiling face of many

a dear old comrades that at the last reunion contributed his full share to our entertainment. At each succeeding reunion our numbers are appreciably smaller, and old Father Time is making terrible inroads on our ever-thinning ranks. This sad falling off becomes more and more apparent each time we come together. The youngest of us are now old, and the vast majority of those who were of mature age at the time of our disbandment in 1865 have passed to their reward in the great beyond, and I say "to their reward" advisedly, because I believe if they did not reach that goal then no other human beings ever lived who reached that degree of perfection that would admit him to those pearly gates. No place is too good for the martyr and the patriot, and our comrades who have gone before us were both in the strongest sense.

These, my comrades, are the sad features of our annual assembling. The grim reaper is always busy. Beginning with our official dignitaries, he cut down that matchless leader of men, Gen. Stonewall Jackson, at a time when his services were of inestimable value; he followed a few years later by taking from our midst the immortal Robert E. Lee, than whom no greater man ever lived. Then, my comrades, his raids became more frequent, until to-day there is hardly a vestige of our old civil and military administration left. We can now name the general officers of our army on the fingers of our two hands. * * * We go to each Reunion with the fear in our hearts that we will fail to see many of the old comrades who had met with us the preceding year.

Thus it is, my comrades, that our friendships are more closely cemented; thus it is that we come here with both extreme joy and extreme sadness; thus it is that we are more forcibly impressed each year that it will soon come the time when we will fail to respond, and the remainder of our family will get together and say over and over the great deeds of our departed comrades and sing the praises of those brilliant and self-sacrificing patriots who gave up their lives and their fortunes for a cause they considered just. My brothers, I could go on indefinitely on this subject, but there are others here to address you, and I feel that I am consuming their time.

However, it would not be amiss at this time to make a cursory statement as to our Home, which has been completed here at Ardmore. The location is a most delightful one, and the building is complete in every detail. Every modern convenience has been installed, and every effort will be made to make the declining years of our dear old comrades, who are incapacitated for active competition with the younger and coming generation, as cozy and comfortable as human hands can make them.

On the 24th of June, 1910, the Grand Lodge of Masons in the presence of several thousand enthusiastic friends and comrades laid the corner stone of this grand institution. Brother Eddleman, Acting Grand Master in charge, made an interesting and exhaustive talk at the "laying of the corner stone," and paid a glowing tribute to the cause and the occasion. Governor Haskell, who was to have been present, was unavoidably detained, and his place on the program was very ably filled by Brother Russell, of Ardmore.

Among the most interesting speakers of the occasion was Hon. W. L. Gilmer, of Ardmore. To Brother Gilmer and those who assisted him we owe a great debt of gratitude for their untiring efforts in our behalf before the Legislature. Besides securing for us legislative appropriation for our Home, he worked unceasingly with others to raise the remaining amount of money to insure the success of our Home.

And now, I can assure you, it is one of the finest institutions of its kind anywhere in the country. It will be a Home to which we can all point with pride and of which we can say: "The comrades there are as well cared for as in any private home in the State."

And now, my comrades, I express to you my heartfelt thanks for the honor you have conferred upon me and for your loyal support and assistance during my incumbency. My activities will not cease and my zeal for the organization will be just as great, and I accord it an honor to hold myself ever in readiness to respond to a call from the Confederate Veterans.

The second day's session opened with enthusiasm and good cheer. After routine business and while waiting for designated speakers to arrive, General Hailey called upon "any comrade," for remarks. Comrade Baird, of Sulphur, told of the good old Southern mothers.

Col. Stump Ashby is always ready to tell witty stories about the boys on the firing line. He was ever on the firing line, and saw many officers fall into the arms of death from the enemies' shot and shell. They all died for the cause of the Southland. * * * It is all over and we are now wandering along the river, looking for a crossing where we can unite with Lee, Johnston, and others on that happy camp ground. The bugle will blow and we will cheer when that heavenly band plays "Dixie." He told stories of the boys.

Judge R. L. Williams delivered a fine address.

Miss Olive McClintoch, of Oklahoma City, told in a delightful manner some short stories of the 5th Virginia while under fire of the 9th Michigan.

Miss Ikard sang a solo that was enthusiastically received.

The blind United States Senator, T. B. Gore, went on the stage, accompanied by a number of Daughters of the Confederacy. The audience rose and give him an ovation. He was introduced by General Hailey. The Senator is humorous, and he kept the audience in continual laughter for a long while. He said: "Once upon a time I addressed a Southern lady, and I have been dressing her ever since. Now, many of you old bachelor veterans go and do likewise. Women and men are the sugar and salt of the earth; the women are known as the sugar, and I don't know of a man that doesn't like sugar. I would rather stand before you to-day than to have stood before you at Shiloh. The Southern people have for that glory only monuments for their pride. * * * There are as good lawmakers in this country as money can buy. The government is now spending \$265,000,000 on our army and navy and \$155,000,000 on pensions. I don't object to the pension question, but I do object to so much money being expended for army and navy. I believe in spending more money to make our people prosperous than to build a big army to send them to their graves. I want to see the time when all the United States Senators shall be elected by a direct vote of the people, and I want to see all the Senators above suspicion. We need in this country to-day true and tried men against grafters."

Among the afternoon speakers was ex-Governor Price, of Alaska. He is a popular and prominent Democrat, and is connected with the school land department.

Dr. Berry, of Pauls Valley, entertained the boys with a few appropriate remarks.

Rev. D. D. Brewer, of Norman, assumed the chair during the memorial services. Short tributes to the memory of the departed soldiers were given by Col. A. P. Watson and "Stump" Ashby.

At the election of officers Gen. John Threadgill presided.



MRS. LUTIE HAILEY WALCOTT,

Who donated the extensive grounds for the Oklahoma Soldiers' Home.

Maj. Gen. D. M. Hailey, of McAlester, was reelected Division Commander.

Brigadier Generals were then chosen as follows: First Brigade, John Threadgill, Oklahoma City; Third Brigade, T. B. Hogg, Shawnee; Cherokee Brigade, J. M. Lindsay and D. J. Kendall; Choctaw Brigade, A. S. McKennon; Creek and Seminole Brigade, W. B. Rodgers.

The next meeting place is at Ada, and the time is to be selected by that city. The program will be made by General Hailey (chairman), Col. A. P. Watson, and Col. W. H. Fisher.

CLOSING EXERCISES OF THE REUNION.

The Committee on Resolutions presented the following:

"Since meeting together in 1910 our order has suffered the loss of many of our friends who wore the gray, among that number and three of our most illustrious generals who were not only brave and heroic on the field of battle but were constant and wise counselors to the end of their lives.

"When St. Paul wrote, 'It is appointed to every man once to die,' he placed in different form the thought of the psalmist, who said: 'In the midst of life we are in death.'

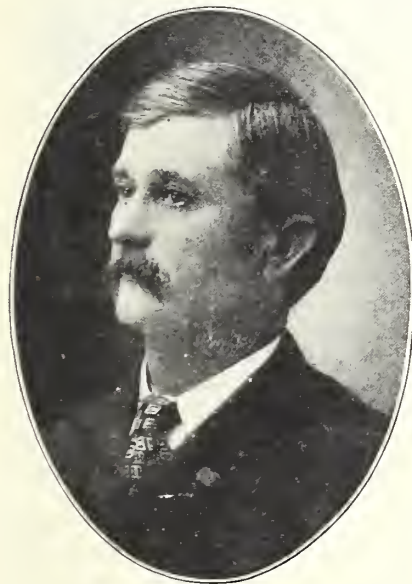
"The soldiers of 1861 answered roll call every day, and the rolls of companies were called by their sergeants. Those who missed the last roll call during those four years have steadily, one by one, been answering it ever since. Lee and Jackson, Johnston and Gordon, Beauregard and Forrest answered 'Here' when their names were called; they mounted the pale horse and crossed over the ferry to join hands again with the soldiers of the early sixties who had preceded them. The last Reunion report showed that at the rate of about thirty a day they were answering the final roll call.

"The Confederate general officers are now practically numbered among that throng. We all hoped that Cabell, Evans, and Gordon would be here for other decades to lend inspiration to the youth and hope to every survivor.

"When General Cabell left us, we thought, 'There are still Evans and Gordon;' but hardly had his body been consigned to the tomb than the summons came to the soldier-priest, General Evans, to join his comrades in another council, where peace is a thing of beauty, on the banks of the river of life. Then with the others gone we had that knightly Tennessean, Gen. George W. Gordon, who was serving in the council of the nation as well as head of our association; but no man knows what the day will bring forth. He had been walking along the river of time, waiting for the hour to come when he should find a crossing. He found it all too soon, for to-day his spirit has joined the grand council across the great divide, where all join in the chorus: 'There is rest for the weary.'

"In the midst of these losses we to-day stand with uncovered heads and bow in sorrow to the will of our Great Creator."

Thanks were formally tendered to the good people of Ardmore, the John H. Morgan Camp, the Chickasaw Chapter, U. D. C., and the sons of Confederates of the beautiful Southern city, also to the press for the hospitable, generous manner with which they have been treated during their stay in Ardmore, and especially to the local committees for the splendid way in which they contributed to our wants and pleasures in arranging the mess hall, where more than one thousand bounteous meals were served



GEN. JOHN L. GALT.

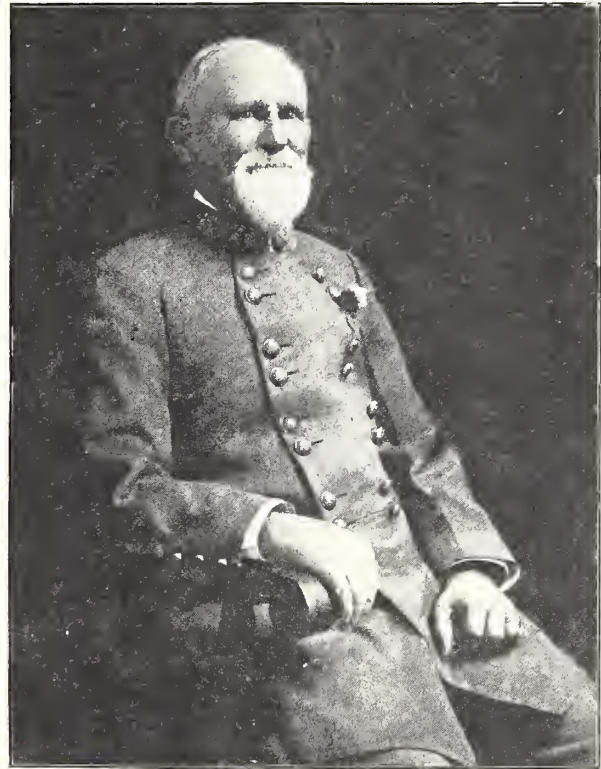
to the old Confederates by Captain Wood and his able assistants; also to Gen. John L. Galt, the Superintendent of the Home, and his estimable wife, the Matron, for their hospitable reception tendered this convention. Thanks were also tendered to the distinguished guests who were present for their hearty coöperation.

Final prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Brewer, of Norman. Because of bad weather the grand parade was called off.

COMMANDER OF OKLAHOMA DIVISION.

Daniel M. Hailey, a native of Louisiana, was born February 9, 1841, at Baton Rouge. He was educated in the public schools and Jesuit College at Baton Rouge. On May 2, 1861, he enlisted as a Confederate soldier in Company A, 8th Louisiana Regiment, Hay's Brigade, and Early's Division, under T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson, Army of Northern Virginia. He was in the first and second battles of Bull Run, at Malvern Hill, Cold Harbor, Winchester, Leesburg, and was in the Petersburg trenches for several weeks. He was at

Cedar Creek, where General Sheridan made his famous ride, and at Rappahannock, where he was wounded and taken prisoner and taken to the Old Capitol, Washington, D. C. He was in various other battles. He was moved from Old Capitol to Point Lookout, Md., where he was confined for



MAJ. GEN. D. M. HAILEY.

six months, and from which place he was exchanged at City Point, Va. While there they met the flag ship of Gen. Ben Butler. He with his staff were on the deck of the ship, and our sharpshooters from the shore commenced firing on them, and it was only a few minutes before the deck was cleared. He was again wounded in the battle of Hatcher's Run, near Petersburg, in October, 1864. He was then furloughed. On his way home he met Sherman's army on their raids to the sea, burning and destroying all property in their pathway. He was with two comrades, each of whom had lost a leg and was off on a furlough. The three had two horses, and Dr. Hailey was riding behind John Wax, from his home town. They flanked the army on the right and escaped without trouble and went on their way. He was in a great many more battles in the Valley of Virginia. He went to the Indian Territory in September, 1866.

Dr. Hailey, like many a comrade, has been eminently successful in the business world. The data at hand make no mention of that; but the town of Hailey is named for him, and he is mining from two properties about two thousand tons of coal per day. His residence is in McAlester, and he is known as liberal to every worthy cause. An illustration of his sentiment, he sends \$25 to pay for subscriptions for comrades in Oklahoma who cannot afford to subscribe.

The proceedings of the Oklahoma Reunion were too elaborate to be described in the space available. Other data and the U. D. C. report, including extraordinary action in behalf of the VETERAN, will appear in next issue.



OKLAHOMA CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME AT ARDMORE—VIEW TAKEN ON REUNION DAY.

A WELL-REPORTED INTERVIEW BY THE ARDMORE MORNING STAR.

Mr. Cunningham is delighted with our Confederate Home; and having visited nearly every Confederate Soldiers' Home in existence, he cordially gives the Oklahoma Home first place under the circumstances, and says he is amazed that so much money was procured by individual subscriptions and that so elegant and so complete a home has been erected with the money contributed. These conditions, he says, are the more remarkable since State appropriations have been so generally made in all the States for such purposes. This spontaneous liberality augurs well for establishing Oklahoma's place in line with the older Southern States, and it is gratifying to Confederate comrades everywhere.

The most pleasant feature of this Home is the provision for the wives and widows of veterans; but Mr. Cunningham gives warning against what he says will soon embarrass the trustees. It will be their utter inability to give place to worthy applicants, and they should be careful of every admission; and they will soon be confronted by the sore need of a hospital.

Referring to the pleasing features of having these venerable and delightful old ladies in the Home, he says they will be a blessing to every veteran present. It creates a homelike feature that cannot be had in any other way.

The VETERAN has held a strong place, especially in the Indian Territory part of Oklahoma, throughout its history of nearly nineteen years. More liberal and more steadfast patronage has not been given from any other section.

Mr. Cunningham is delighted with the wonderful progress so manifested in Oklahoma, and is amazed at the splendid growth of the towns and country generally as well as the marvelous progress in its capital city.

PAYS TRIBUTE TO THE VETERAN.

The Star gives notice to its readers of the splendid reputation of this organ of all the leading Confederate organizations. The History Committee in its report at the general Reunion

of United Confederate Veterans at Mobile adopted the following by a rising-vote: "When the great work of giving the South its true place in history is considered, the men of the Confederacy ought never to forget the service rendered by the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, of Nashville, Tenn., confessedly the best periodical of its kind ever printed. The zeal and liberality of its editor, S. A. Cunningham, his patience and energy in the cause of the South, dearer to him than life itself, and the absolute consecration of his means, his talents, and his time to the publication of this wonderful periodical place the people of the Southland under obligations which it is impossible to overstate. Those who would really understand and realize the nature of the sacrifices and sufferings of the men and women of the Confederacy and their heroism and courage can never hope to do this fully without the knowledge of what this journal contains, and we desire to urge upon all who love the South, its tradition, and its history to subscribe for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN."

Capt. R. Y. Johnson, of Guthrie, Ky., Company F, 49th Tennessee Infantry, has compiled much matter pertaining to Quarles's old brigade, C. S. A., which will appear this fall in book form. Before it does appear, however, he wishes to get in communication with one or more members of each of the old regiments composing that brigade, so that the regiments can be given more individuality. The field and staff and company officers at the first organization and also the reorganization are especially wanted. The Tennessee regiments composing that brigade were the 42d, 46th, 48th, 49th, 53d, and 55th.

A regrettable blunder was made in the article about the two Florida comrades on page 452 of the September VETERAN where the name of Capt. J. T. Whitaker appears under the picture of J. C. Grant and Grant's name under that of Whitaker. Another mistake was made in the same article in giving the name of H. B. Grace as Gross.

JEFFERSON DAVIS AND GEN. STERLING PRICE.

BY J. R. PERKINS, ALAMEDA, CAL.

The policy of the Confederate government in conducting the war west of the Mississippi River was controlled by its fear of a second Confederacy, its conservatism during the first year in directing the movement of troops, and, most singular of all, because of a personal grievance President Davis had against one of the ablest generals in the South. Maj. Gen. Sterling Price was the motive in each instance.

According to General Price, the difference arose when he and Mr. Davis were young men in Congress years before, one from Mississippi and the other from Missouri. Both resigned their positions to serve in the war against Mexico, and each was commissioned colonel and ordered to lead a regiment to the seat of war. It seems that before they left Washington their field of operations had been practically determined. The Mississippi regiment was to join General Taylor in Mexico, while the Missourians were to reinforce General Kearney in New Mexico. When this became known, General Price said that Mr. Davis demurred, not wanting to serve under his father-in-law because of the well-known estrangement between them. So the young colonel requested that his body of troops be transported up the Mississippi and the Missouri Rivers to Fort Leavenworth and then marched to Santa Fe, while the Missourians, under Colonel Price, be transported down to New Orleans and embarked to General Taylor.

The Secretary of War seems to have been willing, but Colonel Price refused, declaring that time would be lost, the fields had already been determined, and the Missourians expected to serve in New Mexico, where a regiment had already gone, led by Doniphan. So insistent, however, did Colonel Davis become that a coolness sprang up between him and Colonel Price which increased rather than lessened as the years passed.

During the Civil War, and when it seemed that President Davis made invidious distinctions against General Price, the latter gave the Mexican War incident as a possible reason, although the former's prejudice against commanders who had not been educated at West Point doubtless colored his attitude, for Price never attended a military school and was rather inclined to depreciate the value of such, and this was the sentiment that prevailed west of the Mississippi in the first year of the war. Moreover, Mr. Davis admitted in the last year of the struggle that the experiences of the war had been far more valuable than military training, especially in the West, where greater success had been achieved through less rigid discipline. But in 1861, when he was about to appoint Colonel Heth to command the Missouri and Arkansas troops, General Price's friends exchanged some caustic letters with the President, for Heth was from West Point; and Mr. Davis not only resented what the Missourians had to say about this fact, but retorted: "If such is all you have to bring against Heth, it must pass for what it's worth."

But one of three conclusions is certain. President Davis either allowed his personal difference with General Price to prejudice him, or he was lamentably shortsighted in his Western policy, or he really feared the rise of a second Confederacy beyond the Mississippi, for such was in the air, and Price was the choice.

In the first months of the war a controversy arose between General Price, commanding the Missouri State Guard, and General McCulloch, commanding a body of regular Confederate troops in Western Arkansas. Price's command was an independent force until the second year of the war, cooperating

with McCulloch in the battle of Wilson Creek, but fighting the battle of Lexington and several other lesser engagements as the Missouri State Guard, and Missouri had not seceded, and Governor Jackson made the specious plea that this force was simply to prevent invasion. He had appointed Price to lead these troops, conferring upon him the rank of major general, one that he did not rise above and one that he barely maintained after becoming a regular Confederate officer.

Even before the battle of Wilson Creek it had become apparent that the military divisions west of the Mississippi would not insure concerted action on the part of the Confederacy, and Governor Jackson went to Memphis to place the state of affairs before General Polk, commanding the first division of the Department of the West. While there he wrote to the Hon. E. C. Cabell, a Missourian and a valuable man to the Confederacy, who was in Richmond, and urged him to call on the President and make plain the situation in the West.

"Impress on President Davis and his Cabinet," he wrote, "the fact that the present military districts contiguous to Missouri, north and south, are not such as to insure concerted action. General Hardee and General McCulloch each have separate districts and commands, and General Price has command of the Missouri forces. Circumstances may require that these commands be united. * * * As affairs now stand, it is possible that there may be some distraction in counsel. It has occurred to me that if President Davis would appoint a major general for all that district west of General Polk's district it would compel complete coöperation on the part of the State Guard as if they were already regular troops in the Confederate service."

But Major Cabell wrote the President instead of calling on him and stated Governor Jackson's message, also adding: "I am authorized to say that Major General Price desires to co-operate with the Confederate army, and will allow no question of rank to interfere with the control of military movements in Missouri by the general of the regular army you may see fit to send into the State."

President Davis moved deliberately, but the Federals did not, and General Lyon forced the issue in Missouri by descending on Springfield, and McCulloch and Price were compelled to unite their commands to oppose him, though the former, a brigadier general with a force of about 5,000 regular Confederate soldiers, would not consent to do so until a major general with 10,000 men, composing the Missouri State Guard, had turned over the command of the united armies to him.

The fall of Lyon and the defeat of the Federals at Wilson Creek temporarily relieved the tension and gave all parties concerned an opportunity to renew the controversy. McCulloch and Price got as far from each other as possible, the former dropping back into Arkansas and the latter advancing toward Lexington, on the Missouri River. There isn't the slightest doubt but that this was the critical hour, for a fusion of the forces and an invasion of the State would have permitted thousands to reach the Confederate lines. But McCulloch declined to accompany Price, arguing that the Confederate government had ordered him simply to defend his territory. So General Price marched on Lexington without McCulloch, captured it, and began to recruit his army. Fremont finally moved, and the position of the State Guard was none too secure. Still Price retreated rather leisurely, though he didn't have time to recruit more than 2,000 men of fully 5,000 who were endeavoring to reach him.

The return of Price to the line between Missouri and Arkansas once more opened the dispute about a commander-in-

chief for all these forces. President Davis had the good sense not to appoint General McCulloch; but he said that he could not appoint General Price, "because he isn't a regular Confederate officer." Technically, this was true; but it was no time for technicalities, so the people thought, and there arose an incessant clamoring for Mr. Davis to speak the word that would place Price in command. But the President was firm. He insisted that nothing could be done until the State Guard and its leader be transferred to the Confederate army under the laws of the confederated States.

Already were there negotiations under way for Missouri to secede, and the authorities at Richmond were hastening this with all possible speed. But the power to secede, even formally, inhered in the body of troops known as the State Guard, and General Price was the commander and the only one who could have commanded them at that time. And it was under the wing of that force that a few of the legislators finally assembled at Neosho and passed a secession act, and the State was admitted into the Confederacy.

After this rather empty procedure, yet reassuring and of value to the Confederate government, Governor Jackson wrote President Davis and said: "I trust that you will feel at liberty at once to appoint a general to command all the forces operating in the West. In this connection you will pardon me for suggesting the name of Gen. Sterling Price as the man fit for the place and under whose leadership troops of Missouri, Arkansas, and Texas will rally as one man. But I shall rally my men under any general you may see fit to appoint," he added ill-advisedly, so it has been declared, for President Davis subsequently used this as being evidence that Governor Jackson himself was a little doubtful about the advisability of appointing any general already in the West. At any rate, when the controversy waxed warmer, Mr. Davis claimed that he had letters which would give further proof that the Governor of Missouri wasn't so sure after all that Price was the man for the place.

But the President's continued manner of leisure was yet based on the assumption that General Price could not be appointed and the forces in Missouri and Arkansas united until an actual transfer had been made to the Confederate government. The admission of Missouri, made possible by the State Guard, did not carry with it the admission of that body of troops into the regular service. Mr. Davis reiterated his old argument: "I cannot appoint General Price nor any one until the Missouri soldiers are mustered into the army."

But President Davis wanted these soldiers, and he was doing all within his power to secure them. There is nothing to show that the leaders in Missouri entered into an agreement with the authorities at Richmond agreeing to transfer the State Guard to the regular Confederate army on condition that a new department be created west of the Mississippi commanded by General Price. But that this was the tacit understanding is beyond question. For no one acquainted with the facts will deny but that in the fall of 1862 Sterling Price was not only the ablest officer west of the river but the most popular soldier as well. His name in the West possessed all the magic of Stonewall Jackson's in the East. But his popularity was not confined to that section; it extended into Louisiana and into Mississippi, Mrs. Davis's home State.

After considerable parley, all Missourians concerned agreed to the terms of the Confederate government, and in November, 1861, arrangements were made to transfer the State Guard into the regular army. This was not without its difficulties, and it required all the power Price had over his troops to in-

duce them to enlist, because rumors began to circulate that they might lose their leader; that they might be ordered to another State. As it was, fully 4,000 of the 10,000 refused to enlist, and but two brigades could be formed, numbering about 3,000 each.

Now all this required several weeks, and in the meantime certain things had transpired to increase the suspicions of the Missourians that General Price would not be assigned to a command embracing all the territory west of the Mississippi, and the old hostility was renewed. It was at this time that General Price wrote a long, impassioned letter to President



J. R. PERKINS.

Davis, reciting the deeds of the old State Guard, explaining the resources of Missouri if seized upon at once, and closed with an almost pathetic plea for the Confederate government to aid the State, declaring that concerted action would swell the forces to 20,000 effective men.

A month later Mr. Davis replied to this letter, expressing deep concern for the welfare of Missouri, and wound up by asking: "Can you not organize a force for the war?" Clearly he feared that at the expiration of twelve months the Missouri troops would either return to the remnant of the old State Guard or disband.

But so deliberate was all this that the military leaders both east and west of the Mississippi urged haste. The Federals were descending on Springfield once more, and this time with a force of 20,000 strong. General McCulloch had gone into winter quarters at Fort Smith with a force now increased to 6,000, though he did this six weeks before winter set in. Price was now left with two Confederate brigades and the remnant of the State Guard to oppose the Federal advance.

Major General Polk, commanding the first division of the Department of the West, now with headquarters at Columbus, Ky., took it upon himself to investigate conditions west of the Mississippi, because the inactivity there was beginning to be felt east of the river on his own flanks. On January 3, 1862,

after his investigation, he wrote President Davis as follows: "I am satisfied that the force now in McCulloch's hands should be controlled by some one who would coöperate with Price. So long as the Federals are kept occupied by him in Missouri they cannot coöperate with Buell against Johnston nor be concentrated against me on my right or left flank."

Immediately upon receipt of this letter at Richmond a new department was created west of the Mississippi, known as the Trans-Mississippi District, embracing all western and central Missouri and Arkansas and the Indian Territory. And coming on the heels of this was the appointment of Gen. Earl Van Dorn to command the combined troops in this district, called the Army of the West. Price was appointed to command the first division of that force, with the rank of major general. In other words, he simply retained his old command, two-thirds of whom had been transferred to the Confederate army, the balance, now under a brigadier general, consenting to join the force for a time.

General Van Dorn hurried West and assumed command of the united forces in Northwestern Arkansas, and none too soon, for the Federals, under Brigadier General Curtis, were advancing. But in the very nature of the case Van Dorn could know nothing of the situation; so, after all, he had to rely on Price and McCulloch, never friendly, and they did not agree. McCulloch wanted to fall back; Price wanted to advance and give the enemy battle on the State line; but the Federals determined this for themselves by boldly pushing across that line and occupying Arkansas.

Nobody in the Trans-Mississippi District knew that the battle of Pea Ridge would decide the fate of the Confederacy in the West, much less did the authorities at Richmond know it. But it did; the Confederacy never recovered from the defeat. Had the forces been united months before, had a commanding officer been with it months instead of days, and had there been unity of action even during the battle, the outcome could not have been so bad as it was and victory was the more probable. McCulloch, on the far right, and too far from the commanding officer, was killed, and his force, together with that of Colonel McIntosh and Albert Pike's Indians, was routed. Price and his Missourians turned Curtis's right and forced his center. But the next day the Federals concentrated and Van Dorn retreated.

The Army of the West kept on retreating east, and at Des Arc orders came to cross the river and join the Department of the Mississippi. The soldiers in the depleted State Guard said that they would go no farther, and they didn't have to, but the two brigades did; so the transfer was made, and the Confederate government practically abandoned the Trans-Mississippi District, a section that if wisely managed would have given an army of 30,000 to the South. It was a sad day for the Confederacy when General Price and his men were ordered across the river, for others could have aided as well in Mississippi, but there were none to take their place in Arkansas and Missouri.

Eventually the withdrawal of the troops from the Trans-Mississippi District led the Governor of Arkansas to charge the Confederate government with neglecting the territory west. The Richmond authorities replied by saying that the troops were more needed in the State of Mississippi, but in the same breath denied that they were neglecting the West. However, they got busy and organized the Trans-Mississippi Department, comprising Missouri, Arkansas, the Indian Territory, Texas, and a portion of Louisiana, a bigger name, a bigger

field, but with less troops, less chance of securing them, and with less leadership assigned to command in the new department.

Writing from Priceville, Miss., under date of June 9, 1862, General Van Dorn, then commanding in that State, with General Price in charge of a division under him, addressed a letter to President Davis apropos of appointing some one to command west of the river in the Trans-Mississippi Department, and said: "I wish to suggest here that the love of the Missouri people is so strong for General Price and his prestige west of the Mississippi is so great as a commander that wisdom would seem to dictate that he be put at the head of affairs in the West."

This came from Van Dorn, the general Mr. Davis had seen fit to place over Price in the old Trans-Mississippi District. But the suggestion was ignored at Richmond, and General Magruder was assigned to command. He didn't seem to want to go, and eventually was superseded by General Holmes. But shortly after Van Dorn's letter to Mr. Davis General Price got leave to go to Richmond, and while there he was received by Mr. Randolph, Secretary of War, and the Missourian outlined a campaign for the new department in the West which so impressed the Secretary that he sent a communication to the President at once, though he said: "If General Price will accept the position of second in command, I think it will be well to send him and permit the withdrawal of his division from Mississippi as soon as General Bragg can spare it. Magruder, who has already been assigned to command west, will leave Richmond in a few days, he says, to take charge."

Mr. Randolph's inference seems to have been that the way for the appointment of General Price would have been open except for the sudden appointment of General Magruder; yet when the latter lingered at Richmond and it became imperative to have a military head in the West, General Holmes, although at least physically unfit for the place, was assigned to command.

General Price returned to his field of operations under Van Dorn, and assisted in trying to check the Federal advance toward Vicksburg. At all times he was subordinated to Van Dorn, and as commander of a division of the Army of the West he took part in the attack on Corinth, and the result seemed to convince the war authorities at Richmond that Van Dorn could not successfully command a large body of troops. It was a propitious hour to appoint a tested soldier like General Price to command in Mississippi, for General Van Dorn was before a court of inquiry; but John C. Pemberton succeeded him and not Price, and Pemberton was soon writing Richmond asking: "What shall I do with Price? Isn't Lovell his senior?" And what he did to Price caused the soldiers to say: "If Pemberton keeps on, old Pap Price will be reduced to a captaincy." Months later, when Pemberton was shut up in Vicksburg, the Federal soldiers, referring to Price's skillful retreat from Corinth, would call out to the Confederates on every possible occasion: "We've got you now, and Old Skiddadle (meaning Price) isn't here to get you out."

Things finally came to such a pass that the Missouri and the Arkansas troops in the Army of the West rebelled. Trouble was ahead for General Pemberton, when orders came from Richmond for General Price to report to Gen. Kirby Smith, commanding in the Trans-Mississippi Department, and the last of February, 1863, he crossed the river with an escort and reported at Shreveport. The Secretary of War promised him that the Missouri troops would soon follow, but they did

not. But if Price had any hopes of even being "second in command," as Mr. Randolph had suggested, they were soon dispelled, for Holmes and Magruder, who had at last gone West, both ranked him, and he was ordered to report to the former at Little Rock, where he was assigned to command a so-called division, succeeding a brigadier general. So complete had been his subordination that he no longer tried to keep down the rebellious mutterings of the political leaders both in Missouri and Arkansas, and President Davis was openly charged with intentionally subordinating him. Mr. Davis made curt denial, and ill feeling abounded.

In the spring of 1863 General Holmes fell ill just before the Federal advance toward Little Rock, and Price was given temporary command of a body of 8,000 troops to oppose Steele's 13,000. He was not very successful against the Union forces, and abandoned Little Rock after several sharp engagements. Afterwards Holmes resumed command, and Price returned to his division. In September he was assigned to lead a force in the northern part of the State, and months of comparative inactivity passed. He had dropped from sight, and there were half a dozen brigadier generals who were receiving equal recognition with him.

The summer of 1864 brought a crisis to the armies both east and west of the Mississippi. The War Department at Richmond ordered a reorganization of the forces in the Trans-Mississippi, and Gen. Kirby Smith was under fire. He reported a combined force of 45,000, but it is doubtful if there were more than two-thirds that number. On paper General Price commanded what was called the Cavalry Corps, though he actually had less than 4,000 men. The Secretary of War requested Gen. Kirby Smith to cease inactivity if he had the force he reported, for Mobile was about to fall and the forces in Tennessee and Mississippi were menaced from every side. He was ordered to throw a large force across the Mississippi and relieve the tension, but there was no place to cross. He could relieve neither Mobile nor Bragg. Accordingly he wired Mr. Davis and suggested that General Price be sent into Missouri to create a diversion.

In fact, this correspondence had gone on through the spring and the summer of 1864, though Mr. Davis kept insisting on him (Kirby Smith) reinforcing the Department of the Mississippi and East Tennessee. Finally the President consented, for Missouri was the only State that had not been swept for recruits and was the one remaining State that could be entered; so Price was ordered to enter it, making St. Louis his objective point in order to draw the Federals from the States east of the river and also relieve Mobile.

Price's expedition into Missouri has been overlooked by the Civil War historian, though the records of it occupy four bulky volumes of Official Records of the Union and Confederate armies; and, considered in the light of its purpose, it was the greatest raid of the entire war. But it was undertaken just three years too late. What should have been done in the first year of the war with every possible chance for success was now attempted with as little chance for permanent success as for Kirby Smith to have tried to cross the Mississippi River and relieve Mobile. Ordering Price into Missouri was tacit admission on the part of Mr. Davis and certain others at Richmond that the State was not only fruitful ground for the Confederacy, but that General Price was the only one who could arouse the Southern people. Now nobody suggested that Van Dorn, Holmes, Buckner, or Magruder should lead; everybody, including the President of the dying Confederacy, looked to Sterling Price.

But a curious phase of it all was that Mr. Davis was quoted as saying that if Price succeeded, well and good; if he failed, then a man who had always been troublesome would be out of the way. This has never been verified; but the President if he said it was not very far from his conclusions, for what, in Price's own estimation, promised well for himself as well as the Confederacy turned out a failure, though at the time the expedition was supposed to be successful. If it had succeeded, it would have meant very little permanently to the South; nor would it have resulted in Price being raised to the rank of lieutenant general with command over the Trans-Mississippi Department in place of Kirby Smith. For the inevitable close of the war was near on the one hand, and, on the other, had a change been made in the commanding officer in this department, Bragg or Johnston would have likely come.

General Price entered Missouri early in September with a force of 8,000 armed and 4,000 unarmed men. What an army to make St. Louis the objective point! But the Federals were not prepared for his dashing style of attack, and he reached the Missouri River and was sweeping up it, rapidly recruiting his army, before they fully aroused themselves to the situation. When he reached Jefferson City, the capital, he realized how futile it would be to attempt to cross the river and make for St. Louis. His entire force would have either been captured or dispersed if he had done so, for 30,000 Federals were being massed against him. The 16th Corps, under the Federal General Smith, was hurried up from Memphis, and General Rosecrans, who had felt Price at Corinth, issued a general order for the district commanders to join in the chase and crush Price's force.

General Price made a mistake when he turned toward Kansas City from Lexington instead of beginning his retreat due south, though he followed Kirby Smith's orders to "sweep Kansas and the Indian Territory of horses and mules if compelled to abandon St. Louis." Up to this time he had gained possibly 6,000 recruits and had lost less than two hundred men, and, with only a small force of the enemy directly in his path, he could have reached South Missouri with little loss. As it was he advanced toward Westport, and while slowly pushing back a strong Federal force in front a stronger one massed on his left flank, for he had slowed down, and gave him the first hard blow. From that time on until Fort Scott was reached he was harassed at every step; and when he crossed into the Confederate lines at Laynesport, Ark., it is doubtful if the net gain in recruits exceeded a thousand. Still he had relieved temporarily the tension on Mobile, diverted a large force from Mississippi and Tennessee, and occupied the attention of 30,000 Federals under four major generals.

But the exact results of the expedition were not known for fully a month, and Colonel Snead, now a member of the Confederate Congress from Missouri, wrote General Price under date of January 10, 1865, and said: "It is reported that you brought out 12,000 recruits. Do have the muster rolls made out and sent hither direct from your headquarters. Do not transmit them through either district or department headquarters, but send them straight here. If we had them now under existing circumstances, you would receive your commission as lieutenant general certainly."

But not only was Price unable to send muster rolls but was soon relieved of his command pending an investigation by a court of inquiry into the facts of the Missouri expedition, for Thomas C. Reynolds, acting Governor in place of Claiborne Jackson and a close friend of President Davis, had preferred certain charges against General Price, for he had been bitterly

disappointed over the results of the campaign, even requesting that Price halt the flying forces in Missouri and proclaim him Governor. Perhaps it is not without significance that of Mr. Reynolds President Davis had written three letters, one to Holmes, one to Pemberton, and one to Kirby Smith, saying: "Mr. Reynolds is a trustworthy gentleman, a statesman, and of wide military knowledge." The last was absolutely untrue, and provoked surprise and amusement at the time.

But the court of inquiry hadn't proceeded very far when word came of Lee's surrender, and the leaders in the Trans-Mississippi Department knew that they could not hold out much longer. When Gen. Kirby Smith surrendered his army, General Price was in command of what was known as a Missouri Division of Infantry, about two brigades, though when the surrender came he was temporarily without command, on trial before the military court, which had been called at his own instance. Thus ingloriously closed the military career of one of the most capable officers the South had, admittedly the superior of any general that ever commanded west of the Mississippi River, far more popular than any, and the only officer who would have been acceptable at any time to the men who did the fighting.

Whether Jefferson Davis disbelieved in General Price because he had not been educated at West Point, whether he was prejudiced against him because of the difference they had during the war with Mexico, or whether he feared a like policy from the States west of the Mississippi River with Sterling Price at the head must be left to individual judgment. But the statements cited in this article can be verified from the Official Records and also from many of the men who yet "linger."

[The foregoing able paper, while unduly severe upon President Davis, contains so much of history that it deserves attention. In demurring to it in so far as it reflects upon Mr. Davis, believing that his motives were pure throughout, it is not intended by any means to detract from the tribute that Mr. Perkins pays to dear old "Pap" Price. That he continued on and on to the end, admitting that Mr. Davis, however unwittingly, may have done him injustice, is a tribute to Gen. Sterling Price that should be of historic record. The President had more trials than any man on earth, and to err has ever been the fate of mankind. The publication of Mr. Perkins's paper, while exalting the noble, able, and patriotic Sterling Price, reveals something of the grave responsibilities of the President that many will not have realized.]

JEFFERSON DAVIS'S BIRTHDAY IN CALIFORNIA.

ADDRESS OF JEFFERSON DAVIS CHAPTER, No. 540, U. D. C.

The charitable, memorial, and historical work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in San Francisco was begun in 1896, when Mrs. Selden S. Wright, then lately returned from a visit to Virginia, received a letter from friends there suggesting that she start the good work here. She consulted with an older resident of the State than herself as to the possibility of success, and they decided to confer with those most likely to be interested.

A meeting was then called in her home. Ten or twelve attended, and fourteen names were put in for membership. Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston's daughter, Mrs. Pritchard, being present, was, in honor of her illustrious father, elected President and the Chapter given his name. Thus was begun here the work which has done so much for the nation's honor by American women of the famed sunny South.

The organization, being so distant from the South, de-

veloped slowly the first three years. From having little to do, the membership fell to seven. These held on ready for their duties on United Daughters of the Confederacy lines, too true to the valiant past of their kinsmen's struggle to give up.

Then a new adjustment came, and the little band of seven most loyally determined to put forth fresh energy. New connections with the work, as by that time developed at home in the South, gave knowledge of what to do, and the small band invited to membership many who had been fearful of such an organization at the first call.

With twenty-five members we actively entered upon the duties awaiting us, and to-day with five Chapters about the bay and twenty-three in the State California has a membership of thirteen hundred.

Four years after the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter held its first meeting a need was felt for another Chapter in San Francisco, and the Jefferson Davis Chapter was organized in November, 1901.

We have numbered three hundred and four members, but earthquake, fire, and the natural changes time brings have reduced us to one hundred and seventy-five. From our first formation we have as a body been a power in the State and national work; and though our members are reduced, we continue to hold our well-recognized position. At the State Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy held in May at Del Monte the Jefferson Davis was recorded as the banner Chapter of the State for work and giving. Crippled as we are by loss of members and hard financial times of those remaining, we yet gave for the past year over eight hundred dollars in money to the pressing objects of our work.

There are many veterans in our midst who need our help. Often we are utterly unable to supply them.

To be the "banner Chapter for work" hurts when one remembers an emaciated old Virginia veteran of high birth and ancestry lying out at the almshouse or city and county hospital, as one is. Yet the Daughters of the Confederacy have no home in which to place him nor enough money to send him to suitable surroundings. We ask over the phone: "What will he have?" Hear the reply: "Just some little home delicacy as a change."

Let me brighten this sad picture, so often in our hearts and sight. The devoted, unselfish women who offer their services for the charity committee wend their way out to Ingleside, carrying wine and dainty homemade viands. We make all effort to do what we can, but the best is very poor to supply in such a way such needs.

The past month we have had three Virginia gentlemen veterans in our care. One when taken ill we placed in Lane Hospital, where we are generously granted reduced charges. He had good care and was visited frequently, but one evening at dusk his kind nurse went to his bedside. He lay there alone, "passing from earth." She stood till "he had gone." He was one of the most cultivated men in the State. His father was a distinguished judge in Virginia and his home was in the Shenandoah Valley.

The third one cared for has just been sent back to his people in Virginia. To mention his family name or, indeed, that of either of the three would be to pronounce a name in high standing in the South for a century old.

We have no reproach for these men, who are not money makers. As the Bible tells us: "All have not the same gifts." They have shed their light and given out their help to the world. They offered themselves for us and ours before the cannon's mouth; suffered, endured, and lost for us. Shall we

not do now the little we can for them? Would that it might be more for these patient and silent sufferers! They rarely seek us for aid; we must hunt them out.

Our Chapter has a veterans' fund for this very purpose not connected with the Chapter treasury, and a special and most efficient, devoted treasurer of the fund. This fund is raised by contributors who give from \$5 to \$25 yearly. * * *

The work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy is memorial as well as charitable. Our next strong call at present is to put a monument in the Confederate plot at Arlington, within which not a stone is set to-day, only little numbered boards. These alone mark the places where lie our dead who fell in the neighborhood of Washington.

The Virginia ladies petitioned Congress for the privilege of taking up these bodies and placing them in beautiful Hollywood Cemetery, in Richmond, where they had purchased a special plot. Congress refused, but set apart this piece of ground in the National Cemetery near the main entrance.

One who enters this former home of Lee finds handsome headstones, monuments, and mausoleums to the soldiers of the North, while the Southern heroes who fell lie with no markers above them. They are "unknown by name, though to memory dear." The Jefferson Davis Chapter has given over one hundred and fifty dollars to the erection of a monument proposed to be placed on this plot. Every one having even a touch of Southern inheritance should rouse to action and offer a donation to change this state of things.

One of the most active laborers in this cause is a Confederate officer, Col. Hilary A. Herbert, who has written and spoken in the cause, and has done much to aid it.

The forty thousand United Daughters of the Confederacy throughout the nation are helping, but with the prior and more pressing cares of the veterans our offerings for the monument accumulate slowly. As in all else, we can do little without the stronger help of men.

As a national body we have also been purchasing the home of Jefferson Davis in Kentucky, his birthplace. This is to be made a memorial park in his honor. As individuals members of our Chapter have given to this cause. The property has been secured through the generous assistance of Gen. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville.

Friends, Southerners, and Americans, we are together tonight in truest harmony. Let all do honor to all; but especially must we of Southern heritage stand beside each other with a ready hand, open purses, and tender, warm hearts.

Let the men see to it that we women have the wherewithal to do the charitable work for our veterans who are in sore need. Let our men also make generous offerings for Arlington monument and the Jefferson Davis Home Park.

I must bring before you one more point that is little understood. The membership paper of each Daughter of the Confederacy should contain the full service of her family to the Confederacy. The Jefferson Davis Chapter always has two papers filled out. One is for the records in this State; the other is sent to the Historical Room in the Confederate Museum in Richmond, Va. The government at Washington sends there from time to time to gather records to establish, as it is endeavoring to do, rosters of all Southern troops. By these papers we are perpetuating the deeds of the Confederate soldiers and the memory of a noble cause. In this way the nation is helping to preserve from oblivion the noble achievements of the wearers of the gray, and the Jefferson Davis Chapter, No. 540, U. D. C., is doing all it can to help.

ORIGIN OF "THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG."

A number of responses have been received to the inquiry as to the inspiration for writing "The Bonnie Blue Flag" by Harry McCarthy. An extract from the annual report of Hon. C. C. Cummings, of Fort Worth, as Historian for the Texas Division, U. C. V., is here given, and this doubtless shows the real inspiration: "'The Bonnie Blue Flag' that bears a single star evidently came from the suggestion of the lone star of Texas. Comrade T. T. Ball, of Lee Camp, Fort Worth, says that on January 9, 1861, the day Mississippi seceded, Mrs. Homer Smythe, wife of the secretary of the convention, came marching down the hall with a train of ladies, and wearing on her bosom a small blue flag with a single white star in its center. The convention went wild and cheered enthusiastically. Ball and Harry McCarthy, a Southern vaudevillian, were together. At this demonstration McCarthy, true to his Celtic impulsiveness, left the hall with Ball, and at once composed the first stanzas of this song and gave it the name it has borne ever since, as well as the tune, borrowed from an old air, 'The King of France.' He sang it first that night in the opera house at Jackson to an audience drunk with the wine of war, and continued singing it with his wife Lottie in camp and hall till this single star grew to thirteen in the battle flag."

Mr. Porter McFerrin, of Nashville, Tenn., states that "The Bonnie Blue Flag," composed by Harry McCarthy, an Irish comedian, was sung in a theater in New Orleans in 1861 by McCarthy himself and he quotes the following from Miss Rutherford's "The South in History and Literature," describing the enthusiasm in its reception:

"The house was filled with Confederate soldiers from Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas on their way to the battle front. He was accompanied by a young lady, his sister Marian, who, in honor of the Texans present, bore in her hand a large flag of dark blue silk with one star in the center.

"Then it was that McCarthy sang his 'Bonnie Blue Flag' for the first time. This brought to the soldiers the memory of home so vividly that they could not repress their feelings. They yelled, they waved their hats, they jumped upon the seats, and the excitement became so great that the police had to be called in to check it. * * *

"When General Butler was in command at New Orleans, he issued an order that any man, woman, or child who sang that song, whistled, or played it should be fined twenty-five dollars. He had A. E. Blackmar, the publisher of the music, arrested, fined him five hundred dollars, and ordered every copy of the song destroyed; but 'The Bonnie Blue Flag' was in the hearts of the people and could not be destroyed. It was sung from the Gulf of Mexico to the Atlantic Ocean and from the night McCarthy sang it it became the Marseillaise of the South."

Harry McCarthy enlisted in the Confederate army from Arkansas; but he was granted a discharge, and continued his career as an actor. He is reported to have died in California in extreme poverty some years ago.

Another correspondent refers to Johnson's "Series of School Histories," pages 224-5, as giving this: "The first flag was made by Mrs. H. H. Smythe. Harry McCarthy, a comic actor, wrote the popular war song, 'The Bonnie Blue Flag.' It was printed by Col. J. L. Power, and that night it was sung in the old theater in Jackson, Miss., by its author."

[Other responses have been received, giving about the same information as to the origin of this flag; hence the above may be considered as substantially correct.]



REUNION OF UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS AT WOODVILLE, MISS.

JEFFERSON DAVIS VINDICATED.

(From Judge Samuel White's address at Portland, Oregon.)

Ladies and Gentlemen: Was Jefferson Davis a traitor? Whenever this question is asked of any true Southerner, he replies indignantly, "No." If Jefferson Davis was a traitor, then all those who bore arms in the cause of the South from '61 to '65, all who gave aid and comfort to that cause were traitors, and all fair women who bore part in that mighty struggle for constitutional liberty, even in their ministrations at the bedside of the sick and the dying, were traitors.

Jefferson Davis was a son of the South, brought up and educated under its institutions, and breathing from earliest youth the constitutional right of the States comprising the Union of States voluntarily and peaceably to withdraw from a compact voluntarily entered into by them. This right was everywhere recognized in the South, and had been since the formation of the constitutional compact. There never had been any question of this right in the South; all classes, the high and the low, the rich and the poor alike, believed in it with the tenacious fervor of a religious belief. And be it said to their credit that they are just as firm in the belief of the justice and righteousness of that cause to-day under the Constitution as at any time in the past. True, the war settled the right of secession for all time, and they accepted the results of the war in good faith. While to-day the Southern people would not dismember the Union if they could, that fact does not alter the question of their right in 1861. A people of less moral and physical courage might, when beaten and overwhelmed in such a mighty conflict, in order to curry favor with the victor and to lighten the horrors of reconstruction, renounce their faith, and deny their cause, but the people of the South, fired with the zeal and courage of martyrs, were willing to suffer and die rather than seek relief in any act of dishonor. This courageous holding fast to the faith that was in them has elicited the admiration of the world and evoked the plaudits of all brave hearts among the victors. Even as early after the close of the war as 1882 Judge Tourgee, the author of "Bricks without Straw," and one of the foremost thinkers and scholars of the North, in a speech at Chautauqua, N. Y., said: "One thing that I honor the South for to-day is that it has not given up and acknowledged that it was wrong. I would have no sort of use for the Southern people if at the close of the war they had said: 'We were wrong; we know that we were wrong.' I would not have them forget the men of that day. I would not have them dishonor the memory of their dead by confessing in any manner that they were in their views wrong."

There are here and there a few cowardly, cringing souls who apologize for the war and the part taken by the Southern people in the struggle for their rights under the Constitution, try to shift the alleged odium upon the patriotic leaders of the South, and particularly upon Jefferson Davis, the brightest shining star in the galaxy of the South's brilliant sons, but, thank God, there are but few such, and I deny that any such are Southerners, for it takes more to make a Southerner than the mere fact of being born and reared in the South. To be a Southerner one must be imbued with the spirit of the South and inspired with the noble, lofty, and high ideals which actuated and controlled her people in all the affairs of life. No selfish, mercenary, or craven soul can rightfully lay claim to being a child of the fair Southland, the civilization of which may never again be reached by any people on this old earth—a civilization which brought out all of the purer and nobler instincts of men and women and made of them a generous, unselfish, religious, and affectionate people at the same time; a courageous, magnanimous, and forgiving people; tenacious and loyal—yea, a people with whom faith in God was the mainspring of all their conduct.

Brought up and reared in such an atmosphere, Jefferson Davis was moved by the same impulses and motives that prompted all the people of the South. He thought, felt, and acted as they felt and acted, and whatever of odium, so-called, attached to him for his part in that awful tragedy likewise attached to every man and woman in the South. He was simply their chosen leader. He did not seek leadership; it was thrust upon him. Believing as they did that secession was the only recourse left to them, he reluctantly assumed the duties and responsibilities thrust upon him; and having assumed these duties, he courageously led the way, and turned neither to the right nor to the left from the pathway of his plain duty.

The people of the South had always believed that when the States wrested their independence from Great Britain and were recognized by the mother country as separate, sovereign, and independent nations their allegiance was due to their respective States, and that in forming a compact or union with the other States for their mutual protection they only delegated to the general government certain powers which it was believed could be better performed by one central power. They believed that no powers were delegated to the general government except such as were expressly stipulated and set forth in the compact agreement; that each State still retained its sovereignty and all its powers as an independent government; that all its people owed allegiance to the State and owed no

allegiance to the general government which came in conflict with their State allegiance; and that they had the right to withdraw peaceably whenever their best interests demanded it. When the right to withdraw peaceably from the compact was denied them and their soil was invaded by an armed force with the avowed intention of forcing them to continue as parties to the compact, no other course was left to them but to meet force with force and to resist coercion. Can it be said with truth that in resisting acts of coercion under these circumstances the people of the South were traitors? The highest court of the United States, representing clearly the North, has decided that they were not. The civilization of other lands never classed the Southern people as traitors. If the gentle, lovable Lee, the firm, puritanic Jackson, the majestic Johnston, the fiery Stuart, the dashing Hood, and the thousands of other brave and noble spirits who gave their all to meet force with force and resist coercion for four weary years were not traitors, then why was Jefferson Davis a traitor? Measured by the same standards of education and environment, Jefferson Davis was as guiltless of wrong as the most innocent mother in all the Southland who gave her sons as a sacrifice to the cause which her education and environment told her was just and righteous. None but fawning cowards from the South would attempt to shift the so-called sins of all the people upon the one man who gave the most and suffered the most by that terrible conflict. * * * Jefferson Davis suffered many things far worse than death for the cause of his people. The full fury and rage of the Northern fanatic fell upon his devoted head, and his people thus escaped a portion of that fury.

Captured and thrown into a dungeon, weighed down with irons and chains like an ordinary malefactor in barbarous ages, subjected to glaring light in his cell throughout the many, many nights, denied the society of wife and children and even the benefit of clergy, branded with treason and murder, yet denied the constitutional right of a trial, in solitary confinement for two long years, he suffered for every other Southerner more indignities than were ever heaped upon one man in any civilized country. And when, even with the aid of an army of hired perjurers, that venomous reptile, Edward M. Stanton, could not make out a case against him, the government at last released him from prison under a bond of \$100,000. The government had to admit, figuratively at least, that it could find "no fault in this man." The treatment accorded Jefferson Davis will ever remain a humiliating blot upon the fair name of American justice. Millions of good people in the North are free from any blame for the barbarous treatment given Jefferson Davis. I believe that one man, Edward M. Stanton, was responsible more than all others for that treatment.

Jefferson Davis, as an officer of the Mexican War, as a member of Congress, as Secretary of War (in President Pierce's Cabinet), as a United States Senator from Mississippi, as President of the Confederate States of America, displayed talents of extraordinary character and attracted the attention and admiration of all worthy mankind. Yet his greatness was never better displayed than when broken in health and depressed in spirit over the downfall of the Confederacy. He emerged from prison and retired to the privacy of his home in Mississippi, never again to engage in public affairs, but to spend his declining years in study, meditation, and the preparation of his work on the "Rise and Fall of the Confederate States."

In all the years that followed not one word of bitterness fell from his lips. He suffered patiently in silence all the calumny heaped upon him, confident that time and the righteousness of his cause would receive just and fair treatment from historians. He did his part in helping the people of the South to bear the burdens of reconstruction patiently and to accept the results of the war in good faith, and at all times encouraged the States in again taking their places in the sisterhood of States, with their backs to the past and their faces to the future, with hearts of hope and minds forgiving the past and determination to rise from the ashes of a dead past and build upon the ruins of their fortunes a grander and better South. The true grandeur of this man's character even won the admiration of thousands of his old enemies. As for the people of the South, their love, affection, and devotion increased to adoration. In his quiet seclusion, so typical of the true man of the South, he appealed more as a patriot than when their leader, and he received from them in devotion more than any fallen leader ever received from his fellow-man.

When the end came at the advanced age of eighty-two in December, 1889, in the city of New Orleans, a wail of genuine sorrow went up from every part of the Southland, from Maryland to Texas, and the hearts of his people mourned for him as no man was ever mourned for. Hundreds of the leading men from every State of the South went to New Orleans to be present at the funeral ceremonies and pay a loving tribute of respect and esteem to the South's idol. Even his former slaves, who resided in distant parts of the South, attended with sorrowing hearts, and dropped their tears upon his bier. Strange as it may seem, even the negro population of the South showed their respect and love for this wonderful man by many tokens of genuine sorrow. In every State of the Old South there was a house of mourning.

Again in 1893, when his body was removed from New Orleans to Richmond, Va., where it now rests, the people gathered at every station all along the line of the railroads with flowers, in tears, and in sorrow, because they truly loved this man who was in life their hope and their pride and in death the object of their sincere sorrow. I was fortunate in being at Atlanta on a visit when his body passed through, and I can truly say I never witnessed such a pageant. It seemed that the entire population of the State had come to do honor to the distinguished dead. The scene made a lasting impression on my mind, for I had never seen or read of such an expression of love and devotion as I then witnessed. For many years before his death he was the recipient of many tokens of esteem and love from his people, and every time he appeared in public the people were ardent in their demonstrations of loyalty. How his sorrowing heart must have been comforted by these many evidences of the people's love!

My friends, Jefferson Davis abides in the heart of every true Southerner a purer and more lasting monument than can be made with hands. Time and change cannot dim or efface from Southern minds the sacred memory of Jefferson Davis and his great sacrifice for his people or lessen their loyalty for their great chieftain.

QUICKSAND NEAR SELMA, ALA.—S. T. Homnell writes from Van Alstyne, Tex.: "D. M. Scott reports the finding of bones of a Confederate soldier on the bank of Beech Creek, near Selma, Ala. If they will keep digging, they will find more. There was quicksand there at that time, and if a man got in it he was lost. I was in the squad that tried to cross the creek at that place, and, seeing I could not get away, I rode

back to the first house, and, leaving my horse at the gate, went in, took off my spurs, gave them to a little boy, and surrendered there. I belonged to Company B, 11th Mississippi Cavalry."

LIVING MONUMENT TO CONFEDERATE WOMEN.

BY MRS. L. Z. DUKE, 4180 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

For some time I have been studying the much-mooted question in reference to erecting monuments to the Southern women of the sixties. From reading and also hearing the matter discussed it seems to me without discussing the merits or demerits of the design to which the committee has given preference, and, above all things, without the least desire of depreciating the noble efforts of our dearly beloved Confederate soldier friends (God bless them!) who are so bravely trying to emphasize their appreciation for the Southern women's faithfulness and sacrifice during the war, that we may consider it altogether improbable that a model or design for this cause may be secured, no matter by whom, that would be welcomed by anything like the majority. May I not offer a compromise?

I think I know the pulsation of a large majority of the most intelligent and active women who would evidently be greatly interested, and I feel sure they would gladly welcome and support a movement to erect one substantial living monument—namely, a home dedicated to the memory of the Southern women of the sixties for the use of aged women of the South with annex for aged couples, the home to be located near Washington, D. C., or Richmond, Va.

All this and the endowment of the home could be done for much less money than would be required for so many monuments, and the home would be a perpetual blessing.

OFFICERS CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

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Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, Recording Secretary and acting Treasurer, 7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.

Miss Mary A. Hall, Historian, 1024 Reynold Street, Augusta, Ga.

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The next convention will be held in Macon, Ga.

THE C. S. M. A. PROTESTS AGAINST THE ELSON BOOK.

Be it resolved that the Confederated Southern Memorial Association in convention assembled in the city of Little Rock, Ark., enters its earnest protest against the use of "Elson's History of the United States" in all schools, colleges, and universities for the reasons here given—viz., said book contains gross calumnies against the South and her institutions; it slanders the Southern people, distorts, and falsifies the cause of the War between the States and poisons the mind of the student; and be it further resolved that the Chair appoint a committee to carry out the provisions of this resolution.

MRS. ROBERT EMORY PARK.

The VETERAN has waited too long in paying worthy tribute to the distinguished widow of Capt. R. E. Park, whose death not long before was promptly noted. A nobler pair did not stand for Dixie more capably and more ardently. It was the rule of Captain Park at each Georgia State Reunion to have resolutions adopted and patriotic appeals made for the VETERAN, and his luxurious home was ever open to the Editor as a comrade and brother.

After Captain Park's death, his wife's zeal continued until ill health made it impossible to do more in behalf of the cause in which the South made unstinted sacrifice. She was a zealous Daughter of the Revolution as well as of the Confederacy, an unswerving patriot, and in every sense a noble woman. So many magnificent tributes were paid to Mrs. Park, but from lack of a satisfactory picture the effort to pay as worthy a tribute as practicable was deferred, and now we can give only brief extracts from encomiums upon the woman who was a blessing to her sex and to mankind. A memorial volume to Mrs. Park would exhibit a life worthy the pride of every faithful Southerner and be a blessing to every American who exalts every quality of Christian life.

The gifted Mrs. John K. Ottley, who was prominent and widely known from her girlhood as Passie Fenton McCabe, gave the leading article of a page in the Atlanta Constitution as "An Appreciation," in which she states:

"Emily Hendree Park, the daughter of Dr. George R. Hendree, of Richmond, Va., and Cornelia Paine, of Watkinsville, Ga., was born at Cusseta, Ala., on March 31, 1848; and died in Atlanta, Ga., September 9, 1910. Her childhood and youth were passed in Tuskegee, Ala., where at the Methodist college she received her early education.

"In 1870 Emily Hendree was married to Mr. Baylor Stewart in Huntsville, Ala. In 1883, as a widow at the age of thirty-five, she began the educational work, which was her vocation, as President of the Washington Seminary in Atlanta. In 1890 she spent a year in travel and study abroad. Upon her return she was married to Capt. R. E. Park, of Macon.

"During the ten years in which Macon was her home she became not only broadly popular, but was, to a remarkable degree, the center from which radiated throughout that entire community powerful and positive forces for 'whatsoever things were lovely and of good report.'

"In 1900 the election of Captain Park to the office of State Treasurer changed their residence to Atlanta, where Mrs. Park found waiting for her the place which former residence, family ties, and a broad social connection had kept open for her during the years of her absence. From the day of her return to Atlanta she became increasingly a power in the social, philanthropic, patriotic, and religious life of that city.

"Her talents of leadership were eagerly sought, and her generous enthusiasm for all constructive effort toward social betterment induced her to give freely of time, strength, and ability in many lines of endeavor. A widely hospitable and well-ordered home, most characteristic of her own personality, gave untold pleasure to the many who shared it with her, and extended widely her gracious influence.

"There were perhaps never any two people who enjoyed more genuinely the presence in their home of their friends than did Captain and Mrs. Park; and distinguished people and simple, quiet people and all sorts of people, from near and far, rejoiced in the comfort, the good cheer, the mental stimulus, and the heart warmth of that hearthstone. It is there that

we love most to remember her. There in retrospect shines out most conspicuously that delightful fund of bubbling humor which made her ever the best of company, and which, with her quickness at repartee, her infinite tact, her beauty of face and distinction of bearing, marked her in any company as the social leader.

"With all her great gifts and broad interests, she was always so essentially the woman of the home. Her flowers, her house, the care of her table, the wonderful good things she knew so well to make and loved to serve—all these things were of vital interest to her. She attended to them in minutest detail, because she loved them, and the joy of their perfect performance was to her of the same quality as her far-reaching intellectual, spiritual, and broadly social enthusiasms.

"Her literary interest was ever fresh and tireless, and no writer ever wielded a more trenchant pen than did Mrs. Park. Her breadth of grasp, depth of conviction, wealth of information, and gift of expression would have made her a great editorial writer; and in any branch of letters she would have found success. The springs of her nature were deeply poetic, and in her last days of suffering the words of her beloved Lanier were an abiding comfort to her.

"As a young girl at school in Tuskegee Dr. George W. F. Price, one of the best-known educators of his time, said that her mind was not only the most brilliant he had known in his years of teaching experience but remarkably the most balanced and most rounded. This splendid completeness made Emily Park's personality potent in personal and public relations, uniting in herself exceptional powers along many lines. She never lost balance in any direction.

"The most profound springs of her nature were those of sentiment, and yet she never for an instant lapsed into sentimentality. Determined and courageous to a degree and ready to fight to the death for any principle or conviction, no one who knew her can recall from her an expression of bitterness or an action inspired by pique, pettiness, or animosity. She never lost that perfect poise and splendid self-control by which she so well adorned our older conception of the word 'gentlewoman.' Though vitally progressive, she never lost value of the conventionalities of organized society. No woman maintained a more loyal or sincere devotion to her Church and all its observances. No woman ever gave more time, strength, and thought to personal service for family and friends, nor was more devotedly loved by them. All the whole world she loved, and she longed, O so ardently, that every creature in it might have a chance to do and be its very best.

"Mrs. Park was one of the few persons to whom applied the word 'noble.' Of her one could say, with no risk of cheapness and no falseness of adulation, that her attributes were those of greatness. Woman of big heart, big brain, big soul, big aspirations and endeavors, we 'shall not look upon her like again,' and we, her host of friends, to-day with bowed heads and prostrate hearts say: 'To have known her, to have worked with her, and to have been loved by her was a blessing.

"With the death of her beloved husband, Robert Emory Park, in 1909, our friend took her actual leave of life. Physically ill herself, she never recovered from the shock of his sudden going; and so broken in mind, body, and spirit was she that when at the last she would say in moments of consciousness to the eager watchers about her bed, 'O do not try to keep me,' the pathetic plea found echo even in their devoted hearts. She fought the good fight; that One whom she supremely trusted has given her sleep; her works do follow her."

The venerable and beloved Mrs. C. Helen Plane wrote:

"On an afternoon in January, 1896, a few ladies in response to notes from Mrs. Park met at her house in Macon to organize a Chapter of the U. D. C. Twenty-two names had been sent in as charter members, but on account of the weather only four were present. At Mrs. Park's suggestion the Chapter was named for Sidney Lanier, who was a soldier as well as a poet, and by his exposure in army life contracted the malady which cut him off in the flower of a brilliant manhood.



MRS. EMILY HENDREE PARK.

"Mrs. Park declined the nomination for President because of the work devolving upon her as State Regent of the Confederate Museum at Richmond, which office she continued to hold till death translated her to higher service. The Sidney Lanier Chapter chose as its first work the Georgia room in the museum, and I think it was through Mrs. Park's efforts that the priceless collection of the late Mrs. DeRenne, of Savannah, was secured, which alone renders the Georgia room of more interest than any other so far. She was indefatigable in her work for the museum, and the Georgia room will remain a monument to her patriotic zeal.

"The second annual convention of the State Division of the Daughters was held in Macon in October, 1896, on which occasion Mrs. Higginbotham, Mrs. Ottley, and I were the fortunate guests of Captain and Mrs. Park at their beautiful

home on the hill, where they dispensed most charmingly the old-time Southern hospitality to which they were both rightful heirs. Mrs. Park was elected at this convention First Vice President of the State Division, U. D. C., in which office she rendered valuable service for two years.

"When I asked her to make a little talk before the convention, she evidenced the most extreme and painful diffidence, saying that she could not possibly face the audience; but, ever ready and willing to serve in a righteous cause, pale and trembling, she arose and delivered her maiden speech, which brought forth a round of applause and for which she was congratulated. This painful little effort was to be the beginning of a brilliant career on the platform of women's organizations."

Miss Anna Caroline Benning, of Columbus, Ga., Vice President General U. C. D. A. R., wrote of her as a D. A. R. (Miss Benning is a daughter of General Benning and an ardent U. D. C.):

"All hearts mourn the stroke which has bereft the home, the Church, the State, the Union, the world of Emily Hendree Park, wife of Robert Emory Park, for no hut was too small, no country too large for her sympathy and help. Look at her own fireside—happy husband, family, and guests. In her school, Washington Seminary, the pupils loved her so much that after her marriage they brought their children to her, as it were, to be blessed.

"Active in the Church, active in the federation, she stood for justice—love—education, from kindergarten to college. This

motive runs in every work of her life. As State Regent and Vice President General of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, as Vice President of the Georgia Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, as State Regent of the Confederate Memorial Museum at Richmond, as delegate, as presiding officer of the many conventions of which she was a member, this uplifting note of love swells a tender flute through the orchestra of patriotism. We hear it in her eloquent address before the Augusta Daughters of the American Revolution convention, in the names of the battles, the men who fought, the women who suffered, the number of the slain, the devastation of the State; in the names of the Chapters she organized, the monuments for those whose erection she pleaded. * * *

"She was ever at her post either in office or out of it. Is there small wonder that many of the Daughters of the American Revolution wished to have her for their President General? She would not consent for her name to be used. She was unwilling to take an office which would enforce her absence so much of the time from Captain Park. Blessed in her marriage,

"A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law."

"Her life has been a benediction; may it be an inspiration! May we learn resignation in time! but now, now,

"Ah, broken is the golden bowl! The spirit fled forever!
Let the bell toll! A saintly soul floats on the Stygian River."

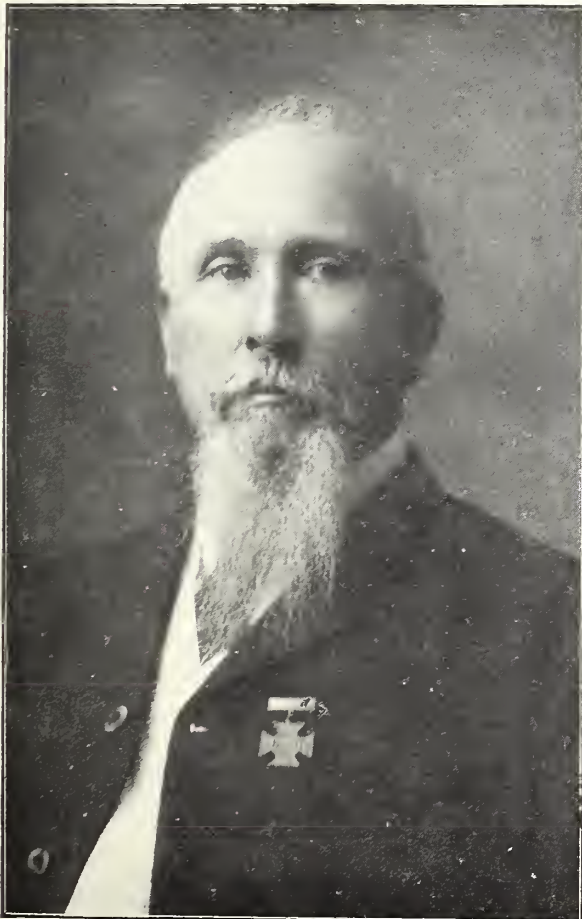
THE BATTLE AT MARIANNA, FLA.

BY MRS. FANNY B. CHAPMAN, A RESIDENT OF THE TOWN.

You ask me to write you an account of the raid on this place in 1864. It was forty-seven years ago, and I am in my eighty-second year, but the main facts are still fresh in my memory.

The morning of September 27, 1864, dawned fair and bright in our usually quiet town, and but few of the citizens of Marianna had the slightest intimation that such a fearful tragedy would be enacted that day. To understand why the battle was so disastrous to us it is necessary to make some statements as to the troops stationed in this vicinity. Four or five companies of cavalry were encamped near here, two companies at Long Moss Spring, and the others two miles from town on the east side of Chipola River. No part of our coast from Pensacola to Apalachicola was protected, while every bay, bayou, and inlet was blockaded, and the Apalachicola River was open to Federal gunboats at any time. For this reason cavalry was kept here to protect the interior. There were many large plantations and very wealthy planters here who supplied vast quantities of provisions for the armies, and it was of great importance that these be protected. These companies, in separate encampments, were used as scouting parties, the others being sent out for trips of two weeks watching the coast line.

On September 26 Capt. W. H. Milton's company was sixty miles away on the coast, while another company was scanning the river, and the colonel commanding the post was absent. Couriers brought the news that a large body of Yankee cavalry was moving in this direction. Fortunately, Governor Milton was at home on a visit to his family, and, hearing the report the couriers brought, ordered the adjutant to send out couriers in every direction and ordered all men able to bear arms to report in Marianna as quickly as possible without waiting to form into companies. The news was kept



CAPT. ROBERT EMORY PARK.

a secret in town to avoid a panic, as this might not be the objective point of the enemy. Those couriers rode all day and all night.

Early on that fateful 27th a courier came in and announced publicly that the Yankees were within fifteen miles of town. At eight o'clock the citizens were called to arms and formed into a company ready for service. Women heard the dreadful tidings with blanched faces, and hastened with trembling hands and with hearts that almost ceased to beat with very heaviness to gather up some things that might be saved from the pillaging band that would soon be upon us. Can any one realize the feelings of mothers and wives, of fathers and husbands as they gave the parting kiss to dear ones that morning, knowing not the fate that might be theirs? It was a fearful time.

At ten o'clock the men from the outlying districts and the two regular companies, as well as two companies of the home guards, were assembled. Those not of the companies who had been drilled fell in with the town citizens and formed an ambuscade on each side of the main street entering the town on the west. A few regular officers of the army were at home on leave and were put in charge. The cavalry was drawn up in line of battle at the entrance of the town. I cannot tell the time of waiting, for it seemed like an eternity. At length the colonel came at full speed about four miles in advance of the foe and ordered the troops to retreat across the long bridge that spanned the Chipola River and make their stand there. There was some demurring about leaving the old men and boys to fight alone, as they did not know of the order to retreat, but he insisted on flight, and the men could but obey. They went at full gallop, but the Yankees were close upon them. As soon as the advancing column was in range of their guns the men, concealed behind buildings and fences, opened fire which was returned with deadly effect. The advance followed the flying Confederates, leaving their rear to deal with those who had assailed them. Led by a deserter, one company executed a flank movement and came in behind the men in ambush. Seeing themselves overwhelmed by numbers, as many as could effected their escape from the trap in which they were caught; sixty-four were captured.

Those in pursuit of our forces across the river were not very many, but our colonel's horse stumbled and threw his rider to the ground, and he was picked up by the foremost Yankee a prisoner. The others crossed the bridge and took up the planks behind them; so the main body did not follow, but employed themselves burning and pillaging houses. They burned all the buildings from which they had been fired upon, one of which was the Episcopal church. It was there that nearly all the men who fell were killed or wounded. In firing the dwellings they did not permit the ladies to take a single article out in their hands. Those who were killed outright were shockingly burned and some even charred; others who were wounded were moved out of the way of the flames by the Yankees upon the plea of the ladies, who were soon on the field of strife. These men rendered us every assistance in their power, going with us to the wounded and telling us what was best to do and protecting us from the insolence of the negro troops who were with them.

General Ashboth, who was in command, suffered from a broken jaw and other wounds. A young telegraph operator was asked if he had sent any messages for troops to meet them here, and he said he had wired the authorities at Tallahassee to send troops as quickly as possible, the last message he had

sent before the batteries were taken out. Fortunately for us this fact caused the enemy to prepare for leaving. That night carriages, horses, wagons, and teams were all taken, there being but one old broken-down horse left in town. They carried off sixty-four prisoners and all the negroes who would follow, and many went. General Ashboth was carried off on a bed in a wagon. They left five or six wounded, and four of them died within twenty-four hours. Many of our men who were carried away died in prisons; some at Ship Island, near New Orleans, some at Governor's Island, N. Y., others at Elmira, N. Y., and some lived to get back. The invaders slipped silently away about two o'clock in the morning, so quietly that it was not generally known they were gone until daylight on the 28th. Our wounded were taken to private houses; theirs to the hospital.

One must pass through such an ordeal to have the faintest conception of our feeling of utter desolation on that 28th of September. The wounded were to be cared for, the dead to be buried, the homeless to be sheltered and clothed and fed. Some negroes had robbed their owners of all they could lay hands on. Husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers were either wounded, dead, or prisoners. There was suffering beyond description. We cared for their wounded as kindly as our own. They were some mother's sons or husbands, and their women were kind to ours in many instances. When they were well enough, they were sent to Andersonville, where they received at least as gentle treatment as did ours at Elmira.

THE FIELD OF SHARPSBURG.

BY REV. W. D. BARGER, HAGERSTOWN, MD.

It was a rare and beautiful summer day. I passed out of the quaint, nestling old town of Boonsboro, a gem of beauty in the rich and lovely valley of the Antietam, ascending South Mountain along the shaded roads, where in the early September of 1862 thousands of men marched and counter-marched to battle. It was on these commanding heights that Gen. D. H. Hill was ordered to hold the passes until Stonewall Jackson had captured the Union forces and large supplies at Harper's Ferry. This was the only reason why a battle should have been fought on South Mountain. Here along the line of the old stone fence many noble boys, brave and true, gave up their lives. They were mostly Georgians, of Garland's Brigade. General Reno and many of his soldiers were killed in their front. On this ground I picked up bullets and two human teeth, one being filled with gold, knocked from some soldier's head with a musket ball. This was in front of the Wise house, and some sixty Confederate dead were thrown into a deep well in the yard of this bullet-scarred house. Only a few years ago six skeletons were plowed up on one of the mountain fields. Buttons and belt buckles indicated that they had been members of the 7th Virginia Infantry.

But I wanted to say a few words about Sharpsburg, one of the bloodiest of the one-day battles of the many fought in those fiery days of the great civil revolution in this country. The army at South Mountain had not been whipped. Jackson had accomplished his purpose at Harper's Ferry and marched at once to the low circular hills along the Antietam Creek, where the great engineer, Gen. R. E. Lee, had selected a splendid position and bade defiance to the advance of the hosts of General McClellan. Sharpsburg is an old town, of perhaps four or five hundred people at that time, and is located near the Potomac River. In and around this town on Sep-

tember 17, 1862, some 20,000 men lay dead or wounded. Look at the old Tunkard Church, still bearing the marks of shot and shell of that awful day, of charge and counter-charge around and in front of this place of worship. Here Jackson's command did the most terrific fighting of the day. As a boy I heard the roar of artillery far away among the Virginia hills, and thought of my neighbors and kindred who fought with the prince of soldiers—Jackson.

How gallantly they died that day! Hundreds of them are sleeping among the unknown dead in beautiful Rose Hill Cemetery at Hagerstown. This is "fame's eternal camping ground, the bivouac of the dead." Here they have been gathered from ten great States, and as the years come and go tender hands scatter flowers over these low mounds, and somebody tells the story of their deeds and how they died for home and native land.

The battle field is well marked, while monuments are being erected from year to year. The Maryland monument is to the memory of her sons who died for the North and the South alike. Here blood flowed as freely as the murmuring waters of the creek rolling on to join the Potomac. Corn is growing here to-day as it was then, though not riddled and cut down with bullets. Cattle graze in peaceful bliss along "Bloody Lane," where 1,800 men lay with pale faces turned upward to the pitying skies from man's sad world of war and strife. Bathed in the soft haze of summer, it seems to me that God never made a more charming landscape. Monuments and markers are seen everywhere, showing where divisions and regiments fought and where generals fell. Southeastward is Burnside Bridge, so famous in history. The old stone structure has an unexploded shell lodged in the east side. General Toombs, of Georgia, held the position in front of this bridge, and saw hundreds of Union soldiers go down in front of his small brigade of sturdy riflemen as the enemy tried to force the passage of the bridge. The 51st Pennsylvania, as stated on their monument, lost over three hundred in this death pen. The old trees, giantlike sentinels, stand there marked by the instruments of death that filled the air.

The National Cemetery covers the ground where General Lee first had his headquarters and with eagle eye surveyed the low hills and the winding creek, directing his veteran divisions to positions in line of battle as they came marching under bullet-torn and tattered flags. Jackson said at the close of the day that the greatest roll of musketry he had ever heard was in the afternoon near the Tunkard Church.

Before the sun had risen on the morning of the 17th of September, 1862, guns were booming here and yonder, feeling for positions, and from that time on batteries went into action along the entire infantry line, and the work of death went on until darkness in mercy put an end to that dreadful day.

SON OF UNION SOLDIER SEEKS INFORMATION.—Ethan Allen Weaver, 251 West Harvey Street, Germantown, Pa., writes an interesting sketch, coupled with an inquiry: "My father, the late Sergt. William Henry Weaver, of the 153d Pennsylvania Volunteers, Army of the Potomac, was captured in the battle of Chancellorsville, Va., early on the morning of May 3, 1863, having 'lost his way' after Jackson's historic flank movement and vigorous attack on the 11th Corps on the previous evening, and was taken thence to Libby Prison, in Richmond. My father enlisted at Nazareth, in Northampton County, Pa., where is located Nazareth Hall, an educational institution of the Moravians, founded in 1755, with a continuous existence to the present time. Among its pupils have been many from

the South, and it so happened that one of these was in charge of the escort that conducted my father and other prisoners from the Chancellorsville battle field to the Libby prison, and who made known his identity by hearing mentioned the name of a well-known family whom he was acquainted with at Nazareth. This young Confederate officer was probably of a North Carolina or South Carolina regiment, and I would like to learn of him and would be glad to hear from any surviving member of the party who escorted these prisoners as noted."

A. B. Hill, of Memphis, Tenn., calls attention to an error of date in the article on "Incidents of Wheeler's Raid," page 288 of the JUNE VETERAN, and says: "The writer evidently intended to place the date of the raid as August 11, 1864, for two reasons: First, General Hood was not in command of the army in August, 1863; and, secondly, Dalton, Ga., was not in the hands of the Federals at that time. Bragg was in command and our army was stationed at Chattanooga." [This should have been corrected before publication.—EDITOR.]

THE BUGLES OF BATTLE.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

The bugles of battle! How shrilly they blew
Where the river flows under the pines,
Where the legions of gray stood heroic and true
In the smoke of the gallant old lines,
And the banners that waved where the bugles sang loud
As we watched for the rush of the foe!
They sing for me yet through the mist and the cloud
That envelopes the long, long ago.

The bugles of battle! How often they rent
The air with their nerve-piercing thrill!
How often some hero to glory they sent
In the charge for the crest of the hill!
I listen to-day for the roar in the wood,
For the crash and the sweep of the guns,
And I dream of the times when in battle once stood
For the cause of the Southland her sons.

The bugles of battle! How silent they grew
When the comrade was laid to his rest,
Above him the stars and the glistening dew
And brave folded hands on his breast,
In his jacket of gray 'neath the towering pines
By the river that slips to the sea!
We left him a gap in the gallant old lines,
From war and its wrath ever free.

The bugles of battle! They blew 'neath the arch
Of azure that bent overhead.
How often they quickened the weary one's march
As forward the long columns sped!
Sometimes in my dreams at the dusk of the day
I hear them again and again,
And the sunlight falls soft on a jacket of gray,
Where the flowers bloom fresh on the plain.

The bugles of battle! I look at my cane,
My daily companion, you see,
And back to me comes the wild fight in the lane
'Neath the far-flashing banners of Lee.
No more will they blow as they blew long ago,
The blood of a youthtime to thrill;
Forever for me and the valorous foe
The bugles of battle are still.

THE LAST ROLL

JOHN WILLIAM BUSH.

This gallant soldier, brilliant lawyer, and humble Christian was born near Williamsburg, Va., November 15, 1841. His ancestors were of the original Jamestown settlers. He was named for one of the Revolutionary heroes, Maj. John W. Bush. His father, William Bush, was a planter, a man of position and influence, being chief justice of the James City County Court of Williamsburg, Va., and also a member of the legislature. His mother, Malinda, was a daughter of Henry Finch, of Charles City County, Va., a direct descendant of Sir Heneage Finch, Lord Chancellor of England.

John W. Bush was reared in Virginia, and was a student at William and Mary College at the outbreak of the war. He enlisted with Lee's Virginia Rangers, a company organized by Capt. W. H. F. Lee, son of Gen. R. E. Lee. In 1861 he served as courier for General Lee prior to entering the 9th Virginia Cavalry, which belonged to Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's division. He participated in many of the severe engagements of the war, among them Huntsville, W. Va., Falmouth, Va., and Fredericksburg [in this latter engagement he was one of the historic seven men who crossed the bridge while it was yet in flames], the battle of Hanover Court House, Seven Days' Fight around Richmond, Seal Mountain, Harper's Ferry [in the fight at Sharpsburg, just prior to the battle of Catlett's Station, he captured Officer Harris, second in command of the Federal Staff], Brandy Station, Gettysburg, Williams Fort, Culpeper Court House, Rapidan Station and Cold Harbor. After the battle of Cold Harbor he was appointed a scout to inspect and report upon the effect of the battle on Grant's army, and in the execution of this perilous mission, he had to make a circuitous ride around Grant's entire army. In the battle of White Oak Swamp he was severely wounded. Later, he was again wounded on the Boydton Plank Road. He served on General Barton's staff and engaged in the battle of Five Forks, the culmination of which was the surrender at Appomattox. Though with the army at this point, he did not surrender, but escaped with many of his comrades.

After the war closed he taught school, studied law, and practiced in the District Court of Appeals at Williamsburg, Va.

Soon after coming to Alabama, he located at Uniontown and practiced law there for twenty years, during which time he represented his district in the State Senate.

In 1887 he moved to Birmingham, where he had since resided and continued law practice with his son, Geo. E. Bush.

He was a member of the Episcopal Church, the Bar Association, Commercial Club, and Camp Hardee, U. C. V. He was Commander of the Fourth Brigade of the Alabama Division of the U. C. V.'s., and one of the founders and trustees of the Old Soldiers' Home at Mountain Creek. As a Royal Arch Mason he served as High Priest of his Chapter six years. He has been Master of the Uniontown Lodge for twenty years, a member of the Stonewall Lodge, Knights of Pythias, and at the time of his death was a member of Jefferson Valley Lodge of that order. Under appointment of Gov. Joseph F. Johnson, he presided as special judge.

On October 21, 1869, he was married to Sallie Evans, daughter of Matt R. and Sarah S. Evans, of Mobile, Ala., and sister of the late Augusta Evans Wilson, one of the South's most distinguished authors. Of this marriage two sons, Howard E. and George Bush, and a grandson, Starr Kealhofer, survive.

General Bush died very suddenly at his home July 5, 1911. A marked characteristic was the broad charity extended to the frailties of others, for whom he always sought some extenuating circumstances. His kind, sympathetic heart responded to every appeal of the needy and helpless. He was a man of noble attributes, of high moral and religious development, and broadly cultivated intellect, together with his record for dauntless courage on the field of battle and conspicuous loyalty to Southern principles and Southern traditions.

When General and Mrs. Bush and family moved to Birmingham, he at once established himself among the leading



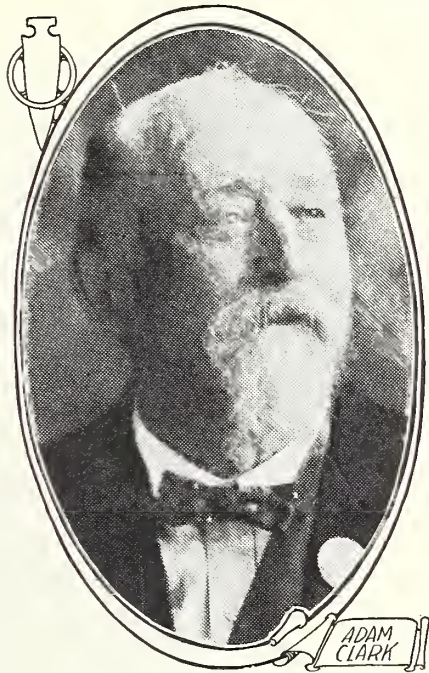
GEN. J. W. BUSH.

lawyers of the city. The refined, cultured, and congenial home life of General and Mrs. Bush was in accord with their unusual hereditary advantages. To them the early social conditions of Birmingham were largely indebted for a cultivated and elevating influence due to their rare intellectual and social gifts. Previous to the untimely death of their lovely daughter, Augusta, who had married Starr Kealhofer, General and Mrs. Bush were leaders in the delightful and brilliant social life of the community.

In beautiful Magnolia Cemetery at Mobile, where the music of Southern seas is never hushed and the fragrance of Southern flowers never lost, there sleeps now Birmingham's friend and distinguished citizen and one of the South's truest and bravest sons. On the pure white slab there dedicated in loving memory will be found the keynote to his noble character: "He loved his fellow-man."

ADAM CLARK.

On July 29, 1911, Adam Clark, a member of James C. Monroe Camp, No. 574, U. C. V., Arkadelphia, Ark., weary with the burden of seventy-six years, folded his tired hands and fell asleep. Born in South Carolina in 1835, he went with his parents to Arkansas at an early age. In 1853 he began life for himself in a printing office at Camden, Ark., where he remained until the spring of 1862, when he enlisted as a private in the Memphis Appeal Battery, C. S. A. He was soon placed in charge of a three-inch rifle detachment, and was in the battles of Iuka, Corinth, and at Hatchie Bridge, at which latter place he was wounded, losing part of his right hand. He, however, continued with his command until after the siege of Vicksburg, where he was paroled. He went back to Arkansas, and as soon as he was exchanged he was assigned to duty in the commissary department, where he remained until the end of the war.



He was ever a brave and faithful soldier, never shirking, but always ready whenever and wherever duty called. In 1868 he moved to Arkadelphia, Ark., and established the Southern Standard, and week after week he served his patrons with the fidelity that characterized his whole life. Day after day he met and accepted the responsibilities of life, and discharged each duty faithfully to the day he "wrapped the drapery of his couch about him and lay down to pleasant dreams." His life was an open book in which was written: "If there be in all the world one scar that thought or deed or word of mine has made, I bid it in the name of love and truth to heal and crave the pardon of the victim of my fault."

REV. ASA COX.

This aged veteran answered to last roll call July 17, 1911, at his home, in Paris, Tenn., when nearing his eighty-ninth birthday. He was born in Warren County, Tenn., November 19, 1822. Three years later his father removed to Henry County, Tenn., where the remainder of his long life was spent. He was for over sixty years in the Baptist ministry. His father and grandfather preceded him in this high calling. He stood high in the councils of his denomination, and for over thirty years presided over his district association. He filled also other high positions among his brethren. He baptized about fifteen hundred candidates into the fellowship of the Churches to which he ministered.

He served in Company G, 7th Tennessee Cavalry. His mili-

tary superiors soon discovered his ability as a scout, and often placed him in charge of scouting parties sent on dangerous missions requiring great caution and ingenuity. He was among "the bravest of the brave," yet entirely devoid of foolhardiness.

While engaged in pursuing a defeated command of Federal cavalry in Mississippi he captured a cavalymen who treacherously fired at him as soon as his gun was lowered. Several comrades, coming up just then, said, "Shoot him, parson, shoot him;" but he cried: "No. Though he deserves it, I cannot kill him, since he has surrendered." His eldest son enlisted in the same company and fought by his side. His comrades held him in high esteem; and when Fitzgerald-Lamb Camp was organized at Paris, Tenn., he was elected Chaplain, and served till his death.

Comrade Cox was twice married. He married Miss Martha A. Street in 1841. After her death, in 1897, he married Miss Belle Ahers, who survives him. He was the father of four sons and seven daughters, all by his first wife. Only five of them are now living. His eldest daughter married Lieut. Col. J. D. Wilson, of the 46th Tennessee, who died recently at Winchester, Tenn. The second wedded Lieut. E. H. Rennolds, of the 5th Tennessee Infantry, now chaplain of the Florida Senate. One son, Esq. J. D. Morris, lives at Puryear, Tenn., and one each at Fulton, Ky., Jackson, Miss., and Fort Worth, Tex. He leaves many grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

MEMORIAL TO NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY (VA.) VETERANS.

Confederate veterans who died during the year ending May 10, 1911, and for whom memorial exercises were held May 10, 1911, by Lee-Jackson Chapter, No. 1284, U. D. C., of Northumberland County, Va.: Col. William S. Christian, 55th Infantry; Capt. William Henderson, 40th Infantry; James H. Hudnall, Company D, 9th Cavalry; O. J. Williams, Company A, 40th Infantry; T. Jerome Downing, Company D, 9th Cavalry; William T. Marsh, Company C, 40th Infantry; Joseph Marsh, Company K, 9th Cavalry; John Ashburn, Company F, 40th Infantry; John Flynt, Company F, 40th Infantry; Jesse J. Crowder, Company F, 40th Infantry; Dr. H. W. Harding, Company D, 9th Cavalry; W. W. Beane, Company D, 9th Cavalry; James Thomas, Company K, 9th Cavalry; Thomas Rice, Company K, 9th Cavalry; J. Headley; Royston Marsh, Company C, 40th Infantry.

CAPT. R. D. REYNOLDS.

Citizens of Quincy, Wash., were shocked on March 28, 1911, by the death of Capt. R. D. Reynolds, who the day before walked about the streets in apparently the best of health. Taking sick at six o'clock in the morning, he died of an acute attack of Bright's disease at 3:40 in the afternoon. About two years before with his wife and daughter, Lena Joe, he moved to Quincy from Florida because of his wife's ill health. He left also a married daughter, Mrs. W. W. Ethridge, of Princeton, Ky.

Captain Reynolds was seventy-two years of age. He was born in Kentucky in 1839. He joined the 9th Texas Infantry, C. S. A., and served from October 4, 1861, to the close of the Civil War, in 1865. He was at first color bearer and was later promoted to captain, which position he held to the end of the war. He was wounded five times.

He was a farmer, merchant, traveling salesman, and revenue officer. During his life in Washington he was justice of the peace and police judge. Quiet and unassuming, he won a large circle of warm friends. He was a member of the Masonic lodge of Henderson, Ky., and the Methodist Church.

DR. THEO. STEELE.

Dr. Theophilus Steele, of New York City (formerly of Lexington, Ky.), died at the summer residence of his daughter, Mrs. Ralph Shropshire, on Long Island, August 24, 1911. Dr. Steele was one of the bravest of the brave, a Kentuckian of Kentuckians, who was as gallant and fearless an officer as ever drew a blade in the gallant, fearless, and intrepid squadron led by Gen. John H. Morgan. Dr. Steele early enlisted in that celebrated command, attained the rank of major and later lieutenant colonel, and was always at his post, the trusted aid of his commander in every battle and engagement except when wounded or in captivity, and as soon as recovered from the former or released from the latter was again at his post. He was an honored member of the Confederate Veteran Camp in New York.

It was the writer's privilege to know him well the latter years of his life and to know how devoted he was to the memory of the cause for which he fought and bled, and how attached and loyal he was to his comrades. He was of distinguished Kentucky ancestry, and fully sustained their spotless reputation and high character in every relation of a long and useful life. As he never displayed the "white feather" when facing the storm of battle, he did not exhibit it at the approach of the grim destroyer. He was seventy-seven years old, and knew the reaper might appear at any time, but was ready for the summons. His comrades of the Camp and his sorrowing friends laid him to rest in the Confederate cemetery at Mount Hope, near New York City.

[Sketch by Mr. R. H. Gordon, 2300 Eighth Ave., New York.]

ANOTHER TRIBUTE TO DR. THEOPHILUS STEELE.

Another brave and chivalrous soul has left us and crossed over the river. Dr. Theophilus Steele died in New York August 23, 1911. He was born in Fayette County, Ky., seventy-seven years ago. He graduated in medicine at the university of his State, and later finished at Leipsic. When the war broke out, he joined Gen. John Morgan. He rose to the rank of lieutenant colonel. His daring adventures as commander of the 7th Kentucky Cavalry, under General Morgan, are well described by Gen. Basil Duke in his excellent book.

Dr. Steele was a lovable man, kind, gentle, and tender. That "the bravest are the tenderest" was well exemplified in him. His remains lie in Mount Hope Cemetery, New York, in the lot of the New York Confederate Veteran Camp, of which he was a member, and many stanch friends followed the mortal part of this noble soul to its last resting place.

The great reaper has been very busy in our Camp the last few months. Since Dr. Steele's death we have lost Comrade Cary, of Virginia. Comrade Cary was a brother of Mrs. Burton Harrison (Miss Connie Cary), well remembered by a host of Confederate veterans.

C. V. W.

JOHN C. BARNETT.

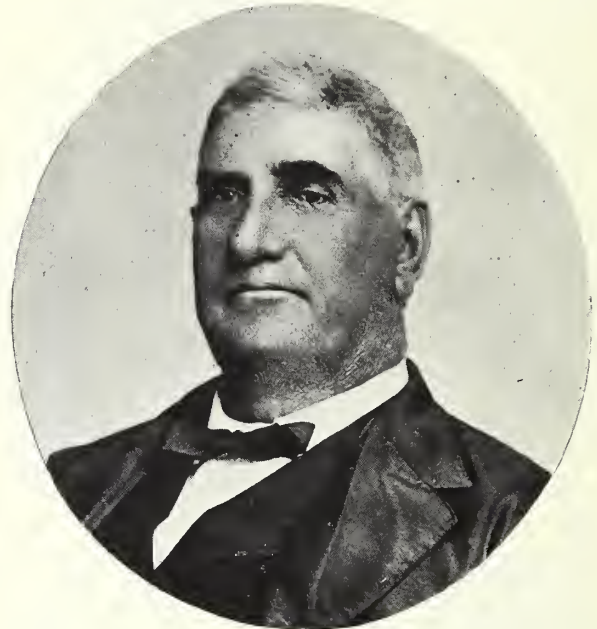
John C. Barnett, who lived the greater part of his life in the vicinity of Kilmichael, Miss., died on August 27, 1911. He is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Lizzie James. Mr. Barnett was a good soldier, a good citizen, and upright Christian.

In a personal sketch William A. Alcorn, Sr., writes: "Col. William Barnett, the father of John C. Barnett, moved from Livingston County, Ky., to Coahoma County in 1838. He bought and cleared what is now the Rozell place, near Coahoma Station. The old log house on the mound is the house in which John C. Barnett was born in 1841. He was the oldest white man I knew who was born in this county. We went

to the war together in Blythe's Battalion, subsequently joining the Bolivar troop, 1st Mississippi Cavalry, and were together when the war closed. A better or braver soldier never lived. He was always jolly and ready for a scrap. We were close friends, and nothing but death could part us."

LUCIUS A. WHATLEY.

Lucius Adolphus Whatley was born in Newton County, Ga., September 12, 1838; and died at Texarkana, Tex., July 4, 1911. He was the second son of B. O. W. Whatley and Mariah (Johnson) Whatley. They emigrated to Texas in 1858, lo-



LUCIUS A. WHATLEY.

cating at Waco, from which place he enlisted in the Confederate army, serving from the beginning to the close, first in the 10th Texas Infantry, under Capt. John Stone, and later in the 19th Texas Cavalry, Company H, Col. N. M. Burford, and later Col. B. W. Watson's regiment. After the war, the family removed to Atlanta, Tex., where for a number of years he was engaged in merchandising.

He was married at Cusseta, Tex., January 26, 1868, to Miss Emma Jean Heand, a member of a prominent Georgia family who had also emigrated to Texas prior to the Civil War. His wife died March 26, 1893, at Huntsville, Tex. Five children blessed this union, all of whom are living—namely, James Johnson Whatley, of Eagle Lake, Tex.; T. Augustus Whatley, Robert Heand Whatley, Mrs. W. L. Rosborough, and Mittie Frances Whatley, of Texarkana, Tex.

He was a Mason, a member of the Knights of Honor, a member of the House of Representatives of the twentieth and twenty-first legislatures, and in 1890 was elected to the State Senate. Soon after the adjournment of the twenty-second legislature he resigned his membership of the Senate to take charge of the State penitentiaries. This appointment was tendered him by Gov. James S. Hogg, and he served eight years. He was reappointed by Gov. Charles A. Culberson. His successful management of such institutions met with general commendation throughout the State.

He moved to Texarkana in 1899, since which time he has lived very quietly, thoroughly enjoying the companionship of his family and friends and devoting his time to looking after

COL. JOHN DANIEL BILLS.

At the close of a beautiful day, July 3, 1911, the spirit of John Daniel Bills was summoned to "come up higher." A noble man, with a well-rounded life of seventy-two years, went out gently. Thirty-three years had been spent at Corinth, in his native Mississippi, and the entire community sorrowed with the family in their sad bereavement.

John D. Bills was born at New Albany, Union County, then Pontotoc County, Miss., March 2, 1839. He was the son of John Denman and Susana (Powell) Bills. They were natives of North Carolina. Both of their grandfathers, Daniel Bills and John Powell, were soldiers in the war of the Revolution. John Bills completed a course of study in the academy at Ripley, Miss., and he made good use of the advantages thus afforded him. He taught school for five years, and then took up the study of law in the office of Green & Strickland, of Ripley, Miss., and was admitted to the bar in 1861. Soon after he began the practice of his profession he abandoned it to defend the cause of the Confederate States.

On March 26, 1862, he enlisted in Company B, 32d Mississippi Infantry. His regiment was captured after its first battle; but he was not present, being confined to the hospital with typhoid fever. Upon his recovery he rejoined his command, and was promoted to lieutenant and made secretary of the brigade examining board to determine the competency of elected officers. (In the early days of the war officers were elected by their men.) He was also made judge advocate of the regiment. Later he acted as assistant inspector general on

made frequent efforts to effect his exchange. He was confined at Johnson's Island, Point Lookout, and Fort Delaware, from which last place he was released in May, 1865.

His interest in his old comrades never abated. He was Commander of Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, No. 1167, United Confederate Veterans at Corinth.

After the war Mr. Bills taught school for one year at Lebanon and Baldwin, Miss., and he then engaged in the mercantile business, in which he afterwards continued. He was one of the leading merchants of Corinth. He was in business at Baldwin until 1887, when he transferred his interests to Corinth, with whose industrial and civic affairs he was prominently identified. He was Mayor of Baldwin, and in 1876 he was elected to the State Senate, succeeding Hon. John M. Stone, and was reelected.

In 1875 he was president of the largest Democratic club in Northern Mississippi. While in the legislature he made a fine reputation as a parliamentarian and as a faithful and able legislator. He was chairman of the caucus which nominated Gen. J. Z. George for the United States Senate. He was also chairman of the temperance committee of Corinth in 1887, when the prohibition of the liquor business there was effected, and he was the leader of the temperance forces during the seven years' war on the temperance question. In recognition of his services the temperance folk of the city presented him with a fine gold-headed cane.

He was postmaster at Corinth during the second administration of President Cleveland. He was a zealous member of the Baptist Church for forty-four years, and was moderator of the Tishomingo Baptist Association for ten years. He was trustee of the Corinth Female College.

On June 5, 1861, he was united in marriage to Miss Margaret Caldwell, a daughter of Warren and Jane Caldwell, of Holly Springs. They had five children: Luther William (died in 1862); Mrs. Claude J. Pounds, of Corinth; Mrs. Robert J. Estes, of Corinth; Mrs. William D. Browning, of Cleveland, Ohio; and Miss Annie Bills.

WILLIAM CURTIS MAYES.

William Curtis Mayes was born in Perry County, Ala., April 13, 1847, and lived on his father's farm, near Selma, until, at the age of twelve, he was sent to Kechi, La., to school. He was still there when the attack on Fort Sumter was made. His boyish patriotism was fired, and on September 16, 1861, he enlisted at Mansfield, La., being mustered into service at Camp Moore, La., on December 11, 1861. He was in Capt. A. J. Handley's company of Louisiana volunteers; but by an act of the Confederate Congress he was discharged on account of being under the age of eighteen years.

On December 22, 1863, he reenlisted, and in November, 1864, he was elected second lieutenant of Company D, 62d Alabama. As a member of this regiment he participated in the fighting at Spanish Fort and Blakeley, Ala. After the fall of these places, he surrendered to Gen. E. R. S. Canby at Meridian, Miss., and was paroled on the 19th of April, 1865. He is said to have been the senior officer in Thomas's Brigade.

During the Confederate Reunion in Birmingham, Ala., at a meeting of his old regiment, the 62d Alabama, he was elected Lieutenant Commander, with the late T. G. Bush as Captain commanding.

On March 10, 1911, he answered the last roll call, confident that the Captain of his salvation was with him and that all was well. He is survived by his wife, four daughters, and one son.



JOHN D. BILLS.

the staff of Gen. M. P. Lowry. While thus serving he was captured a few days before the battle of Chickamauga, and he was held a prisoner until the war closed. General Lowry

DR. MARK W. ALLISON.

Dr. Mark Allison, who had quite rounded out fourscore years of a useful life in the vicinity of his birth, in Bedford County, Tennessee, died September 2, 1911. He enlisted in the Confederate Army, Company G, Thirty-Second Tennessee Regiment, under the gallant Col. Ed C. Cook on October 15, 1861. He was appointed hospital steward early in service, and was in the surrender with his regiment at Fort Donelson on February 16, 1862. After several months, they were exchanged, and he continued service until again surrendered at Bentonville, N. C.

After returning home, he resumed the practice of medicine and continued it up to within a few months of his death, healing and blessing thousands of men, women, and children. He was a Mason of high degree, a Cumberland Presbyterian, and truly "a Christian gentleman."

MILITARY FUNERAL OF MRS. MARY WEBB.

Mrs. Mary Webb was founder of the J. S. Griffith Chapter, U. D. C., at Terrell, Tex. Her funeral was conducted at the residence, Rev. T. J. Oliver Curran, rector of the Good Shepherd Church, officiating. At her request she was buried by the Terrell Confederate Guards with military honors. The body was dressed in Confederate gray and wrapped in the stars and bars. In full uniform, the Terrell Confederate Guards were stationed on each side of the walk, and as the casket was carried out between them the guard presented arms. Captain Swanson formed his company in front of the hearse, Captain Hardin and Colonel Stuart led the squadron of cavalry on each side of the hearse, and young Reinhardt and Earl Reeves marched at the head of the cortege with the muffled drum and bugle, as the procession moved to the cemetery. On arriving there the Confederate Guards formed in two lines, and, as the casket was carried between them to the grave, presented arms.

The company then formed at the head of the grave with inverted arms and with their bowed heads resting on their guns, remaining silent until the last sad rites were performed. While the grave was being banked with beautiful flowers the Daughters of the Confederacy sang some beautiful songs—which had been her favorites. At a signal from the minister Captain Swanson took charge of the ceremonies. Adjutant Reinhardt stepped forward and offered an appropriate prayer, and then the guards, moving to the side of the grave, fired three volleys, the front rank kneeling, and then Earl Reeves, stationed at head of the grave, with his bugle sounded taps.

[Report supplied by Mrs. Brownson, of Victoria, Tex.]

COL. ROGER Q. MILLS.

On Sunday, September 3, 1911, at his home, in Corsicana, Col. Roger Q. Mills succumbed to the grim reaper. He had been in ill health for several months, and went to Canada in the midsummer in quest of health; but foreseeing the end was near he returned home, passing away three weeks later.

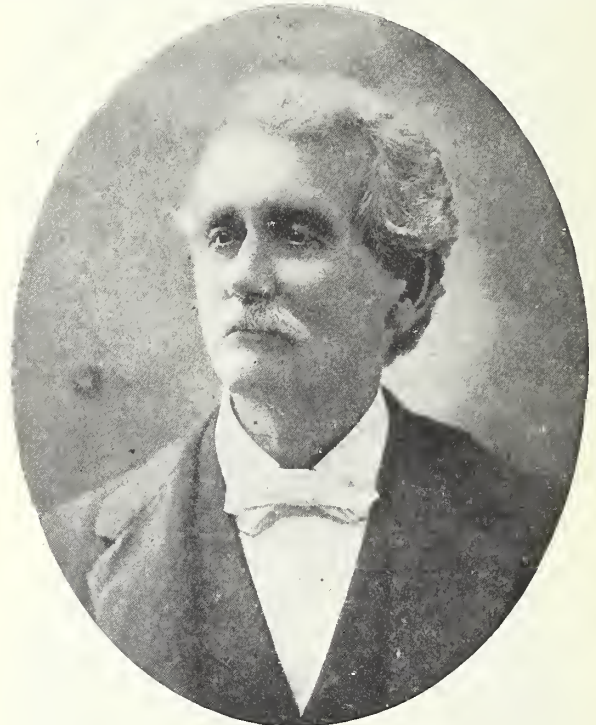
The career of Colonel Mills was brilliant. His life as a lawyer, as a soldier in the Confederate army, as a member of both houses of the American Congress makes a shining page in the history of his country, and he leaves behind him an enduring monument and an example worthy to be emulated.

Colonel Mills was a gallant officer of the 10th Texas Infantry and later was a brigade commander. He was not active in Confederate organizations. He was a native of Todd County, Ky., born March 30, 1832, and was in his eightieth year. He went to Texas in 1849, served in both Houses of Congress, and after leaving the Senate he lived in retirement.

DR. ENOCH E. SPINKS.

Dr. E. E. Spinks, one of the most prominent citizens of Meridian, Miss., died there on August 21, 1911, after a protracted illness. He was seventy-six years old, and had practiced dentistry in Meridian for many years, going there from Kemper County soon after the war. He was a man of the very highest type of honor, and had filled the position of Mayor and held other important trusts. He is survived by his wife, three sons, and four daughters.

Dr. Spinks was born in Kemper County in 1835, a son of John and Margaret Kelly Spinks. In 1861, at the outbreak of the war, he enlisted in Company A, 35th Mississippi Regiment, of which he was appointed first sergeant. In 1862 he was made second lieutenant of his company. He was badly wounded in the battle of Franklin, Tenn., in 1864, which unfitted him for



DR. E. E. SPINKS.

further service. The comrades who served with him and loved him devotedly placed him among the bravest of the brave. After the close of the war, he met the many difficulties that surrounded his people with the same manly courage that he exhibited in the face of the enemy. His old comrades and friends laid him away with deep sorrow.

The sons are Capt. M. G. Spinks, of Portland, Maine, and Messrs. Enoch and Henry Spinks, of Meridian. The daughters are Mrs. Margaret Pearson, of Anson, Tex.; Mrs. Virginia Wolverton, of Birmingham, Ala.; and Misses Mary and Valeria and Ruby Spinks, of Meridian.

[Dr. Spinks's devotion to the VETERAN was such that Meridian has long maintained the distinction of having the largest list, size of city considered, of any place on the map. It would be a fitting tribute to his memory if some other friends in that city would see that it is maintained.]

RICH.—William Rich died at the home of his daughter, near Beckton, Ky., August 26, 1911. His service was in the 8th Tennessee, Dibrell's Command. He is survived by four sons and a daughter.

MRS. VIRGINIA C. WOODS.

Mrs. Virginia Cowan Woods passed into rest eternal at her home, in Purcell, Okla., at daybreak on the morning of June 13, 1911, aged thirty-seven years. She was the only child



MRS. VIRGINIA C. WOODS.

of William J. and Nellie B. Cowan, and was born near Vicksburg, Miss. She went to Purcell the bride of Zol J. Woods. She was early left a widow, but continued to reside in Purcell, where she was much beloved.

She and her mother were charter members of the Mrs. Stonewall Jackson Chapter, U. D. C., of Purcell, and she was ever active in good works for the old veterans. She had been Treasurer for four years of the old Indian Territory Division and its next to last President, and it was by her guiding hand that amalgamation between the Indian and Oklahoma Divisions was effected without friction; she was also Treasurer of the Oklahoma State Division the past year.

Mrs. Woods was also a member of the Order of the Eastern Star, a Past Worthy Matron of Purcell Chapter, and had held important offices in the general Chapter. She was buried by the Episcopal service and the beautiful ritual of the Eastern Star. The sun was sinking to rest as the sisters covered the casket with their emblematic flowers and laid her to her last long sleep. A pure and gentle spirit passed from earth.

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now;
E'en while on earth thy footsteps trod
His seal was on thy brow."

She leaves a heartbroken mother to mourn her loss.

[Action was taken on the life of Mrs. Woods in the U. D. C. convention at Ardmore, which may appear in the proceedings of the Oklahoma Daughters next month.]

WILLIAM WARD CHILDS.

William Ward Childs, another valiant soldier, has answered the last roll call. An operation in St. John's Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y., on March 22, 1911, caused him to pass from the Church militant to the Church triumphant.

Ward Childs served honorably in the Confederate service from Sumter to Appomattox, beginning with enlistment in Missouri under Gen. Sterling Price in 1861. At the close of the war he went back to St. Louis, his former home, which he left in 1891 to take charge of a Wall Street (New York) office. This position in the American Manufacturing Company he filled faithfully and ably for twenty years.

Mr. Childs was a great-great-grandson of Col. Fielding Lewis, of the Continental army, and his wife, Betty Washington, the sister of George Washington. He was a consistent communicant of the Episcopal Church, and his characteristics of gentleness, intelligence, and honor did credit to his distinguished ancestry.

He married in St. Louis in 1870 Mary Fairfax, daughter of the Episcopal clergyman, Rev. Edward Fairfax Berkley, who as rector of Christ's Church in Lexington, Ky., had in former years baptized and buried as a parishioner Henry Clay, the statesman.

Mr. Childs is survived by a widow and two sons. Mrs.



WILLIAM W. CHILDS.

Childs is known throughout the South as a writer of dialect sketches and verse.

His remains were interred in Bellefontaine Cemetery, St. Louis, where the final obsequies were performed by Confederate comrades.

CAPT. GEORGE A. SCHOPPERT.

Capt. George A. Schoppert died at his home, in Waynesboro, Va., August 4, 1911, in his eighty-sixth year. He was born in Martinsburg, W. Va., October 27, 1825. He learned early in life a high grade of smith work in making and repairing locks, guns, etc. He served awhile as city marshal of Martinsburg, and later was employed by the United States government in the armory at Harper's Ferry, and took an active part in the John Brown affair there in 1859. In 1861 he was elected captain of a company organized at that place, and later by command of Stonewall Jackson he took charge of the arsenal in the repairing department. He served in this capacity at Winchester, Staunton, Lynchburg, Richmond, and other places in Virginia throughout the war.

Captain Schoppert was married early in life to Sarah M. Colvin, of Martinsburg, and to them were born five children, only one of whom, a daughter, is now living. She is the wife of W. A. Rife, with whom Captain Schoppert was associated in business under the firm name of Rife & Schoppert. He was a man of unusual physical strength, carrying his normal weight of two hundred and twenty pounds almost to the end, and being able to take his regular morning walks around the shops the day before his death. He was tenacious on all questions that he believed to be right. For the last twenty-five years of his life he was a strong supporter of the temperance cause,



CAPT. GEORGE A. SCHOPPERT.

and many times stood almost alone in his community in behalf of this cause on the day of election, and to the day of his death was unflinching and uncompromising on the question.

"How is the old captain?" no longer we hear;
It's 'Now the old captain's gone,' by friends far and near.
Yes, gone beyond the river, there in the gentle breeze
Resting with Jackson under the shade of the trees.

Another old veteran has answered his last roll call,
Another vacant armchair now sits in the hall,
Another life passed as a tale that is told,
Another shadow only framed in gilt or gold."

ELIJAH CONKLIN.

Elijah Conklin, whose death occurred at Omaha, Nebr., on July 18, 1911, was born in Grand Gulf, Miss., in 1847. He joined the Confederate army at the age of sixteen, served in the Mississippi cavalry during the last two years of the war,



ELIJAH CONKLIN.

and was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., in May, 1865, under General Forrest.

He was borne to his last resting place in a casket of Confederate gray upon which were entwined Confederate and American flags. He wore the highly prized cross of honor, and his pallbearers were old veterans of both the Confederate and Union armies. Comrade Conklin was a member of Camp J. J. Whitney, U. C. V. of Fayette, Miss.

PARKINSON COLLETT.

The death of the oldest Confederate veteran in this (Randolph) county occurred on May 13, 1911. He was born here October 29, 1828. His parents were Rev. Thomas Collett (the earliest Baptist preacher at the old church near Arnold Station) and Mary Pedro, of one of the oldest and best families of the county. Prior to the war he served two terms as assessor of this county and two terms in the same office after West Virginia got from under the test oath and other tyrannical enactments.

On February 19, 1866, he was married to Anzina Chenoweth, of a distinguished family who came here from Maryland. To this union were born and now survive the following children: Capt. Fan F., now in the Philippine Islands; Thomas J., Alba C., Mrs. Mittie Bradley, Mrs. James C. Allen, and Mrs. Bernie Bosworth.

He entered the Confederate service early in the war as a recruiting officer for Imboden's Brigade. When the brigade was made up, he joined McClanahan's Battery, and was elected a lieutenant, and served throughout the war in that battery. He, with his battery, participated in the battles of Gettysburg, Lynchburg, Winchester, and others. He was wounded in battle at Beverly, and was ever esteemed among his fellow-officers and men as an officer of cool courage and fine judgment and on whom they could rely.

In private and business life, being a farmer and merchant both before and after the war, he was esteemed as a safe, honest man, moral, upright, and good to his wife and children.

The funeral services occurred at his family residence, being performed by Rev. Mr. McKenzie, of the Davis and Elkins College. The attendance was large, including a number of his comrades, and the following surviving members of McClanahan's Battery acted as pallbearers: J. Calvin Caplinger, John C. Hart, Calvin C. Hart, and Andrew Chenoweth, and Adam Stalnaker and J. H. Dewitt, of the 18th and 19th Virginia Cavalry. Among the floral offerings was a beautiful one representing the colors of the Confederacy presented by the Beverly Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy.

I desire to put on record in the VETERAN an incident in the battle of Piedmont, in the valley of Virginia, in which Gen. William Jones was killed. A large portion of his army was about to be captured, and seven hundred were captured. Lieutenant Collett was given permission to place the section of the battery under his command at his own solicitation, and against the judgment of a superior officer of the company. It was served so effectually as to save the first gun as well as his own two guns and a considerable number of Confederates and inflicted heavy loss on the enemy. Being present, this comrade knows whereof he writes. This greatly increased the prestige of Collett with his fellow-officers and men, with whom he was already highly esteemed.

[Sketch by Calvin C. Hart, Beverly, W. Va.]

CAPTAIN W. W. OLD.

Capt. William W. Old was for many years a leading citizen, lawyer, and churchman of Norfolk, Va. His activities came to an end only a brief while before his death, which occurred on July 19, 1911. He had been ill for two weeks, but although seventy years of age, his robust constitution gave no evidence of breaking down, and no apprehension was felt until the very last.

Captain Old had distinguished himself in all of his numerous undertakings, his collegiate records, his service during the great civil strife, and his subsequent activities in legal, State, and municipal affairs, also in his connection with the lay affairs of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Once sure he was right, he became aggressive to an extreme degree in furthering the interest he represented; and, although involved in many affairs, he always came out victorious, carrying with him the respect and affection of his opponents who were brought to see the high scope of his purposes.

As Chairman of Norfolk's Charter Commission, Captain Old performed one of his last public municipal services. He generously gave Norfolk's new charter the best of his thought and conducted its passage through the General Assembly.

As Vice President of the Common Council and Chairman of the Finance Committee, Captain Old served at a time when the most arduous work was required, particularly at the time of the general revision of the merchants' license tax, securing passage of the revision through the council.

As an attorney and counsellor, Captain Old was eminent in his profession.

He was a delegate to the General Episcopal Conventions since 1889, at sessions first in New York, thence to Baltimore in 1892, Minneapolis in 1895, Washington in 1898, San Francisco in 1901, Boston in 1904, Richmond in 1907, and Cincinnati in 1910.

After receiving a preliminary education at the Norfolk Academy, Captain Old entered the University of Virginia, and, on the day of his graduation, July 4, 1861, he was mustered into the Confederate service as junior lieutenant, serving for a time with the university volunteers. Later he served as an aide on the staff of General Wise. He enlisted afterward as a private in the Fourteenth Virginia Regiment and was wounded during the second day's battle of Seven Pines.



CAPT. W. W. OLD.

In August following he received a commission as captain and assistant quartermaster, with assignment to Battery No. 9, in the defense of Richmond. In May, 1863, he was detailed to Stonewall Jackson's old division then commanded by Major General Edward Johnson, and was in charge of the commissary train during the Pennsylvania invasion. On May 12, 1864, Captain Old was detailed by General Johnson to carry a message to Gen. A. C. Evans, who died at the moment General Johnson and his troops were captured.

After serving with Gen. Jubal A. Early in the Maryland campaign, Captain Old returned to General Johnson's staff and while in Florence, Ala., received a wound that incapacitated him for further service during the war.

He was admitted to practice law in Norfolk in 1868 and for a number of years was a member of the firm of Walke & Old, and later the senior member of the firm of Old & Son.

Captain Old is survived by a widow, formerly Miss Alice Herbert, daughter of Edward H. Herbert, of Princess Anne County, and the following children: Dr. Herbert Old, Colonel W. W. Old, Jr., Dr. Edward H. H. Old, U. S. N., Mrs. Charles

Webster, Mrs. John S. Stump, and Mrs. W. M. Dey, of Chapel Hill, N. C.

With the exception of a slight illness in 1857 and the wounds he received during the war, Captain Old, up until the time of his last ailment, had not been ill a single day.

The Norfolk and Portsmouth Bar Associations paid tribute.

DANIEL DWYER PHILIPS.

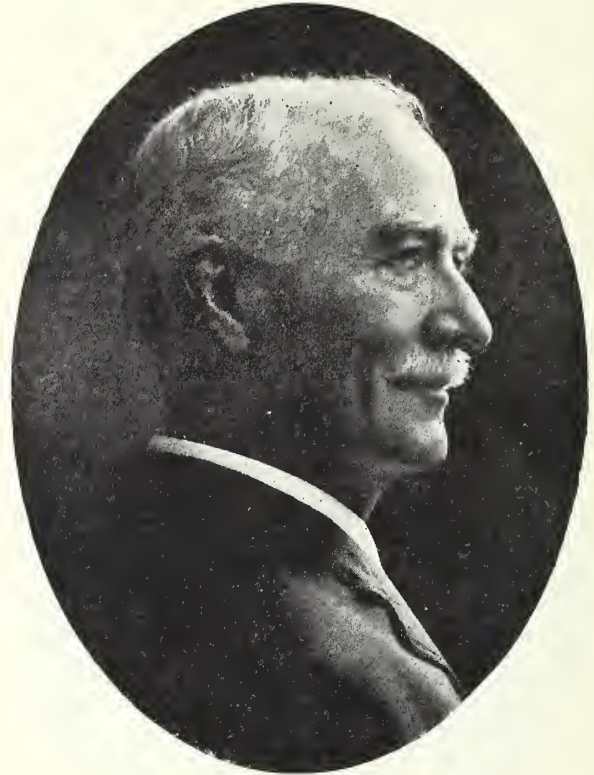
Daniel D. Philips, familiarly known as "Uncle Dan" (not in the usual sense of that term, for he was ever aggressive and successful in business life), was born near Nashville December 29, 1842. He was of Welsh descent, and his ancestors for generations were sturdy stock. His grandfather, Joseph Philips, was guide for the Continental army, and was in the battle of King's Mountain; while his great-uncle, Col. Matthew Philips, commander of a regiment in that army, died before the battle mentioned. Joseph Philips brought his wife, Milbry Philips, from Edgecombe County, N. C., to Tennessee and settled a few miles from Nashville in 1791; so the noted "Philips Home" has been in the family one hundred and twenty years. William D. Philips, father of "Uncle Dan," inherited about a thousand acres of land and many slaves. With these advantages he might have adorned official life, but "life on the farm," with all its comforts, was chosen. He was a progressive farmer in that agricultural period. His family has ever been a credit to his State and country. Early in life William D. Philips married Miss Susan P. Clark, of Eastern Tennessee, but she died early without issue. He was married again in 1828 to Eliza, daughter of Daniel Dwyer, a typical Irish gentleman, who had become a merchant in Franklin, Tenn. To this union there were six children, three daughters and three sons. One of the latter died young. "Uncle Dan" and Capt. Joseph Philips both served their native State and Southland in the Confederate war. Captain Philips served first in light artillery and then on the staff of Lieutenant General Polk until his death. A surviving sister, Mary, widow of Felix F. DeMotive, is one of the best-known and most universally beloved women of Nashville.

Daniel D. Philips served in the 1st Tennessee Artillery, commanded by Col. A. P. Stewart, who later was made a lieutenant general, and then by Col. Andrew Jackson, Jr., who was a captain in the regiment. Private Philips was made lieutenant in this noted artillery, which served on the Mississippi River below Columbus, Ky. He was captured at Island No. 10, and ere long exchanged. His command moved later to Port Hudson, La., in the siege of which he was again captured. His battery was engaged on the night that the Mississippi was destroyed and Admiral Dewey and many of his men were captured. After the surrender of Port Hudson, Lieutenant Philips was held a prisoner for three months in the custom house building at New Orleans. He was then sent to Johnson's Island, where he remained a prisoner until February, 1865. Upon being exchanged at Richmond he set about reorganizing the command, but there was such chaos and the end was so near that his efforts were futile.

After the war ended, he returned to the firm of Berry, DeMotive & Company, wholesale druggists, with which he first engaged; and as the old members passed away, he became the head of the firm, which position he held until "taps." In 1891 he was elected President of the Southern Drug Association; and after it was turned into the Southern Drug Club, he was made and was continued its chairman.

In 1868 Comrade Philips and Miss Mary Elizabeth Finn were married. Three sons and a daughter (now Mrs. Percy

Williams) were born to this union. Of the sons, Daniel Dwyer died in infancy and Lawrence in splendid young manhood; while the third, William Duncan Philips, is the chief accountant and credit man of the firm, which large business is owned by Mr. W. W. Berry (President of the American



DANIEL D. PHILIPS.

National Bank), Mrs. Mary F. DeMotive, and Mrs. D. D. Philips. A more hospitable or a more cheerful home the writer never entered.

TRIBUTE BY JUDGE ROBERT EWING OF NASHVILLE.

However strong or prosperous a city may become, it always feels sensibly the loss by death of any citizen who by general consent throughout his life has been regarded as the true type of the desirable kind. If the end comes to him in the prime of life, his loss is keenly felt by his coworkers, who know personally how much and in how many ways he is contributing to the betterment and advancement of his fellow-citizens. If he has lived a little longer, to that period where his fixed character as an example to others is daily impressing itself upon a larger circle, the loss is the greater.

Daniel D. Philips, who died a few weeks ago in Nashville, and who, during his entire business career, was connected with the great drug firm of Berry, DeMotive & Company, may be said to be mourned in both aspects; for when he was called away, he was still actively engaged in business, constantly endeavoring, in conjunction with his immediate and general associates, to place the conduct of the drug business of the country on a still higher plane, but at the same time he had been engaged in this long enough to be honored repeatedly by his associates because of his efficiency and recognized integrity. So that it may be truly said that he is missed more because of the value of his example than because of the actual work in which he was engaged.

Earnestness in whatever he undertook and that higher characteristic, the strictest integrity of conduct, came to Mr. Philips by inheritance. His remote ancestors were pioneers in this community and were fully possessed of the pioneer spirit. His father and mother inherited this, but, with fuller opportunities given them, progressed beyond, and because of this progress became prominent in their advancing community. They felt the importance of the family and family ties and traditions as bases of good citizenship. Performing their full, general part as citizens of a growing community, they yet addressed themselves more particularly to instilling into their children correct principles—the right views of things—and these teachings sank so deep as to be ever afterwards reverently remembered in all the transactions of life.

Almost on the threshold of manhood, Tennessee called on Mr. Philips to serve her as a soldier in a cause which he deemed to be just. There was a hearty and immediate response. How truly and gallantly, with what fortitude and cheerfulness he faced dangers and bore privations, is elsewhere fittingly told. Sparta had many worthy sons, but none worthier than he, for as a soldier he came fully up to the measure of a Confederate soldier's conception of duty. Beyond this, patriotism could not go.

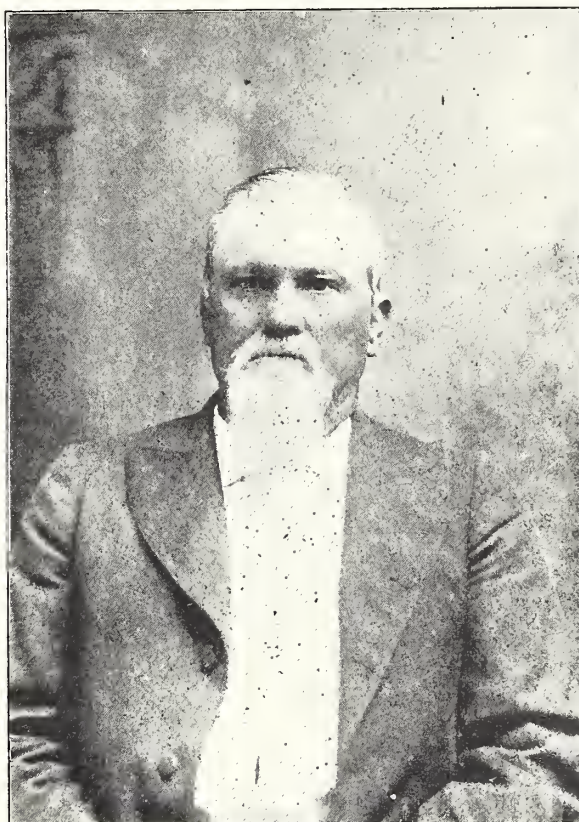
Returning home after that dreadful struggle, he set to work to render himself capable and useful to others. That he soon became, and continued throughout his life, a man worthy to be prized as a citizen by any community, numberless friends and associates who now speak feelingly of him testify. His cheerfulness of nature and his friendliness and, much above these, his marked sincerity attracted and held all who came under his influence. No man met him in business whose confidence he did not gain and retain. Year after year as his acquaintance broadened he came to be referred to by parties abroad as well as at home as a man to be implicitly trusted. Younger men as they grow up in business under and around him felt this attraction strongly, and, wishing for this reason to be allied to him in some closer way, affectionately applied to him a name signifying confidence and endearment. However young they might be, these young men ever found in him a younger spirit than their own. It was this which kept him in touch and influential with them, and many a man now well established in life traces to this influence lasting benefits.

Mr. Philips's business career was but a means to an end, and that end was home happiness. This he conferred and himself enjoyed in the extreme. He early chose as his life companion one abundantly worthy of all he had to bestow, and to the day of his death he knew and his friends also knew that he received from her all that he sought or could desire. Jointly they made a home for themselves and their children which was in the truest sense a home, for there every tender token of love and affection was given and received. Truly they had their reward. Pleasant, indeed, was it to his friends and others to visit him there, for there the bountifulness of his cheerful nature seemed to overflow. He was ever cheerful. If other were not, he wanted to know the reason why that he might help to remove any cause of distress or unhappiness. Discharging the serious duties of life in the right way and at the right time, he was thereafter ready for fun—fun of an innocent, joyous kind, which gives zest to life and makes it richly worth the living. He would not and could not be repressed. His presence was sunshine itself, for he knew that he had abundant cause for being

happy; and he was happy, but never happier than in making others so. He was of the finer type, cast in a fine mold, and long will he be affectionately remembered by those his fine nature attracted.

LIEUT. COL. JOHN P. FRY.

Col. John P. Fry died at his home, in Huntington, W. Va., on August 15, 1911, in his eighty-third year. Early in the sixties he organized a company in Giles County, Va., and entered the Confederate service as a captain in the 36th Virginia Regiment. He was a gallant soldier, and rose to the rank of lieutenant colonel before the close of the war. He stood equally high as a citizen. He reared a family of seven daughters and three sons, of whom five of the former and one son survive him. Colonel Fry was for a long time a member of Camp Garnett, U. C. V., at Huntington.



JAMES EPHRAIM CHILCOAT.

James E. Chilcoat was born in Lincoln County, Tenn., October 26, 1839; and died in Longview, Tex., April 11, 1911. At the beginning of the war he enlisted in the 16th Alabama Regiment, and served with it to the end. He was in some of the hardest fought battles of the war, some of which were Shiloh, Chickamauga, and Nashville. He was seriously wounded in the battle of Shiloh, and felt the effects of it to his death. He was detailed as courier on the staff of Brig. Gen. M. P. Lowry, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee, and was noted for his bravery and efficiency in battle. At the close of the war he surrendered with his regiment and returned to the home of his father, Judge Chilcoat, at Fayetteville, Tenn. There he married Miss Marcia A. Muse in 1866, and of this union there were four children, three of whom survive. After his marriage, he lived in Tennessee and Alabama until 1899, when he took his family to Texas.

STONEWALL JACKSON: HIS CHARACTER.

BY CAPT. J. P. SMITH, A. D. C. OF STAFF OF GEN. T. J. JACKSON.

During the summer there have been several contributions to the study and portrayal of the remarkable man known as Stonewall Jackson which have been widely read. In the Atlantic Monthly for June Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., of Boston, in one of a series of papers on the great men of the South during the war period contributed an article on Lee and Jackson, comparing and contrasting the two great soldiers—an article we may discuss at another time.

"The Long Roll" is a work of historical fiction from the brilliant mind and pen of Miss Mary Johnston, the author of "To Have and to Hold," "Lewis Rand," and other stories of Virginia life at different periods. "The Long Roll" has been read by many in all sections of the land and will no doubt be read for years to come. It is a story of love and adventure, of manly courage and heroism, wrought into the history of the War between the States, and especially the war career of Stonewall Jackson. As is always true in Miss Johnston's literary work, there is much of vivid and charming description of nature in all its moods, with the poet's eye and the artist's pen. And yet more vivid and thrilling are her descriptions of the soldier's life in camp, on the march, with the privations and sufferings of a winter's campaign in the mountains, and the awful tragedy of the battle field in the Tidewater. There is throughout the book a just and stirring portrayal of the spirit of the splendid soldiery of the Army of Northern Virginia, the heroic men of the ranks, their utter sacrifice and patience and courage, their high aims, devotion to duty, their comradeship and hero worship. Here are the heroes, the greater heroes of the ranks, who without reward of applause gave their lives for their country and their homes; and the story of the coward and the deserter but adds to the color of the picture of the true and steadfast.

One is surprised at the extensive knowledge of the details of the campaigns and the gathering of so much of incident and story both of the leaders and of the ranks. Especially is the reader surprised that a woman should have gathered so much of the detail of march and battle—at the cost of a long period of industry, you may be sure.

The accounts given of profane swearing are much exaggerated, we are confident, and the frequent introduction of profane language is much to be regretted. These things are not necessary to the story, and not to any such extent true to history. They are to be regretted in a book to be read by many of our boys as it is not just to the character of their fathers. The gentlemanly behavior of officers of all ranks repressed any such profane habits whenever they came into the army. The few men of prominence who were known to be profane in speech in times of excitement and passion themselves felt the repression of the noble men of character and piety who were their leaders, and in later years they left the bad habit behind them.

Gen. Richard S. Ewell, Jackson's trusted division commander and his successor in command of the Second Corps, is represented as frequently uttering profane oaths. One who after Jackson's death served on the staff of General Ewell and was in intimate personal contact with him is ready to testify that he never heard him utter an oath, but knew him as a Christian gentleman, reverent, devout, and free from any habit of profanity. Losing a leg at the Second Manassas, he was for some time an invalid in Richmond, during which time he made a confession of Christ from which he never de-

clined. There may be those in Richmond who yet remember the day when General Ewell went up the aisle of St. Paul's Church on his crutches and was confirmed, probably by the venerable Bishop Meade.

The readers of "The Long Roll" will do well to remember that this is a book of fiction, and the author uses the novelist's right of imagination. Like all historical fiction, it is impossible to draw the lines between history and fiction. The author's view of history, her conceptions of the character of historic men will color the picture, with depreciation here and exaggeration there.

Those living to-day who knew Gen. Thomas J. Jackson, and especially those who followed him and came to trust, to admire, and to love him, will not be satisfied with the strange



GEN. THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON.

and homely picture given as a frontispiece in "The Long Roll." It is uncouth, misshapen, almost monstrous. It would have been more true and just if the artist had reproduced the Beresford-Hope statue, with its force and dignity, or the yet more faithful front face of the Routzahn Winchester photograph. "The Long Roll" picture is an unfortunate caricature, forbidding as it is unjust. With a bland countenance and courteous manner, Jackson was erect and soldierly in bearing, riding with natural and unaffected ease. If in the strenuous valley campaign his forage cap and uniform were sunburnt and worn, it was not from neglect of dress, but from the thoroughness with which he shared the exposures of his army. Nor was his horse, Little Sorrel (distinguished from a larger sorrel he sometimes rode), the unfed and bony animal here described. Compact and easily kept, Little Sorrel was always in good condition, receiving the daily attention of its master.

Some of the strong features of his character and bearing as a commanding officer are well described, though not without some exaggeration: his reticence and secretiveness, his will power and determination, his prompt decision on the field, his expectation and requirement of obedience to orders and fidelity to duty. With strong convictions of the right and justice of

his cause, with a great personal devotion to that cause, with a deep and strong moral purpose, he expected fidelity and efficiency in all officers and men. For men of self-indulgence, of personal ambition, of indifference to duties on which depended the safety and welfare of others in the army and in the homes of the people, and the success of the campaign he could have no toleration. To many he seemed preoccupied, abrupt, sometimes severe, so intense was his own earnestness, so faithful was his effort to discharge all duty and secure the success of the cause.

Some things in the account of his personality are overdrawn. He was not uncouth and ungainly in appearance and manner. In his bearing and intercourse he was a gentleman of naturalness and simplicity, very gentle in the expression of his face and courteous and considerate in manner. He was accessible under reasonable conditions to officers of all ranks and to private soldiers. In personal habits he was cleanly and neat, without affectation or display.

To men outside of army life, to very young and inexperienced men, to irreligious and unworthy men, no doubt he often seemed a mystery, strange, stern, unkind, and unjust. Stories went abroad that were more or less untrue. Miss Johnston describes him as esteemed "harsh, hostile, and pedantic," "awkward, hypochondriac, literal, strict."

Readers of "The Long Roll" will do well to remember that Stonewall Jackson was an educated gentleman, pure and upright in life, and of constant association with the best classes of society. He was twice married most happily in families of high standing and culture. In Lexington his daily associates were the first gentlemen of Virginia.

For the first winter of the war, when his army was not in the field, General Jackson and his wife were at home in the family of the Rev. James R. Graham, D.D., of Winchester, a home of such gentle courtesy, refinement, and intelligence as we have not often known; and there he was esteemed and loved as a gentleman of courtesy that could not be excelled.

The changing staff he gathered about him included cultivated men of the highest class who, without exception, came to trust, to admire, and to love him, and to whom he was full of consideration—such men as Col. John T. L. Preston, Col. Stapleton Crutchfield, Dr. Hunter McGuire, Dr. R. L. Dabney, Col. A. S. Pendleton, Col. Edward Willis. He was the friend and associate of Robert E. Lee and of J. E. B. Stuart, of Richard S. Ewell, W. B. Taliaferro, John B. Gordon, and others with whom he was in frequent and cordial intercourse and at whose table he was often the most welcome guest.

He won the profound respect of distinguished visitors, such men as Lord Wolseley, Colonel Freemantle, Mr. Lawler, Lord Hartington (later the Duke of Devonshire), and his friend, Colonel Leslie, who were entertained by him with cordial hospitality, each one for a week or more. Colonel Leslie, Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs in the British House of Commons, an accomplished gentleman, after spending a week in personal intercourse with Jackson, on taking his leave said to the staff: "General Jackson is the best-informed military man I have met in America and as courteous a gentleman as I have ever known."

Repeatedly "The Long Roll" speaks of Jackson's "jerking" his hand up, an uncouth description of a gesture sometimes observed, but certainly not habitual. He was slightly wounded in the left hand at the First Manassas, and until that was well healed he sometimes held that hand up to give relief to an interrupted circulation of blood. The writer of this

paper rode with the General in the early dawn of the morning to the battle field of Fredericksburg. Silent, preoccupied as he was, I dropped behind him and saw him raise his right hand, not the left, making the impression that he was engaged in prayer, looking for guidance and help to the God he trusted and served. It was the only time I saw the gesture or heard of it, and there was no awkward "jerking" of the hand.

It is not true that General Jackson was devoid of humor. That, indeed, would have shown him an abnormal man, devoid also of sanity. His happy domestic life described in Mrs. Jackson's charming "Memoirs of Stonewall Jackson" shows him fond of play, sometimes to a ludicrous extent. At Moss Neck through the last winter of his life he made himself the playmate of Janie Corbin, the sweet child of six years, with whom he played and romped for an hour or more each afternoon. He enjoyed the table talk of staff and guests, and laughed heartily at the stories of some of the best conversationalists we have ever known. No guest received so cordial a welcome as General Stuart, whose gayety and exuberance of spirits gave him the greatest delight. It was the General's own humor that set certain traveled gentleman of his party to discussing the part of France from which a bottle of wine came, which was really made at Front Royal in the Valley of Virginia.

Some things in the career of Stonewall Jackson, of which Miss Johnston does not hesitate to give her judgment, are too serious and difficult for discussion in this paper. There were cases of military discipline in which he seemed to some unjust and unrelenting. He was not infallible, nor did he think himself infallible; but with his high sense of duty and his entire devotion to the cause it was inevitable that some men should cross his path. No doubt he was sometimes mistaken; but this is certainly true: he bore no ill will to any one, and put away as unworthy of him any thought of recrimination against those who made charges against him.

The much-discussed delays at Gains Mill and Savage Station will continue to be problems for the military student, and will yet find solutions in which the integrity and fidelity of Jackson will not be questioned in the slightest degree. Those who followed Jackson may rest assured that in the farther research which military history in this country and abroad is giving to these problems there will be nothing to dim the glory of their great captain.

Most of all do we regret that "The Long Roll" has no adequate conception of the religious character of Stonewall Jackson. It presents him as "a patriotically devoted fatalist and enthusiast." To this author he was evidently a most "unhappy Presbyterian" and in his religion a crank and a fanatic, liable at times to a religious obsession that made him unfit for duty, for all of which there is absolutely no foundation whatever.

Stonewall Jackson was a Christian believer of a very direct and simple character. His religion had taken hold, deep and lasting, of his whole being. He was devout and reverent, humble, steadfast, prayerful in spirit and faithful in duty. Ruling his own life strictly according to the will of God which he sought to know, he respected the views of others. He worshiped in the churches of all denominations with satisfaction and comfort, and he gladly assisted the chaplains from all the Churches in their work. He was neither bigot nor fanatic. He was personally interested in securing a Catholic chaplain for a Louisiana regiment largely composed of men of Roman Catholic faith. His religion made him not austere and severe, but gentle and catholic in spirit and generous in conduct.

He was in a marked degree sensitive to the wants and troubles of those in any distress. He was deeply concerned for the suffering people of Fredericksburg under bombardment and the destruction of battle. To the colored people of Lexington he gave his personal ministry and effort. For a man condemned for desertion to the enemy he was much grieved and himself directed the ministration of a godly chaplain. In all this religious life there was nothing abnormal or forbidding. On the contrary, it deeply and winningly impressed those who were about him, and by his example some were led to a new and happier life.

One cannot but wonder from what source the author of "The Long Roll" derived her conceptions of the great man of whom she writes. It was not from Dr. Dabney or Dr. McGuire, members of his staff and his trusted and intimate friends. Nor is it the picture given by the accomplished English soldier and author, Col. G. F. R. Henderson, and very far removed is it from the noble and gentle man of whom his wife writes in her intimate and attractive memoirs.

It will be a wrong to him who so freely gave his great abilities and his brilliant services to the Confederacy of the South and then gave his life to his country to consent without protest to this most unfortunate picture of the spirit and career of this great man. And it will be an unmeasured loss to generations to come if a picture so marred be retained in the thought and memory of our people.

In printing the severe but dignified and just criticisms of "The Long Roll," especially as to the profanity and the exaggerated picture of Stonewall Jackson, together with written descriptions of him as described by Captain Smith, the *VETERAN* does not lose its enthusiasm for the author, Mary Johnston, whose eminence in the literary world has not caused the least departure from the South's ideals so nobly maintained by her gallant father, Maj. John W. Johnston. (See *VETERAN* for March, 1911, page 116.) There never was a narrative of soldier life so vividly depicted by a woman. She must have had inspiration from association with him, and these observations were evidently those of the early period of the war, to account for the profanity used. There was a revolution during the four years. In the outset some men were profane as evidence of courage, but later on in the war a deeply religious sentiment prevailed almost universally. "The Long Roll" will evidently pass through many editions, and the *VETERAN* submits the plea to the gifted author, our own Mary Johnston, that much of the profanity be eliminated and a revision of the Stonewall Jackson picture and character be made; not only because of pride in the people she represents, but to make an accurate record of the truth. While the book is a novel, it is also a wonderful history of the people to whom Miss Mary Johnston desires to give full credit.

MEMORIAL ARCH IN MONTGOMERY, ALA.

On March 5, 1911, in the presence of the membership of different Camps, U. C. V., U. S. C. V., of the various Chapters, U. D. C., the Ladies' Memorial Association, the Confederate History Club, some of the military companies of the city, and some thousands of the citizens of Montgomery, Ala., the memorial arch of Camp Lomax, U. C. V., No. 151, was formally dedicated with very impressive ceremonies.

The arch stands on the elevated border of Oakwood Cemetery, fronting on Columbus Street and just to the right of the main entrance to the cemetery. It consists of three columns

of beautifully polished light gray granite, east, west, and center. These columns each rest upon a base of the same material, about four feet square and thirty inches thick. The columns are joined at the top by two graceful arches, and between the arches over the center column is a square block with a Maltese cross carved on the front face, and resting upon its top is a beautifully polished globe of some twenty inches in diameter. Each column is square, with faces twenty inches, and upon these faces is carved the name of every one who has been a member of the Camp, with command and rank. The dead are noted by a Maltese cross carved opposite the name. There are three hundred and thirty names, covering nine and a half of the faces of the columns, leaving two and a half for those who may yet join. The height of the whole is about eighteen feet. The monument is beautiful, graceful, and imposing, and has carved on the front and rear of the joining arches the name of "Camp Lomax."



MEMORIAL ARCH OF CAMP LOMAX, MONTGOMERY.

The exercises were presided over by Gen. George P. Harrison, Commander Alabama Division, U. C. V., who opened in a short and pleasing address; and after the singing of "America" by the quartet and the invocation by Rev. George E. Brewer, Chaplain of the Camp, the arch was then presented to the Camp in an address by Raphael Semmes, son of the celebrated admiral, who was Chairman of the Building Committee. Commander J. B. Fuller received the arch for his Camp, then presented it to the city, the "Cradle of the Confederacy," in a touching appeal that it be cared for when the bodies of those it represented should have mingled with the dust. Hon. Patrick C. McIntyre, representing the Mayor, received the offering as a sacred trust to be preserved as a memorial to heroes as long as heroism, nobility, and patriotism were esteemed.

The orator of the occasion, Hon. W. A. Sanford, paid a tribute to the cause for which these veterans had fought, to the splendor of their achievements, and to the noble women who amid sacrifice and suffering cheered and encouraged their fathers, husbands, and sons fighting in the field. The exercises closed with a musical selection, followed by the benediction by Rev. A. F. Dix, of the Camp.

TRIBUTES TO GEN. GEORGE W. GORDON.

[Many organizations of Confederates have formally paid tribute to the late Commander in Chief U. C. V., Gen. George W. Gordon. It would have been well to publish all of them, but these used were the first available, and to publish all that had been received would tax too heavily the limited space.]

NASHVILLE VETERANS AND DAUGHTERS HONOR GORDON.

At a joint meeting of Frank Cheatham Bivouac and the Nashville Chapters, United Daughters of the Confederacy, held in the headquarters of the Bivouac at Nashville to take action on the death of Gen. George W. Gordon, Judge S. F. Wilson was called to the chair, and Mrs. John P. Hickman, of the Kate Litton Hickman Chapter, was appointed Secretary. After several speeches had been made on the life and character of General Gordon, the chair appointed a committee, which submitted the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

"Gen. George W. Gordon was born in Giles County, Tennessee, on October 5, 1836; and died in the city of Memphis on August 9, 1911. In April, 1861, he was appointed and commissioned drill master of the Eleventh Tennessee Infantry Regiment. For gallantry on the field of battle he was promoted from time to time, being first elected captain, next major, and then colonel of the Eleventh Tennessee Regiment. On August 15, 1864, he was appointed a brigadier general, and commanded the brigade composed of the Eleventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Twenty-ninth, Forty-seventh, One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth Regiments Tennessee Infantry.

"He engaged in every battle fought by the Army of Tennessee, save that of Bentonville, N. C., which was fought on March 16, 1865. He led his brigade in the sanguinary battle of Franklin on November 30, 1864, in which he was captured, being pulled over the breastworks. He was imprisoned at Fort Warren, where he was held until the Confederate flag was furled forever.

"At the time of his death General Gordon was the only general of the armies of the Confederate States living in Tennessee, and was the only Confederate general officer in the Congress of the United States. After the war, he at all times took a great interest in organizations, the advancement, and the assistance of the Confederate soldiers, and was an ardent advocate of all laws for their betterment.

"He was for a number of years Commandant of the Tennessee Division, United Confederate Veterans; was Lieutenant General, commanding the Army of Tennessee for four years; and at the time of his death was Commander-in-Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, with the rank of 'General.' In civic and military life he was without reproach, and was frequently honored by his people, having been for thirteen years Superintendent of the Public Schools of Memphis, which position he surrendered to accept a seat in the Congress of the United States. In his death he emphasized his devotion to the Confederate cause for he had directed that he should be buried by the Confederate soldiers in full Confederate uniform, with the Confederate flag in his coffin; therefore

"*Resolved*, By this meeting of Confederate soldiers and United Daughters of the Confederacy, that in the death of General Gordon the South has lost one of the gallant spirits who made the chivalry of the Confederate soldier immortal, the United Confederate Veterans their much beloved and honored Commander, the United States one of its most conservative, painstaking, and conscientious lawmakers, society a high-toned, up-

right, and Christian gentleman, and his wife a devoted and exemplary husband; be it further

"*Resolved*, That a copy hereof shall be sent to Mrs. Gordon."

[Signed] S. A. Cunningham; R. Lin Cave; S. F. Wilson; A. A. Lyon; John P. Hickman, of Frank Cheatham Bivouac; Georgia Reece Wade, for William B. Bate Chapter; and Lucy B. Satterwhite, for the Nashville Chapter.

RAPHAEL SEMMES CAMP HONORS GEN. G. W. GORDON.

The Raphael Semmes Camp, No. 11, U. C. V., of Mobile, adopted resolutions in memory of Gen. G. W. Gordon, late Commander in Chief U. C. V., in which they state:

"Over threescore years and ten, more than the allotted duration of mortality, he measured the pathway of life with unsullied honor. From the peaceful and happy surroundings of domestic comfort, from the sunlight of a home radiant with affection and tenderness, through every ordeal of tested fortitude his devotion to a deathless principle bore him to honorable prominence. He met the conditions of those days, bloody in the calendar of great events, with a tried manhood and an unswerving devotion to his State.

"The problem of war had its solution at last in peace. Accepting the arbitrament of the sword, by his example he inspired his people and materially shaped and molded public sentiment, bringing back to them after strenuous self-denial prosperity and a hopeful resolve to the despondent.

"Honored by his people, he brought the dignity of an exalted mind and character to our national assembly.

"*Resolved*, That this tribute of respect be inscribed on the minutes of Raphael Semmes Camp, No. 11, U. C. V., and that copies be sent to those he loved so well and whose sad affliction at their loss has the profound sympathy of every living Confederate veteran.

"Committee: Hureosko Austil, T. T. Dorman, H. R. Malone, and P. Williams, Jr." (Sent by Horace Davenport, Adjutant.)

TRIBUTE BY THE R. E. LEE CAMP, RICHMOND.

"The members of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 181, United Confederate Veterans, have heard with sorrow of the death of Gen. George W. Gordon, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, and desire to place on record their appreciation of the services of this distinguished soldier and statesman. He has gone to join his comrades and illustrious predecessors, John B. Gordon, Stephen D. Lee, and Clement A. Evans, and to receive the reward of the faithful; therefore

"*Resolved*: 1. That in the death of Gen. George W. Gordon the United Confederate Veterans have lost a wise and able Commander in Chief, who devoted many years of his life to the interest of the organization, and whose zeal knew no abatement until death ended his labors; that the people of his State and of this country have lost an incorruptible statesman and patriot who was unswerving in his integrity and loyal to the Constitution of our country; that his surviving comrades can point to his record and achievements with pride as a Confederate soldier who bravely fought to preserve inalienable rights and shed his blood and suffered for principle, but who remained true to his convictions amid all persecutions.

"2. That these resolutions be spread upon the records of the Camp, that copies be sent to headquarters of the United Confederate Veterans, to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for publication, and to the family of Gen. George W. Gordon."

[Signed] D. C. Richardson, W. B. Freeman, Committee; E. D. Taylor, Lieutenant Commander; J. T. Stratton, Adjutant.

A FAMILY NAME (MILLETT) BECOMES EXTINCT.

It is a sad thing when a family name becomes extinct. The passing of the name Millett, widely known in Texas, was marked by the death at San Antonio, Tex., of Alonzo H. Millett. He was twenty-two years old, the son of the late Alonzo Millett and Mrs. Colberta Millett. His mother, widely known as a singer in this country and Europe and greatly beloved for her charming personality, reached his bedside from a summer resort in the North. The young man never had a robust constitution, but was esteemed by all who knew him for his patient, brave, cheerful nature. He never complained, and no one ever failed to appreciate those qualities and give him the credit for the constant struggle to be sunny and courageous.

He was born in Texas, and his father was one of the famous firm of Millett Brothers, among the largest cattlemen in the Southwest and after whom the town of Millett, in Lasalle County, is named. The Milletts were identified for generations with the growth of Southwest Texas. When his grandmother died in Fort Worth five years ago, nearly a hundred years old, she had the distinction of having resided in Texas longer than any other individual. Her son, Alonzo, died a few years ago at his large ranch in the San Luis Valley, Colo., leaving his widow and their son, Alonzo.

Alonzo was educated in the private schools of San Antonio and the West Texas Military Academy and in Paris, France. He returned to the United States with his mother a year ago, an accomplished linguist, and was fitting himself as a teacher of languages, having an aptitude in this respect little short of wonderful. He returned from a course of study in Tennessee, and was in San Antonio at the family residence when he was taken fatally ill. His mother, who was in the North, was telegraphed for when, on his removal to the hospital, his case was diagnosed as typhoid fever of a malignant nature. At the bedside were his mother, Mrs. Millett, H. Clifton Lane, his cousin and godfather, Mrs. Lane, and John Sehorn, an old friend of the family.

The funeral was conducted from Mr. Lane's residence. Members of the Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, Confederate Veterans, of which his father was a member, served as pallbearers. The service was conducted by Rev. George Belsey, of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, and interment was beside his father in the family lot in Cemetery No. 1.

The mother was reared partly in Tennessee, a member of a large and esteemed family. Her charming voice and her amiable and enthusiastic demeanor are cherished by the cultured audiences who heard her at Monteagle and some of the most cultured musical gatherings ever seen in Nashville, and many regretted her return to Texas.

MAKING ZEALOUS CLAIM FOR ORIGINATING MEMORIAL SERVICE.—Mrs. G. T. Fry writes: "Mrs. Robert White, of Wheeling, W. Va., says: 'I feel sure that our Memorial Association was the first one organized in our beloved South.' Mrs. White is mistaken. The first Memorial Association organized was in Columbus, Ga., in March, 1866, and Mrs. Charles J. Williams wrote to every State in the Southland asking that their Soldiers' Relief Societies be changed into Memorial Associations. I was living in Virginia at that time and know of their organization all over the State about the same time. The one in Atlanta, Ga., was organized in March, 1866, in response to Mrs. Williams's request, by Mrs. Joseph H. Morgan, who is still living. The truth is, every State responded at about the same time, but the movement began in Columbia, Ga."

FOR MEMORIAL TO CAPTAIN FREEMAN.

BY DR. JOHN A. WYETH, NEW YORK CITY.

I inclose one dollar for the marker where the gallant Freeman was killed. In my "Life of Forrest," page 183 (first edition), the details of this tragedy are given. General Forrest and his men believed that Captain Freeman was murdered, and they ever afterwards held a grudge against the 4th Regular Cavalry which did this deed. Some of his troopers made a bloody reprisal near Selma in 1865.

I was under the impression that Captain Freeman was on foot when killed, and that the excuse for the shooting was that he would not run faster to keep up with the mounted Federals, who were trying to get away from Starnes, who was in hot pursuit.

Dr. Skelton said Captain Freeman told the Federal who shot him that he could go no faster, and that he made no resistance and did not try to escape. As he and Captain Freeman were being hurried from the field they were ordered to "double-quick," or they would shoot them.

I have always associated Freeman with our Alabama artilleryman, the "Gallant Pelham," who was killed in the Army of Northern Virginia.

John W. Nicholas, who served in Company F, 46th Mississippi Regiment, and is a member of the Jim Pertle Camp at Fulton, Ky., desires to hear from any members of his old company, commanded by Capt. J. W. Jones and later by Capt. James Hart. Comrade Nicholas was wounded in the siege of Vicksburg, and was left there in the hospital until the final surrender. He is now paralyzed, and needs a pension. This information comes from R. A. Browder, of Fulton, Ky.

THE CONFEDERATE CAMP OF NEW YORK TO BE INCORPORATED.—The annual assembly and election for 1911 will be held on Tuesday, October 31, and notice is given by Adjutant C. R. Hatton, 110 W. 137th Street, that at that assembly action will be taken to incorporate the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York under its present name and style.

THE NEW YORK TIMES—THREESCORE YEARS.

Frank Leslie's Monthly gives an interesting review of the New York Times, which was launched by Henry J. Raymond on September 15, 1851. Mr. Raymond was one of the ablest journalists of his time or of any time, and the new paper succeeded at once, despite its strong competitors. It has hardly been a party organ at any time, although it espoused the cause of one side or another with telling effect. After Mr. Raymond's death, in 1869, the Times got into hard lines, and ultimate failure was threatened. At that time Adolph S. Ochs was a newsboy in Knoxville, Tenn. He worked in a drug store in 1871-72. In 1873 he became "a printer." In 1878 he became part owner of the Chattanooga Times with S. A. Cunningham. In 1880 he bought Mr. Cunningham's half and became sole owner, and still owns that paper. He is the principal owner of the Chattanooga Tradesman, and in 1896 he became the publisher and principal owner of the New York Times. In 1891 he bought the Philadelphia Times, and the next year bought the Philadelphia Ledger. So he may be designated the leading newspaper man in the United States if not in the world. The Leslie article concludes: "Under the administration of Adolph S. Ochs the Times has been a clean, strong, courageous newspaper which has stood for the best traditions of American journalism."



GROUP AT THE GORDON MONUMENT, ATLANTA.

The central figure is that of Gen. A. J. West, who has been Commander of the Georgia Division U. C. V., and has a reputation for gallant service in the army. On his right, wearing a black hat, is Maj. J. L. McCollum, who has been brigadier general on the staff of each Commander in Chief since the United Confederate Veterans were organized.

In a letter of F. A. Ainsworth, Adjutant General, dated in January, 1911, he states: "Under the rules of this department applications for information from the official records of the Civil War to receive favorable consideration should set forth the specific purpose for which the information requested is desired." Can some one give the VETERAN a reason for such ruling? The government "for the people, by the people" should, it seems, comply with such a request as this, if any.

Mrs. N. Cooper, of Camden, Ala., seeks information about the service of E. J. Logan for his widow, who is in need of a pension. Logan was a clerk in Nashville when he enlisted, and his father lived in McMinnville, Tenn.

FAMILY OF SPENCER CARTER, A VIRGINIAN.—C. R. Carter, of Reno, Nev., would like to hear from any descendants of Spencer Carter, of Halifax County, Va. His children were: Richard, Alexander, John, James, George, Thomas, Alfred, Mary (married — Anderson) and Jane (married Thomas Soyars), most of whom left Virginia about the middle of the last century and went West or South. Several grandsons and possibly some sons were in the Confederate army. Data wanted for family history now being written.

C. W. Keeley, of San Benito, Tex., seeks information as to Jesse W. Wyatt, of Company B, 12th Tennessee Infantry.

"THE MEN IN GRAY"

By R. C. CAVE

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1. "The Men in Gray," an oration delivered at the unveiling of the monument to the private soldiers and sailors of the South in Richmond, Va., which created quite a sensation at the time it was delivered, and was discussed for weeks by the press throughout the country. One of the Virginia papers said: "It is a speech from which nothing can be taken and to which nothing can be added without injury. . . . It is a concise but clear statement of the causes that led up to the war and an accurate pen picture of the private soldier such as we know him to have been."

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3. "Cavalier Loyalty and Puritan Disloyalty," a paper which briefly tells the story of Cavalier fidelity to constituted authority and Puritan rebellion against lawful government, and shows how the spirit of the one was manifested by the South and the spirit of the other dominated the North.

Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, Commander Trans-Mississippi Department, Fort Worth, Tex., says: "After a careful examination, I most heartily indorse 'The Men in Gray,' by Dr. R. C. Cave, of St. Louis. It is a most admirable defense of the South, and is unanswerable. I cordially commend it to all students of Southern history. It should be in the hands of every boy and girl in the South."

Of this book Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander Department Army of Tennessee, Louisville, Ky., says: "I have read with almost inexpressible delight Dr. Cave's book, 'The Men in Gray.'"

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A. T. Jackson, of Ruston, La., wants the names and addresses of the surviving comrades of J. A. B. Jackson, who served in a company made up at Columbian, Shelby County, Ala., and which was under Captain Cobb.

Mrs. W. T. McGaugh, Box 319 Paulhuska, Okla., seeks information of the service of J. C. Bowers, who was in a Tennessee battery of artillery under General Wheeler. Some of his surviving comrades may remember his record.

Mrs. L. W. Jackson, of Gainesville, Fla., asks that survivors of Company F, 18th Georgia Regiment, who remember John D. Foster as a member of that command will kindly write to her in the interest of his widow, for whom she seeks to secure a pension.

Mrs. Tennie Covington, 3 Hazel Street, Nashville, Tenn., wants to secure the war record of her husband, Robert Weston Covington, who was reared in Williamson or Rutherford County, Tenn., and evidently enlisted from his home county. All his papers were destroyed in the burning of their home some years before he died. She will appreciate hearing from any comrades who remember him.

SWORD.—My father, Col. A. A. McKnight, of the 105th Pennsylvania Volunteers, was killed in a charge made by Jackson's men against the Union lines at Chancellorsville. A Confederate officer on duty at Libby Prison was wearing Colonel McKnight's sword. Any information leading to the recovery of said sword will be thankfully received. Address George J. McKnight, 702 South Street, Portsmouth, Va.

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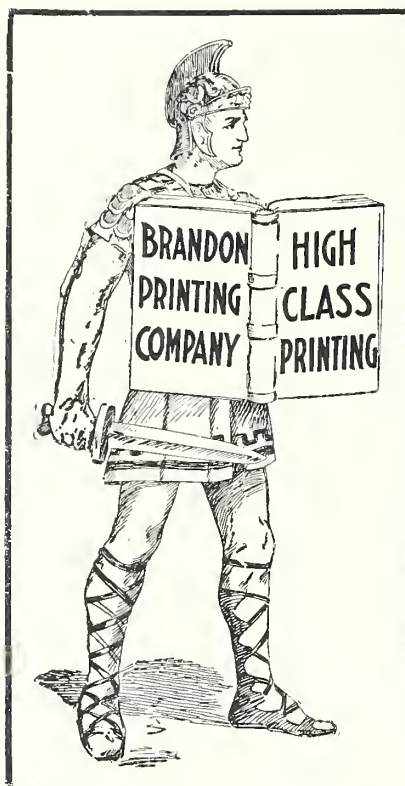
NINETEENTH YEAR

NOVEMBER, 1911

NUMBER ELEVEN



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R. B. Wilson, Brevard, N. C.

John R. Tolar, 160 Front Street, New York City, who was with the 35th Tennessee Regiment the last nine months of the war, would like to hear from some surviving members of that regiment.

A. J. Baker, of Fort Payne (Route No. 1), Ala., make inquiry for some surviving comrades of Solomon G. Adkins who can testify as to his service in the war. This information is needed to enable his widow to get a pension.

Mrs. W. P. Meyer, of Fitzgerald, Ga., wishes to learn something of the history of the 49th Georgia Regiment and also of its flag. This regiment was made up at Bowen's Mill, Ga., in what is now Ben Hill County, and the survivors are trying to get its history on record. Its service was in Virginia.

N. P. Perrin, of Idabel, Okla., writes of an old negro there, Lewis Crocker by name, who served in the Confederate army, and who is now in much need, and Mr. Perrin wishes to get in communication with some one who knew him in early life. He belonged to Mrs. Polly Crocker, of Twiggs County, Ga., and he mentions a Mr. Bill Falk and Mr. Henry Land, whom he also knew. It is hoped that some relief may be secured from his former owners.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1911.

No. 11. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
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TENNESSEE REUNION OF CONFEDERATES.

The Tennessee Division of Confederate Soldiers and the United Confederate Veterans of Tennessee held their annual convention at Murfreesboro on October 11. The two organizations are largely of the same membership, and they operate in perfect harmony. Of the former Judge C. W. Tyler was elected President; S. A. Cunningham, First Vice President; and Capt. Richard Beard, Second Vice President. Of the U. C. V. Gen. J. H. McDowell was reelected Commander, and Col. J. P. Hickman continues as the Secretary of one and the Adjutant General of the other. The reunion of both was on October 12, and there was a large attendance.

FORCING AN EARLIER ISSUE.

The determination to advance publication date resulted in many sacrifices of plans for this issue. Many articles are held over to December. These include various reunions, monument dedications, and other matters that are expected now.

The Richard Owen memorial at Indianapolis will have special attention in that number. Every friend to the VETERAN and its purposes in the highest sense is requested to consider the subject, as it promises more to the fraternity of the best patriots in the land than any ever proposed by the VETERAN. just at press time a letter is received from Alfred J. McKay, Adjutant of the Franklin Buchanan Camp, No. 747, U. C. V., of Baltimore, which reads as follows: "In pursuance of a resolution by our Camp, I beg to inclose a contribution of ten dollars toward the erection of a memorial to Col. Richard Owen which you have so admirably advocated." Donations to this worthy cause may consistently come from anybody in any section. It is to be by "Confederate prisoners and their friends." Remember that nearly all prisoners are dead, and that every testimonial from the few survivors is that that noble man was so considerate of prisoners that "everybody loved him."

A. B. Hill, Secretary Board of Education, Memphis, Tenn., writes: "Being of the large number of Confederates who were not imprisoned during the war, but having learned of the harsh treatment by many prison commandants, and reading in the VETERAN of the kind and humane service of Col. Richard Owen while commandant at Camp Morton, my heart filled with affection for him as though he were my brother. I feel that every 'old gray' should send his mite. I send \$2 for the memorial."

RECONSTRUCTION INFAMY RECALLED.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat of September 28 reports a speech by James H. Campbell ("who was a Confederate soldier in the battle of Pilot Knob" and now "is a well-known Republican") before the "Pilot Knob Memorial Association." In speaking of the suffering endured by soldiers in the war, Mr. Campbell said: "Let the future generations never forget the great sacrifice, the toil, the suffering that the Union soldiers of the Civil War gave freely for the cause of their country. We search the pages of history in vain to find where

any civilized country punished prisoners of war with the severity that was practiced by the Confederate government on the Union prisoners at Libby and Andersonville prisons. No country that resorts to such inhuman and unparalleled cruelties deserves to succeed, no matter how just its cause."

After a pause and meditation, comment is omitted. It recalls "Reconstruction" times when such renegades were given profitable offices. That despicable rule was maintained quite generally until Roosevelt and then Taft adopted better policies.

THE VETERAN AGENCY AT GALVESTON.

In sending notice of the death of Comrade Thomas H. Edgar, for years agent for the VETERAN in that city, who succeeded the delightful representative there for all the previous years of its history, the familiar and pleasing hand of the old agent, C. Washington, writes: "Inclosed you will find copy of resolutions passed by Camp Magruder upon the death of our late lamented Adjutant. If you have no agent here for the VETERAN (the life of our organization), I will take the agency. Send me a complete list of subscribers, including those who have dropped, and I will do all I can."

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Mrs. Gertrude Byers Craig writes from Germantown, Pa.: "My father, formerly a member of the Albemarle Light Horse, Company K, 2d Virginia Cavalry, to whom the VETERAN was sent, died on May 22, 1910. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN was always thoroughly appreciated by him, and during the many long years of his last illness, when confined to his room it was his most welcome visitor and his principal source of entertainment. Naturally the publication holds a warm place in my own affections, and I therefore beg that father's subscription be continued in my name. Inclosed find \$2."

CAPT. C. S. DOUGLASS, GALLATIN, TENN., A VALIANT VETERAN.

As the years go by the VETERAN grows in interest and becomes nearer and dearer not only to the old Confederate but to the untirred host of the South, who, though fifty years have passed, are determined that no infamy be thrust upon the cause, and that future generations shall know the whole truth as revealed in that eventful age.

CAMP GEORGE T. WARD REPUDIATES ELSON'S HISTORY.

At a regular meeting of Camp Ward, Williston, Fla., resolutions were adopted indorsing Judge Moffett's condemnation of Elson's history of the United States for Southern schools, recommending that said history should be eliminated from Roanoke College and condemning President Moorhead.

Camp Ward also insists that every Camp of United Confederate Veterans enter like protest, and it indorses the resolutions adopted by the U. D. C. concerning said history.

REMITTANCES FOR POST CARDS OF VETERAN.

Many good friends misconstrued the statement about the VETERAN post cards—with print of "the Confederate flags"—that many of its patrons "would cheerfully give a dime." That was intended to apply to the purchase of one-cent stamps. It would have been all right if the stamps had been put on the cards, but it was not done. If all such friends will give notice by postal, the same number of cards will be sent with stamps attached in the hope that those who ordered will send others.

There is no charge for the cards, not even postage on the package sent from this office.

OKLAHOMA UNITED DAUGHTERS CONVENTION.

Rather apologetically for omission of so much about the Oklahoma reunion, and especially for delay of reports on the U. D. C. convention, a promise of "pleasant gossip" for this issue was made, and the President of the Chickasaw Chapter was first in mind. This little woman, who was at the head of the entertainment committee, is the mother of four small children, one a babe of eight months. She did not leave her babies to the care of another, but kept her carriage with gentle horse at the door, and had that baby generally in her arms, even taking it to the reception. Even though her attention was thus divided, apparently no detail of her committee work was overlooked.

A local paper printed the following statement about her:

"To the untiring efforts of the diminutive but ever-energetic President of Chickasaw Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, is due much of the convention's success.

"Mrs. Walcott is a Choctaw by blood and the daughter of General Hailey, who many years ago became the husband of pretty Helen McCarty, a handsome member of the esteemed Choctaw family of that name. That was before the iron horse snorted over our peaceful, flower-decked, cattle-populated meadows; but by the time little Luta was old enough to go to school trains were running, connecting us with the outer world, and the small woman was sent to a convent. After a



MRS. D. M. HAILEY.

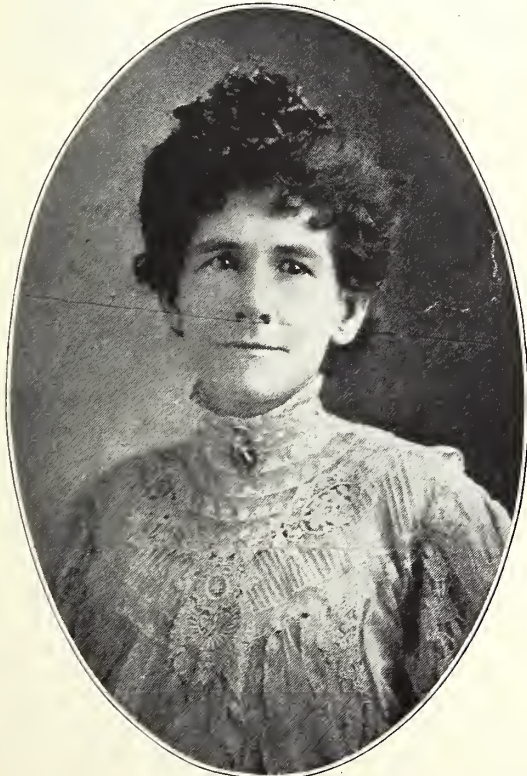
few years here, she was placed in college at Clinton, Mo., where she graduated with honors. Then came happy days, for the petted daughter of a rich man nothing was denied 'Miss Luta.' The delights of travel alternated with the delights of a handsome, hospitable home, and on one of these lit-

the trips the young lady met our Arthur Walcott. 'She came, she saw, she conquered' [He conquered.—EDITOR VETERAN.], and a wedding followed with great festivities. The wedding supper was furnished by a firm of caterers in a distant Texas city. Special trains, ordered by General Hailey, carried the guests to his residence town, 'and all went merry as a marriage bell.' And the happiest of that time was but the fore-runner of happy years to follow.

"After a wedding trip, Ardmore was made glad by the coming of the young people to make it their home. A beautiful home was built, children came to add to their happiness, and thus far no cloud has dimmed their sky.

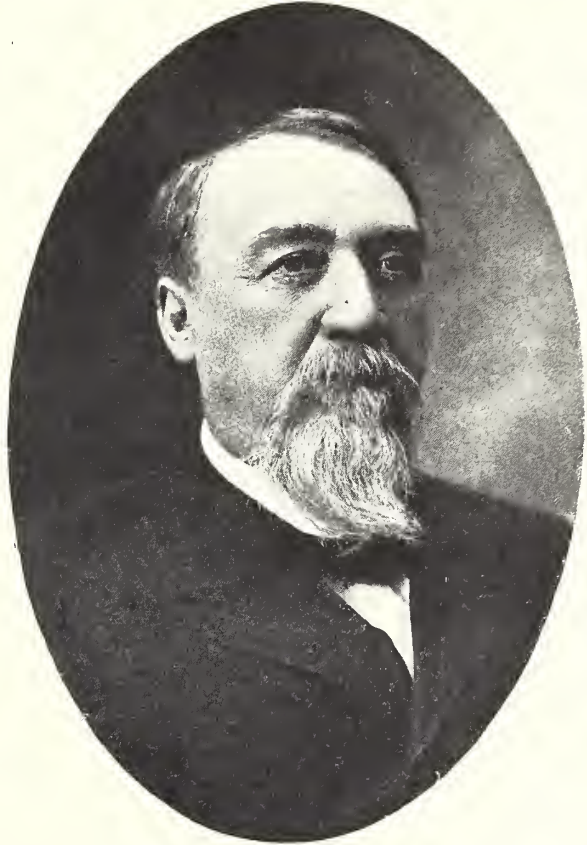
"Mrs. Walcott's generous donation of land upon which to build the home for the dear old boys who wore the gray has placed her in the front rank as a broad-minded, far-seeing, and unselfish giver. We all thank her, we all love her, and may this gift be returned to her many thousandfold! is the wish and prayer of every Veteran, every Daughter, and every Son. Long may she live to bless us with a sight of her bright face and cheery ways! and may the coming years bring naught but blessings!"

The official proceedings of the convention are unavoidably omitted for lack of data in time. Much of culture and wealth are to be found in that body and the members are conspicuously practical. A fact is here reported. Before the convention closed Mrs. W. T. Culbertson, the Honorary Presi-



MRS. W. T. CULBERTSON.

Mrs. Clement's reelection as President was quite an honor, for other members who were advocated for the position were both popular and capable. Mrs. Clement was Ruth Dickinson. Her father, William P. Dickinson, served in Company A (Oak Grove Rangers), 2d Kentucky Cavalry, under Col. Thomas G. Woodward, who was his first cousin. He was captured and was paroled from prison May 2, 1865. Two



GOV. J. J. M'ALESTER.

brothers of her mother were Confederate soldiers. Jack Everett, the older, served in Forbes's 14th Tennessee Infantry, and Charles C. Everett served in the 3d Kentucky Cavalry, under Colonel Woodward.

There is an absolute devotion of Confederates in Oklahoma to the cause which is ever manifested in an unstinted way. Lieut. Gov. J. J. McAlester, of McAlester, the splendid young city named for him, although acting Governor at the time, was present at the convention and the reunion. He has been a patron of the VETERAN all the time.

A pleasing feature in Oklahoma is that, while the Oklahoma and the Indian Territory line is obliterated, careful consideration is ever manifest to former conditions, and of one thing Confederates everywhere may be assured: the loyalty to Confederate memories will remain as in South Carolina.

dent, addressing the convention in a patriotic suggestion, commended the appointment of twenty-five members to solicit personally subscriptions to the VETERAN during the Reunion. A resolution was adopted to that effect without a dissenting voice, and the committee was at once appointed by the President, Mrs. W. R. Clement, who had just been reelected for another year.

In February, 1862, at Fort Donelson, Eli Phillips, of the 26th Mississippi Regiment of Infantry, was wounded and removed to Clarksville, Tenn., where he died soon after at the home of A. H. Price and was buried in the cemetery there. He had in his pocketbook a due bill for \$8 signed by his company captain. Further information may be secured from A. G. Price, 905 W. Central Avenue, Fort Worth, Tex.

DEDICATION OF THE UNION CITY MONUMENT.

BY THE VENERABLE MRS. SUE F. MOONEY.

It was a disappointment not to meet you at the unveiling of the monument to the Confederate heroes of Obion County.

The monument itself is a thing of beauty, but more beautiful than any sculptured stone was the gracious spirit that moved the Daughters of Leonidas Polk Chapter, U. D. C., to erect it. Another lovely thing was the invitation to Dr. William Polk, himself a Confederate veteran and the son of that noble sire, Bishop Leonidas Polk, Confederate general, who lost his life on Lost Mountain in 1863. Though long years have passed, his memory is yet green, and will be, for the tears of the South will forever fall for her slaughtered son and sons, so many of whom sleep in unmarked spots.

A reverent stillness pervaded the vast multitude as Dr. Polk was introduced, and this grew to a holy hush as this gifted son spoke to the survivors of the Confederate cause and expressed his heartfelt thanks to the Leonidas Polk Chapter for their kindness and gracious courtesy in inviting him to be present. Only one thing had given him more pleasure—his marriage.

Yes, it was good to be there, and yet the gladness was almost sadness as I looked upon the worn and fast-thinning ranks of the brave men who wore the gray and saw in memory the young and gallant hosts to whom we said good-by so long ago. I shall always see them as on that radiant morn, so pathetic now, despite the gulf of years and the mists and shadows of almost half a century.

In that gallant company which went at the first call from good old Giles County was Col. Hume R. Field, now of Obion County. As I saw him yesterday, in age and feebleness extreme, the contrast between the past and the present brought the tears; for memory, with her magic mirror, was showing me not Field alone, but Brown—John C.—and Crow and Lester and Gordon and others—the list is long.

I hope the Daughters will still build monuments and that the Sons of Veterans will cooperate with them.

An address by the Hon. Finis Garrett, M. C., made my heart glow with pride as I listened to the great speech of this young statesman whose father is an honored citizen of our town. Senator Taylor spoke in his inimitable way, and Major Lawson's speech was excellent. All the proceedings were fine.

NOTED CONFEDERATE QUILT.

A beautiful quilt has become quite noted in Arkansas. It was made in the early sixties by Mrs. Mary G. McPherson, of West Point, in that State, and finished just as Arkansas, the ninth State, seceded from the Union, May 6, 1861.

The quilt was raffled to raise funds for equipping soldiers for service. The Federal authorities were so aroused about it that Mrs. McPherson's home was put under guard soon after her home town was occupied by them, and she was kept under vigilant guard lest she do something else to aid the Confederate cause.

When the quilt was disposed of, Joshua Crow, of West Point, became the owner, and the quilt is at present owned by his daughter, Miss Ella Crow. During the war the quilt passed through many perils. From one country place to another it was carried and stored in cellars and garrets, as seemed most expedient. Although a quilt, it was so similar to a Confederate flag that the enemy sought it diligently. The picture herewith given shows more the "Stars and Stripes" than the "Stars and Bars."

Mrs. McPherson's work in the many thousands of stitches shows the zeal she exercised in its production. She died in 1891 at Searcy, Ark., in the home of her daughter, the wife of Dr. S. P. Tapscott. Her granddaughter, Mrs. George B.



PICTURE OF THE QUILT.

Gill, of Little Rock, is President of the Memorial Chapter of that city, "a most efficient and enthusiastic worker in the Confederate cause," and has the loan of the "quilt" for the time being. To Mrs. Gill the *VETERAN* is indebted for the fine illustration herewith given.

MISSISSIPPIANS AT GAINES MILL.

BY C. C. CHAMBERS, PHOENIX, ARIZ.

I have read several reports of the Gaines Mill battle, June 27, 1862, and have always found that writers gave the credit of first breaking the enemy's line to the Texans of Hood's Brigade, than which there were none better.

W. H. C. Whiting's brigade was composed of the 11th and 2d Mississippi, 4th Alabama, 6th North Carolina, and 1st Tennessee. I belonged to Company B, of the 11th Mississippi, on the extreme left of the regiment, which formed just to the right of and joined the Texans, and well do I remember the lap that is mentioned in the paper by General Douglas in the *VETERAN* for last February. This lap was unavoidable, as we were moving as rapidly as possible to the right in marching order. The head of the Texas Brigade would naturally move faster than the rear of our brigade. All were on a rush at "double-quick" to get to the proper position to form the line for the attack. Any one who has ever moved in column understands how the rear is forced to make up distance lost. During this lap both shell and solid shot were passing through our ranks. It was perfectly natural for the men to fall to the ground, some flat, some squatting. I was within ten feet of a Texan who squatted like many others. The shot struck his head squarely, taking it entirely from his shoulders, striking Dick Wilson, of the Lamar Rifles, 11th Mississippi, or his

gun and blanket. It sent him whirling, but simply addled him. He did not continue in that battle, but was killed in the Wilderness, May 5, 1864.

General Whiting, finding an open field somewhat protected from that shot and shell, formed his brigade into a hollow square, and in that position we could hear him plainly when he told us when the line was formed to move to the crest of the hill where the firing was then in progress, to "lie down and fire until the order to charge." He explained that two different attempts had been made, but had failed, and added: "When that charge is ordered, there will be no order for retreat. I will lead you, and I believe you will carry the works." I saw him wave his hat and call: "Mississippians, charge!" We did not see him after that, but with a roar, and as of one man we gave the Rebel Yell. At the foot of this hill we found solid log works with sharpened sticks and a deep ditch.

I personally was fortunate in being able to jump the ditch where the majority of the men had to jump into the ditch and get out as best they could, which of course threw them behind. The enemy fled. The second line at the top of the hill left, and the third still over the next hill, then the cavalry, made a desperate effort to check us, but failed with terrible loss, then we made for the battery. We were without officers, and every man was his own commander. A little Irishman who was with me at the last brushy run wanted to take some prisoners, but I said: "Come on, Burns, come on, and let us stop that brass band on that hill." He and I were two of the boys who shot down some of the finest horses in McClellan's army, which was to prevent the guns from being taken off. After securing the battery, we found that the field hospital was but a rifle shot in advance of us, and that but a few of the enemy were between the hospital and our advance. Then we began to form a line and saw a few officers. Our colonel, P. F. Ladell, was with us. How he got his horse there I do not know. The firing went on to our rear and right until dark; but the old 3d Brigade, as we were known, was at the front and had kept pace with if not the lead of the Texans.

If any of those "old boys" who made that charge in either of those regiments should chance to see this, I would rejoice to have a note from him. I was wounded on May 6, 1864, and was not able for duty after that, but was with Colonel Stone, of the 2d Mississippi, at Salisbury, N. C., when Stoneman attacked that place, but there was no surrender for me. I preferred the chances of death first. I am now in my seventy-sixth year. My children are all married, and I am enjoying home life with my little grandchildren in Arizona.

REMINISCENCES OF CHICKAMAUGA.

BY W. G. ALLEN (ADJT. 2D TENN. CAV.), DAYTON, TENN.

Capt. A. B. Clay, of Church Hill, Tenn., gives the 66th North Carolina Cavalry as a part of General Pegram's brigade in the bloody battle of Chickamauga, September 19, 20, 1863. Col. John S. Scott commanded the 1st Louisiana, 2d and 5th Tennessee, and 6th Georgia. About daylight Saturday morning, September 19, Colonel Scott ordered Lieut. Col. Henry C. (Hal) Gillespie to take Red House Bridge that spanned the Chickamauga on the Ringgold and Chattanooga dirt road. Colonel Gillespie ordered Captain Owens to charge and take the bridge, which he did. Half a mile out on the Chattanooga road he ran into an ambush, and the gallant Owens and seven of that splendid Knoxville company were killed together with many horses. The 2d Tennessee became somewhat confused, and the 5th Tennessee was ordered forward.

When I arrived at the point of ambush, the road was blocked with dead men and horses. A narrow road led through an old field in which was a thick growth of hedge pine as high as our heads, and we could hardly ride through it. When I reached open space, I saw the enemy to our left. We formed in fours as fast as we emerged from the thicket and charged the enemy's left flank and drove them across the road. They rallied and commenced to form again, at which Colonel Scott galloped up to me and said: "Adjutant, form the 5th, your right to rest on the road. Count fours, dismount, and let every fourth man take care of four horses."

The alignment was as follows: The 2d Tennessee was on our right, or north of us; then Colonel Hart's 6th Georgia, north of the 2d Tennessee; Col. John R. Neal's 16th Tennessee on right of the 6th Georgia; while Major Day's 12th Tennessee Battalion was north of the 16th. Major Rucker commanded these two battalions. Capt. W. I. Darwin and Maj. F. J. Paine took Company C, of Neal's Battalion, from Rhea County in April, 1862. When the battalion was formed, Capt. J. R. Neal, from McMinn County, was made lieutenant colonel and F. J. Paine, of Captain Darwin's company, major.

Darwin, Paine, and I were all in business together in Washington, the county seat of Rhea County, at that time. Major Paine, Dick Thomison, and I were in business together for ten years after the war, and I often heard them talk of the Chickamauga battle. I also had two brothers-in-law who were lieutenants in this company. One of them, Lieut. J. S. Thomison, was killed at Chickamauga, and the other, Lieut. Dick Thomison, lives on his farm, four miles north of Dayton, in the Tennessee Valley. I often heard him talk over the Chickamauga battle with Major Paine and Captain Darwin, and all agreed as to what I have written. Captain Darwin's company connected with the 6th Georgia. There are seven of the company still living in Rhea County, all of whom agree as to the positions herein assigned.

When General Dibrell's brigade came, it took the places of the 16th and 12th Battalions in the formation, and the two battalions were shifted north to Jay's Mill, when they made that famous mounted charge on General Baird's division of infantry, three lines deep. Colonel Neal, Major Paine, and Captain Darwin, with eighty odd others, had their horses killed in this charge.

Colonel Neal married a Miss Brown, and lived and died at Rhea Springs; Major Paine and Captain Darwin both died at Evansville, in Rhea County. Colonel Neal represented his Congressional district twice; Major Paine was sheriff six years. Lieut. John S. Thomison was wounded at Shiloh and disabled from infantry service; he was killed at Chickamauga, as stated above. The only officer of the company now living is Dick Thomison, who gave that famous order in the valley of Virginia when Early invaded Maryland. The boys said Lieutenant Dick never gave but one order, and that was: "I gannies, boys, come on!" That made him a fine reputation. Darwin's company surrendered at Washington, Ga.

[At the time the seven men were killed the writer, Adjutant Allen, was shot through the left arm and left lung, the ball passing out below the shoulder blade, another ball passing through his right leg. As Dr. Sam Day, the surgeon, started with him and others to the field hospital, it was found that he was bleeding at the mouth as well as from the six holes made by ounce balls. He asked Dr. Day to attend him, but was told he would not know the difference in a few hours. He sent for the brigade surgeon, who said: "No need of doing anything; you can't live." Yet all except him are dead.]

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

WHY NOT CO-OPERATE NOW?

Can any comrade explain the cause of the failure of Southern people to cooperate while so many throughout the country are diligent to have the *VETERAN* read? If a number of laborers are doing a work in which a strong lift or strong pull is necessary, a leader will direct the others, and at his word "Heave!" every fellow will do his best.

For nearly two decades one humble man has been pleading "heave," and enough have responded to establish a journal that has had a larger circulation for a longer time than has ever been achieved in the South. He has in these nineteen years established a patronage that will never cease to appreciate what has been accomplished, even though he may fall below what he has already done.

One trouble must be in the failure to comprehend the magnitude of his work. Some good friends will complain that the Editor doesn't visit their section and solicit patronage, and that he fails to "write up" what concerns them specially.

From this viewpoint consider the situation. The *VETERAN* has devoted friends in New York, in San Francisco, in New Orleans, in El Paso, in Galveston, in Chicago, in Baltimore, in Washington, in every Southern State capital and every large city South, and then there are people in a multitude of towns in any one of which it would seem fitting to make a visit for the advancement of its cause—the increase of its circulation. In addition, there are many places of historic interest that it would gratify him to visit. Invitations are received to attend small reunions and monument dedications in many sections of the South. Such courtesies would not only be pleasant and proper, but a moment's consideration of the subject would show how utterly impossible it would be to accept all of them. Then consider the subject of correspondence. A patron will on account of his busy cares defer for a time attention to the subject until he receives a notice about his subscription, and will then write for a statement of his account. If each subscriber should do that, it would require a letter every five minutes through eight hours of each working day for eight months to reply, and the postage expense for these letters would be four hundred dollars each year for a letter to each patron. If the Editor attends a reunion which requires two nights' travel and a day from the office at an average expense of six dollars—and it often exceeds that—and returns with twenty or thirty dollars, that is indeed a good trip; yet fifty new subscriptions or renewals every day are necessary to maintain the list. The cost of paper for each issue is from \$300 to \$400, and postage account in the aggregate is about \$100 per month. Then the printing and office accounts exceed all the rest.

After the foregoing in regard to the business of the *VETERAN*, its readers may overlook the intricate duties of the editorial department. First of all, there are the presentation of such truths as most accurately record what has happened and the causes for it, and then "the story of the glory of the men who wore the gray" in personal tribute. Every living faithful Confederate will testify to these facts as far as capable; but the

VETERAN will outlive all of us, and it behooves every one to do what he can—not more for the survivors than for those who went down in the struggle and for future generations. The detail of this work is far more exacting than many imagine. The limited space is to be considered all the time, and then a fair adjustment of attention to the various commands and the different sections of country require very close and constant consideration. The *VETERAN* seeks to be impartial to the degree that it does least justice perhaps to the State of its domicile. It seeks first of all consideration to the plain private soldiers, some of whom are inexperienced writers, but contribute to it, while they never assumed to write for any other publication. Their articles are revised, then typewritten, and revised again, the effort being to preserve every fact and print it in the least possible space. Then the surviving officers (grand old men!) are helpful with accurate reminiscences of importance. A grievous misfortune is that so much more is sent the *VETERAN* than it is possible to print, and the wonder is that so much grace and patience are shown by contributors.

A feature of the *VETERAN* that may have escaped special notice is its condensed form. Besides much careful revision, in the manuscript, if after the type is in form changes near ends of paragraphs can be made to save lines, that is done. There are no displays; engravings are made to take up as small space as taste will admit.

Friends who know the spirit of its purpose and so fully realize the need of working TO-DAY, as night will come soon to many, are reminded that there is no other way to accomplish the great mission service sought except through their cooperation. The proprietor of the *VETERAN* nineteen years ago had not the slightest conception that so great a responsibility would devolve upon him. He therefore pleads that the good that can be accomplished in the next decade or so be not neglected by any man or woman who believes in the merit of motive and sacrifice of the people it represents. Please be diligent now as never before, and your neighbors getting in line through you will be valiant for the right.

The wonder and the sorrow are that good friends to the *VETERAN*, men and women, who realize its importance and benefit do not solicit from their neighbors and friends a trial. Many persons ardent in its support who had not heard of its existence until recently deplore that they had not learned of the *VETERAN* sooner. It would be easy if every loyal, devoted friend would act on the "heave!" idea to increase the list from 20,000 to 100,000 in a month. It could be done. Will you try now, beginning with this issue? Subscriptions will be sent to January, 1913, for \$1. Sample of recent issues will be sent free upon your request. The most unfortunate feature of the credit system is that many die and their families let the paper go on for a year or longer, feeling no concern; and when a statement is sent, a representative will say that Mr. Jones or Mr. Smith has been dead so long. If a friend knows of a comrade's death, he would render a valuable service by sending information to the *VETERAN*. Will you think of this?

Capt. William Page Carter, of Washington, D. C., writes: "The *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* is the best medium for old soldiers for information, interesting and valuable, and in keeping veterans in touch with things they delight to recall. It gives to the world accounts of many splendid battles in which they fought and which are hardly known by the young people of this day, and which probably would never be known of but for the publication of this well-edited and clean magazine."

LETTER OF THE PRESIDENT GENERAL U. D. C.

To the Presidents of Divisions and Chapters where there are no Divisions of the United Daughters of the Confederacy:

The next General Convention will assemble November 7, 1911, at Richmond, Va., and I bring a few points before you.

Chapter Dues.—Will you not assure yourself that each Chapter in your Division has paid in full its dues to the General Association, that their good standing in the Convention may be unquestioned? Representation of Divisions will depend entirely upon the Division Presidents.

Credentials.—Please be sure that each of your Chapters correctly fills out, signs, and returns to the proper person her credentials to the General Convention in full time, that the work of the Credential Committee may be facilitated.

Constitutional Amendments.—Please carefully consider the proposed Constitutional Amendments and confer with your Chapters concerning same, that our legislation at the Convention may be judicious and for the best interest of our work.

AMENDMENTS.

Amend Article III., Section 5. Strike out "No person shall be a voting member of more than one Chapter at the same time."

Amend Article VI. "No person shall vote or hold office in more than one Chapter at the same time: and every person who may at any time be enrolled as a member of more than one Chapter shall, within thirty days thereafter, file with the Recording Secretary of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and with the Secretary of each Chapter of which at that time she may be a member, a statement in writing, setting forth the name of the Chapter in which she desires to vote and hold office; and until such a statement shall have been filed, such persons shall not be entitled to vote or hold office in any Chapter of which she may be a member."

Make the present Section 6 Section 7.

Amend Article II. (Objects), after line 7, reading "to collect and preserve the material for a true history of the War between the States," by adding, "by establishing a U. D. C. Exchange Library in every Division and in every Chapter where no Division exists."

Amend Article VI., Section 1 (Officers), by adding to the list of general officers a "Librarian General."

Amend Article VII., Section 1 (Committees), by adding the Librarian General to the Executive Committee.

Amend Article XIII. of the constitution by striking out "This constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote at any annual convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy" and inserting: "This constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote at the annual convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy every fifth year."

Amend Article VIII. by adding Section 5: "A General Scholarship Living Expense Fund of \$350 shall be paid each year to the Committee on Education, who shall use this fund in connection with any free tuition scholarship which they may hold for award in the name of the General U. D. C., subject to the indorsement of the President General."

Amend Article I., Section 9, of the by-laws, second part, by leaving out the words "printed matter," and have the sentence read: "All communications sent out from any department of General Association, etc."

Amend Article I., Section 9, by-laws, after words "Cross of Honor" by adding, "and annual minutes."

Amend Article I., Section 7, to read: "The Historian General shall arrange for, have charge of, and preside over a

Historical Evening for every convention under the restrictions of the following by-laws." These by-laws are to be found on page 131 of the 1910 minutes, said by-laws adopted by the 1910 Little Rock Convention—to wit, that these shall follow the above amendment in the proper order after the words: "Restrictions of the following by-laws."

Amend Article XXI., Section 12, by adding as a last clause: "The motto of the office of Historian General shall be: 'Loyalty to the Truth of Confederate History.'"

Amend Article I. (By-Laws), so that the "Duties of the Librarian General" shall become Section 9 and the present Number 9 become Number 10.

Amend by-laws, creating a new Article VII., Article VII. to become Article VIII., Article VIII. to become Article IX., Article IX. to become Article X., Article X. to become Article XI.

Article VII., indorsement of President General. All circulars or letters sent to Chapters or members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy soliciting funds shall bear the indorsement of the President General. No recognition shall be given to petitions for funds unless so indorsed.

Reasons for the above are to be found in the printed slip containing amendments.

Meeting of convention. To avoid the work after midnight on Saturday night the opening exercises of the convention, including musical program, welcome and response, greetings, presentations, and tributes will be held on Tuesday evening, November 7.

The Arlington Monument Association will meet Tuesday morning, November 7, at eleven o'clock.

The Shiloh Monument Committee will meet Tuesday, November 7, at 3 P.M.

A full attendance of the directors of these monument associations is urged. In the event that a director cannot attend, she is asked to send her report by some member of her committee; and where there is no committee, she is asked to send same by the Division President or Chairman, who will act as her representative at this meeting.

The Executive Board will meet at 10 A.M. on November 7.

Will you kindly communicate these points to your Chapters? I trust many of you will be present and with earnest efforts assist in the convention, thereby adding joy to the work of your President General, who has lovingly and faithfully given you her best efforts. Truly and faithfully yours in the cause,

MRS. VIRGINIA FAULKNER MCSHERRY, *Pres. Gen. U. D. C.*

MRS. KATIE CHILDRESS SCHNABEL, *Cor. Sec. Gen. U. D. C.*

WEST VIRGINIA DAUGHTERS CONVENTION.

At Elkins, W. Va., on October 4, with a gavel made from wood from the house in which "Stonewall" Jackson was born, Miss Jennie Stuart Price called the fourteenth annual meeting of the West Virginia Division of the Daughters of the Confederacy to order, followed with prayer by Rev. Frederick H. Barron. Addresses of welcome were made by Mayor A. M. Fredlock and Mrs. E. Talbott, President of the local Chapter, to which Mrs. Edwin Robinson, of Fairmont, responded.

Sixteen State Chapters were represented. A report by Miss Minnie L. Wotring, Recorder of the Cross of Honor, showed that one hundred and twenty-five crosses had been conferred upon Confederate soldiers during the year.

An automobile ride to Beverly, the Rich Mountain battle field, occupied the afternoon. A historical exercise conducted by Mrs. B. M. Hoover concluded the first day's program.

INQUIRIES BY AND FOR VETERANS.

Mrs. D. D. Bradford, of Clarkston, Ga., care Ed L. Sutton, makes inquiry: "I am desirous of hearing from some of the comrades of my father, Capt. James Blair Brown, Forrest's command, who probably enlisted at Murfreesboro and went in the army as a corporal. I wish to get his company, etc., in order to mark his grave."

Mrs. G. L. Thompson, of Kewanee, Ill., inquires for any survivors of Shelby's command who remember her uncle, Lilburn A. Cochran, who went from his father's plantation in Marion County, Mo., to join Col. Joe Shelby. She wants proof of his service. While he was confined in the Alton (Ill.) prison she went with her father to visit him.

Mrs. A. C. Monahan, of Fairfield, Tex. (Box 84), desires to secure some information of the war record of J. C. Morris, a native of Montgomery, Ala., whose widow is now in destitute circumstances. He was an orphan and reared by an uncle, Charles Lynn. After the war he went to Texas. It is hoped that some surviving comrades can supply the information needed to secure a pension for Mrs. Morris.

E. B. Langley, R. F. D. No. 1, Camp Hill, Ala., wants information of a relative, Henry M. Langley, who was at Houston, Miss., when the war began, and it is thought that he went with a cavalry command and was killed. Doubtless some comrades remember him and can give his record.

Mrs. M. A. Muse, 103 Parsonage Street, Jackson, Tenn., wishes to get in communication with some one who was personally acquainted with William Lafayette Nooner, who was reared near Lagrange, Tenn., and was in the secret service under Gen. R. E. Lee.

The war record of Solomon G. Adkins is sought by Comrade A. T. Baker, R. F. D. No. 1, Fort Payne, Ala. Mr. Adkins was a Virginian, reared near Surry C. H., and enlisted at Petersburg. His widow may get a pension if proper proof can be furnished.

Charles M. Bray, of Elkins, W. Va., seeks information from comrades of his grandfather, James L. Bray, who served in the 1st Virginia Regiment, Company H, and was captured at Sailors' Creek after the evacuation of Richmond.

Mrs. Tennie Covington, 31 Fillmore Street, Nashville, Tenn., seeks correspondence with comrades who knew her husband, Robert Weston Covington, who was reared in Rutherford County, Tenn. She doesn't know the command in which he served.

G. G. Corley, of Windsor, S. C., is anxious to learn the identity of a soldier who was killed near that place by the Federals. They said that he refused to surrender and fought to the last. He was buried where he fell, and his grave has been cared for in late years. It is presumed that he was a member of the 63d Alabama Regiment and a lieutenant.

W. C. Parham, Principal of the Parham School at Benton, Ark., asks for the present address of Captain Dumas, who commanded Company G, 3d Arkansas Cavalry, at the close of the war. Captain Dumas surrendered with General Wheeler in North Carolina in April, 1865. It is thought that he now lives somewhere in Mississippi.

INQUIRY FOR DR. JEREMIAH BOYD.—Mrs. Laura Boyd Beckmeyer, of Brenham, Tex., wishes to secure proof of the war record of her paternal grandfather, Dr. Jeremiah Boyd, who served as a surgeon in the Confederate army throughout the war. His home was near Baton Rouge, La. Her father died when she was quite young, and she was brought up in the North.

HEROINE—ALICE CALDWELL RAY.

BY ELSIE M. CULVERN, ASHEVILLE, N. C.

"Women of the South to Be Honored," in the April VETERAN, was read just as I came from the bedside of Mrs. Alice Caldwell Ray, one whose life and works are most worthy of individual and special honor. Would it not cheer the days she is now passing through if honor were given while she lives? She would be the last to ask it, yet most appreciative. From childhood her mission has been to give. Her noble father, the late Colonel Caldwell, of Paris, Tenn., was very proud of the sterling qualities she early manifested, and gave them the broad freedom they merited. How sweet was their comradeship! She was the child after his own heart, his joy, his pride, his sunshine. Abundant means were ever at her disposal and wisely used in good works. Many days she followed her brother in his rounds as a physician as maid and coachman, proudly aiding in a ministry often more needed than medical skill. Little did they realize how soon would be needed the lessons learned in the services given in the confidence, love, and freedom of that dear home in Tennessee.

It was in the early sixties that Col. J. M. Ray brought her, his bride, to our hills, and left her here while he went out as lieutenant colonel of the 60th North Carolina Infantry to battle for the cause so dear to them. Stranger than fiction, were it written, would be the story of her life during the years of war. The danger she passed through, the victories she won where armed men would have failed, thinking of ways and means when strong men's hearts failed them, at one time safely carrying under the cushions of her carriage through dangers forty thousand dollars that the soldiers might be paid. Lawless men of both North and South hiding from justice in the mountains, hungry and reckless as wolves and more to be feared than armed troops, were robbing the unprotected. With the solicitude of a mother, at the risk of even life, she carried out plans which protected many homes from these desperadoes; but best and most needed of all was the hope she gave, dispelling darkness with light, sorrow with trust, and fear with courage. Brave soldiers of every rank, hungry, footsore, wounded, and discouraged, journeyed back and forth, and many of these were fed from her home and from her own stores.

When Colonel Ray was wounded in the battle of Chickamauga and was trying to reach home, she had a very strange dream which caused her to go out to meet him. She had pinned a star and eagle on his hat when he left her, telling him she would know him by it. In her dream she saw a wounded soldier with a star and eagle on his hat, his sleeve wet with blood. Waking, she hastened to Asheville, and the stage was just leaving for Greeneville. She was told that all the seats were taken, and that it would not be safe for her to go. Seeing her anxiety, a physician offered to give up his seat; and hastily exchanging her hat with a hotel maid for the latter's cap and apron, she was allowed to go in this disguise. When they had journeyed sixty miles or more, and had exchanged their tired horses for other fresh ones and were speeding on toward Greeneville, they met an orderly driving a double carriage, and in it, lying prostrate—literally as she had seen in her dream, with star and eagle on his cap—was a wounded soldier. Hastily springing to the ground without waiting for the horses to stop, she hurried to him, and, strange to say, it was her husband. He needed rest, and they stopped at a farmhouse near by until he was able to continue the journey home. They thought he would lose the shattered

arm; but after eight months of skillful nursing, which she gave with all the devotion of her strong, true life, he returned to the front. Through many sleepless nights and earnest days she loyally cheered and aided the forces at home.

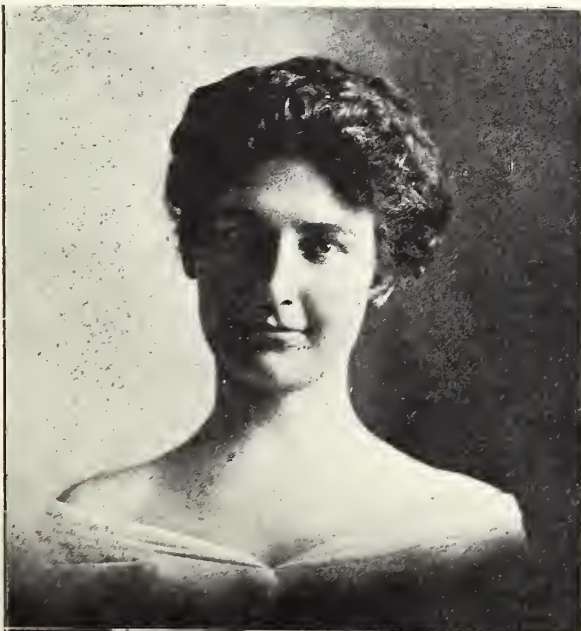
The first reunion of Confederate veterans was planned and given by her. I can see them yet as they followed General Ray, not as in the days of that fierce struggle, but peacefully and joyously under the giant oaks of his fine estate to the home, where his good wife waited with a welcome of a true daughter of the South. Soft music, the birds, and fair blue hills—all nature seemed to join and echo sacred memories as hand clasped hand. A royal feast was spread. How happy dear Mrs. Ray had been for days planning it and in carrying out every detail! It was a perfect day; mountain peaks away in Tennessee were clearly seen like sentinels over the ocean of summits stretching to the west. In the light of a glorious sunset they parted. To some it was the first and last reunion here, to others the beginning of many which have followed. * * *

During the past three years she has seldom been able to leave her room. There are days and nights of intense suffering, borne with the fortitude which has characterized her life. Mental vision is unclouded, love and comprehension broad and true as ever, but physical strength is lacking. How we long to see it return!

In publishing a list of full generals of the Confederate army in the *VETERAN* sometime since the name of Gen. E. Kirby Smith was omitted by the contributor. E. Kirby Smith is reported in the "War Records" as lieutenant general. When he was given the command of the Trans-Mississippi Department, he was made full general with temporary rank, and it is said that President Davis said he gave him as high rank and as great authority as he could command.

MISS LUCY BYRD MOCK MARRIED.

One of the most ardent Confederate workers among all the Daughters was married August 8 to William Lafayette Crittenden, a young man of distinguished family and of excellent promise in maintaining its high standing.



MRS. LUCY MOCK CRITTENDEN.

From the News, of Fayetteville, Ark., her former home: "We acknowledge an invitation to the marriage of Miss Lucy Byrd Mock and Mr. William Lafayette Crittenden at Trinity Church, Seattle, Wash., August 8. Miss Mock is the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Edward Mock, of the city, and has attracted no little fame as a writer, being the author of numerous magazine articles that have builded for her a most enviable reputation and brought her into national prominence. Miss Mock has not only reached high literary attainments, but she possesses all those qualifications and noble traits so befitting one of high accomplishments and refinement. She is a charming young lady, and has scores of admiring friends here and abroad who join the News in congratulations."

WEDDING RING SUBSTITUTED FOR THE ENGAGEMENT RING.

From an elaborate account of the wedding the following is given: "The engagement ring is said to be one of the most unique and beautiful in the world. Following a custom dating back to the twelfth century, the ring used was the official seal engagement ring of the Crittenden family. The stone is an amethyst intaglio, bearing the Crittenden coat-of-arms, set in handsomely chased old Roman gold. From the moment the ring is placed on her finger the wearer is expected to give allegiance to the House of Crittenden, and in case of the death of the donor the betrothed is entitled to the support and protection of all male members of the name. After the opening words were said, the priest silently proceeded to the altar, followed by the bride and groom, where, kneeling upon white satin pillows, the final words were spoken which made them man and wife. Throughout the service was heard a low, soft organ obligato, while the subdued lights form numerous wax tapers gave an added pathos to the already sacred scene."

The fortunate benedict is a lineal descendant of Patrick Henry, and will inherit two silver knee buckles. Three of his uncles have been Governors respectively of Kentucky, Missouri, and Arkansas. The young man is a lawyer, a clever poet, and though young distinguished as an orator.

CHARLIE, "RECRUIT" TO TROUP ARTILLERY.

BY GEORGE B. ATKISSON, OF CARLETON'S BATTERY.

Permit me to pay a loving tribute to a little comrade who often cheered our hearts by his winning ways and shared all of our privations and dangers. For forty-six years he has been in his little grave, but to-day his memory is cherished by his surviving comrades, and whenever they meet some anecdote will be told about "little Charlie." On April 24, 1861, the Troup Artillery left Athens. After a brief stay in Savannah, they went to Richmond, Va., and from there to West Virginia under the command of Gen. R. E. Lee. At Staunton in the afternoon of August 1 a little friend came into our camp who made himself sociable with the boys. He was small and uncouth, but showed a genial disposition, and he soon won the friendship of the company. He was invited to spend the night, and a bountiful supper and comfortable bed were given him. The next day when we took up the line of march he signified his desire to become an independent member of the company, and was cordially accepted. From that day until Appomattox he was faithful to the company and fondly petted by every member. He endured fatigue and privation without a murmur, participated in every battle in which the company engaged, and was always in the front rank, where the shells and bullets fell the thickest. He seemed to enjoy the whistling of bullets, shrieking of shells, and to go wild with delight as the combat raged. He was too small to take an active part in

the work, but would dart back and forth from gun to gun, cheering the men with his clear, ringing voice, which could be heard distinctly above the din of the battle. In the body of this little four-legged comrade beat a warm, affectionate heart. We named him "Charlie."

He was not very pretty, and boasted of no illustrious pedigree. At Camp Marion, near Yorktown, in December, 1861, we had a raffle for Charlie to decide who should be his owner. He was won by Sergeant (afterwards Lieutenant) Motes, but Charlie was independent and refused to be special property. In camp he would select the particular "mess" he wished to spend the night with. At Dam Number One one of our guns, the Olivia, with Lieutenant Pope in command, was forced to sustain an all-day attack from several of the Federal batteries. The firing began again at 8 A.M. Captain Stanley and Charlie were back at the camps. As soon as the captain heard the firing he rushed to the front, and at his heels was Charlie, just as eager as Captain Stanley to take part in the fray, and at every shot would dance and bark with delight.

When we crossed the Potomac in the Maryland campaign, Charlie was placed on the foremost caisson for safety, the river being too wide and swift for him to swim. As the horses reached the shore, Charlie sprang to the ground, the first one of the company to reach "Maryland, My Maryland." Here he danced and barked with delight till the last gun had crossed, and then gravely took up the line of march with the company. At Sharpsburg Charlie was in his glory. He ran up and down the line from gun to gun. He would wiggle his little body with joy, while his bark rang out with the roar of battle. He seemed not to know fear, and as the battle grew fiercer so did his joy. At Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Spottsylvania, and in every engagement he was always present and always exhibiting the same wild joy and courage.

When General Lee held the grand review of the Army of Northern Virginia at Brandy Station, Va., prior to the Pennsylvania campaign, Charlie was given the seat of honor upon one of the caissons, and as he passed was honored by a grave salute from the general commanding. Charlie acknowledged the honor by a wiggle of his body (he had no tail to wag) and a loud bark. Charlie was well known to the men of Longstreet's Corps, and frequent effort was made to steal him from us; but he was true to his "first love," and in a few days would find his way back to our camp to be hailed with joy. Charlie was a good forager, and many a rabbit fell a victim to his hunting prowess, to say nothing of a few stray chickens. He brought his game into camp, giving it impartially. During the Maryland campaign he strictly obeyed General Lee's orders, refusing to leave the ranks. When some of the boys would say, "Charlie, go bring us a chicken," he would pay no attention, but jog along with the guns. He looked upon people in Maryland as friends, and refused to steal from them. On the Pennsylvania campaign, however, he changed his ideas; being on the enemy's soil, he plundered. Many a "Dutch wife" lost her chickens and complained: "Captain, von little dog vot pelongs to your company steal mine chickens and bring dem to you mens. I vants my chickens, or you pay for them." The captain would reply: "Well, my friend, point out the men with the dog and I will see that you get your chickens or they will be paid for." Among so many men it was impossible to point out the right ones.

During the last months of the Confederacy rations were cooked at camps located at a safe distance. Charlie spent

most of his time at the guns, but always went to the camp for his meals. At meal time some one would say: "Charlie, go hurry up dinner." With a wise look he would dart off to the camp and make his errand known to the cooks by loud barks and wiggling of his body. If all was ready, the cooks would say, "All right, Charlie, here we go," and away they went, Charlie showing his joy by barking and dancing around the bearers' heels. If meals were not ready, the cook would say: "Go back and tell the boys it will be an hour yet before dinner is ready." With a sorrowful look he would sneak back and quietly curl himself up in a dark corner, and the boys knew what it meant. After a while some would say, "Charlie, go and bring dinner," but he would not move. At the end of his hour he would go back to camp. "All right, Charlie, dinner is ready; let us go." Then his spirit would revive.

Now we come to the last scene. Petersburg is abandoned and the line of the retreat is taken up. Not an hour is passed without a rain of shells and bullets. Two days before the surrender in a slight engagement a shell struck a tree by which Charlie was standing and exploded, and when the smoke cleared away little Charlie was dead. His grave was dug at the foot of a tree and the body of our faithful "comrade" was consigned to his last resting place. I can safely write that there was not a dry eye among that group of war-worn veterans as the dirt hid from view his little body. Rest in peace, little comrade! For nearly four years you were our faithful companion and loving pet. You shared our dangers and our pleasures. While your moldering body lies beneath Virginia's sod, your memory is yet fresh and green in the hearts of every surviving member of the Troup Artillery, Carlton's Battery. I fondly fancy that the trees cast a loving shade, that the winter winds wail less mournfully, and the wild flowers blossom more lovingly over your little grave.

PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT.

Whereas the President of the United States has heretofore set forth several proclamations offering amnesty and pardon to persons who had been or were concerned in the late rebellion against the lawful authority of the government of the United States; * * * and whereas * * * it is believed that * * * a universal amnesty and pardon for participation in said rebellion extended to all who have borne any part therein will tend to secure permanent peace, order, and prosperity throughout the land, and to renew and fully restore confidence and fraternal feeling among the whole people and their respect and attachment to the national government, designed by its patriotic founders for the general good;

Now, therefore, be it known that I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, by virtue of the power and authority in me vested by the Constitution and in the name of the sovereign people of the United States, do hereby proclaim and declare unconditionally and without reservation to all and every person who, directly or indirectly, participated in the late insurrection or rebellion a full pardon and amnesty for the offense of treason against the United States or of adhering to their enemies during the late Civil War, with restoration of all rights, privileges, and immunities under the Constitution and the laws which have been made in pursuance thereof. By the President, ANDREW JOHNSON.

F. W. SEWARD, *Acting Secretary of State.*

[From proclamation at Washington December 25, 1868. Why did this not include the President, General Lee, and all other officers? Could the Reconstructionists abrogate an order by the President?]

REUNION AT HINTON, WEST VIRGINIA.

FROM REPORT BY MAJ. J. COLEMAN ALDERSON.

The reunions of United Confederate Veterans and Sons of Veterans convened in Hinton, W. Va., October 4, 1911. Over two hundred veterans registered from thirteen Camps. The meeting was presided over by Gen. S. S. Green, of Charleston, Commander West Virginia Division, Confederate Veterans.

At the same time Hon. A. S. Johnston, Division Commander of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, opened its meeting, which was attended by a representation of about one hundred. An able address of welcome was delivered to the old "vets" and Sons by Judge A. R. Heflin. General Green responded in a timely and splendid speech in behalf of his comrades, and Hon. A. S. Johnston responded in an excellent address on behalf of his organization.

At 2:30 Gen. Bennett H. Young, of Kentucky, made an eloquent and brilliant address. His talk was heartily applauded and the great audience present gave him perfect attention.

The city was thronged with visitors, including many distinguished persons.

Professor Von Court's famous concert band furnished music for the reunions.

ELSON'S HISTORY CONDEMNED IN WEST VIRGINIA.

The following resolution was adopted by the U. C. V. in convention at Hinton, W. Va.:

"This Division places upon record its condemnation of Elson's History of the United States. That such a textbook should have been used in any of the schools of the South is an insult to the men and women of the Southland. We believe that it should be repudiated by every decent representative of the traditions and history of the South, and we regret that in the great State of Virginia defenders could be found who condone it. We urge upon all the members of this Division to investigate and learn if this volume is used in any of the schools of the localities in which they reside and to take steps necessary to eliminate this disgraceful volume from use by your children.

"Resolved, That the Adjutant General of this Division be directed to send to the commander of every camp a copy of this resolution and to urge upon the representatives of Confederates everywhere prompt and vigorous action in expelling from all our institutions this or any textbooks which libel or misrepresent the Southern people or their forbears, who have honored and blessed our Southland by their examples."

[The foregoing resolution was offered by an ardent friend of the VETERAN, who procured subscriptions for it while there and sent us all the money. He is aware how diligent the VETERAN has been on this subject, and yet he missed a golden opportunity by failing to mention what this publication has done in exposing the Elson infamy and in other ways for the cause. This is not to criticize him, but is made in the hope that other good friends will do better. Many a gallant comrade in that audience doubtless knew nothing of it. There never should be a meeting of comrades or the Daughters of the Confederacy without a discussion of the VETERAN. It should be commended or condemned. Ere many more opportunities occur like this it will be too late for the great majority to get good from it and do good by it.]

NOTED VISITORS AT THE HINTON REUNION.

The Hinton (W. Va.) *Independent Herald*, under the management of W. E. Price, who is also the Editor, deserves much credit and practical gratitude for the splendid reports given the reunion there early in October. He reports the

proceedings of both the conventions and many personal sketches of interest. He reports the presence of Col. Charles S. Peyton, of the Nineteenth Virginia Infantry (who was elected Brigadier General of the First West Virginia Brigade, U. C. V., and who commanded Garnett's Brigade in the battle of Gettysburg; see report in Volume XXVII., Paragraph 2, page 385), and of how much he enjoyed the occasion. Colonel Peyton served under Pickett and Longstreet. He was wounded several times and lost an arm in the service. The Editor also reports the presence of Major George M. Edgar, who commanded the Twenty-Sixth Virginia Battalion in the service. There is much about Colonel Edgar in the war records, perhaps more than any other officer of his rank. There is more or less in twelve volumes. One of the most courteous and humane papers to be found in that record is his reply to a Federal officer. It is dated May 2, 1863: "The truce you ask will be willingly granted. Everything we can do for your wounded will be done. Your surgeon will receive the probation you ask." It is signed, "Geo. M. Edgar, Lieutenant Colonel Commanding Advance." These two field officers are of the vigorous men of this day.

FOUR BROTHERS AND THREE BROTHERS.

The *Independent Herald* reports the presence of four brothers and three of four brothers who were at the reunion:

"William Houchins, of Princeton, Granville Houchins, of Huntington, Clayton Houchins, of Greenville, and Thompson Houchins, of Alderson, were the guests of their nephew, J. S. Houchins, of Hinton, during the reunion. These four brothers were all members of the same company, Lowry's Battery. They were all brave and fearless soldiers. William, the oldest, is eighty-two years of age; Granville is seventy-seven, Clayton seventy-four, and Thompson is in his sixty-ninth year."

"Joseph and James Owen, of near Salem, Va., are visiting their brother, S. W. Owen, Sr., of Brooks. There are four of these brothers, all of whom were in General Jackson's old brigade. They were all wounded in battle. John Owen, the oldest, also of Salem, is seventy-two years of age; S. W. is seventy-one, James is about sixty-seven, and Joseph is sixty-five years of age. They are all good citizens and farmers."

CONFEDERATE REUNION BALLS.

"When our veterans meet in Macon, Ga., next May, some one will read a paper about General Gordon's life and death. Will some woman rise up and ask us to dance over his grave that night? Eight veterans died at Memphis during our Reunion there. But the women kept on dancing."

Rev. A. D. Betts, of Greensboro, N. C., publishes the above and writes to the VETERAN about "Confederate Balls.:"

"I love the old soldiers. I preached to thousands of them in Lee's army. Many have gone to heaven. Among the living there are many faithful, fervent Christians. But some have never given their hearts to God, and will soon be lost forever if they are not saved promptly.

"I go to Reunions to pray with them and help them to think about their souls, but a worldly crowd comes along to dance and help them forget their souls. I propose to ask our North Carolina Division to speak out against balls at our Reunions. I hope the readers of the VETERAN, preachers, officers, and privates will speak out on the subject.

"I am a member of the North Carolina Conference, M. E. Church, South. I was chaplain of the 30th North Carolina Regiment, and am now Chaplain of the North Carolina Division, U. C. V."

KENTUCKY MONUMENT ERECTED IN 1869.

In a letter of Mrs. Elizabeth Frisbee from Cynthiana, Ky., to Col. I. M. Arnold, of Covington, she writes:

"Our monument is situated on a little rise in the cemetery surrounded by the forty-eight graves of the brave men—heroes, every one, 'who fell in the defense of constitutional liberty.' Of the forty-eight men who sleep there, nine were of Morgan's command, one of Ratcliffe's, one of Cleburne's, twenty-three 'unknown,' and the remaining fourteen came from as many different States, including North Carolina, Texas, Arkansas, Mississippi, Georgia, and Kentucky. On the north side of the monument is inscribed: 'Erected May 27, 1869, by the Cynthiana Confederate Memorial Association. In memory of the Confederate dead who fell in the defense of constitutional liberty.'

"On the south side of the monument is this verse paraphrased from Theo O'Hara's 'Bivouac of the Dead':"

" Their names shall never be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
And Glory guard the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps."

"It was because of the inscription on the north side that the monument was so long unmarked, as when it became known what the inscription was to be there were threats of dynamiting the monument; so it was left until very recently, when through the U. D. C. and Dr. A. J. Beale the inscription was put on as was originally intended. The local Chapter, U. D. C., has post cards with pictures of the monument.

"Several members of the Chapter are glad you are sending these notes to the VETERAN, as some other Chapter claims the first monument, and they are sure this one is the very first. The date I send is correct, May 27, 1869. General Lee was invited to deliver the address, but could not accept."

[Colonel Arnold writes that he was present and heard the great address delivered by Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge.]

ANNUAL HONOR PAID COL. R. W. MARTIN.

The annual celebration of the birthday of Dr. Rawley W. Martin, of Lynchburg, by the United Daughters of the Confederacy was held in Chatham on September 30. It was the 76th birthday of Dr. Martin. The exercises were held in the opera house, after which a sumptuous dinner was served to the veterans and guests of Pittsylvania County.

Senator Swanson presided. In opening the exercises he spoke feelingly of the Confederate cause. His eulogy of the daring and bravery of Colonel Martin in leading the 53d Regiment over the stone wall at Gettysburg elicited warm response from his friends and the old soldiers. Senator Swanson introduced Attorney-General Samuel W. Williams, the speaker of the occasion, in pleasing terms, and Mr. Williams, being a son of Pittsylvania, received a warm welcome. He referred to the justice of the Confederate contentions, to the bravery of the Southern soldier, and to the devotion and faithfulness of the women of the South. Mr. Williams entered the army as a mere boy.

Dr. Martin was presented, and his presence evoked enthusiastic applause. He very modestly admitted that the reason he climbed the wall at Gettysburg was because the brave boys of Pittsylvania were behind him and made him do so. He was evidently greatly touched by the expressions of love and admiration expressed for him, and he spoke in low and feeling tones. The Doctor never forgets woman's part, and on this occasion his tribute to them was exquisite.

When the speaking had ended, the guests and veterans partook of a repast served in excellent style. The total number of veterans registered was 116.

[Colonel Martin—nowadays known as Dr. Martin—is the uncle of Rev. Rawley F. Tredway, well known as an evangelist of the Baptist Church in many Southern States, while his residence is in Mansfield, La.]

CONFEDERATES KILLED AT FRANKLIN, TENN.

Julius M. Payne, of Byhalia, Miss., corrects the statement made by Earl Mead in his speech before the H. P. Woodbury Camp, Sons of Veterans, at Manchester, Mass. (published in June VETERAN, page 281), that there were 424 Texans killed at the battle of Franklin, as the inscription on the Texas monument in McGavock Cemetery at Franklin so states. Mr. Payne says that it was Mississippi that had a loss of 424 inscribed upon its monument. Mississippi lost nearly a third of the number buried in that cemetery, which was 1,481, as the following numbers, made out by Capt. George L. Cowan, Secretary and Manager of the cemetery, show:

Texas (killed), 89; Tennessee, 230; Mississippi, 424; Missouri, 130; Arkansas, 104; Alabama, 129; Georgia, 69; South Carolina, 51; Louisiana, 18; Florida, 4; Kentucky, 6; North Carolina, 2; unknown, 225.

Remember that this battle did not extend over days, but was fought in a few hours, beginning after four o'clock and the numbers do not include any of the many who were buried elsewhere.

MARKER AT GRAVE OF CAPTAIN S. L. FREEMAN.

Contributions to date for erection of a marker at the spot where Capt. Samuel L. Freeman fell, to wit:

N. B. Dozier, Franklin, Tenn.....	\$1 00
Ed Curd, Franklin, Tenn.....	1 00
S. A. Cunningham, Nashville, Tenn.....	1 00
W. T. Hardison, Nashville, Tenn.....	1 00
Dr. John A. Wyeth, New York City.....	1 00
O. V. Anderson, Tullahoma, Tenn.....	1 00

Judge J. H. Henderson, of Franklin, writes:

"We are going to erect that marker next spring, and we urge that contributions come right along." Remember it is Judge Henderson's sister who deeds the land for this purpose.

MASSACHUSETTS AND VIRGINIA VETERANS.

(From the Springfield Republican.)

The itinerary of the official trip of Governor Foss and party with the veterans of Massachusetts for the purpose of dedicating the Valley Forge and Petersburg (Va.) monuments has been completed, and it is expected that at least two hundred people will go to the dedication exercises from Massachusetts.

One-half day will be spent in Washington, eight hours at Norfolk, Va., two days at Petersburg, Va., one day at Richmond, Va., one day and two nights at Gettysburg, an evening and a night at Philadelphia, Pa., and a day at Valley Forge.

A special car will take the party from Boston November 9, arriving at the Fall River wharf, and supper will be taken on the steamer. The party will arrive in New York Friday morning, November 10. They will then go to the new Pennsylvania station, whence a special car will take them to Washington, arriving at 1:33 that afternoon. The party will leave Washington by steamer on the evening of November 10, and will arrive in Norfolk at eight o'clock on the following morning. Breakfast will be taken at the Monticello Hotel there, and

the day will be spent in seeing that city. Another special car will take the party to Petersburg, arriving there at 6 P.M. Sunday will be spent in visiting the various battle fields.

The dedication exercises of the Petersburg monument will be held Monday, November 13. Miss Mahone, daughter of Gen. William Mahone, will unveil the monument. The trip to Richmond will be made on November 14, and the day will be spent in sight-seeing in that city. Gettysburg being the next place of interest, the trip to that place will be made by way of Washington and Baltimore. The party will arrive in Gettysburg that night, and the battle field will be visited on the following day. Special cars will take the party to Philadelphia on Friday, November 17, arriving there at 5:20.

The party will leave Philadelphia at 9:57 Saturday morning, November 18, and will arrive at Betzwood, station for Valley Forge Park, at 10:56 A.M. The dedication exercises for the monument there will then be held and dinner will be taken at the Washington Inn. The estimated cost for the official party is \$2,830, and for other passengers it is \$80.55 each.

PRESIDENT TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. D. C.

Mrs. Harriet E. Holland is a daughter of South Carolina and the widow of a brave Confederate soldier who carried to his grave the deep scar of a wound received while fighting under Stonewall Jackson. With her gallant husband she went to Jackson, Tenn., soon after her marriage, and the greater part of her life has been spent there.

She has always been active in all U. D. C. work, and was one of the charter members and the beloved President of



MRS. HARRIETT E. HOLLAND.

Musidora C. McCorry Chapter. Her capability as an executive officer is so highly appreciated that she has repeatedly been reelected President, and has served in that capacity more than eight years. She was elected President of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., at the last convention.

She is a member of the First Methodist Church and an active and zealous worker in the ladies' aid and the Church missionary societies.

She is a woman of culture, of gracious manner and carriage, and can always be counted on to acquit herself well in any position she holds. The Daughters of the Confederacy are not alone in the high estimate that they place upon their State President; it is an opinion shared with them by the whole community.

REUNION BLACK HORSE CAVALRY AT WARRENTON, VA.

Fifty years ago a lot of laughing, rollicking, fighting boys rode in fearless service of the Confederacy. Recently eighteen old men, the youngest seventy years old, met in annual reunion of the famous Black Horse Cavalry at Fauquier Springs. With but few exceptions all the rest of that gay company have passed over to the land where the struggle is over and eternal peace reigns supreme.

It was about noon when Commander S. F. G. Beale called the command to order. Eloquent and feeling speeches were made by W. W. Scott, of Richmond, J. William Towson, of Shelby, Mo., and William A. Gordon, of Washington. E. Albert Smith made a splendid speech of response for the Sons of Confederate Veterans, pledging the younger generation to emulate the deeds of their fathers.

The Daughters of the Confederacy spread a most bountiful dinner, and in every particular the day was one long to be remembered. The depths of men's feelings were stirred by the speeches and by the mute appeals of comrades gone before.

A pleasant feature of the reunion was the presence for the first time of Mr. J. William Towson, of Missouri, a Maryland boy who enlisted with the Black Horse in 1861 and followed its fortunes to the closing chapter of its record of service. He was elected while here Commander of all the Missouri Confederate Veterans, which is but a small indication of the high esteem in which the people of his adopted State hold him. The presence of Mr. Anderson D. Smith, the oldest surviving member of the command, was also a source of pleasure to all, as was that of visiting veterans on the program above and of Col. James Vass, of Richmond.

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.

At a reunion of Morgan's Cavalry, presided over by Gen. B. W. Duke, a letter was read from J. C. C. Black, Esq., of Augusta, Ga., in regard to "the flag we followed," stating:

"It was the national emblem of a free republic, whose life, though brief, was long enough to leave to State and country and to humanity and to the world an imperishable record of glory and renown. It was followed by the great principles of American constitutional government and the Declaration of Independence. It went down in sorrow, but not in shame. No more as a national banner will it wave on land or sea; no more will it be followed by the bravest armies ever enlisted in liberty's cause. Henceforth it shall be used on occasions like this or when it moves in the funeral procession of some old soldier who in life honored it and in death is honored by it.

"As the flag of the Southern Confederacy, it shall wave no more, but this we will say: 'No breeze ever wafted, no sunlight ever kissed a flag that represented a better cause.' We will ever love it. We loved it in the hour of the most glorious victory that ever perched upon banner; we loved it as it has withdrawn from before superior numbers and as it went down in final defeat. We loved it from Sumter to Appomattox. Living we loved it, dying we will love it, and I know of no human law that can or divine law that will forbid us to love it when we reach the other shore."

On motion of Capt. J. R. Rogers, a copy of the letter was directed to be sent to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN at Nashville, and Judge Black was made an honorary member of this association.

HUMOROUS NOTE BY STONEWALL JACKSON.

BY MAJ. J. COLEMAN ALDERSON, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

It is generally believed that General Jackson was harsh, unsociable, that he had no sense of the ridiculous, and could not appreciate a joke, etc. On reading Mr. C. D. Ewing's "Tact of Stonewall Jackson" in the September VETERAN, page 412, I am forcibly reminded of an interesting incident in connection with Jackson during his Valley Campaign in 1862. There were two large wagon manufacturers in Wheeling, W. Va.—to wit, Messrs. Bodley Bros., who made wagons for the Army of the Potomac, and Messrs. Moffatt and McKnabb, for the army operating in the Valley of Virginia. I attended to most of their fire insurance during my residence in that city after the war. Mr. McKnabb informed me that his firm generally shipped from fifty to seventy-five wagons to the Federal armies in the valley every Monday morning, and that General Jackson's cavalry was in the habit of capturing every one of the wagons before their next shipment. One morning he brought to my office a letter he had received from General Jackson, sent him by a paroled Federal soldier. It was about as follows:

"Messrs. Moffatt & McKnabb, Wheeling, Va.—Dear Sirs: I have just received your last consignment of wagons. I like them very much; but hereafter please make their tongues a little stronger, as many of them are broken off when turned over to me. Respectfully,

T. J. JACKSON."

I begged Mr. McKnabb for this letter, but he said he prized it most highly, and would not dispose of it under any consideration, but promised me a certified copy, which, I regret, I never received. I remember this letter distinctly, and have repeated it almost verbatim.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S BIRTHPLACE MARKED.

The bronze tablet marking the birthplace of Stonewall Jackson in Clarksburg, W. Va., was dedicated on September 26 by the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy. The principal address was delivered by Dr. James Power Smith, editor of the Central Presbyterian, of Richmond, Va. He is the only surviving member of Jackson's staff, and aided in carrying him off of the battle field at Chancellorsville on May 2, 1863, when he was mortally wounded.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT FOR LOUISBURG, N. C.

BY WILLIAM HAYWOOD RUFFIN, ESQ., LOUISBURG.

For many years the Joseph J. Davis Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, have labored with that tender, loving, patient, untiring devotion that has characterized these blessed women throughout the Southland to erect a monument to the Confederate dead in Louisburg; and while their works have been crowned with some success, their noble efforts have not met with that support from the people of Franklin County which the cause so richly merits. Still, they have raised in cash about \$1,000, and the County Commissioners, under an authority given them by the General Assembly of North Carolina at its session of 1911, subscribed the sum of \$1,000, which is a generous contribution. The monument in view will cost about \$3,000, and these ladies are yearning for the remainder with a longing which heeds no rebuff and will never cease until it is gratified. Whatever these noble women under-

take they accomplish; but what a fitting plan it would be for every man, woman, and child reared in Franklin to contribute a small sum (25 cents or less even would do) to make up the sum now needed for this monument! It would then be truly "Franklin's people's monument to their dead heroes." It will be placed on the Court Square, where every visitor to Louisburg for the coming years will learn its lesson as the shaft points upward to a higher life beyond for the dead it commemorates.

This same Court Square was the scene half a century ago of another event in the history of the South. From it on Monday, March 18, 1861, Maj. Orren R. Smith, a Franklin County veteran, who yet lives to tell the tale, from a pole one hundred feet high planted on the Court Square, flung to the breeze for the first time in the South a Confederate flag of his own design, the materials for which he purchased in Louisburg and which was made by a lady of Louisburg, Miss Becky Murphy, who then lived in a house near the present site of the Seaboard Air Line depot. This flag had the three bars of red, white, and red and seven stars for the seven Confederate States. North Carolina had not then seceded; but Captain Smith, in the faith that she was homeward bound into the Confederacy, placed above the flag a long pennant, like those ships wear when they are homeward bound, in token of her destiny.

What a splendid plan it would be to make the monument to be erected a combination memorial of the Confederate dead and this historical event! If just a few of the admirers of the Confederate cause would contribute even a small sum individually to this end, what a grand memorial could be raised on this sacred spot! The whole South ought to take an interest in this plan, and perhaps may do so when attention is called to the historical event. North Carolina has ever been too modest and reticent in making known its glorious history; but the time has come to declare it for the status of truth.

Contributions, large or small, as the giver may be moved, will be gratefully received by this Chapter of the Daughters, and can be sent to Mrs. J. P. Winston, President, or to Miss Mary Williams, Treasurer, both of Louisburg, N. C.

THE LOUISIANA TIGERS.—Mrs. May Wheat Shober, 293 Lenox Avenue, New York City, who is a sister of Maj. C. B. Wheat, commanding the "Tigers," answers inquiries for some information of that command: "The battalion my brother formed consisted of four or five companies, one of which was called the 'Tiger Rifles.' After the first battle of Manassas, they were known as the 'Tigers' of Wheat's Battalion until the last battle of Gaines Mill, where my brother met his death. When I reached Richmond from my home in Salisbury a day or two after his death, I was informed by one of his officers that there was not a 'corporal's guard left of the battalion.' This statement I can verify, for I searched the hospitals eagerly to find some of his brave followers, and saw only two or three who could tell me of the fight. The few who survived entered other Louisiana regiments, and that entire branch of the army took on the name of the 'Tigers,' or it was given them as a compliment in honor of those desperate fighters who had given their lives for the cause. If there is a written history of the command, I have not heard of it. I visited my brother's grave a week after his death and marked it with a small marble headstone. Riding for miles over the battle fields, I secured his sword and flag, which he was bearing in his hands at the head of his command. The flag is tattered and torn and stained with his blood. for he fell on it."

THAT APPLE TREE AT APPOMATTOX.

BY R. W. FREEMAN, LULING, LA.

[There appeared recently in the Washington Star an article about "The Apple Tree Story" by the adjutant of the 44th Georgia Regiment, who was in the surrender at Appomattox. By the same author the following will be of interest.]

Soon after we received our paroles, April 9, 1865, Gen. John B. Gordon, who was at that time in command of the few that were left of Gen. Stonewall Jackson's old corps, rode out to where we were and told us the terms of the surrender that had been agreed upon between Generals Grant and Lee. We then turned our faces toward home—those of us who had any left—sad and dejected. I had ridden but a short distance on the old stage road toward Richmond when I observed quite a number of the boys around an old apple tree, one of whom had an ax cutting chips from it and handing them to comrades. I asked one of the boys near me what the chipping of the tree meant. He replied: "Here is where General Lee surrendered." While I was satisfied this was not the case, but probably had some connection with the surrender, I asked for a chip, and one was handed to me.

After the long ride to my home, in Griffin, Ga., I learned from the papers that the surrender took place in the house of Wilmer McLean. Every now and then up until about 1897 I saw this apple tree referred to in the papers, but saw nothing



R. W. FREEMAN.

to satisfy me that it had anything to do with the surrender. During that year I wrote to Gen. John B. Gordon requesting him to let me know what figure the apple tree cut in General Lee's surrender. He answered as follows:

"ATLANTA, May 27, 1897.

"Capt. R. W. Freeman, Robeline, La.—My Dear Comrade: I can't tell you about the apple tree. The only surrender I witnessed was in the McLean house, where Lee and Grant met. They had, however, a previous meeting, of the particulars of which you may learn by writing to Col. Walter Taylor, Norfolk, Va., who was General Lee's aid. J. B. GORDON."

I wrote to Colonel Taylor in August, and he replied:

"NORFOLK, VA., September 2, 1897.

"Dear Sir: Early on the morning of the day of the surrender of Appomattox General Lee rode toward the enemy's

lines to meet General Grant. After going some distance beyond our pickets, we were met by a young Federal officer who had been sent to meet General Lee and to say that General Grant would meet him on the other front. He retraced his steps, entered our lines, and took a seat near the road under an apple tree. Here he awaited a message from General Grant, which finally came, and then General Lee proceeded to the place where General Grant was waiting for him. That was about the 'figure that the apple tree cut in the surrender.'

"I am always glad to hear from our old soldiers, and especially to know that they calmly await the summons to pass to 'the other side' with confidence in the promises of the good Lord to the faithful of a life of happiness beyond the grave.

"Fraternally yours,

W. H. TAYLOR."

I had a two by two inch piece of the chip dressed and wrote an inscription on it in accordance therewith and sent it to my grandson, Horace Tevis, of Morgan City, La.

"THE REBEL AND YANKEE YELLS."

BY J. HARVEY DEW, M.D. (CO. H, 9TH VA. CAV.), NEW YORK CITY.

As every active soldier of 1861-65 did not participate in all of the battles nor in every campaign, consequently those battles that were fought on distant fields and their histories are not equally interesting. But every soldier present in the many battles of importance that were fought during that desperate conflict had occasion to participate in charges, to utter the Confederate "Yell," or to listen to the Yankee "Cheer." The subject is of especial and personal interest to every active soldier on both sides wherever he may have been located.

There was a marked difference between the "yells" of the two opposing armies, but what that difference was is rarely understood.

Some years ago I contributed an article to the Century Magazine on this subject, and what I shall have to say now differs but little except in phraseology from what I wrote for the Century.

Among the incidents of active service there were probably no events more thrilling and more exciting to the soldier than those of a charge, for in its dash there was displayed not only the boldness and fury of the occasion but of necessity much of the savagery of war.

It was in the charge that the "war whoop" was heard, the savage "yell" with which men wild in battle endeavored to send terror to the minds of their enemy. To secure this end, when no secrecy was required, a bold, defiant "yell" was of the greatest value both for its effect upon the command in action and in its depressing influence upon the enemy.

Southerners have always been possessed of unbounded enthusiasm and ardor. They are considered "hot-headed" and "hot-blooded." Among the rank and file as well as among the officers of the Confederate armies were men of intelligence, birth, position, and distinction in the communities in which they lived, and who were proud in peace as well as courageous and fearless in war. These peculiarities of birth, character, and temperament, together with the fact that they were chiefly an agricultural people, inhabiting a broad expanse of thinly settled country and not confined generally to the narrow limits of city and town life, had much to do with the development of their soldierly qualities as well as of their capacity for "yelling."

Life in our Southern country, where men often worked at some distance apart and in houses apart, but in hearing distance, had much to do with developing and strengthening their

voices for high and prolonged notes. A wide range to their vocal efforts was frequently required.

The voices of women as well as of men were often utilized for "long-distance calls." It may be amusing to note the difference in intonation which was usually exhibited by the sexes. When a man had occasion to summon any one from a distance, the prolonged tone was placed on the first note, the attention note, the emphasis on the second; thus, "O—h, John!" If a female called, the prolonged tone and the emphasis were both placed on the last note; thus, "You, "John—n—y—."

Hollowing or yelling to dogs or at cattle on the plantation, with the accompanying reverberations from hilltops and across plains, were familiar sounds throughout the farming districts of the South in the days gone by. Hunting, which was indulged in by many citizens of the South, was also largely conducive to this characteristic development.

Indeed the "Rebel Yell" was nothing more nor less than the well-known fox hunter's yell, prolonged on the high note and more continuously repeated. The huntsman in calling his dogs together would blow his old-fashioned cow horn "toot-toot-toot" and yell, "Who-ey;" then call, "Here, dogs, here," and again yell, "Who-ey." The yell was in frequent use during the hunt, with other words added, serving to encourage and stimulate the dogs.

This yell was also in common use throughout the South in calling others at a distance, as at a ferry in calling the ferryman if on the opposite side of a stream, or to learn the whereabouts of some one at work out in the woods, etc.

The "Rebel Yell" was usually preceded in reaching the very high note with the syllable "wah." Thus: "Wah, who—ey, who—ey, who—ey." The first syllable was uttered with a low, short note, followed by the "who" uttered with a very high, prolonged tone, deflecting on the "ey." The high note was often held on a very long expiration, giving to it a protracted tone; thus, "Who—ey," and so was the "yell" kept up.

The Federal or "Yankee Yell," compared with that of the Confederates, lacked in vigor, vocal breadth, pitch, and resonance. This was directly attributable to the fact that the soldiery of the North was drawn and recruited chiefly from large cities and towns, from factory districts, and from more densely populated sections. Their surroundings, their circumstances of life and employment molded the temperament of the people and restrained their vocal development. Rarely had they occasion for yelling, and high or prolonged notes were objectionable to neighbors. There are thousands and thousands of men in the cities and in other densely populated sections of the North who never elevated their voices to anything like their full capacity.

So when companies and regiments were formed in the beginning of the war and the men wished to cheer their captain or some higher officer, they had no alternative but to adopt the old method of proposing three cheers for Captain Johnson or Colonel Grant, "Hip, hip, hip," "Hurrah, hurrah," etc. Then later when in battle they attempted to yell, "Hurrah, hurrah!" but in the excitement of a charge the modification of tone and the haste of utterance produced, "Hoo, ray, hoo ray!" the first syllable pronounced with a short and quick note, the last with a higher and prolonged tone. Their "Cheer," as they called it, always sounded to me like a number of men or boys trying to stop a moving vehicle, hollowing, "Hey, hey, hey," or "Rey, rey, rey," having about the same tone and sound. I rarely ever heard the first syllable. Possibly the same may be said of the "Rebel Yell."

From what I have stated it is easy to see that the "Rebel Yell" was the only true and unquestioned yell; and when hundreds or thousands of men, stimulated by the excitement and vigor of a charge, gave this yell in battle, it was demoralizing and demoralizing in the extreme.

FAITHFUL FAMILY SERVANT.

MRS. ALAN PEPPER SPEED, MEMPHIS, TENN.

Of the many who read the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, no one is more interested perhaps than an "old mammy," named Easter Partee Brownlee, who looks forward to its monthly visits with the keenest anticipation. She is a servant in the family of Mr. Samuel A. Pepper, of Memphis, Tenn., and has been a faithful friend to his children for twenty-three years. The above picture was taken with the eldest of the children. The little girl is now grown and married, and "Mammy" lives with her, nursing the second generation. She came to Memphis from Aberdeen, Miss., having lived as a child in the family of Judge Locke Houston. She knitted socks for the Confederate soldiers and helped to make the homespun dresses worn by the Southern ladies during the Civil War. She was never a slave, her mother having been freed by Mr. Jimmie Jones, who moved to Mississippi from South Carolina; and her mother's children were also freed. When this Jones family moved to Columbus, Miss., Easter was left under the guardianship of Judge Houston. She lived in the Houston families of Mississippi until going to Memphis, her last home there being with the late Capt. Robert E. Houston, a well-



EASTER PARTEE BROWNLEE, A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

known lawyer of Aberdeen. Soon after her arrival in Memphis, Easter entered the family she has remained with ever since, and her devotion and loyalty to its members has frequently been commented upon with well-deserved praise. She is educated and reads everything in the *VETERAN*, learning from its pages of many white friends who will no doubt remember her. She sheds many a silent tear as she learns of the death of old time friends. I suppose that she is one of the very few negroes who read this magazine, and as such I thought her little history might prove of interest to those good Southerners who all love and honor our dear and faithful old mammies of the antebellum times. It is sad to realize that their tribe cannot increase the relation that is beneficial to both races. May all such find their reward when the day of judgment comes!

CONFEDERATE ROOM IN JACKSON COLLEGE.

BY REV. S. A. STEEL, PRESIDENT, JACKSON, TENN.

One of the most important duties of the Southern people to their posterity is to see that the truth is told concerning the great struggle for constitutional freedom and the rights of the States from 1861 to 1865. When the terrible war closed, the South accepted the result in good faith, and has been loyal to the Union. She proved this in the war with Spain when her sons leaped by a common patriotic impulse to follow the flag. But the South was either right or wrong when she poured out her best blood like water to defend her soil from armed invasion. I am one who believes the South was right. Her defenders were neither "rebels" nor "traitors," but patriots of the highest type; and the story of her heroic conflict with overwhelming odds in defense of her freedom is the everlasting inspiration of freemen everywhere.

Having accepted the presidency of the college for women in Jackson, Tenn., one of the oldest institutions of its kind in the South, I desire to encourage the young women who are educated here to know the true history of the South. I have therefore set apart a large area in the college to be known as Confederate Room. In this room we intend to have a complete collection of Southern histories and literature about the war, portraits of Southern leaders and soldiers, and especially of Southern women, who bore such a memorable and noble part in the struggle, souvenirs and mementoes of all kinds forming a cabinet of Confederate relics.

I invite our friends everywhere, and especially the Sons of Confederate Veterans and the Daughters of the Confederacy, to help in this undertaking. I invite the veterans to send us relics that will help to inspire the minds of our girls with admiration and love for their fathers and for the land consecrated by their blood and made glorious by their valor, and, above all, that will help them to emulate the marvelous devotion of our Southern women to the cause of freedom, when with bleeding but unwavering hearts they laid their richest gifts on the altar of the land they loved. Many of these noble women were educated in this college, and we are proud of the superb spirit they displayed in the fiery trial through which we passed. There could be no holier work than perpetuating the memory of this patriotism.

In all this we design nothing inconsistent with the highest type of loyalty to the Union now and to the flag which is the proud emblem of its glory. No sentiments will be encouraged in this school which would be disagreeable to the daughter of a Union soldier. The girl from Illinois and the girl from Mississippi may feel equally at home in the fraternal atmos-

phere of the college. But truth is our object, and "whatever record leaps to light" the South need feel no fear. Her principles were sacred, her motives right, and the conduct of her sons and daughters was glorious to the end.

WHO BURNED COLUMBIA?

(From the Philadelphia Inquirer—suited to Elson's History.)

Just now the Governor of South Carolina is very much excited. He insists that General Sherman burned Columbia at the close of the Civil War. He is so certain of it that he has had all school histories used in the State revised to make this statement impressive.

Altering textbooks doesn't alter history. It does not seem to be a matter of vast importance as to who burned Columbia, but the facts are clear. As Sherman's army approached the capital of South Carolina Gen. Wade Hampton set fire to immense stores of cotton to prevent them from falling into Federal hands. When the vanguard of the Union forces entered the town, the citizens were trying to stop the flames, which were already spreading to near-by houses due to a sudden wind which had arisen. The only important question in issue is whether the Federal soldiers might under any circumstances have been able to stop the flames. As a fact the citizens plied the incoming troops with liquor, supposing that this would appease them. This greatly hindered the stoppage of the fire, and soon it became impossible to do so. Most of the city was burned to the ground, and for this first Hampton and then the citizens are responsible. * * *

All this is ancient history. It is useless to revive lies to make history. As a fact the Governor of South Carolina is in desperate political straits and is trying to rouse the ghost of the Confederacy to bolster his own failing fortunes. It is a poor trick.

[Such comments may be expected as long as such books are tolerated in the South. Every Southern man and woman should catch the spirit of "the Governor of South Carolina" and be diligent in the suppression of falsehood in the South.]

ARLINGTON.

(An Acrostic.)

BY MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, PRESIDENT MISSISSIPPI DIVISION, U. D. C.

A—fter the lapse of fifty years, to Arlington, the home of Lee,
R—etrace your steps, and in that City of the Dead on bended
knee
L—et memory by its mystic power recall the day when from
that hall
I—n '61 our hero, Robert Lee, responded to his country's call.
N—o place on earth to Southern hearts could ever dearer be.
G—randly on this spot shall rise the monument of the U. D. C.
T—o soldiers brave, "the men in gray," whose record nothing
mars.
O may this tribute of our love reach even to the stars!
N—o shaft too high, no love too great for those who followed
the "Stars and Bars."

The United Daughters of the Confederacy ere long will place their monument to the Confederate soldier in Arlington National Cemetery.

The above lines were written in view of that occasion, which will mark the fruition of the long-cherished desire of this great organization, which stands for the perpetuation of the name and fame of the Confederate soldier.

SECRET SERVICE OF THE C. S. A. WANTED.

Inquiry is made through the *VETERAN* in regard to the secret service of the Confederacy and of any survivors connected with that important branch of the government service. Such records would be appreciated. Some eminent American historians are now at work on a "Semicentennial Memorial Library" of ten volumes, in which it is desired to do full justice to the Southern cause; but certain subjects will have to be passed over unless such information as this is secured. Mr. Francis Trevelyn Miller, editor in chief of this work, will appreciate hearing from any one who was in the secret service of the Confederacy or who can give any information of its workings. His address is Hartford, Conn. The *VETERAN* would like data on this line. It is late enough now to tell these secrets. There is little data in the "War Records," so it is desirable that representatives of spies send in records.

F. Hall writes from Plymouth, Mich.: "I am so well pleased with the sample copy of the *VETERAN* received that I send a dollar to have it sent to me regularly. I as a Northerner am a strong advocate of a cordial, fraternal feeling between the North and the South and a white man's government. May God deliver us from the horror that the South had to undergo after the termination of the War between the States at the hands of the hot-headed Republicans of the North, who were in the majority in that party at that time! They acted more like cannibals and savages than human beings when they inflicted the despicable negro rule on the Southern people. God knows I am ashamed of it. An Irishman in speaking of negroes said: 'Naygurs are all right in their way, but, begorra, they are in everybody else's way.'"

SCOUTING IN ARKANSAS.

BY J. A. BRICKHOUSE, BEAUMONT, TEX.

My regiment, the 21st Texas Cavalry, under the immediate command of Lieut. Col. D. C. Giddings, arrived in the vicinity of Clarendon, Ark., on White River, during the latter part of June, 1862, and was kept busy scouting from there to Helena, Old Town, and other points in that section.

The Federal army was encamped at Helena, from which place large foraging parties were sent in different directions. About the middle of July, 1862, while on a scout with Colonel Giddings near Clarendon, on White River, I fell sick and was left at the home of John Wall, about six miles from Clarendon, on the road to St. Francisville and Indian Bay. He was a very wealthy man and a true Southerner; so I was given every attention, and was attended by Dr. Washington, Sr., whose son, William Washington, Jr., now an eminent physician, was one of our scouts and guides. He and Dempsey Wilder, another scout, remained in the vicinity in order to keep me posted as to the movements of the Yankees.

One evening (I think the 24th of July) they sent in a report that a Federal scouting party was approaching the house. I was just able to be up and had gone out on the porch, when apprised of their approach. Miss Wall, sister of my host, a beautiful and accomplished woman, hurried me into her private room and shut and fastened the doors and windows. I took a position near the front entrance, with my six-shooter in one hand and my sword in the other, awaiting results.

I learned by preconcerted signals with Miss Wall that there were twelve men and an officer, a young lieutenant. While the men were ransacking the house and premises I could hear the young lady pleading with the officer in command to keep the men out of her room. This he agreed to do and gave the

order. This relieved me immensely, as I had determined to sell my life rather than surrender.

Next morning my two trusty scouts informed me that a large force of the enemy, several thousand strong, composed of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, were at Clarendon, and that a large foraging party would be in that neighborhood by noon. Although hardly able to ride, I mounted a splendid race mare which Mr. Wall presented to me, having had her hidden in the swamp. Bidding that noble family good-by, we rode about two miles and stopped in the middle of a lane at a bend, so we could observe the approach of the Yankees from either direction. We waited until noon in the hot sun, and we were almost famished for water. So we rode down the lane to a negro quarter, and while drinking at the well saw a cloud of dust down the lane and knew that a force of Federal cavalry were approaching. We warned the negroes that death would be their portion if they betrayed us.

We rode out about one hundred yards into a thick wood, tied our horses to the fence, got over the fence into a cornfield, and moved up to the mouth of the lane and awaited the approach of the advance guard, which was marching in open order in column of twos about one hundred yards in advance of a train of wagons with a heavy rear guard marching in column of fours. When I saw their number and the order in which they were marching, I was opposed to attacking them; but the scouts insisted that I was the only officer present and should lead them. So my pride prevailed over my better judgment; and waiting until the advance guard came opposite to us, I gave the command to fire, and so rapid and deadly was our fire that every saddle was emptied in less time than it takes to tell it.

From the commotion, rattle of wagons, clang of sabers, and loud commands of the officers I feared that we would be cut off from our horses; so I ordered a retreat to our horses. Then, throwing off a few of the top rails, we leaped our horses over the fence and commenced a zigzag run down the corn rows and made for a swamp in the rear.

The Federals, instead of endeavoring to cut us off from our horses, as I supposed they would, wheeled about, wagons and all, and went at full speed toward Clarendon, leaving their dead and wounded where they fell. Later they returned with a regiment of cavalry and a battery of artillery. This I learned afterwards from citizens.

CONFEDERATE CHRISTMAS SEALS.

[U. D. C. Confederate Seals Committee: Mrs. R. T. Bayless, Chairman; Mrs. M. W. Camper, Vice Chairman; Mrs. R. T. Bayless, Secretary; Miss Olive Rogers, Treasurer; Mrs. A. M. O'Neal, Mrs. H. B. Moe, Florence, Ala.]

The United Daughters of the Confederacy by their united efforts hope this year to make a phenomenal sale of their beautiful and artistic Confederate seals, thereby adding a large sum to the Arlington monument fund. We urge each member of every Confederate organization to purchase these seals and to use them on their Thanksgiving and holiday mail.

All persons wishing to buy them are requested to send their orders to the Florence Chapter, U. D. C., Florence, Ala., and they will be supplied. For convenience of purchasers they are put up in envelopes of two sizes, one containing one hundred seals (price, 50 cents) and the other containing fifty seals (price, 25 cents); that is one-half cent each seal. Any Chapter of Daughters or Camp of Veterans or Sons of Veterans that may wish to buy them in large quantities to sell for the Arlington monument will be supplied at wholesale.

MORE OF SCOUTING IN MISSOURI AND ARKANSAS.

BY GEN. R. B. COLEMAN, NORTH M'ALESTER, OKLA.

In the July VETERAN Capt. S. H. Ford, 2d Missouri Cavalry, Shelby's Brigade, Marmaduke's Division, in a paper on "Recruiting in North Missouri," attempts to correct an account of a skirmish that took place in the fall of 1864 in Southwest Missouri. I was a participant in this little affair, or a very similar one about this time and place, with similar circumstances surrounding it. The one I was in took place about October 21, 1864, near Galena, in Stone County, Mo., and near the public road leading from Springfield to Fort Smith, Ark.

I then belonged to Company F, 1st Missouri Cavalry, Shelby's Brigade. Frank Gordon was colonel, J. C. Rathburn commanded Company F, W. H. Ferrell (now living at Chickasha, Okla.) was first lieutenant, J. W. Greenlee was second lieutenant, and Jack Corder, of Concordia, Mo., was orderly sergeant. After the capture of Sedalia, Mo., on the Price raid, where we captured most of the 8th Missouri Federal Cavalry, Colonel Phillips commanding, instead of returning to the main army, we marched up the Missouri River toward West Port (now Kansas City). Many of us who lived in Johnson and Henry Counties went home for the purpose of securing horses and clothing, and rendezvoused on Honey Creek, in Henry County, near Calhoun. Among the number as I recollect now were Lieut. J. W. Greenlee, Sergt. Billie Craig, J. F. Hall, Dr. D. B. Warren, Dr. Roger Snelling, Billie Blakey, Tom Glad-den, Little Dock Snelling, Tom DeCalmb, and myself, all of Company F, Gordon's Regiment; Lieutenant Quarrels, Sergt. Billie Greenlee, and Robert Craig, of Price's Escort; Dan Franklin, of Ben Elliott's battalion; Capt. Golden Wasson, of Company K, Gordon's Regiment; Jessee Gatliff, of Company K; J. W. Hudson, of Company B, Freeman's Regiment; and some others with Capt. Paul Thornton's company of Wood's Battalion. We loitered around for two or three weeks, making some captures of horses, men, and accouterments.

Finally we started south by way of Calhoun and Clinton, in Henry County, where Col. Bill Weaver, of the Federal Missouri Militia, was stationed. We drove in his pickets from the mill north of town and held them in the courthouse until we secured a supply of flour and meal from the mill. Late in the afternoon we took our line of march south toward Grand River, Thornton taking his company back to the main army, leaving with us, as I remember, thirty-one men of many commands, with one wagon hauling provisions. I think the second night out we abandoned our wagon train and depended on the country for supplies, carrying same on our horses. We were traveling parallel with Price's army and about forty miles east of the Kansas line; and after passing Nevada, in St. Clair County, we learned that there was a body of North Missouri recruits marching ahead of us, and we mended our gait and pushed on to overtake them. The next day about sunset Captain Smith, of Col. D. Williams's regiment, was conducted into our camp hunting for the recruits, saying he had been sent by General Price to conduct them south.

Captain Smith had, as I remember, twenty-eight men, and took the advance, with Captain Wasson commanding our squad of thirty-one men. We traveled for several days and parts of two nights on the trail of the recruits, whom we understood to be about five hundred strong and almost totally unarmed. We finally overtook them on a creek said to be Horse Creek. The Federals appeared that evening in sight, but made no demonstration. We marched all night, with Captain Smith in front, then the recruits, then our little rear guard.

Halting next morning and getting corn and killing a cow for breakfast, we were then west and a little south of Springfield. After we moved out in the morning (I think the 21st of October) about four miles, some of the enemy appeared on our left at about one thousand yards in a skirt of timber on a small hill. Captain Wasson ordered Lieutenant Greenlee to take fifteen men and drive them off, which he did. At this time Jessee Gatliff and myself were scouting on our right flank. Shortly after this he and I came into the column. Gatliff took his place by Captain Wasson and I in the rear with Sergt. Billie Craig. We were marching briskly, and in a few miles came by a mill. Some one said it was Kit Bullard's mill. The column was moving nearly south. In a short time the column filed obliquely to the left, taking to the woods, Craig and myself being the last men. When we filed out of the road, the enemy fired a volley into us, a pistol ball entering Craig's neck just above the collar and imbedding itself just enough to stick, and Tom DeCalmb pulled it out with his thumb and finger. We were in line in a minute and could see no one by whom the shots could have been fired. We at once about faced and galloped after the column, which was now moving at a stiff trot. Shortly after overtaking it we heard firing in the front. We closed up at once and discovered a small squad on their horses about two hundred yards to our right, seemingly watching our movements. Lieutenant Greenlee and Capt. Joe Crawford went at them with six or eight men and dispersed them. I think we had just passed the front of a large body of infantry on their return from following Price *en route* to Springfield. In a few minutes a cavalry force, about two hundred strong, appeared in our rear, coming on us in a gallop. We at once reversed column and formed line of battle across the brow of a small rise. At this the enemy halted and commenced to form line of battle rather obliquely to our position and extending around our left flank. Neither party fired a shot from this position.

By this time the recruits were in full stampede, throwing away blankets, clothing, cooking utensils, and provisions. When the enemy got ready to give us battle, we withdrew in a gallop, falling back about six hundred yards and forming line again along a small ravine, the enemy coming up at a steady trot, as feeling our position. When in about one hundred yards of us, we gave them a volley, which checked their advance. They again formed, extending their lines around both our flanks, and just before they were ready for action we gave them another volley and galloped to the rear.

As we followed the trail of the recruits we passed many loose horses with saddles on. Shortly before we came to an old field we overtook twelve or thirteen recruits on foot running for dear life. We passed them and crossed the field and formed on the border to await their coming. This field was about four hundred yards wide, and the enemy came on at a gallop and overtook the recruits about a third of the distance across the field and shot all of them. Flushed with blood, they pressed our little squad of thirty-one brave spirits. We checked their advance again, but they had become convinced of our weakness, and commenced to press us and extend their line to our right and left in order to surround us. Then the fight became general and fierce as we formed and fell back in the woods. When we were quite surrounded, Captain Wasson ordered us to retreat at will, which we did promptly, all getting away the best we could, I by myself.

Now as to Captain Ford and the dead negro. This was my negro, a light mulatto about seventeen years old. Before leaving

Honey Creek Jessee Gatliff, Dan Franklin, and I made a little scout north of Knob Noster, in Johnson County, and captured a yellow negro. Dan wanted to kill him, but I took him along to care for my horses. I went to my father's house that night and took a fine pacing bay mare that some of Bill Anderson's men had given to my sister Mary, and the negro rode the mare the day of the skirmish. The negro had on my gum blanket and was with us when we last formed, but since that I have not seen my negro or the bay mare. In 1880 I met here James S. Davis, who lives in this county, who was with the Federals there, and he says he killed the negro to get him out of his way from scaring his horse with the blanket, and further says that he got the mare and sold her that winter in Fort Leavenworth for five hundred dollars.



SKETCH OF R. B. COLEMAN.

Col. R. B. Coleman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff to Gen. D. M. Hailey, was born August 14, 1846, in Springfield, Mo. His father, P. S. Coleman, was a colonel in the Kentucky State troops in the Mexican War. He removed to Cooper County, Mo., where R. B. Coleman was reared. In 1860 his father moved to Johnson County, Mo., where the son enlisted in Company F, 1st Missouri Cavalry, serving under Joseph T. Shelby until January 1, 1865. Then he joined Company D, 8th Infantry Regiment, Mitchell's Brigade, serving to the end of the war. He was paroled June 7, 1865, at Alexander, La., by Maj. Gen. E. R. S. Conby, U. S. A.

The war over, young Coleman returned to Missouri and later went South to Texas and Indian Territory. He served three terms as Mayor of Denton, Tex., and was admitted to

the bar there. He then settled in McAlester, old Indian Territory, and was admitted to the Indian bar and practiced law in all of the courts in the Indian Territory. Upon the admission of Oklahoma as a State he was admitted to the State bar, and is a regular practitioner.

Comrade Coleman served as Major General of the Indian Territory U. C. V.'s for nine years and has served as Adjutant of Jeff-Lee Camp, No. 68, since its organization, in 1891. He is an ardent Confederate and a poet, writing some excellent verses, and he is Secretary-Treasurer of the Confederate Municipal Association of the Indian Territory, chartered under the laws of Arkansas.

A FEDERAL PRISON GUARD.

BY W. C. REIFF, CARLSBAD, N. M.

During the months of March and April, 1862, as a member of the 91st Pennsylvania Volunteers, I was a sentry at the Old Capitol Prison, Washington, D. C. Mrs. Rose O. N. Greenhow was then held there as a prisoner. She occupied quarters on the third floor, and her little daughter was permitted to be with her. A little boy, Harry, perhaps five or six years old, was there part of the time, and they had much freedom about the prison.

On account of my youth, being then a bit over sixteen years, I was not allowed to be a guard over her door, although I had a yearning desire to see the lady spy.

One morning while I was guarding the door of a room on the second floor occupied by a Confederate officer named Lee and Lieutenant Colonel Kerrigan, of the 69th New York, the latter being under arrest for alleged misconduct at first Bull Run, a regiment with its band playing martial airs approached the prison. Little Harry ran down the stairway in front of me so he could see the troops and hear the music. The little girl called to him: "Harry, I wouldn't go out to see those nasty Yankee soldiers." But Harry's love for bright colors and music was so strong that he went on down and out.

Recently a daughter of mine ordered samples of the "Photographic History of the Civil War," gotten out by the Review of Reviews. She knew nothing of this Mrs. Greenhow. I opened the package, and the second picture was of a lady with a little girl resting her head against the lady's shoulder. I instantly recognized the little girl as the one just mentioned, recalled Mrs. Greenhow, and a glance at the reading below the picture confirmed my impression.

I would like for the VETERAN to ascertain for me whether or not the daughter and Harry are still living, and where. I heard that Mrs. Greenhow was drowned during the war while trying to go out to or in from the blockade runner.

TRIBUTE TO ADMIRAL RAPHAEL SEMMES.

W. H. Woodson, Esq., of Liberty, Mo., has a remarkable memory and was able to repeat at the recent Missouri State Reunion in Lexington an encomium by Gen. J. B. Stone, of Kansas City, under the following circumstances: "On the last day of the Confederate Reunion at Mobile in 1910 a party of ladies and gentlemen, among whom was Gen. John B. Stone, of Kansas City, a native of Alabama, a gentleman well acquainted with Admiral Raphael Semmes before the Civil War, during the war, and after the war, went to the beautiful cemetery near Mobile where the mortal remains of the great admiral were resting, for the purpose of decorating his grave. On arriving at the grave General Stone uncovered his head, an unannounced signal for each of the gentlemen to do likewise,

when each of those present silently, reverently, with bowed heads dropped a flower on the spot where the dead chieftain lay. General Stone broke the silence of the occasion by remarking: 'Here lies a man who, in my opinion, accomplished more in this world than any other man who ever lived. He went to New Orleans, tramped the streets, picking up here and there young Americans without a job, gathered together a few dagos, took a negro or two, and put them aboard a little vessel which had been condemned for seafaring purposes. He took aboard that vessel only eight days of coal and less than eight days of provisions for his crew and sailed out into the Gulf of Mexico without the knowledge of a single friendly haven on God's earth, where he could cast anchor; and in a short time, an almost incredibly short time, this man, practically single-handed and alone, swept from the face of the seas the merchant marine of the mightiest nation of the earth, and so mighty, destructive, and complete were the results that now, after a lapse of nearly fifty years, the United States government is without a merchant marine on the face of the waters. I say, in my opinion, this man accomplished more than any other man who ever lived in this world.'

PERSONAL PRISON EXPERIENCES AND DEATH.

BY CHARLTON G. DUKE, HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

By request, I give a short account of my capture and imprisonment at Louisville, Ky. After the wounding of Gen. Adam Johnson at Grubbs' Crossroads, our command crossed the river and went to Paris, Tenn. I was sent by Colonel Sybert, with my brother, John C. Duke, and cousin, Capt. Lindsey Buckner, back into Kentucky to gather up some of our men who had been unable to cross with the command and to recruit as many more as possible. This we attempted to do, but, finding the whole country overrun with Federal soldiers, we thought it best to hasten back to our command. In endeavoring to cross the river at Hillman's Rolling Mills, we were captured and sent at once to Louisville to a prison which bore the significant, if not euphonious, name of "slaughter pen." I will not speak of the many indignities heaped upon our men while in this prison, but will pass on to a period which I can never recall without emotions of deepest sadness.

We had been there some three or four weeks. We were coolly informed one morning that Captain Lindsey Buckner, B. P. Wallace, John Duke, and I would be shot the following day by order of General Burbridge in retaliation for a mail carrier who had been killed by a band of guerrillas, supposed to be the Sue Mundy gang. We did not spend that day with any degree of pleasure, for the thought of dying such an ignominious death at the hands of our enemies was indeed depressing, but we determined to meet our fate like men.

We were greatly surprised the next morning when several nicely dressed men in blue uniforms, one of whom we recognized as Mr. Ed Baker, from our home at Princeton, Ky., came into the prison. He expressed pleasure at seeing me and my brother John, and informed us that it was his great happiness to convey to us the good news that through his influence and that of another prominent Union man of Princeton General Burbridge had been persuaded to countermand the order for our execution, and that we could have our choice of being sent to a Northern prison or take the oath of allegiance and return home. We thanked him and said we would go to prison. We asked if they could not influence General Burbridge to release our companions also. He replied that he could do nothing for Captain Buckner but that Captain Wal-

lace would probably be released, which was afterwards done. Captain Lirly, Lieutenant Blincoe, and an old man named Halley were selected in our stead. We little supposed that the men who had interfered in our behalf were actuated by any but kindly motives in securing our release from death, but soon found that these expressions of friendship had cost our mother \$2,000 in cash, which she promptly forwarded to Louisville. Our friend Wallace was also ransomed by his friends, and had Captain Buckner's brother received in time the letter written him, his terrible fate would have been averted. But the letter was misplaced in some way.

In the afternoon of the next day the four men mentioned were placed in irons and taken out on the Jeffersontown road and shot to death. They requested that their eyes be not bound, and all refused to kneel when told to do so. Captain Buckner was one of the finest looking men I ever saw. He possessed an unusual degree of personal magnetism, was as brave as a man could be, but as gentle and affectionate as a woman. Just before the time appointed for the execution he was asked by one of his comrades to pray. I have never heard before or since such a prayer. He talked to the Lord in that calm, beautiful way that made one feel as if in the presence of Jehovah, and as they passed out of the prison the last words I heard him utter were: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil."

Shortly after this sad event I was sent to Johnson's Island and my brother John to Camp Douglas, where we remained until the close of the war.

NOBLE WORK OF G. A. R. MEN.

The Minneapolis Journal of August 29, 1911, reports the attendance at the G. A. R. annual convention of eighty-six from Minnesota. The article shows throughout a fraternal and truly patriotic spirit:

"Conservative counsel prevailed at the encampment through Judge Ell Torrance, past Commander in Chief, who discussed the results of the gathering. The defeat of the radical resolutions aimed at the removal of the Robert E. Lee statue from the Hall of Fame at the national Capitol will pave the way to more cordial relations with the Confederate veterans, and will assure the success of the Gettysburg semicentennial. Judge Torrance is chairman of the G. A. R. committee of fifteen which is planning for the Gettysburg celebration in 1913. He says that the next Minnesota Legislature will be asked to follow the lead of other States and make an appropriation to pay the expenses of all veterans of that conflict, no matter on which side they fought, and send them free to Gettysburg. It will be a great reunion of the blue and the gray. The South will take part in it heartily. South Carolina was one of the first States to respond to the proposition.

"The radical resolutions proposed by William H. Ketcham, of Indiana, and others were rejected by a vote of about three to one, and the issue of the Lee statue was laid to rest for all time. The encampment even voted down a resolution calling for a law requiring approval of Congress and the President hereafter before any statue is placed in Statuary Hall. In the debate five past Commanders in Chief spoke against the radical resolutions. They were Gen. John C. Black, former Gov. S. R. Van Sant, Corporal James Tanner, S. S. Burdette, and Judge Torrance. The result is a very happy one. It allows the people of the South to entertain their own sentiments as to the late conflict and to honor their own leaders, and they would be ungrateful and not worthy of respect if they failed to do so."

"HALF MY HEART IN DIXIE."

BY OLIVER HOWARD, GREELEY, COLO.

[A personal letter introductory to the story, "Half My Heart in Dixie," states: "I can imagine your surprise that I, once a member of the 6th Massachusetts Infantry, doing guard duty at Fort Delaware, should send a story of the war to a Southern soldier. * * * I saw two Confederate officers, prisoners at the time, tenderly nursing a private soldier of my regiment as he was dying in the great hospital. The sick man and his nurses were all Free Masons. What I saw gave me the hint to write this story.—*Oliver Howard.*"]

"Good evening and good-by, Amelia. I am just running around to tell you all I am off to the war."

"Why, Philip Shayne! Given up your school?"

"Yes, Amelia. Haven't you heard the news? The Rebs have possession of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and Washington is threatened. Governor Andrew has called for five regiments of volunteers to march immediately for the defense of the capital. I must be off to-night, so good-by."

"But, Philip! Wait a moment. Don't run away. How does your mother feel about your going—and your sister?"

"They feel just like other women in war time. I hear say it is harder for the women who stay at home than for the men in the field; but I go because it is my duty to go."

"Philip Shayne, do you know that I cannot look upon this war as you do or as Northern women do? Of course I am interested in you boys, but I cannot forget the boys of the South that I used to play with. I suppose the most of them are now wearing the gray. O to think of you Northern boys meeting my Southern friends in battle! The cruelty, the horror of it!"

She was silent for a time, till she had mastered her emotions, and then she said in a low tone: "You know I was born in the South. My early life was passed there till mother died and I was sent North to live with uncle and Aunt Hartley. My uncle, Simeon Saunders, my mother's youngest brother, may be a Confederate soldier this minute. We have not heard from him for more than two years. He taught me to row his boat and ride his pony, and he helped me make my beautiful hyacinth bed, for I had a famous flower garden. He was such a noble, handsome, generous boy that I loved him next best to my mother. Do you wonder, Philip, that half my heart is in Dixie?"

"No, indeed, Amelia. How could you be true to yourself and feel differently? But good-by. Write to me sometimes," and the splendid young soldier in his suit of blue strode hurriedly away.

As the young woman looked after him she breathed softly: "What a horrid, senseless thing is war!"

Philip's regiment was hurried to the beautiful hills of Northern Virginia; but after a little picket duty and the slashing of trees in front of a few forts, the regiment was sent to guard Confederate prisoners at Fort Delaware, forty miles below Philadelphia. The great granite fort, surrounded by a wide, deep moat and supplied with heavy rifled cannon pointed seaward, had been built on this pea patch island to protect Philadelphia many years before under the direction of Engineer George B. McClellan. Housed in separate barracks were thousands of Confederate prisoners of war. Officers, and men, of course, were kept carefully apart. Here Philip and his comrades stood guard, sometimes in the shadow of the fortress, sometimes at the 200-barrel water tanks in the midst of a swarming humanity, and sometimes at the high lookout, in

charge of the searchlight whose broad shaft of light could be cast here and there far out into the bay.

Forbidden to converse with the prisoners, Philip naturally fell to studying individual faces, especially among the officers. Many were busy at some kinds of games; some were fashioning rings and charms from buttons or raw bones; one was solving problems in quadratics, probably a teacher; some were reading; but many, alas! bore marks of a homesickness that was sapping their lives. There was a day when one of the barracks was suddenly emptied of its prisoners and searched, the floors even being torn up and the discovery made that somehow old canteens had been soldered so as to be rendered air tight and fastened upon boards so as to form sections of buoyant rafts that, quickly fitted together, would enable the ingenious, homesick captives to start on their journey to home and kindred.

Early one morning, before the officers were generally astir, Guardsman Shayne's attention was directed toward a superbly formed man who was alone, hovering about a fire that he had built in the yard. He seemed to be making coffee and with a spider cooking flapjacks. His hands were protected by a pair of leather gauntlets. It was amusing to see him toss the cakes as they needed turning and catch them in the spider after they had turned. Presently the officer started for the barracks with cakes and coffee, probably for an ailing comrade, and as he passed near Guardsman Shayne he looked the latter full in the face. The young man was startled. It was the face of some one he had seen somewhere, but when or where? He was so impressed by that one familiar glance that he could not banish it from his mind. Over and over again he said to himself: "Where have I seen that man?"

Suddenly young Shayne fell in swift disgrace, was convicted, and punished as a thief. It was a bitter experience for a youth of high moral principles. At the rear of the commandant's house there was a series of trellises extending along the levee, and these were loaded with bushels and bushels of the finest Catawba grapes, now in their prime. Under this grape arbor walked sentinels night and day, sniffing at every step the aroma of the ripened fruit all with easy reach. But these sentinels, although for the most part deprived of fruit and even vegetables, perhaps fearful of lurking spies, touched not and tasted not except in rare instances. One exceptional guardsman was John Camden, Shayne's bunkmate, fellow-townsmen, and reputed lover of Amelia Hampden. With a soldier's recklessness Camden and others feasted upon the forbidden fruit. Meeting Philip at the end of his beat, he passed him a generous cluster of grapes. "Thank you," said Philip. "Your box of goodies has arrived from home, I take it."

"Nary a box. These are some of the old general's grapes. It is my opinion the old man means for a guard to treat himself now and then."

Philip had not as yet tasted a single grape. "Take them back, John! Take them back! I will not eat one of them! We were to protect them from every one, ourselves included."

At first Camden refused to take the fruit back and turned away, but Philip followed him and thrust the grapes into his hand. At that moment the general's daughter, sitting by her open window, heard the loud voices and, looking, saw Philip passing the fruit to a comrade.

When it was discovered that the arbor had been plundered, the daughter recollected what she had seen, and telling her father, the matter was looked after in true military style.

The following day Camden was detailed to assist in an exchange of prisoners, and at the same time given a short furlough to enable him to attend to some of his captain's private business in Boston, and thus he would be able to visit his home.

Before sundown of that day the records had been searched, and it was definitely ascertained that the sentinel seen to pass grapes to a fellow-soldier was Philip Shayne, Post 59. The unfortunate soldier found himself in the guardhouse, deprived of his arms and in disgrace. In due time a court-martial was convened. The young lady who appeared as the principal witness in the case faltered when asked if she had seen Shayne pluck the grapes. She winced as the accused stood looking her calmly in the face, but her father insisted upon her telling what she had seen. Then, after much wagging of heads, the prisoner was asked what he would like to say why sentence should not be passed upon him. He stated that he had picked no grapes; that what he was seen to give to another were some that had been handed him and he had returned them, unwilling to eat stolen fruit. This statement was such a palpable falsehood that several officers openly sneered. The sentence, a severe one, was then pronounced: the loss of one month's pay and a week's confinement in the guardhouse.

On the morrow, about the time of guard-mounting, the music of fife and drum was heard. Here they came, making the entire circuit of the island, fifer and drummer stepping off briskly to their own rendering of "The Rogue's March," followed by Philip Shayne dressed in a flour barrel, his head protruding from the bottom and his arms sticking from holes in the sides cut for that purpose. On his wooden tunic, front and back, were the words, "Thief." The barrel worn by his companion in disgrace bore the word, "Liar." Amid the storm of cat calls, groans, and jeers, the bawling cries of "Give us the price of grapes, Schoolmaster," and all the humorous and cutting things several thousand men could devise, Shayne tried to hold his head proudly; but there were times when the hot tears sprang from his eyes and coursed down his burning cheeks more at thought of what this might mean to the folks at home than to himself. "Step spy there, grape thief! Keep up with your music!" This from a tall soldier of his own regiment, following the two culprits with rifle and fixed bayonet. While the man labeled "Thief" held his peace, the man with the title "Liar" was constantly calling out to the jeering groups: "Don't be too hard on me, boys; I had to lie to get enough grub."

While Shayne was suffering disgrace, Camden, home on furlough, was the center of attraction at his father's house, telling all the little interesting nothings of a soldier's life in camp.

Some one asked: "How about the grub? Do you get enough to eat?"

"O, yes, sometimes. A soldier's life is a dog's life. You know the dog doesn't get something to eat every day. Mule meat, hard-tack, and coffee strong enough for the giant Goliath. Almost no vegetables. That reminds me. Ha! ha! You can bet I had a good eat from General Shoenf's Catawbas. And if you will believe it, Schoolmaster Shayne (for that is what all the boys call him) absolutely refused to taste the grapes that I cribbed and put into his hands. What do you think of that?" Camden looked suddenly to the left and met the condemning eyes of Amelia Hampden. She had heard his boastful words, and somehow he wished that she had not.

Swiftly the two-winged evil tidings regarding Philip made

their way to his home town, and a thoughtless girl destroyed the happiness and sleep of sister and mother with the story of the stolen grapes. Meantime Camden had returned to Fort Delaware.

Amelia placed Camden's story and the news of Shayne's thievery and punishment side by side and thought and guessed in troubled silence. Three days later Philip received, while yet a prisoner in a guardhouse, a puzzling two-word letter:

"Despair not! AMELIA HAMPDEN."

"What can it mean?" he asked himself. "Does she know I am accused unjustly? and if so, how does she know? If she thought me guilty, would she write me, 'Despair not?'" He was comforted, however.

Not to be outdone by her laconic letter, he made his reply shorter still. It ran thus:

"Never! PHILIP SHAYNE."

Camden was stricken with remorse when he learned how his own act had resulted in ignominy to an innocent comrade and a lifelong friend. "What can I do to make this up to you?" he asked in shame and contrition.

"Nothing whatever, only look before you leap next time." And then after a pause: "This thing hurts you worse than it does me."

Philip's officers liked him, for he was a model soldier except in this one breach of trust; and as to stealing the grapes, they were beginning to believe he was innocent of that. However, military punishments are almost altogether for an example; and even if the wrong man had been punished, few would know that, and the example was certainly good for the men. Thus reasoned the officers, if they ever had time to stop to reason at all.

While there was at Fort Delaware a necessary military rule that no Federal guardsman should under any circumstances whatever hold converse with any Confederate prisoner, there was a beautiful spirit of fraternity among those in both armies who belonged to secret orders that took precedence of military rule; and it was a touching sight to see Confederate officers leaving their prison quarters, no doubt by permission of the officers in command of the post, to wait upon a sick Yankee soldier boy of their own order dying in the hospital. Rank and enmity were forgotten for the time, and men used to commanding armies perhaps were employed smoothing the homesick soldier's path to the grave, emulating the blessed patience and sympathy of woman. It was along this line that Philip Shayne had a romantic experience that shall be told in his letter to a friend:

"FORT DELAWARE, DEL., October 20, 1864.

"Miss Amelia Hampden—My Dear Friend: I have great news for you. Three weeks ago Comrade Llewellyn, of Company F, and myself were called to the fort by one of our superior officers and were asked, since we were both secret order men, if we would be willing to nurse a certain Confederate prisoner, an officer and a brother in our order, now lying sick in the hospital.

"Out of this unusual task have come to me two very great surprises, as I think you will agree. My first surprise was at what I saw as I entered the hospital for the first time. You see, Llewellyn had once been in the hospital with a malarial fever, and was able to tell me things about this hospital that I had never known before. The hospital is a tremendous affair, covering several acres of ground, I think, and Llewellyn told me as we walked down the central aisle that of the forty

wards, all great, high, airy, plastered rooms, every one supplied with single iron bedsteads and mattresses and sheets and pillows and white or blue counterpanes, one ward only was used by sick men from our regiment; while all the other thirty-nine were occupied by more than a thousand sick Johnnies, who were nursed by their own comrades.

"Why, Amelia, it was one of the most beautiful things I ever heard of. I said to myself that all this humanity to captive enemies was just like President Lincoln. I had read, and so have you, in ancient history of prisoners of war slain in cold blood by the thousands and to the last man; and here our government was not only preserving its enemies alive but giving them all the comforts it allows to our own sick soldiers. The sight of all this thrilled me as if I had suddenly heard a great heavenly harmony, some glorious melody played by angel hands upon some mighty organ greater than the world has ever yet seen or heard. I saw then as never before the wickedness of war and the glory of Him who said: 'If thine enemy hunger, give him bread; if he thirst, give him to drink.' Do you wonder, Amelia, that I burst into tears from excess of emotion? I thought of the many lives that were being saved for many a Southern home, and then half my heart was in Dixie, as once you said of your own.

"When we came to the cot where our sick fraternity brother was lying, I saw at once that he was the officer whom I had seen weeks before tossing up cakes from his griddle in the officers' prison yard. He was not so very very sick, and we nursed him tenderly, after the manner of men, taking our turns two and two, with others. After several days, he revived, and little by little began talking about himself and his home. Two or three days later he said to me: 'When I return to my lovely Southern home, if I find that I have a home, I am going to hold you two brothers and others in remembrance. I mean to keep what I shall call my "About Ben Adhem" memorial, and in this I shall write the names of those who love their fellow-men. Your names, with others, will be there.'

"Then he asked our names, and we wrote them in his own memorandum book. Then Llewellyn said that he and I might also wish to keep a similar memorial, and in that case we would want his name. Then he said: 'My name is Simeon Saunders.' Instantly I was choking with excitement. 'Major Saunders,' I said, 'did you ever have a sister who married a Hampden and died leaving a daughter named Amelia?'

"'Yes, indeed,' said he, 'and the last I knew of her was that two years ago she was at the home of her uncle, Rev. James Hartley, near Boston.' I know now what it was that so startled me the first time he looked in my face down there in the prison yard. He had looked at me with your eyes. O Amelia! How you must envy me this wonderful, romantic experience! To think that God in his heavens had given me the pleasure of finding and nursing and perhaps prolonging the life of your dear uncle! Sometimes I have wondered if I have not been sleeping and shall wake to find it all a dream.

"Major Saunders was more excited than I was. His eyes glistened, and he looked at me and said: 'I say, Yank, say that again—that you have seen my little Amelia.'

"I have seen your little Amelia; and, what is more, the last time she spoke to me she mentioned her mother's youngest brother as the one, excepting her mother, that she loved best in the whole world. She said then that quite likely you were then wearing the gray.' He asked all manner of questions about you; how tall you were, what you are doing, if I thought

you were going to marry some Yankee lover, if your Uncle and Aunt Hartley were still living. I told him you were tall and slender and must weigh something less than three hundred pounds. At this last he burst into a laugh, then said: 'And slender too?' I suppose I told him some things I had no business telling; for instance, what I said about your marrying. I told him some things about your standing in society that I will not repeat, since you might not realize their truth. Once he asked me if your people were really poor and suffering on account of the war. I feel sure that what I have told him about you and yours has renewed his interest in life, for I guess the poor fellow was depressed with homesickness, like many another prisoner.

"I must stop now, knowing well that soon you will gladden his heart with one of your letters somewhat longer than that 'Despair not' letter you once thrilled me with. I have just stopped writing here by his cot to tell him what you said about his teaching you to row and ride and do flower gardening. There! I must stop now with a hundred things of his still to tell you about. He sends love and kisses and will write.

"Most sincerely yours, PHILIP SHAYNE."

"P. S.—He is smiling and asking if you have mastered long division yet. I take it there is some joke between you about it. I told him yes and the solving of algebraic problems of three unknown quantities, or is it twenty? There, now, I must stop.

"PHIL."

When the regiment came home, Philip was not there. His captain explained that he was in a Philadelphia hospital with a broken leg. The homeward train being short of cars, the colonel ordered part of the men to the roofs of the cars. As the train started a misplaced switch threw Philip and others to the ground. Two days later came a cheerful letter from the disabled soldier, saying he was well cared for in a military hospital, would soon be home, but begged for letters from home.

John Camden now renewed his attentions to Miss Hampden, always striving, like many another unwise lover, to make her tacitly proclaim her love for him. One Sunday evening as he was about to part company with her when he tested her with the following formula: "Well, Amelia, as we are about to adjourn, to what happy time shall we adjourn to?"

Looking him straight in the eyes, she settled matters with him forever with: "This adjournment is *sine die*."

Philip Shayne came home at last, leaning lightly on a single crutch. The greetings over, Major Simeon Saunders presented himself, having somehow made his way North, believing the war almost over. Then Amelia gently but firmly took Philip's crutch from him and, pushing her uncle forward, said: "Lean now on my Uncle Saunders; that would be only tit for tat, as he once leaned on you."

At this Phil looked into her beautiful welcoming eyes and said to himself: "I will despair not."

SPIRIT OF TRUE SOLDIERS SHOWN HEREIN.

The Cleveland (Ohio) Leader states editorially:

"In Flint, Mich., died recently James H. Cook, once a cavalry soldier under the famous Confederate leader, John Morgan. Members of the Governor Crapo Grand Army Post bore him to his last resting place, six men who had met Morgan's men in conflict lowering the body into the grave, while twenty-five others following placed on the grave a simple wreath of mountain laurel.

"Concerning this peculiar and beautiful tribute to a former

foe the Commander of the Post said: 'All bitterness has passed from our hearts, and we turned out to pay tribute to a man who fought for the things in which he believed, although they were contrary to ideas which were held by us. He was none the less a hero because he was on the side of the Confederacy, and he was entitled to the honors that befall a soldier when he dies.'

Some years ago Capt. Carter Harrison, a brother of President Benjamin Harrison, died at his home in Murfreesboro, Tenn. He had served faithfully in the Union army. The funeral was largely attended; the Confederate Camp there and other Confederates marched in the procession.

THE BATTLE OF SABINE PASS.

REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY, IN SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER.

Forty-eight years ago, on September 8, 1863, was fought the battle of Sabine Pass, down in the extreme southeastern corner of the State of Texas. A great many of the histories of the "late unpleasantness" fail to make even so much as a mention of this fight, notwithstanding the fact that it was perhaps the most remarkable of all the twenty-five hundred fights, big and little, that came off during the war.

The military authorities of the Union, perceiving the strategic importance of the possession of the Sabine Pass, leading up, as it did, into the Sabine Lake, and thence into the interior of the Lone Star State, sent against it a large expedition of land and naval forces consisting, altogether, of some ten or twelve thousand men and nineteen gunboats.

No adequate provision had been made by the Confederates to resist such a force, and the only defense of the pass consisted of a small earthwork which was garrisoned at the time by forty-two men and two lieutenants, with an armament of six guns. The officers and men were all Irishmen, the company being known as the "Davis Guards."

Beginning with the attack a little after noon, the Union force rained shot and shell upon the fort for more than two hours without a moment's let-up. The officers in the fort coolly held their fire until the attacking fleet was within good range, and then opened on it with all their pieces. About 5 o'clock the fleet ceased firing and drew off into the Gulf.

The result of the battle was the capture by the little garrison of two gunboats, the Clifton and the Sachem, with eighteen heavy guns and one hundred and fifty prisoners, inflicting upon the attacking force, in the meantime, a loss of fifty-five in killed and wounded. The garrison did not lose a man. Not one of them was even hurt.

The capture of so many men by such a small force made it necessary that the garrison should add to their valor no little strategy, and this is how they did it. A few men were placed on the parapet as sentinels, while the rest marched out as a guard to receive the prisoners and their arms. Thus was concealed the fact that the fort was empty.

All things considered, it was certainly a wonderful piece of work—that defense of the Sabine Pass. It is doubtful if its like can be found anywhere in the annals of war. Certainly there is nothing that even approximates it in the story of the Civil War. Were it not so well attested, it would be next to impossible to believe that forty-two men and a couple of officers, in a rude earthen fort, did actually, without the loss of a man, successfully resist and finally drive off a fleet of nineteen warships, capturing two of them, with eighteen great guns and a hundred and fifty prisoners, besides killing and wounding over fifty of the enemy.

J. E. B. STUART'S FATE AT YELLOW TAVERN.

J. R. OLIVER, 235 WEST PRESTON STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

In the February VETERAN, 1909, a Mr. Frank Dorsey writes of the fatal wounding of Maj.-Gen. J. E. B. Stuart at Yellow Tavern. There has been so much controversy in the papers during the many intervening years as to how the wounding and death of our noble General occurred. Please allow an eyewitness who participated in that memorable engagement at Yellow Tavern to give to the public what occurred as he saw it. Mr. Dorsey's statement is nearer correct than any other I have yet seen. I was in a position to know every particular of that memorable fight on May 11, 1864. I belonged to Company K of the First Virginia Cavalry, Companies D and K forming our squadron. Company D was made up of men from Washington County, Virginia, commanded by Captain Litchfield; and Company K, of Maryland, commanded by Lieut. Gus Dorsey. The First Virginia on that day was in line of battle on the extreme left of Wickham's brigade, with Companies D and K forming the left of the regiment, resting on the Yellow Tavern road. Just across the road was General Lomax's brigade. Companies D and K were deployed along a line of fence in the woods—a position they, together with the regiment, had held nearly all day. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon General Stuart came riding slowly through the woods, whistling and entirely alone. He took a position directly between Fred Pitts (a young man from the eastern shore of Maryland) and myself, with his horse's head extending over the fence. My left elbow was touching the boot on General Stuart's right foot, while Pitts was equally as close to the General on his left. He had been with us in this position but a few minutes when some of General Lomax's mounted men made a charge up the road and were driven back by a regiment of Federal cavalry, which, when they got to our line of battle, filed to the left along the fence in front of our command, passing within ten or fifteen feet of General Stuart. They fired a volley as they passed, one shot of which hit the General in the side. I saw him press his hand to his side and said to him: "General, are you hit?" "Yes," he replied. "Are you wounded badly?" I asked. "I am afraid I am," he said. "But don't worry, boys, Fitz (meaning Gen. Fitz Lee) will do as well for you as I have done." As we were taking him back Tom Waters, of Baltimore, led his horse while Fred Pitts and myself, one on either side of him, went back about one hundred yards. Then Pitts and I left him in charge of Waters and some men from the ambulance corps and returned to our position at the fence, as it was of the greatest importance to hold this position to prevent him from being captured. When General Stuart had been removed from the field, our regiment slowly retreated. When Pitts and I left him, the General was still sitting on his horse. When wounded, he was near the center of Company K, with no other troops near him. He took neither a courier nor any member of his staff with him. Who took him off his horse, I do not know.

COMPANY C, FOURTEENTH TEXAS CAVALRY.—Capt. Bob Weir, of Beckville, Tex., writes of having enlisted in the Confederate army at Henderson, Tex., on December 26, 1861, as a member of the 14th Texas Cavalry, Company C, which regiment was a part of Ector's Brigade. It was dismounted at Little Rock "for sixty days" and sent to Corinth, Miss., to help fight that battle, but they were never remounted. They then fell back to Tupelo, and were next sent to Chattanooga

and became a part of Bragg's army. Afterwards they were with Johnston, and with Hood at the wind-up. There were one hundred and seventeen men in the company when they started from Henderson, Tex., and only sixteen ever got back home. Captain Weir is anxious to hear from any survivors. He had five brothers in the war, only one of whom is now living—Dr. G. S. Weir, of Bivins, Tex.

PRISON EXPERIENCES.

BY JOHN ORR, AUSTIN, TEX.

It was a foggy, chilly morning on November 7, 1863, that tumbled a large detail from Hays's Louisiana Brigade, of West Virginia, out of their comfortable winter quarters (which they were just constructing on the farm of John Minor Botts, near Rapidan Station in Virginia) to relieve the picket from extra Billie Smith's Virginia brigade stationed on the north side of the Rappahannock. At that point the railroad crossed the stream formerly on a fine bridge which had been destroyed and was replaced at that time by a pontoon bridge. This latter was used by the Confederate government wagons bringing iron rails borrowed from the north end of that road to repair our railroad tracks in other parts of the State.

On that particular day the Federal army of the Potomac was moving to take up its advance position on the Rapidan River. A severe battle was fought at Rappahannock that evening, resulting in the loss of many men and the capture of many more, including about two hundred officers.

These officers from Hays's Louisiana and Hoke's North Carolina Brigades were taken to Johnson's Island, that much-talked-of prison in Lake Erie reserved by the Federal government for Confederate officers. It was generally believed among us about two hundred officers were captured in this engagement, only a few of those participating having escaped, and that by swimming the river.

Others have written of the engagement at Rappahannock, and it is not my purpose in this article to refer to it except as it affects the captured officers.

Next morning we were gathered together by our captors and started toward our destination, the prison at Johnson's Island, passing through Sedgwick's Corps, that being the body of Federal troops immediately in front of us. After many hardships and a great deal of suffering, we reached there hungry and cold, having only the light clothing worn on the battle field. No bunch of men but Confederate soldiers could have survived the long journey of one week from the day of our capture till our arrival at the gate of the prison.

The merciful God who has spared so many of us to tell the story delivered us all, without the loss of a single life that I know of, at the "Bull Penn," as the prison inclosure was called, and we were assigned to Block 8, a building unoccupied when we arrived.

The prison consisted of thirteen wooden buildings called blocks, each one hundred feet long, two stories high, and divided into three rooms on each floor, with a one-story kitchen at each end. Each block was divided into two messes numbering about one hundred and twenty-five men in each mess, and each mess was represented by one man, who drew rations from the prison commissary, and also by one man who acted as postmaster for his mess, receiving his mail from the prison postmaster, to whom it was delivered by the Federal official after it had been opened, read, and examined by his office force.

It was commonly believed by the prisoners that at this time there were from thirty-six hundred to thirty-seven hundred

officers in the prison on Johnson's Island. The women of the South writing to their relatives and friends in prison knew nothing of the laws governing Federal prisons and the moment they heard of friends' capture, the uppermost thought in their mind was to remit the prisoners for immediate relief what money they could get their hands on. There was no other means in vogue then except to inclose money by mail.

Every one who thinks knows the fate of currency mailed in a letter plainly addressed, as the war regulations require, to a prisoner of war in a Federal prison, where it has to be opened and examined by their enemies before delivery to the prisoners. Thousands of letters and their contents, about which they were advised in various ways, never reached the prisoners, and many more thousands that were mailed never were delivered to them. Opening and examining the contents of letters for rebel prisoners in the office of a federal prison during the Civil War was surely a fat job. Such remittances as were acknowledged by the federal officer in charge at the prison were passed to the credit of the prisoner on the prison sutler's books and the prisoner had the privilege of trading the stated amount at the sutler's retail prices to prisoners of war. Under no circumstances was money acknowledged as received for any prisoner by the federal authorities on Johnson's Island delivered to any prisoner or allowed to enter the bull pen.

After getting settled in our quarters, our mess elected me postmaster for Block 8, Mess No. 1, and in that capacity I made the attached list of the names comprising the mess which I also had to memorize so letters could be distributed without delay. Forty-seven years has passed since this list was made, and I fear the most of those whose names are on it have passed over the river; but with the hope that it will interest many of those who are still left, I respectfully ask you to publish it.

PRISONERS OF WAR, BLOCK 8, JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

Allen, W. B., Lieutenant 6th North Carolina.
 Abernathy, S. S., Lieutenant 30th North Carolina.
 Albright, G. N., Lieutenant 6th North Carolina.
 Armfield, D. F., Lieutenant 1st North Carolina.
 Anderson, J. H., Lieutenant Tennessee Cavalry.
 Anderson, R. D., Captain Tennessee Cavalry.
 Austin, J. B., Captain 2d Kentucky.
 Burke, R. E., Colonel 2d Louisiana.
 Beatty, Ed, Lieutenant 1st Maryland.
 Bludsworth, J. H., Lieutenant 4th North Carolina.
 Brown, A. H., Lieutenant 30th North Carolina.
 Bryan, Joseph, Lieutenant 8th Louisiana.
 Brinkley, H. G., Lieutenant 41st Virginia.
 Blue, John, Lieutenant 11th Virginia.
 Bellinger, C. E., Captain 7th Louisiana.
 Banner, W. O. T., Lieutenant
 Coleman, A. F., Lieutenant 9th Louisiana.
 Cooper, William, Lieutenant 8th Louisiana.
 Copeland, T. B., Lieutenant 5th Kentucky.
 Christian, W. J., Lieutenant 6th North Carolina.
 Corley, Thomas, Lieutenant 6th North Carolina.
 Cox, M. H., Lieutenant 6th North Carolina.
 Cox, Joseph, Lieutenant 1st Tennessee.
 Curl, A., Lieutenant 11th Arkansas.
 Cockerham, D. S., Captain 54th North Carolina.
 Chisholm, W. R., Captain Alabama.
 Chisholm, B. F., Lieutenant Alabama.
 Carter, Tod, Captain 20th Tennessee.

Crandell, C. P.
 Dixon, M. W., Captain 4th Florida.
 Dixon, H. C., Lieutenant 6th North Carolina.
 Dickerson, W. J., Lieutenant 2d —
 Davis, L. B., Lieutenant 4th Florida.
 Dyches, J. B., Lieutenant 4th Florida.
 Duffel, F. F., Lieutenant 8th Louisiana.
 DePriest, C., Lieutenant — Virginia Regiment.
 Dudley, C. V., Lieutenant 15th Virginia.
 Everet, S. D., Lieutenant 4th Florida.
 Ferrell, J. E., Lieutenant 30th North Carolina.
 Fitzgerald, P. H., Lieutenant 3d Virginia.
 Forney, J. J., Lieutenant 54th North Carolina.
 Foster, J. M., Captain Tennessee Cavalry.
 Glover, B. F., Lieutenant 9th Louisiana.
 Gubbins, James, Captain 5th Louisiana.
 Gusman, A. L., Captain 8th Louisiana.
 Guess, W. G., Captain 6th North Carolina.
 Gray, E. G., Lieutenant 54th North Carolina.
 Gray, W. C., Lieutenant 10th Arkansas.
 Givin, William, Lieutenant 10th Arkansas.
 Granberry, J. G., Colonel North Carolina Regiment.
 Gilliam, George, Captain North Carolina Regiment.
 Hinchey, George H., Lieutenant 5th Louisiana.
 Hare, Peter, Lieutenant 6th Louisiana.
 Harring, James H., Lieutenant 9th Louisiana.
 Holman, P. S., Lieutenant 9th Louisiana.
 Harris, J. M., Lieutenant 26th North Carolina.
 Haskins, J. P. P., Lieutenant 4th Florida.
 Hendry, C. W., Lieutenant 4th Florida.
 Jarvis, S. A., Lieutenant 54th North Carolina.
 Jenkins, Thomas M., Lieutenant 6th North Carolina.
 Jennison, J. D., Lieutenant 15th Louisiana.
 Kiebler, G. B., Captain 54th North Carolina.
 Lea, J. A., Captain 6th North Carolina.
 Langstone, F. P., Lieutenant 5th Kentucky.
 Lawrence, H. C., Lieutenant 6th North Carolina.
 Long, M. P., Lieutenant 7th Louisiana.
 Lovell, H. P., Lieutenant North Carolina Regiment.
 Miller, A. H., Lieutenant 6th North Carolina.
 Miller, Alex, Captain 2d North Carolina.
 Melvin, G. W., Lieutenant 9th Louisiana.
 Mosely, J. W., Lieutenant 2d Tennessee.
 McGurk, John, Captain 5th Louisiana.
 Moore, J. B., Lieutenant Virginia Artillery.
 Moore, R. L., Lieutenant Louisiana Artillery.
 Murphy, J. R., Lieutenant 8th Louisiana.
 Mebane, —, Lieutenant 44th North Carolina.
 Mayo, R. E., Lieutenant 44th North Carolina.
 McNamara, M., Lieutenant 7th Louisiana.
 McGehee, C. A., Lieutenant 53d North Carolina.
 Nash, C. C., Lieutenant 6th Louisiana.
 Norman, M. H., Lieutenant 28th North Carolina.
 Norman, W. H., Captain 2d North Carolina.
 Osborne, E. N., Lieutenant 54th North Carolina.
 O'Connor, M., Captain 6th Louisiana.
 Olivier, P. D., Lieutenant 8th Louisiana.
 Orr, John, Lieutenant 6th Louisiana.
 Parham, S. J., Captain 54th North Carolina.
 Parrish, W. K., Captain 6th North Carolina.
 Price, Thomas A., Lieutenant 6th North Carolina.
 Pool, J. B., Lieutenant 37th North Carolina.
 Pearce, C. H., Lieutenant 7th Louisiana.
 Redmond, Thomas, Captain 6th Louisiana.

Rierson, S. N., Lieutenant 52d North Carolina.
 Rivas, H., Lieutenant 8th Louisiana.
 Roberson, S. N., Lieutenant 15th North Carolina.
 Rothrock, L. H., Lieutenant 6th North Carolina.
 Tucker, Y. W., Lieutenant 3d Kentucky.
 Rawls, —.
 Riddle, A. M., Lieutenant Louisiana Artillery.
 Ryan, Ed, Lieutenant 7th Louisiana.
 Shay, John, Lieutenant 6th Louisiana.
 Sims, William, Captain 8th Louisiana.
 Sparks, J. W., Lieutenant 3d Kentucky.
 Stanton, W., Lieutenant 52d Tennessee.
 Swain, R. D., Lieutenant 5th Louisiana.
 Sedbury, M., Lieutenant Tennessee Regiment.
 Short, W. F., Lieutenant 48th Tennessee.
 Smith, G. F., Captain Virginia Regiment.
 Thomas, D. P., Lieutenant Tennessee Regiment.
 Turner, C. L., Lieutenant 33d North Carolina.
 Turner, W. C., Lieutenant 6th North Carolina.
 Tatem, P. A., Captain 2d North Carolina.
 Thompson, E. F., Lieutenant North Carolina Regiment.
 Vandever, Peter, C. S. N.
 Walsh, Ed C. C., Lieutenant 6th Louisiana.
 Warder, Jake, Captain 18th Virginia.
 Warlick, L., Lieutenant 6th North Carolina.
 Webb, S. Y., Captain 8th Louisiana.
 White, B. F., Captain 6th North Carolina.
 Wright, John W., Captain 20th North Carolina.
 Wray, John, Lieutenant 3d Virginia.
 Warfield, B., Lieutenant 1st Tennessee.
 Wood, C. W., Colonel North Carolina Regiment.
 Wither, J. B., Captain Virginia Regiment.
 Watson, J. B., Lieutenant 2d North Carolina.

There must be some errors in initials in the above list, but it is as nearly a copy of the one written forty-seven years ago as I can make.

JOHN ORR,

Postmaster Mess 1, Block 8, Johnson's Island Prison.

"HEART OF OAK" READER IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Charleston Post has this to say about a school subject:

"After having its table of contents changed and the entire book reprinted to suit the tastes of the Confederate veterans of South Carolina, the 'Heart of Oak' reader, book four, for use in the public schools of the State, is now on the market in the stores and ready for distribution to the various supply houses throughout the State.

"In formal resolutions adopted at the reunion held here recently the veterans protested against a poem in this book, 'The Old Sergeant,' by Forsythe Wilson, in which the Southern army was referred to as a 'dark, rebellious host.' Following the adoption of this resolution, the State Board of Education appointed a committee to make a selection of some piece of literature to take the place of the offending poem and to have the substitute inserted in the book. The publishers, Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co., agreed to the change, and have now completed the book for distribution in South Carolina schools.

"The newly reprinted book shows that a selection from the biblical story of Ruth has been made to take the place of the poem objected to. 'The Story of Ruth,' which is a modern prose version of the Bible story, will be read by South Carolina school children instead of the story of the old sergeant as done in verse by Mr. Wilson."

[Every Southern man and woman—yea, every true patriot to his country—should be on watch about school histories.]



CAPT. J. T. GAINES.

Capt. John T. Gaines died in Louisville, Ky., at the family residence more than a year ago and he was buried in the Frankfort Cemetery. The Rev. T. M. Hawes, pastor of the Highland Presbyterian Church, assisted by the Rev. W. W. Akers, pastor of the Crescent Hill Presbyterian Church, conducted the services.

Captain Gaines was a member of the Alumnae and Literary Clubs. Dr. Bloom, President of the Board of Education, directed that the Commercial High School, of which Captain Gaines was principal, be dismissed for the day. Captain Gaines was one of the best educators in the country and one of Louisville's most representative citizens.

Captain Gaines's health failed months before, and, acting on the advice of his physician, he, in company with Mrs. Gaines, spent several weeks in Southern California. Failing to derive any permanent benefit from the trip, Captain Gaines returned to his home. Everything that is known to medical science was resorted to in an effort to arrest the progress of the disease, but nothing gave him more than temporary relief. He grew steadily weaker until the end came.

Captain Gaines was born near Frankfort, Ky., and was educated at the Kentucky Military Institute. He left school before he completed his education to enter the Confederate army. He was a member of Company K, 5th Kentucky Infantry, and participated in thirteen battles. He made a splendid record as a soldier and was conspicuous for bravery. He was a member of the famous Orphan Brigade. Two brothers, Leonidas and Junius Gaines, were also in the Confederate army, both commissioned officers. His father, Keeling Carlton Gaines, was a chaplain in the Confederate army. One of Captain Gaines's comrades was Judge Emory Speer, of the Federal bench in Georgia, and the friendship formed during the war had endured to the end of life.

At the close of the Civil War Captain Gaines returned to Frankfort and took up the vocation of educator. He held positions in Frankfort for a few years, and later went to Lexington, where he was principal of a school for four years. He then went to Louisville, and about thirty years had been connected with the schools of that city. He virtually built up the Commercial High School, giving it distinction among the foremost schools of its kind in the country. He was a man of rare mental attainments and wide reading. He was a skilled mathematician and geologist. He wrote two textbooks on grammar and arithmetic which have been used extensively in the schools of various States.

Captain Gaines was a devoted and consistent member of the Presbyterian Church. He joined it when a young man, and served faithfully to the close of his life. He served for fifteen years as clerk of its session, and his upright principles and unblemished character stamped him as a Christian gentleman in the truest sense of the term.

Captain Gaines married Miss Cordelia Russell, daughter of the late Capt. John Russell, more than forty years ago. Besides his wife, he is survived by the following children: John Russell Gaines, County Surveyor of Jefferson County; Thomas

Carlton Gaines, cashier of the bank at Middletown, Ky.; Mrs. William W. Ross, of Prescott, Ariz.; Mrs. Robert Junius Hunter, of Canton, N. C.; Mrs. Arthur Stork and Miss Miriam Gaines, of Louisville. He is also survived by two brothers, Elbridge Gaines and Keeling Gaines, of Frankfort.

Members of the Jefferson Davis Home Association will long recall him for his prompt attendance at all the meetings and for his zeal in the success of the undertaking. His personal association with the members will ever be cherished.

[Delay in paying this tribute is regretted. It was due in part to failure to secure a suitable picture.]

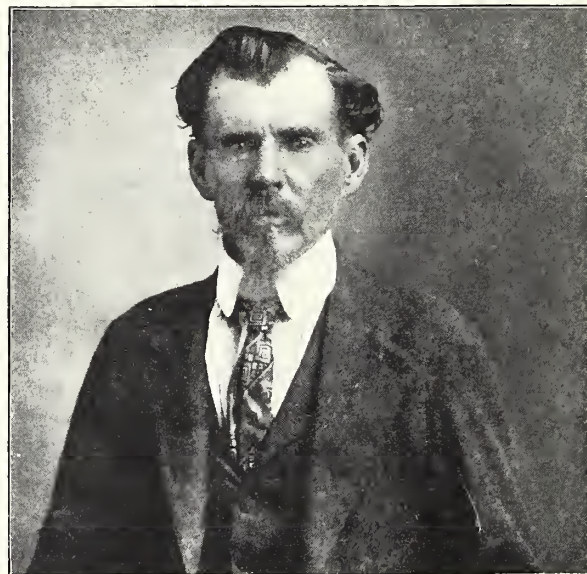
JAMES W. KING.

(Sketch by Col. V. Y. Cook, Batesville, Ark.)

James W. King died at his home near Lynnville, Graves County, Ky., July 3, 1911, aged 72 years.

He entered the Confederate Army September 18, 1861, as a private in Company H, 7th Kentucky Infantry, which regiment was afterwards mounted and served under General Forrest to the end of the war.

James King was one of those few soldiers who never missed a roll call nor a battle nor was he ever wounded. Shiloh, Bolivar, Davis's Mill, Corinth, Hatchie Bridge, Coffeeville,



JAMES W. KING.

Baton Rouge, Baker's Creek, Big Black, Raymond, Edward's Depot, Jackson, Paducah, Brice's Cross Roads, Harrisburg, Athens, Sulphur Trestle, Pulaski, Paris Landing, Johnsonville, Spring Hill, Franklin, Nashville, and Selma were some of the battles in which he participated, and he did in each, without ostentation, deeds of gallantry beyond the normal.

On August 25, 1864, when the Federal General Hatch, who commanded the cavalry under A. J. Smith, occupied and burned Oxford, Miss., the Confederate line of battle was some four hundred yards eastward of the eastern limits of Oxford, from which the Federals could be heard talking, but could not be seen. James King and a comrade were ordered to reconnoiter the Federal position and, in order to get the needed information, penetrated too far the enemy's lines. When they were beset on all sides by Federal cavalrymen attempting their capture, four stalwart Federal cavalrymen in a hand to hand combat with King failed to kill

or capture him, but got his horse, a valuable roan. This was one of the many daring adventures which revealed the distinctive traits of the gallant King, who was rated as one of the very best all-round soldiers in the regiment, a regiment than which the Confederacy could boast no better.'

In battle, mounted or on foot, on the skirmish line, in the trenches, on picket, or anywhere else where danger was rife and duty demanded the risk, Jim King, the ideal soldier, was always to be found there.

Never flinching, never grumbling, never shirking, he was loved by the entire company, and we were all proud to claim him as our comrade. Untutored and without much worldly chattels, but with a citizenship unsullied, he loyally kept the faith unto the end.

His brother, Rice B. King, killed on July 14, 1864, at Harrisburg, Miss., was also an excellent soldier and his brother's equal in some respects. Gallant comrades, may your intrepid spirits rest in peace.

CAPT. W. H. BRUNSON.

Capt. W. H. Brunson was born in Edgefield, S. C., on September 4, 1836; was married to Fannie M. Penn on October 28, 1869; and died at his home in Edgefield, S. C., August 20, 1911, leaving a devoted daughter, Mrs. J. D. Holstein.

"As commander of Company A of the battalion of sharpshooters of Gen. Samuel McGowan's South Carolina brigade," writes Capt. N. Ingraham Hasell, "it was my good fortune in the war to be associated with Captain Brunson, commander of Company B of this battalion. I knew him well, esteemed him as a comrade, and loved him as a friend. I had known

army, and he proved it on many a field. Wherever the fighting was hottest, there would be found Brunson. His many wounds bore testimony to his bravery. Whilst thus courageous in action, his judgment was not rash. He knew when to attack, when to keep still and receive an attack, and when to retreat. Captain Dunlop, who commanded the battalion, relied much upon his skill and sagacity. The two were often together, and often at seeing them the men would nod their heads and say: 'Look at 'em now! Captain Brunson hatching up some mischief!' Such mischief was as likely as not to be a night attack, with distress to the enemy, and it would not be possible to figure up the amount of damage that the battalion of sharpshooters did to the enemy, in killing and wounding and capturing, during the campaign of 1863-64 and in the short campaign of 1865, which ended at Appomattox. As to captures alone, in the campaign of 1864 this battalion, consisting originally of one hundred and sixty men and depleted by the end of the campaign to less than half the number, took eight hundred and thirty prisoners of the enemy. In one fight they took one hundred and seventy men, charged them behind breastworks, and captured them. From Appomattox he returned home and became an honored citizen. He was appointed by Mr. Cleveland postmaster of Edgefield, S. C., and conducted that office with such efficiency that he was retained by Republican administrations until his death. Having lived a pure Christian life, when the call came he was ready to cross the river and receive the 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.'"

ALBERT E. JENKINS.

Albert E. Jenkins, of Hearn, Tex., son of Dr. J. S. and Mary Jenkins, was born in Monroe County, Ala., in 1846; and his mortal life ended on March 15, 1911. He had been afflicted with paralysis of the tongue. He is survived by his wife (who was Miss Julia Snell, of Hempsted, Tex.) and four children, all of whom reside in Texas—viz.: J. S. Jenkins, of Munford; A. H. Jenkins, of Tyler; Mrs. Winnie Davis Reed, of Marlin; and Mrs. D. W. Cole, of Houston. As a veteran of the Civil War he had served as a private of Company H, 17th Alabama Volunteers of Camp's Brigade, Walthall's Division. Polk's old corps, Western Army of Tennessee, from 1862 until the close of the war. He enlisted at sixteen years of age, and came home footsore and ragged; but he made a splendid citizen. He was a member of the Baptist Church, and was kind and hospitable. He will be missed in his community.

CAPT. HARDIN LONG.

Capt. Hardin Long, who died at his home, in Johnson County, Md., January 7, 1911, had reached his ninety-first year, having been born in Jackson County, Ala., in 1820. He enlisted in the 42d Tennessee, and for a time commanded a company of that regiment, and later was with the 3d Confederate Cavalry, his services extending from August, 1861, to the end. He made a record for gallantry and fearlessness in every engagement in which he participated, and was often in such peril that his escape from death seemed miraculous. He was married in 1846 to Miss Amanda McFarlane, and of their eight children five sons and a daughter survive.

ELLIS.—Joel W. Ellis, aged sixty-three, died at his home, in Erath County, Tex., September 4, 1911. He served in the Confederate States army in an Arkansas regiment of cavalry during the last year of the Civil War. He leaves two brothers (James W. Ellis, of Ozan, Ark., and G. M. Ellis, of Hope, Ark.), his wife, and six children—all grown.



CAPT. W. H. BRUNSON.

him but slightly before the formation of this battalion of picked men from the five regiments of the brigade. But afterwards, being with him daily, my admiration of him as a soldier and my regard for him as a man grew day by day. I can truthfully say that no braver soldier marched in Lee's

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

George Cary Eggleston, journalist and author, died at the age of seventy-one years at his home in New York. Mr. Eggleston was born in Vevay, Ind. He finished his education in Richmond College, Va., and practiced law in that State until the breaking out of the Civil War, when he enlisted in the Confederate army.

After the war he went to New York and entered the newspaper business, becoming literary editor of the Evening Post, editor of Hearth and Home, editor of the Commercial Advertiser, and then editorial writer on the World. He wrote a number of books, among which are "A Rebel's Recollections," "The Signal Boys," "Wreck of the Red Bird," "Southern Soldier's Stories," "Master of Warlock," and "History of the Confederate War."

Mr. Eggleston is survived by his wife and two sons, Dr. Cary Eggleston, of New York, and Dr. Horace Wardner Eggleston, of Binghamton, N. Y.

AMZI W. GASTON.

Amzi W. Gaston departed this life on September 16, 1911, in his seventieth year, at his home, in Duncans, S. C. Leaving school in 1861, he joined a cavalry company raised by Capt. A. H. Dean, which became Company E, 2d South Carolina Cavalry. With this company he rode under orders of the gallant J. E. B. Stuart and the immortal Wade Hampton, participating in every battle that his command was in.

He always talked cheerfully of war days, and enjoyed the U. C. V. Reunions, nearly all of which he attended till too infirm. He has left a noble example of patriotic duty to Church and State. You could always find him on the right side. In Church affairs he was a leader. Bereft of a father in early life, he with his mother, though living ten miles away, could always be found at the Nazareth Presbyterian Church services. The writer was always impressed with his devotion to the Church and in his schoolboy days with his exemplary character. It is no wonder, however, for he came from pious ancestry, dating back to the Old World, where they were leaders in the cause of civil and religious liberty.

He was born near Woodruff, in Spartanburg County, S. C., where he resided all his life till within the last two years, when he left his house furnished and went to live with his son-in-law, Mr. J. S. Nesbitt, at whose home he died. He passed gently away as a child going to sleep and with a smile upon his face. A short time before he died he called his wife and children to him and said his end was near and that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

He is survived by his wife, seven sons, and two daughters. His sons are leading agriculturists in this section.

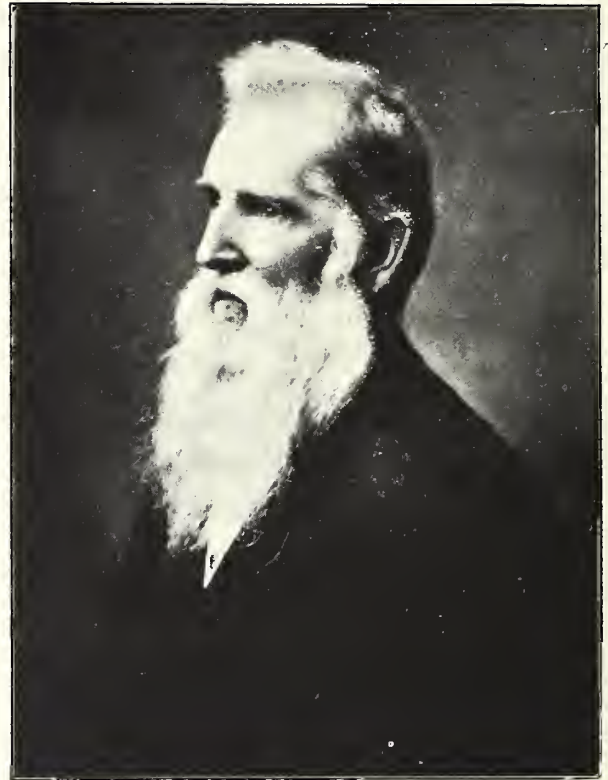
[From sketch by T. J. Moore, of Moore, S. C.]

JAMES L. GEE.

James L. Gee, a well-known photographer, died in the Baker Hotel September 25, 1911, after a brief illness, aged 72 years.

He served the Confederacy from the beginning of the war to the end in Company B, Seventh Tennessee Cavalry, Forrest's Corps, surrendered at Gainsville, Ala., on May 10, 1865, and ever retained his parole.

He went to Batesville some eight years ago, engaging in photography, and lived at the Baker Hotel the entire period, where he was a special favorite of all, and of whom Mr. Baker speaks in the highest eulogy, as well as all others with whom he came in business relations. The burial was in Oaklawn Cemetery, Batesville, Ark.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BELL.

Benjamin F. Bell, eighty-four years old, veteran of the Confederacy, while fishing from a row boat on Lake Washington, Seattle, died of heart disease.

Mr. Bell enlisted during the first year of the war, and fought under Stonewall Jackson at Bull Run. He was later under Early and Robert E. Lee. Bell fought through the three days of bloodshed at Gettysburg and served on to Appomattox.

The burial was in Lakeview Cemetery by his comrades of the John B. Gordon Camp, the Robert E. Lee Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the Robert E. Lee Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans.

L. D. McMeekin of Seattle, who sends the sketch, also sends a North Carolina paper giving him full credit for having been the first man to contribute a dollar to the foundation of the North Carolina University. Mr. Bell was a most admirable man. His record was full of brilliant service in the Army of Northern Virginia. He leaves "an honorable heritage" to his widow, Hattie B., and sons, Frank J. and Herschel V. Bell, all of Brighton Beach, Wash. His grave will be under the care of the R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Seattle.

RILEY C. HOWARD.

Riley C. Howard, a member of Camp Joe Wheeler U. C. V., Bridgeport, Ala., answered the last roll call on July 4, 1911, in his 71st year. Early in the war he joined the "Raccoon Roughs," a company raised by Gen. John B. Gordon, who was its first Captain. The company went to Virginia in the early part of 1861. It became Company D of the 6th Alabama Regiment, and was in all the great battles of the East. Comrade Howard was the only one of the original company who surrendered at Appomattox. No soldier ever fought with more gallantry and courage or was more willing to give his life for his country. In the truest sense he was a patriot.

COL. P. LYNCH LEE.

Col. P. L. Lee was born in Dallas County, Ala., March 6, 1838 (of the South Carolina branch of the Lee family), and there received a common school education. In 1859 he went to Camden, Ark., where he married Miss Emma C. Lide. At the call of his country for troops he was among the first to



COL. P. LYNCH LEE.

answer, enlisting in the first company organized in his community. He did not go with that company, however, being sick at the time it left; but soon afterwards another regiment, the 15th Arkansas, was organized there, and he became a member of that, and was later elected major. The regiment was sent to Fort Henry, and when that place fell he was taken prisoner and sent to Fort Warren, remaining there until exchanged in the early fall of 1862. After a short stay at home, he rejoined his command at Port Hudson, and in the reorganization he was elected lieutenant colonel of Johnson's 15th Arkansas Regiment. He

was wounded in the fall of Port Hudson and again taken prisoner. He was sent to New Orleans until the winter following, when he, with other officers confined at New Orleans, were sent to Johnson's Island, where he remained until after the close of the war, being released in May, 1865.

Colonel Lee was a man of fine principles and firm convictions of what was right, known for his upright dealings with his fellow-men, and loved by all who knew him. He died suddenly on the morning of May 9, 1911.

DR. JOHN CALVIN BARR.

On Hunter's disastrous retreat from Lynchburg, Va., into this valley during the latter part of June, 1864, Gen. J. M. Schoonmaker, of Allegheny, Pa., covered Hunter's retreat with his brigade of cavalry. Dr. Barr heard that the Federal rear guard had orders to burn Lewisburg after the infantry and artillery had passed through the town. He sought the commanding officer and told him what he understood were his orders, and assured him there were no persons in Lewisburg but the sick and wounded soldiers and women and children, and asked if it were possible that he intended to destroy the town. General Schoonmaker, that grand and gallant Federal officer, inquired his name, and when told, the General recognized Dr. Barr as an old friend of his father, and said to the Doctor that he should know his father never taught him to burn houses over the heads of helpless women and children. The astonished and delighted minister asked his name, and when told that he was James M. Schoonmaker, of Allegheny, Pa., Dr. Barr with beaming face and outstretched hand exclaimed: "Is this little Jimmie Schoonmaker?" No houses were burned.

Dr. Barr had attended the Allegheny Theological Seminary, and had often visited the General's boyhood home.

This interesting occurrence was related to me by both General Schoonmaker and Dr. Barr.

[Sketch by Maj. J. Coleman Alderson, Charlestown, W. Va.]

BEN L. BEAN.

Ben L. Bean was born in Hawkins County, Tenn., within a few miles of the home where he died. His family is mentioned in local history as among the earliest of the pioneers. He was at school when the war began, and came home and enlisted in the 29th Tennessee Infantry, going with it through Shiloh. After that battle, the 29th was ordered to Chattanooga and reorganized. He, with others, was permitted to return home, where he found the 12th Tennessee Battalion of Cavalry in process of formation, enlisted in it, and served with it through the war. In 1864 the 12th and 16th Tennessee Battalions, which in Pegram's Brigade had formed Rucker's Legion, were sent to the valley of Virginia under command of Gen. William E. Jones. They took part in many engagements, losing heavily in officers and men, notably at Piedmont, where their commander was killed.

Returning to his home, he engaged in farming for the rest of his life. A member of the M. E. Church, South, he was a soldier of the cross as well as of the Confederacy.

Of all of the thirteen companies which Hawkins County sent to the Confederate army, he and "Buck" Phipps have always been spoken of as the two best soldiers. His death occurred on July 7, 1911. Loving comrades and friends laid him to rest in the old graveyard at New Providence, where he sleeps with many of his comrades. A member of the Church for thirty-six years, for him life is not ended, but begun.

SISTER OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

Mrs. Laura Jackson Arnold, the only sister of Stonewall Jackson, died at the City Hospital in Buckhannon, W. Va., on September 24 from diseases incident to old age. Mrs. Arnold was in her eighty-fifth year, and was very active to within a few weeks of her death. She was born in Clarksburg, Va., now W. Va., in 1826, and in the same house where her distinguished brother was born. She was married in 1843 to the late Jonathan Arnold, of Beverly, Randolph County, Va. She possessed many of the characteristics of her brother. She had three children, of whom Thomas Jackson Arnold, of Elkins, W. Va., is now living.

Their mother is buried on top of the mountain at Ansted, W. Va., near the old James River and Kanawha Turnpike, about three miles from Hawknest Station, on the Cincinnati and Ohio Railroad, and about forty miles east of Charleston, W. Va.

REV. E. A. HIGGASON.

A beloved comrade and Chaplain of Camp Holloway, U. C. V., at Independence, Mo., passed into eternal rest with the death of Rev. E. A. Higgason on the 29th of March. He was born in Virginia seventy-five years ago, and educated at Bethany College under Alexander Campbell. He went through the four years of war under Lee and Jackson, and is said to have been the last soldier that parted with General Lee after the surrender at Appomattox. He served on the staff of General Wilcox under the two illustrious generals mentioned.

After the war Comrade Higgason removed to Virginia with his wife, who was Miss Anna Smith, of Richmond, Va., and for a few years was at Weston, going to Independence in 1871. For twenty years he was a prominent teacher in the schools of that city, and also served as minister of his Church to various congregations in that city and Jackson and Clay Counties.

In the land of our Dixie, the home of the brave,
With the bonnie blue flag forever to wave.

LIEUT. COL. G. W. DORSEY.

Lieut. Col. Gus W. Dorsey, of the 1st Maryland Cavalry, died at his home, in Brookville, Montgomery County, September 12, 1911. He was buried in the family burying ground on his country place. He left no survivors.

Colonel Dorsey was the son of Samuel Owings Dorsey, a prominent Marylander, and at the outbreak of the war joined a company from his State which was organized at Leesburg, Va. He was given a commission as first lieutenant April 26, 1862. A year later he was made captain of the company, and before the close of the war he had been promoted to lieutenant colonel. Credit is given him for catching Gen. J. E. B. Stuart as he fell from his horse when he was shot. Colonel Dorsey is quoted as saying in regard to it: "The General rode up, giving words of praise to the men in my company. We were dismounted, and as the General shouted from his steed, waving his saber above his head, he was shot in the stomach. I caught him as he fell and took him from his horse. His last words were: 'Dorsey, leave me here and save your men.'"

REYNOLD ROBERT CARLISLE.

Reynold Robert Carlisle was born in Loudon County, Va., February 25, 1842, and enlisted in the Confederate army in May, 1861, at Harper's Ferry, being enrolled in Company A, 8th Virginia Infantry Regiment, as first corporal. He served throughout the war, and was engaged in quite a number of battles, among the most noted of which are Ball's Bluff, Seven Pines, Seven Days' Battle near Richmond, Malvern Hill, and Gettysburg. He was one of the five members of his company that were left after this famous and disastrous contest. He was captured at Hagerstown, Md., April 6, 1865, and imprisoned at Point Lookout until paroled June 24, 1865, more than two months after the close of the war.

He went to Arkansas soon after the war ended, and was for a number of years a planter on the Arkansas River. Subsequently he was in the service of Pulaski County in constructing and improving its pikes and other highways. He was a member of Omer R. Weaver Camp, No. 354, U. C. V., and had always been regarded as one of its true members up to the day of his passing out in the "great beyond," which occurred on May 22, 1911. He was appointed on the staff of the Brigadier General in command of the First Brigade of the Arkansas Division, U. C. V., in 1908, and at the time of his demise was on the staff of the Division Commander.

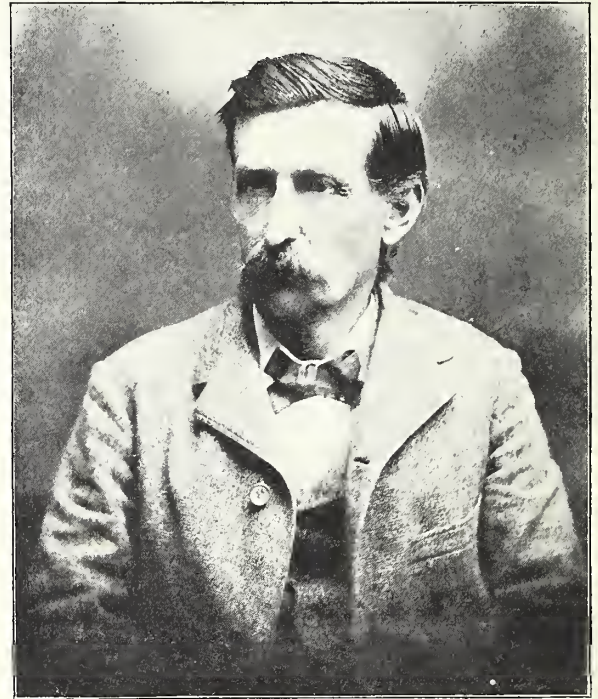
Comrade Carlisle was always true to the principles for which he fought in the war, true to his friends, and faithful to every trust reposed in him. He was a good and honorable citizen, a devoted husband, and a loving and tender father.

DR. J. M. BRITAIN.

Dr. James M. Britain fell asleep about April 1, 1911, at the home of his niece, Mrs. F. A. Fuller, as a result of a violent attack of pneumonia. Physicians did all that could be done for his relief, but to no avail. He was unconscious during the greater part of his illness, but a few hours before the end came his mind seemed perfectly clear and he tried to give some message to his loved ones, but could not.

Born in Athens, Tenn., eighty years ago, he went to Jacksonville, Tex., in 1853, having been a resident of Cherokee County from that year. He volunteered in the first company of soldiers that left the county in 1861, and at the time of his death was a member of the James A. Barker Camp, U. C. V. He was also a consistent member of the Methodist Church from early manhood.

Dr. Britain was married twice. Of nine children by his first marriage, only two survive him—W. I. Britain, of Arlington, and Mrs. Frank J. Evans, of Fort Worth. He had three children by his second marriage, and all survive him—Browder B. Britain, of Groveton, Carson C. Britain, of Ironton, and G. B. Britain, of Palestine. An aged sister, Mrs. Lou Wood, of Guthrie, Ky., yet remains. Dr. Britain's children and many of his relatives were at his bedside at the time of his death. Religious services were conducted by Revs. Mr. Smith and Bolton at the Methodist church.



WILLIAM T. HENRY.

W. T. Henry died September 23, 1911, at his home, near Youngton, Warren County, Miss., in his sixty-fifth year. He was a brave soldier of the cross as well as of the Confederacy. He and the writer (R. K. Anderson) joined Harvey's Scouts in 1863 as Johnston's army moved east from Mississippi. He was always ready where duty called, and no task was too hard for Harvey's boys. He was one of five who captured a company of thirty Federals who had been cut off from their command. They found them asleep with arms stacked. With the Rebel yell and command, "Forward the regiment," the thirty were made to surrender to only five.

He was an honored and useful citizen, and leaves a devoted wife, a daughter, and six noble sons.

CLARENCE KEY.

Clarence Key, grandson of Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star-Spangled Banner," died at the Confederate Soldiers' Home, Pikesville, Md., August 13, 1911, at the age of seventy-five. He was a son of John R. Key.

Clarence Key was in Cuba at the outbreak of the war; and after many efforts to get home, he landed in Mexico, crossed into Texas, and joined the 2d Texas Cavalry, later joining the 26th Texas Cavalry, and remaining in the Trans-Mississippi Department throughout the war. He went to Mexico after the war, and, speaking Spanish fluently, he became official interpreter for the American Embassy, later entering the service

of Sir Chentung Liang Ching, Chinese Minister to the United States and Mexico jointly, where he continued many years. These services he was obliged to resign two years ago on account of ill health, and he then entered the Maryland Line Confederate Home at Pikesville. Friends of the VETERAN contributed liberally for his transportation from Mexico. Mr. Key wrote magazine articles relating to his war experiences while in the Home, some of which appeared in the VETERAN, and he was one of the most popular inmates. He is survived by a brother, John R. Key, an artist of Washington.

COL. NORBORNE BERKELEY.

(M. G. Elzey, M.A., surgeon of 8th Virginia Regiment.)

In the recent death of Col. Norborne Berkeley, of the 8th Virginia Regiment, C. S. A., in the eighty-fifth year of his age, the survivors of our cause mourn one of their bravest and truest companions in arms. Descended from one of the oldest and most distinguished families of Virginia, he was himself esteemed by all who knew him as one of the truest men of his day.

The inheritor of an ample fortune, he married early in life a woman descended from the same ancestry, and brought his bride to his newly established and beautiful home, situated upon a commanding height overlooking the village of Aldie, in Loudoun County, Va. There, in the midst of affluence, he lived the simple life of a country gentleman, beloved and honored by all who knew him, and there his children were born. Generous to a fault, active in every public enterprise, a Churchman and lay reader, attentive to every public duty, liberal in behalf of every worthy cause, his whole influence and example were for good. The writer, some years his junior, had known him from childhood as a near neighbor of his father and friend of his early manhood. He also served with his regiment during a greater part of the War between the States, and was afterwards associated with him in the faculty of the Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College. * * *

The greater part of the writer's service in the army was with Colonel Berkeley's regiment, and he sincerely believes that a more perfect type of the gallant soldier and Christian man never lived. A soldier devoted to his duties, deferential to his superior officers, kindly considerate of his subordinates, himself he always thought of last of all. In all relations of life Norborne Berkeley was a man blameless and true, a man without reproach. He has gone to his reward, leaving behind him the record of a blameless life and not an enemy upon earth. His epitaph may well be written:

"Whatever record leaps to light,
He never shall be shamed."

CAPT. JOHN H. MURRAY.

Capt. J. H. Murray, Superintendent of the Louisiana Soldiers' Home since January, 1910, died in his quarters at the Home on September 9, 1911. He was in his sixty-seventh year. The body was removed to the residence of his sister, Mrs. W. H. Deeves. The funeral took place next day in the Jesuit church and the burial was in the tomb of the Army of Northern Virginia, Metairie Cemetery.

Captain Murray was a native of New Orleans, and had been identified with every important move in the history of the city since early manhood. For years he was connected with the large department store of D. H. Holmes & Co., and was later Treasurer of the Soldiers' Home. As Superintendent of the Home he made a popular and creditable officer, and his death is universally regretted among the old soldiers stationed there.

Captain Murray enlisted in the 6th Louisiana Infantry Regiment at the outbreak of the Civil War. The regiment served in the Army of Northern Virginia, where Captain Murray distinguished himself with other brave men of that regiment. He enlisted in the ranks and was advanced to captain.

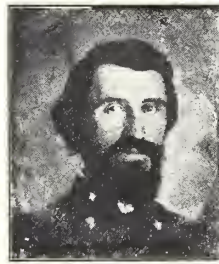
In civil life the Captain paid just as much attention to details and to honor, and his career was fully as creditable in the strenuous walks of peace as in the strenuous military service of the Southern army in 1861-65. Captain Murray never forgot his old command, nor indeed any Confederate comrade. He was one of the leading spirits who brought to fruition the plan to erect the tomb of the Army of Northern Virginia for the final rest of the bodies of the members of that army in New Orleans.

The Army of Northern Virginia members adjourned their regular monthly meeting scheduled for last night until next Saturday night in tribute to Captain Murray's memory. It appointed Charles Smith, E. M. Hudson, George H. Lord, D. H. Hoffman, Frank Von Phul, and Peter Carroll as pallbearers at the funeral of Captain Murray.

[Data supplied by Eugene H. Levy, of New York.]

MAJ. WILLIAM S. HAVEN.

Many a comrade and friend sorrowed in the death of Col. William S. Haven, which occurred at St. Louis, Mo., on May 14, 1911. Although foreign-born, Colonel Haven was as public-spirited as any native-born son of the country. At the



MAJ. W. S. HAVEN.

outbreak of the Civil War he joined the Confederates, and fought throughout, distinguishing himself on several occasions. He was with the 41st Arkansas Regiment, under General Price, and was a gallant soldier and an efficient officer, ever fighting at the head of his regiment.

At the close of the war he settled in Shreveport, La., and for twenty-five years was engaged in active business, bravely facing the hardships of ruined fortune with unflinching fortitude. In 1877 he married Miss Laura McDowell, of New York, and removed to St. Louis, where he afterwards lived. His devoted wife survives him.

Colonel Haven was loyal to the cause to the end of his life, and no Confederate soldier of broken fortune ever appealed to him in vain for assistance. He had been in failing health for two years, and in April he went to Hot Springs, Ark., to recuperate for the Confederate Reunion at Little Rock, but on the day before the Reunion opened he was stricken suddenly by death. His battle of life has been fought; he has been relieved from his post of duty. "Soldier, rest; thy warfare o'er."

DR. JAMES M. FRY.

Dr. James M. Fry died at Wills Point, Tex., on September 9, 1911. He was born October 13, 1850, and volunteered on the 13th of September, 1863, at Blue Springs, Tenn., as a private in Company G, 8th South Carolina Infantry. He was afterwards transferred to Vaughan's Brigade, and was paroled from Knoxville, Tenn., prison on April 26, 1865. At one time he was a courier for Gen. John H. Morgan.

Dr. Fry took a great interest in everything pertaining to Confederate history and Confederate organizations, in which he was well known, having been a member of several.

CAPT. F. R. BALL.

After a long and brave fight against disease, Capt. F. R. Ball, of Plano, Tex., died on the 24th of September, 1911, a little more than a month after the death of his beloved wife. He was born in Mason County, Ky., in 1834, and went to Texas in 1853. He first settled in Tarrant County, but went to Collin County in 1878, and had lived in and near Plano since that time. He was married to Miss Sarepta S. Mathis in 1861, and of their seven children three sons now survive.

When Company F, of the 19th Texas Regiment, was organized in Parker County, Tex., under Capt. Pat Sanders, F. R. Ball was made first lieutenant. This company was mustered into service in June, 1862, and attached to the 19th Regiment Texas Cavalry, under Col. Nat M. Burford, and soon marched to the front. Captain Sanders resigned some months later, and Lieutenant Ball was elected to the captaincy. He was recognized as one of the most efficient officers in the many arduous campaigns of his regiment and brigade, and held in high appreciation by Gen. W. H. Parsons, the brigade commander. Their operations were mainly in Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas. During a religious meeting held while in winter quarters in the latter part of 1864 Captain Ball was genuinely converted and became a member of the Church. He had also been a Mason for about fifty years.

MINNIE WALTER MYERS.

When one is missed from our little company which has been journeying together upon the great highway of life, we make pause, a sudden silence, a torrent of tears, a quick cry of the heart, then we realize that one we have known and loved has passed through a flower-wreathed portal beyond which our wistful gaze may not follow.

Fifty-eight years ago, on November 23, 1852, Minnie Walter, later Mrs. Henry C. Myers, was born in Holly Springs, Miss., a center of culture and refinement.

The home to which she came was stately and spacious. Embattled towers reared their stone-capped crests at each end of the massive pile, and about the whole were extensive grounds where majestic trees and a wealth of flowers made an environment of beauty and dignity. Her mother was a daughter of Colonel Brown, of Oxford, Miss., and her father was Col. Harvey Walter, honored in the galaxy of North Mississippi lawyers and famous as one of the heroes of 1878. In the yellow fever plague of that year a gallant band sent their women and little children away, buckled on their armor, stayed, and faced the foe. One of these was Colonel Walter. Sending his wife and small children away, he remained with his three boys, young fellows, home from college for their vacation. The light of joy and hope was upon their happy brows, all that life had to offer was in their horizon, but here in the plague-stricken town they elected to stay with their noble father. Side by side the four battled for their townspeople until one by one they fell while ministering to those in dire need. When the refugees returned to the desolate town, the cemetery showed, side by side, the four graves of Colonel Walter and his three boys.

Minnie, a daughter of Colonel Walter, had married on May 15, 1873, Henry C. Myers, who, though a North Carolinian, was by adoption a Mississippian. From 1878 to 1886 he was Secretary of State to this commonwealth, and during these years their home was changed from Holly Springs to Jackson, where they were conspicuous members of the most cultured circle of the State capital. Twenty years ago they went to

Memphis, and immediately her activities were directed toward the betterment of civic and domestic conditions. She was so optimistic, so courageous, so unselfish, so unflagging in zeal that she proved a stimulating influence to all she touched. The development of noble charities, the promotion of large and most altruistic philanthropies filled her thoughts, yet it would be impossible to tell of all the modest deeds which beautified her life or to name the many hearts warmed, helped, and uplifted by the reach of her unfailing kindness and sympathy. Among many other practical results of her work was the establishment of the Housekeepers' Club, the first of its kind in the South. Besides her work in this organization, she was an active member of the Nineteenth Century Club, of the Sarah Law Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and of the Missionary and the Aid Circles of Calvary Church. Her book, "Romance and Realism of the Gulf Coast," her short stories and essays, her spirited editorial work on the *News Scimitar* all won recognition.

On July 13, 1911, after a period of prolonged suffering, she passed from our midst, a husband, a daughter, and many friends sorrowing over the separation with deepest sense of loss. Her last words were a request for loving service to her little grandchild.

"They are not far removed, our blest beloved,
To realms our watchful love may never reach;
They are within our call, though it may chance
These are too dull to catch their finer speech."

[Data from beautiful sketch by Anna Robinson Watson.]



GEN. JOHN M. BRIGHT.

Gen. John M. Bright, of Fayetteville, Tenn., died October 2, in his ninety-fifth year. He had been quite feeble for months, but his brilliant mind remained unclouded up to the very day before his death. The end came peacefully—just a gentle falling asleep. For over sixty years he had been

prominent in Tennessee. He was a speaker for Polk in the great Polk-Clay campaign of 1844. During the war he was on the staff of Gov. Isham G. Harris, and subsequently he served five terms as a Congressman from the Fifth District, beginning with the Forty-Second. After his retirement from Congress, he returned to the practice of law.

Some months ago he wrote an analytic characterization of the events and chief actors in the trial and crucifixion of the Saviour, which for its profound thought and perspicuous style was remarkable. As much may be said of his article in the *VETERAN* for August, 1909, on "The States in the Confederate War."

General Bright was three times married. His third wife, formerly Miss Belle Buckner, survives him, with four sons (Robert L., Matthew M., David M., and Samuel A. Bright) and one daughter (Mrs. Anna Jones, of Birmingham). Mrs. Bright's devotion and care for her venerable husband were beautiful, and evidently prolonged his life four or five years.

Hon. W. G. Brien, one of the oldest lawyers in Nashville, said of General Bright: "I first heard him speak during the political campaign of 1850 at Lebanon when I was a boy. He was a keen logician, a polished rhetorician, and a scholarly lawyer. He was intuitively courteous, and was especially affable in his conversation. Possessing a ready memory, his talk was adorned not only by references to recent occurrences but also beautifully illustrated with incidents of classic history. In his speeches he appeared to have every word that he uttered carefully considered and the sentiment itself was beautiful. He was universally beloved. He was sincere in his political faith, and had an abiding confidence in the people. He believed that the masses were of honest intention and thoroughly capable of self-government."

FATHER TOM MAJOR.

Father Tom Major, the faithful pastor of the Church of the Good Shepherd at Frankfort, Ky., who died recently, was a dashing soldier under General Morgan, and it is said that there was no more loyal or daring soldier in that command. He was in prison for many months, and became so emaciated that his life hung on a thread. Nursed back to life by the good sisters, he determined to consecrate himself to the cause so consistently embodied in their life work. He became a priest, and, marching under the banner of the cross, became one of its most vigorous defenders and champions.

A touching incident occurred in connection with the preparations for the funeral when the Confederate cross of honor, given to Father Major by the Daughters of the Confederacy, was, as requested by him, presented to his nephew, Stewart Auld, of Indianapolis. The presentation was made by Judge W. L. Jett for those of Morgan's men who acted as escort to the church.

CAPT. A. W. ELLIS.

Capt. A. W. Ellis was born near Cuthbert, Ga., in 1844; and died at Keltys, Tex., on September 28, 1911. He served throughout the War between the States as a private in the 5th Georgia Infantry. As Commander of Camp A. W. Ellis, U. C. V., of Lufkin, Tex., he made an excellent officer, always ready to assist in anything pertaining to the Confederate cause. He was twice married, and leaves a wife, four sons, and two daughters.

Captain Ellis removed to Houston County, Tex., about thirty years ago, and a few years later moved to Angelica County. He owned several large farms. He served a term as sheriff

and tax collector, and was one of the most prominent and progressive citizens of his section. Possessing indomitable will, energy, and perseverance, he generally succeeded in anything he undertook.

CLARENCE CARY.

Virginia's first families are mourning the loss of Clarence Cary, who died recently at Greenwich, N. Y. For half a century he was in touch with the affairs of the Old Dominion. Mr. Cary was born in 1845 in Fairfax County, Va. His father was Archibald Cary and his mother was a daughter of the ninth Lord Fairfax. During the war Mr. Cary was a midshipman C. S. N., and took part in several military and naval engagements. He commanded a small gun battery in Fort Fisher. When the war closed, he went to New York and attained great success at the bar under the firm of Cary & Whitridge. He was a brother of Mrs. Burton Harrison, the novelist, and for many years was the close friend and legal adviser of Mrs. Jefferson Davis. A charming gentleman, Mr. Cary was adored by a large circle of friends. His widow is a daughter of the late Howard Potter, and the only son, Guy, is a member of the law firm of Cary & Carroll.

WILLIAM LAFAYETTE YOUNG.

William L. Young was the only son of George E. Young, of Orange County, Va., and Julia Hopkins, of Georgia. He was born in Holmes County, Miss., in 1839; and died in Lexington, Miss., July 10, 1911. He grew to manhood in the pure environment of a country home and completed a carefully founded education in the University of Mississippi. From there he promptly enlisted for the Confederate service as a soldier in the "University Grays." His regiment took part in the first battle of Manassas, and at Seven Pines he was wounded and received a furlough for sixty days. After recuperating, he rejoined his command, and fought in Law's Brigade in the second battle of Manassas and Sharpsburg. In the later engagement he was again wounded, necessitating the amputation of his left arm below the elbow, which closed his military career, and he was honorably discharged in April, 1863.

For his life work he chose the profession of teacher. Later he became superintendent of education and bank cashier. He was married to Miss Florence Kennard, of Port Gibson, Miss., in 1885. Their married life was most happy but short, as she died young. She left him the care of a son and daughter, the latter dying at three years of age. The son, Joseph Kennard Young, grew up to noble manhood, and worthily inherits his father's honors.

JOHN B. SLAUGHTER.

John B. Slaughter was born in Butts County, Ga., March 24, 1843; and died at his home, at Snowdown, Ala., on July 27, 1911. He was a member of the 30th Georgia Regiment, and served throughout the war, participating in all the battles of his regiment until he was captured a year before the close and confined in a Northern prison. When the war ended, he returned home; but in 1872 he removed to Montgomery County, Ala., where he married a daughter of the late J. B. Callaway and engaged in farming. As a man of honor and integrity, he soon became a useful and prominent citizen in his community. He was noted for his charity and hospitality, and it was in his home that his life shone brightest and best.

[Several Last Roll sketches are held over to next month.]

SERVICE WITH THE 4TH LOUISIANA BATTALION.

SPECIAL SKETCH OF AUSTIN W. SMITH.

At the outbreak of the war, in 1861, Austin Williams Smith was a student at Oakland College, Mississippi. After the college commencement in April, he returned to his home, Saragossa Plantation, five miles from Natchez, and in May he assisted in organizing the "Natchez Rifles," with Alfred V. Davis, of Natchez, as captain. After electing officers, the company marched over to Lake Concordia, La., and camped on the Tecona Plantation, owned by Captain Davis, where they remained a week, drilling, etc. Austin Smith enrolled as a private, and his brother, Davidson Smith, was elected corporal.

The command left Natchez in June, 1861, on the steamer Mary E. Keene for Richmond, Va., via Memphis, Tenn. On arriving in Richmond the company encamped on Libby Hill, where it was mustered into service as Company E, 4th Louisiana Battalion, commanded by George Waddell, of Madison Parish, La. The battalion was kept at Richmond as a body-guard to President Davis and as a guard to Libby Prison until in the fall of 1861, when it was ordered to West Virginia. General Floyd was then in command of the army in West Virginia. There the battalion was engaged in skirmishing around Cotton Mountain and in the Kanawha Valley under fire of the enemy commanded by General Rosecrans. In December the battalion returned to Richmond, and upon the resignation of Waddell, John McHenry, lieutenant colonel, took command, adding another company, the "Ouachita Rebels," to the battalion. One week later it was ordered to Skidway Island, on the coast of Georgia, about twenty miles below Savannah, where the command remained until June, 1862, and was then ordered to James Island, S. C., and participated in the battle of Secessionville on June 16.

After this battle, the 4th Louisiana Battalion was ordered back to Savannah, and remained in that vicinity until the latter part of 1862, doing guard and picket duty. It was then ordered to Wilmington, N. C., and from there back to Savannah, where it remained until May, 1863. The battalion was then ordered to Jackson, Miss., to join the command of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. Austin Smith was with his command until the fall of Vicksburg, and was almost constantly under fire.

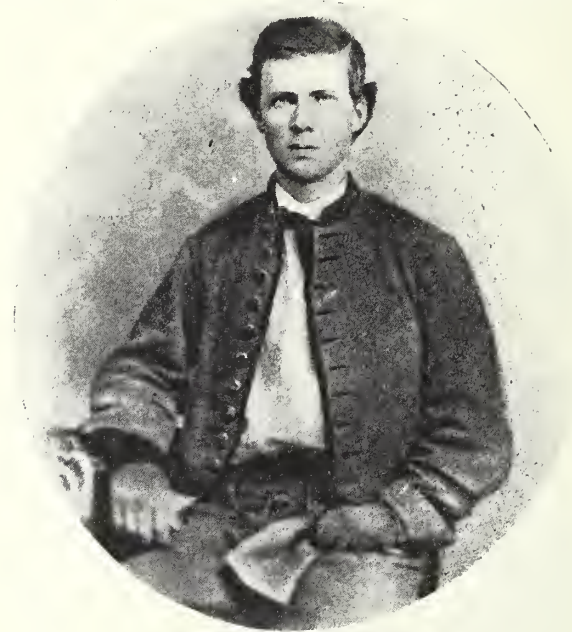
When the campaign ended, the 4th Battalion was sent to join the Army of East Tennessee under General Bragg, who was then in Northern Georgia, about August, 1863, and participated in the battle of Chickamauga in Wilson's Brigade. After that battle, the battalion was assigned to Gen. Dan Adams's brigade, which later became Gibson's Brigade, and took part in the battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge in November and December, 1863. The army then fell back and went into winter quarters five miles above Dalton, doing picket duty in Snake Creek Gap. In April, 1864, the campaign opened with the Army of East Tennessee under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who had succeeded General Bragg. In the battle of Resaca Austin Smith was wounded on his hand and thigh, but after three weeks he had recovered sufficiently to return to the army. At that time the forces had fallen back below Marietta, Ga.

The 4th Louisiana Battalion took part in the battle of Ezra Church, July 28, 1864, during which four men, one of whom was Austin Smith, rushed into the enemy's breastworks, and Austin captured a United States flag of an artillery company, which he presented to General Hood. The commander, in recognition of his gallant deed, promoted him in the field, mak-

ing him ensign. Austin received a slight wound in this battle, and Spurlock, one of the four mentioned, was killed.

The 4th Louisiana was consolidated later with Austen's Battalion of Sharpshooters, the 25th and the 30th Louisiana Regiments, and subsequently called the "Pelican Regiment," commanded by Col. Frank Zachary. Austin Smith was assigned to duty as color bearer of this regiment. The battle flag he carried is now in possession of his son, Davidson R. Smith, at the family residence, Saragossa, near Natchez. It is riddled by bullet holes and stained by the smoke of battles through which the young soldier carried it.

Gibson's Brigade, including the Pelican Regiment, participated in the battle of Jonesboro, Ga., and was with Hood in the Tennessee campaign. The 4th Louisiana Battalion did not participate in the battles of Franklin and Nashville, having been so crippled around Atlanta that it was left at Columbia, Tenn., to guard the rear of Hood's army and the pontoon bridge across Duck River. As the brigade came back from Nashville joined by the 4th it crossed the Tennessee River about nine miles below Florence and was sent to Mobile, Ala.



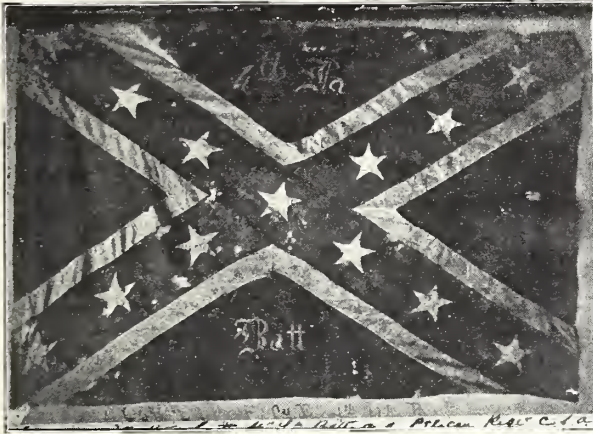
AUSTIN W. SMITH.

After camping back of Mobile, at Springhill, for some weeks, it was ordered across Mobile Bay to Spanish Fort, where the enemy had made assaults both by land and water. The Confederate forces at Mobile were commanded by General Maury. There was continued fighting around the fort from the time of their arrival until we evacuated a week or so later.

When the Confederate forces evacuated Mobile, Gibson's Brigade was ordered to North Carolina. With the exception of the time that Austin Smith was absent because of wounds, he participated in all the battles in which his battalion engaged.

To the writer of this sketch he told the story of how, after the battle of Secessionville, he was one of the guard who accompanied the Confederate dead taken by steamer to Charleston for burial. It was sunset. The chimes of St. Michael's Church rang the old air of "Home, Sweet Home." The soldiers guarding their dead heroes wept. Years afterwards on hearing the same old bells Austin Smith wept again. This narrative is concluded in his own words: "The brigade started

from Meridian, Miss., on foot by way of Demopolis, Ala., to the army in North Carolina. On reaching a point about twenty miles east of Meridian we received orders to return for the purpose of surrender. On our arrival we were marched out on the commons, stacked our flags and arms and accouterments, and marched back to camp. The next day we marched in a body to the office, where we were given paroles, received transportation to our homes, and, one by one, broke ranks. This was our final surrender on the 10th of May, 1865. I had served in the army four years and six days."



FOURTH LOUISIANA BATTALION BATTLE FLAG.

Data for this sketch were supplied by Mrs. Austin Smith, lately deceased, who wrote under date of July 11, 1911: "Two years ago I felt impelled to ask my husband to relate to me his war record. On the 14th of April, 1911, very suddenly



AUSTIN W. SMITH.

and unexpectedly he passed away. Only a week or two before he had related to me the closing events in his experience. He was proud of having been the ensign of the Pelican Regiment and of his experience as a soldier. He was one of the bravest, one of the purest, most loving and lovable of men."

In July, 1863, Davidson Smith was transferred from Johnston's army, on the outskirts of Vicksburg, to the Trans-

Mississippi Department, under Kirby Smith, and was elected second lieutenant in Captain Benjamin's company of cavalry.

[It is deeply regretted that the foregoing did not appear in time for the author to see it.—EDITOR VETERAN.]

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING SEPTEMBER 30, 1911.

Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$12. Contributed by Tampa Chapter, No. 113, U. D. C., Tampa, Fla., \$10; Bonnie Blue Flag Chapter, Tarpon Springs, Fla., \$2.

Wm. Wallace Chapter, No. 660, U. D. C., Union, S. C., \$5.

Mrs. J. W. Clapp, Director for Tennessee, \$107. Contributed by William B. Bate Chapter, No. 245, U. D. C., Nashville, Tenn., \$5; Russell Hill Chapter, No. 391, U. D. C., Trenton, Tenn., \$5; Mrs. W. G. Oehring Chattanooga, Tenn., \$10; Mrs. Richard Sansom, Knoxville, Tenn., \$2.56; Mrs. G. W. Denney, Knoxville, Tenn., \$3.44; Maury County Chapter, No. 42, U. D. C., Columbia, Tenn., \$42; Hattie B. Holland Chapter, No. 1243, U. D. C., Jackson, Tenn., \$15; Mary Latham Chapter, No. 474, U. D. C., Memphis, Tenn., \$15; Sarah Law Chapter, No. 110, U. D. C., Memphis, Tenn., \$6; Clark Chapter, No. 13, U. D. C. (?), Gallatin, Tenn., \$2.50; Lewisburg Chapter, No. 111, U. D. C., Lewisburg, Tenn., 50 cents.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, \$172. Contributed by Danville Chapter, No. 1235, U. D. C., Danville, Va., \$5; Holston Chapter, No. 1183, Marion, Va., \$5; Mildred Lee Chapter, No. 74, U. D. C., Martinsville, Va., \$10; Fluvanna (?) Chapter, U. D. C., ———, Va., \$3; Waverly Chapter, U. D. C., Homesville, Va., \$10; Dr. Harvey Black Chapter, No. 174, U. D. C., Blacksburg, Va., \$5; Miss Sallie Tompkins, Gloucester, Va., \$1; Dixie Chapter, U. D. C., Parksley, Va., \$3; Shenandoah Chapter, No. 32, U. D. C., Woodstock, Va., \$2.50; Richmond Chapter, No. 158, U. D. C., Richmond, Va., \$25; Old Dominion Chapter, No. 957, U. D. C., Hampton, Va., \$5; Flora Stuart Chapter, No. 179, U. D. C., Pulaski, Va., \$2.50; Miss Lucy Harrison, Richmond, Va., \$1; Chesterfield Chapter, No. 851, U. D. C., South Richmond, Va., \$25; Wythe Grays Chapter, No. 136, U. D. C., Wytheville, Va., \$6; Madison Chapter, No. 1093, U. D. C., Madison C. H., Va., \$4; R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 233, U. D. C., Falls Church, Va., \$5; Diana Mills Chapter, No. 1196, U. D. C., Diana Mills, Va., \$3; Anna Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 180, U. D. C., Abingdon, Va., \$5; Surry Chapter, No. 498, U. D. C., Surry, Va., \$10; Petersburg Chapter, No. 155, U. D. C., Petersburg, Va., \$10; Fredericksburg Chapter, No. 163, U. D. C., Fredericksburg, Va., \$1; Turner Ashby Chapter, No. 162, U. D. C., Harrisonburg, Va., \$10; Mary Custis Lee Chapter, No. 7, U. D. C., Alexandria, Va., \$10; Harrison-Harwood Chapter, No. 254, U. D. C., Charles City, Va., \$5.

Greensville Chapter, No. 1247, U. D. C., Emporia, Va., \$3.65.

Hon. Clifton R. Breckinridge, Fort Smith, Ark., \$5.

Mrs. Katherine C. Breckinridge, Fort Smith, Ark., \$5.

Total for month, \$309.65.

Balance on hand from last report, \$18,040.34.

Total to be accounted for, \$18,349.99.

Balance on hand October 1, 1911, \$18,349.99.

WALLACE STREATER, Treasurer.

The procurement of the splendid sums for Arlington and Shiloh monuments by the United Daughters of the Confederacy after completing the Jefferson Davis monument in Richmond and their liberal contributions for the Jefferson Davis birthplace, Fairview, Ky., besides the hundreds of other enterprises, indicate what they can do. All honor to them!

PARTICIPANT IN BATTLE OF FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

BY NATT HOLMAN, LA GRANGE, TEX.

In the July VETERAN Comrade J. W. Du Bose asks what troops made the fight at Fayetteville, N. C., on the morning of March 10, 1865. I was one of the mixers in that scrimmage as a member of the 8th Texas Cavalry, generally known in the army as the "Terry Texas Rangers." The brigade was composed of the 3d Arkansas, 4th Tennessee, 8th and 11th Texas, and commanded by the brave and gallant Gen. Tom Harrison, formerly colonel of the 8th Texas.

We had been in the saddle all the day before and most of the night, and about night General Wheeler called for four men from my regiment to go on foot, as horseback was considered too risky, to spy out the situation of the enemy, telling the volunteers to meet him at a designated place. The command was then ordered to close in quietly on Kilpatrick's camp and wait the return of the scouts that had been sent forward. After several hours, the men returned, riding bareback, and each had a led horse that he confiscated for his trouble. The Terry Texas boys had much aversion to walking. They reported the condition to their commander as they viewed it in darkness. Everything was put in order for the charge to be made at daylight, which was done. We took the Yanks by complete surprise, capturing Kilpatrick's headquarters and his spotted Arabian (stud) horse, which was turned over to General Wheeler, who rode him off and on until the close of the war.

Yes, "Little Joe," as his men called him, made the fight on that memorable day with men from Harrison's, Dibrell's, and Ashby's Cavalry. This is the recollection of a private forty-six years after the events transpired. Comrade Bennett, of Jasper, Tenn., in the September VETERAN is mistaken as to General Harrison's being wounded in that fight. He was severely wounded later in the battle of Bentonville, N. C., as also our Colonel Cook and Major Jarman were both badly wounded.

FLAG OF THE 20TH TENNESSEE INFANTRY.

In despair of recovering their famous battle flag, made of Mrs. John C. Breckinridge's wedding gown and presented to the regiment by the General, the survivors of the 20th Tennessee Regiment at the late reunion in Nashville, Tenn., appointed a committee to secure a description of the flag in order to have it reproduced.

The publication of this notice brings the following from M. C. Jordan, of Porum, Okla., who was a member of Company D, 20th Tennessee, who is interested in the recovery of the old flag:

"This flag was at the annual Reunion of the Confederate Veterans at Nashville, Tenn., in June, 1897, and was carried in the procession by the few members of the 20th Tennessee who were at the Reunion. I had the inexpressible pleasure of seeing and touching it for the first time since May 30, 1864, when the Yanks made me a cripple for life. This flag was brought to the Reunion by a Mr. Roberts, of the 20th Tennessee Regiment. I don't recall his given name or his address. He was requested to place the flag with the Cheatham Bivouac, but he refused to do so, and said he was going to keep it for his 'winding sheet.' I fear the dear fellow now lies in the cold, cold earth with the flag around his body.

"There were only four men named Roberts in that regiment—two in Company C, W. H. and George W. Roberts, and two in Company G, A. G. and W. A. Roberts. Now, it is possible that one of these had the flag of the 20th Tennessee in his

possession at the Reunion at Nashville in 1897. Roberts must have kept the Yankees from getting the flag at the surrender of the 20th Tennessee and not an officer, as was stated."

GEORGIA U. C. V. STATE REUNION.

The State reunion of Georgia Confederate veterans occurred at Rome on September 21. It was largely attended. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Division Commander, John W. Maddox, of Rome; Brigade Commanders—Northern, S. B. Lewis, of Fayetteville; Southern, Dr. W. D. Burroughs, of Brunswick; Western, H. M. Bryan, of Talbotton; Eastern, Hardy Smith, of Dublin; Cavalry, E. G. Gilmore, of Milner. Marietta was selected for the next year's reunion, October 8 and 9, 1912.

A splendid address was delivered by William G. Pritchard, Commander in Chief of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, followed by Adjutant General N. B. Forrest in an earnest, patriotic talk.

There was a big parade in the afternoon. It was one of the longest and most spectacular ever seen in Rome. It is estimated that over one thousand veterans participated, with quite as many more people in one way or another officially connected with the reunion.

A fitting comment is that "this year's reunion in Rome was a complete success in every way and from every standpoint."

Charles C. Harper, of Rome, was unanimously reelected Division Commander Sons of Veterans; G. E. Maddox, of Rome, Commander First Brigade; J. M. Dunwoody, of Macon, Second Brigade; Geo. Drummond, Savannah, Third Brigade.

CAPT. PIERCE B. ANDERSON'S SWORD.

BY O. V. ANDERSON, TULLAHOMA, TENN.

I have published requests in several papers concerning my uncle's sword, but have never secured any information about it. Will you try for me? The sword was a very fine one, presented to Captain Anderson for his bravery in the battle of Chapultepec.

In April, 1861, Capt. P. B. Anderson raised a company at Tullahoma, Tenn., which went to Virginia in Colonel Turner's regiment. But at Lynchburg Captain Anderson organized an artillery company named Lee's Battery. He was in the West Virginia campaigns, and was killed on Allegheny Mountain. His body was sent to Tullahoma for burial. His sword was sent with his remains and was taken possession of by his brother, Dr. Thomas A. Anderson. In the battle of Chapultepec, Mexico, a Mexican battery was throwing shell into the American ranks, and a shell exploded, killing sixteen men of Captain Anderson's company. For a moment his company was staggered by this appalling event. Captain Anderson ran out in front of his men, sword in hand, encouraging them. He exclaimed: "Company B, forward, boys; remember you are Tennesseans!" The brave men, with pride as Tennesseans, answered their gallant captain with a yell and followed him on to victory. For this act he was presented with a sword, and on one side these words were inscribed: "Presented to Capt. Pierce B. Anderson for his bravery in the battle of Chapultepec." On the other side are these words: "Company B, forward, boys; remember you are Tennesseans." Dr. Anderson, Captain Anderson's brother, refugee to Forsythe, Ga., and the sword was left in Atlanta, and during the fall of that city it was lost. Information concerning it will be appreciated as well as rewarded. No one else can possibly value it as highly as I will.

THE SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER U. D. C.,
FROM SEPTEMBER 15 TO OCTOBER 15, 1911.

Alabama: Senator J. N. Bankhead (personal), \$25.

Arkansas: Post cards sold by Mrs. Hall, \$2.

Colorado: M. H. D. Hayes Chapter, Denver, \$10; Dr. W. W. Grant (personal), Denver, \$5; Allen L. Burris (personal), Denver, \$3; to sale of post cards, \$6.

Georgia: Mary V. Henderson Chapter, Ocilla, \$1; Margaret Jones Chapter, Waynesboro, \$5; Sylvania Chapter, Sylvania, \$5; Moultrie Chapter, Moultrie, \$5; Chapter A, Augusta, \$10; S. E. Hornaday, Ellersville, \$3; Charles T. Zackry Chapter, McDonough, \$1; Ben Hill Chapter, Fitzgerald, \$3.50; Atlanta Chapter, Atlanta, \$50; O. C. Home Chapter, Hawkinsville, \$1.

Illinois: Chicago Chapter, Chicago, \$36.

Louisiana: Check from Mrs. Randolph for contributions from Chapters (list not furnished), \$40.

North Carolina: Mrs. L. A. Smith, \$3; Henry L. Wyatt Chapter, \$1.75; James B. Gordon Chapter, \$25; Junius Daniel Chapter, \$9; Mount Airy Chapter, \$2.50; Ashville Chapter, \$5; R. E. Lee Chapter, \$10; Leonidas Polk Chapter, \$3.35; Norfleet Howell Chapter, \$5; Robert F. Hoke Chapter, \$25; Thomas Ruffin Chapter, \$1; Albemarle Chapter, \$5; Bethel Heroes Chapter, \$2.21; Pamlico Chapter, \$3; Kings Mountain Chapter, \$1; Holt-Sanders Chapter, \$4.75; Perquimans Chapter, \$10; Frank Bennett Chapter C. of C., \$1; Caswell Company Chapter, \$1; Scotland Neck Chapter, \$2.60; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, \$10; Cape Fear Chapter, \$10; interest, 30 cents; J. W. Durham Chapter, \$15; H. L. Wyatt Chapter, \$5.40; Z. B. Vance Chapter, \$2.06; Roberson Chapter, for post cards, \$5; Rockingham Chapter, \$5; Ransom-Sherrell Chapter, \$10; Winnie Davis Chapter C. of C., \$5; Frank M. Bird Chapter, \$3; North Carolina Division Pledge, \$10; Knotts Island Chapter, \$5; Widow's Mite, 25 cents; interest, \$1.44.

Tennessee: William L. Rhea (personal), Knoxville, \$1; Mrs. S. A. Gant (personal), Franklin, \$1; Mrs. R. N. Richardson (personal), Franklin, \$1; Martin Chapter, Martin, \$5; Musidora McCorry Chapter, Jackson, \$50.

Virginia: Jubal Early Chapter, Rocky Mount, \$10; Rawley-Martin Chapter, Chatham, \$10; Shenandoah Chapter, Woodstock, \$2.50; Stower Camp Chapter, Strasburg, \$2; Dixie Chapter, Jinkins Bridge, \$2; Kirkwood Otey Chapter, Lynchburg, \$10; Mildred Lee Chapter, Martinsville, \$5; Floyd Chapter, Floyd, \$2.50; Fluvanna Chapter, Fluvanna, \$3; Middleburg Chapter, Middleburg, \$2.50; Isle of Wight Chapter, Smithfield, \$5; Danville Chapter, Danville, \$5; Madison Chapter, Madison, \$5; Holston Chapter, Marion, \$5; Wythe Grey Chapter, Wytheville, \$1; R. E. Lee Chapter, Falls Church, \$5; Sally Tompson Chapter, Gloucester, \$1; Flora Stuart Chapter, Pulaski, \$2.50; Diana Mills Chapter, Diana Mills, \$2; Agnes Lee Chapter, Franklin, \$5; Fredericksburg Chapter, Fredericksburg, \$5; Mary Custis Lee Chapter, Alexandria, \$5; Turner Ashby Chapter, Harrisburg, \$10.

Kentucky: Christian County Chapter, Hopkinsville, \$5.

Total since last report, \$583.11; total in hands of Treasurer at last report, \$9,890.26; total in hands of Treasurer to date, \$10,473.37.

ELEVENTH TEXAS CAVALRY REUNION.—About eight hundred veterans from Red River and near-by counties assembled in Detroit, Tex., on August 3, in honor of the surviving members of the gallant 11th Texas Confederate Cavalry in their thirty-

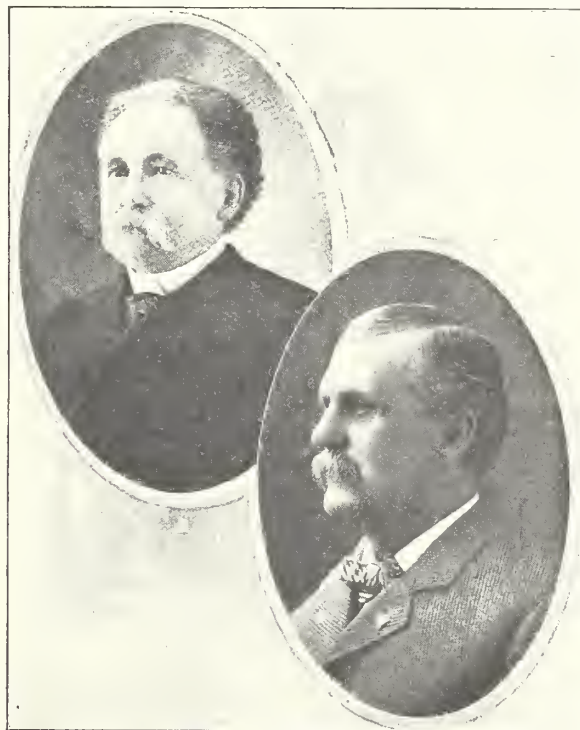
fourth annual reunion. Since the meeting at Gainesville last year six of the comrades have died. Robert Bean, of Gainesville, who had been Commander twelve years, died the Sunday before. Judge Cato Sells, of Cleburne, in a welcome address paid a beautiful tribute to Commander Bean.

Capt. J. W. Grayson, of Gurley, Ala., wants the addresses of relatives of each of the following members of his company, E, 37th Tennessee Regiment: Thomas Bowers, Jacob Dunn, Jasper Atchley, Polk Clark, William Boshart, Elijah Hennard, John L. Leasley, W. M. Ledbetter, Lafayette Moon, James Mathes, T. P. Oliver, Wade Peevy, Robert Taylor, W. D. Leanier, H. H. Moore, Richard Moon, J. W. Johnson (chaplain), John Mathewson, R. L. Nail, J. C. Taylor, C. C. Whiting, S. Wildman, W. P. Watson, Calvin Taylor.

BROTHERS WHO WORE GRAY AND BLUE.

In Boston Globe of September 16 from Lynn, Mass.:

"Gen. William Henry Jewell, of Orlando, Fla., and Col. B. Wood Jewell, of Omaha, Nebr., who fought on opposite sides in the Civil War, had a reunion in the home of their sister, Mrs. George H. Jacobs, of 351 Summer Street, this city.



GEN. WM. H. JEWELL.

COL. B. WOOD JEWELL.

Yesterday was the first time in years that the two brothers and sister had met together. The arrangement for this reunion was made sometime ago, and the event was looked forward to with a great deal of pleasure.

"When the Globe reporter called at the Jacobs home, he found the brothers busily engaged in going over matters that reminded them of boyhood days. General Jewell said it had been a long time since he had seen his brother and sister together. He likes the South to live in because it agrees with his health, yet he had a great love for his native State. He was born in Wakefield, Mass., February 26, 1840, and had been in the South since he was a small boy.

"In speaking of the war, when he was serving in the Con-

federate army, General Jewell said that he knew that his brother was in a Northern regiment. General Jewell is a lawyer, and since the war closed has had considerable experience in the newspaper business, being at one time managing editor of the Memphis Register. He has also been prosecuting attorney for Warren County, Miss., a member of the Florida Legislature, a Mason, and a Knight Templar. 'My brother,' said the General, looking slyly over to the place where Colonel Jewell was sitting, "said at one time that he would shoot me on sight because I was in the army of the Rebs, but he has forgiven me now.'

"The Colonel looked up with a smile as much as to say: 'You are all right now.'

"Colonel Jewell was born November 24, 1844, and has been for many years a resident of Omaha, where he is well known in business circles and as a leading official of the Woodmen of the World. He said that it always gave him great pleasure to come East among his friends, and that he had looked forward to this meeting with his brother and sister with a great deal of pleasure. 'Yes,' said Colonel Jewell when asked if he realized that his brother was in the opposite force when they were at Gettysburg. 'I made special inquiry for him, as I knew his regiment was on the field.'

"Mrs. B. Wood Jewell is a native of Shutesbury, in Franklin County. They have no children.

"The father of the brothers of Mrs. Jacobs was Rev. Henry Jewell, who was on two different occasions pastor of the Second Universalist Church, in this city. He died suddenly while preaching in his church in Merrimac nearly twenty years ago."

MASSACHUSETTS'S TRIBUTE TO CONFEDERATES.

(From the Atlanta Journal.)

In a drizzling rain the principal officers of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Massachusetts, the oldest military organization on the Western Hemisphere, drove to Oakland Cemetery Monday morning and with simple, impressive ceremonies demonstrated that the barrier of sectionalism has been torn down when they decorated the monument to the Confederate dead with a beautiful wreath brought from Boston.

Coming from an extremely Northern State to one in the far South, the Union men paid loving tribute to those who died for their principles, and Col. A. M. Ferris, who wore the blue and led an army against the South, helped to lift the Confederate monument, and with tear-dimmed eyes paid loving tribute to his enemies of the sixties.

But few knew that the Northern men were paying such tribute to the South. The Ancient and Honorables wished that the exercises be modestly and entirely in the form of a tribute to the men of the South. At ten o'clock seven carriages, carrying the officers, were driven from the Piedmont Hotel to the cemetery. The caretakers at the cemetery were surprised when the procession entered. The exercises were witnessed solely by a few newspaper men and two Atlantans whose guests the military men were to be later in the day.

Nineteen members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery stood attention at the base of the Confederate monument. Col. E. C. Benton, the Commander, addressed them, talking to his companions alone: "We, the oldest military organization in the Western Hemisphere, have come to Georgia, one of our Southern States, from Massachusetts, a Northern State, and have assembled on one of the most sacred spots in Georgia, where lie the Confederate dead. It is fitting that we pay tribute to those who fought so valiantly for their cause."

Colonel Benton then presented Col. A. M. Ferris, who fought during the Civil War as an officer of the Union army, and the floral tribute was lifted to its place on the monument.

Colonel Ferris said: "This monument takes me back to the days of '61 and makes me think of the rally to arms when some of the boys donned gray uniforms and others blue. The environments of home guided nearly all of them in the selec-



FLORAL TRIBUTE ON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

tion of their colors. To me a testimonial such as this to the devoted dead of our Confederacy is the highest tribute we have ever paid to any organization. It is gratifying to me, a soldier of the blue, to extend the right hand of fellowship to my Southern brothers, and nothing pleases me more than the grasp of the hand of a Confederate soldier. The Ancient and Honorable Artillery honors itself in honoring these dead."

The officers then stood at attention as taps were sounded on the life and drum by the two musicians who accompanied them.

It is a time-honored custom of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery to decorate public monuments to both Union and Confederate soldiers at every opportunity. The last Confederate monument to be decorated was on a visit to Norfolk, Va., some years ago.

The body of the wreath with which the monument was decorated is formed of immortelles. Faneuil Hall, the home of the organization, is pictured in white and red, and above this on a background of blue the union of the two sections is symbolized in the clasp of two hands beneath the inscription, "Peace," in white letters on the blue. Beneath the outline of Faneuil Hall is the inscription: "Cradle of Liberty, A. & H. A. of Mass." The wreath is bordered with ferns and the leaves of winter flowers. It is one of the most beautiful floral offerings ever seen in Atlanta.

The Ancient and Honorable organization consists of 649 members. They made a trip to Bermuda just before coming to Atlanta. Next year they will go to London. King George of England is an honorary member of the organization, as were King Edward and Queen Victoria. In the party were Col. Everett C. Benton (Commander), Lieut. H. Hamilton, Col. S. M. Hedges, Col. A. M. Ferris, Lieut. W. H. Appelton, Sergt. George A. Patton, Sergt. W. H. L. Odell, Mr. Osborne, Lieut. Benjamin Cole, Mr. S. W. Wells, Mr. Rodney McDonough, Major Williams, Sergts. Harry Hartley, R. W. Smith, and D. B. H. Power, and Mr. J. W. H. Myrick.

It is a novel idea to so decorate a Confederate monument.

WHEN THE HEART IS YOUNG.

Col. James Bannerman, of St. Louis, Mo., wrote the VETERAN some months ago of having met the late Dr. John A. Leavy on the street some time previous to his death, that being their first meeting in a long time. In their conversation he says each was "vain enough to congratulate the other on his activity and youthful looks." Upon being twitted for learning Spanish at his age, Dr. Leavy remarked that it made him feel like a schoolboy again, and he then recited the following lines which he said he saw in an old magazine:

"I am not old, I cannot be old,
 Though threescore years and ten
 Have wafted away like a tale that is told
 The lives of other men.
 I am not old, though friends and foes
 Alike have gone to their graves,
 And left me alone to my joys or my woes
 Like a rock in the midst of the waves.
 For kindly memories 'round me throng
 Of times and manners and men
 As I look back on my voyage so long
 Of threescore years and ten.
 As I look back I am once more young,
 Buoyant and brave and bold,
 For my heart can sing as of yore it sung
 Before they called me old.
 A dream! a dream! it is all a dream,
 A strange sad dream forsooth;
 For old as I am and old as I seem,
 My heart is full of youth.
 Eye hath not seen, tongue hath not told,
 The ear hath not heard it sung,
 How buoyant and bold, though it seems to grow old,
 Is the heart forever young.
 Forever young though life's old age
 Hath every nerve unstrung,
 The heart, the heart is the heritage
 That keeps the old man young."

"A SOLDIER'S STORY" FOR THE YOUNG AS WELL AS THE OLD.

The story of his soldier life as written by Miles O. Sherrill, State Librarian of North Carolina, makes a very interesting little pamphlet, of which the Christian Advocate of Nashville, Tenn., has this to say: "'A Soldier's Story' is a most interesting pamphlet describing prison life and detailing general incidents in the Civil War. It is written by a Christian man, who is at present State Librarian of North Carolina. His vivid descriptions, his quaint sense of humor, and his philosophical disposition of crucial questions which daily arose in his eventful and painful experience as soldier and prisoner keep alive the interest of the reader until the last word is read. The title of the booklet is 'Prison Life and Other Incidents in the War of 1861-1865.'"

The Catawba County (N. C.) News adds a word of commendation: "Capt. Miles O. Sherrill's booklet on the subject of his experiences as a Confederate soldier on the battle field and in prison is valuable to younger generations in that it reveals to them what our men suffered in that fearsome conflict, and it ought to be read by every schoolboy and schoolgirl to show them of what heroic stuff the men who wore the gray were made. The booklet costs only ten cents."

Old soldiers and others will also enjoy this little book. Send for it, comrades. It is sold by the author at twelve cents, postpaid. Address him at Raleigh, N. C.

KENTUCKIANS WHO WERE CONFEDERATES.

ABOUT COL. HENRY GEORGE'S BOOK BY COURIER-JOURNAL.

Accusation is frequently directed against Kentuckians' self-glorification. If this be a true description, how singular it is that not till this day has there appeared a history of those gallant Kentuckians composing the 3d, 7th, and 8th Kentucky Regiments, and later the 12th! These fought in some of the severest engagements of the Civil War. Both commanders and men were among the most intrepid heroes who faced the battle smoke and endured the perils of cold. Such are the men now for the first time memorialized in this history of the regiments written by Col. Henry George, Commandant of the Kentucky Confederate Home.

Not until 1864 were three regiments—the 3d, 7th, and 8th—mounted. This incident of being made cavalry, the realization of a long desire, sent these men dashing into the conflict with quickened enthusiasm. Later the 12th Regiment was added to the brigade. They had such leaders as Forrest, Buford, Crossland, Lyon, Tyler, Faulkland, Preston, and others.

In Colonel George's story of heroic exploits he has verified the South's right to secede, quoting Northern precedents, citing such exponents of such a constitutional right as Horace Greeley, Wendell Phillips, Josiah Quincy, and several others. Then he gives an account of the organization of the 3d, 7th, and 8th Regiments and their subsequent movements to the notable battle fields and upon the same. Thirteen biographical sketches throw into high relief the men who led these regiments—usually to victory, always to honor. A muster roll of Kentucky volunteers, a brief but eloquent glorification of the women of the South, and a short bibliography complete the interesting volume.

Gen. Bennett Young has written a brief preface to this story of the Kentucky regiments, concluding with these words: "Painstaking, candid, just, and above all scrupulously careful of truth, no man could bring to the task of putting these Kentuckians in proper historical setting more than the author of this book. * * * All who love the Confederate cause, who cherish its heroic memories will thank the author for what he has written in the pages, and the volume will be greatly valued by those who shall hereafter aid in writing a true history of the deeds of those who wore the gray and followed the stars and bars."

Mrs. Tom Logan, of Fulton, Ark. (Box 13), wishes information of the war record of her father, John Wesley Williamson, who, she thinks, was a member of Forrest's command. Some of his surviving comrades will please write to her.

A correspondent asks that some one will give to the VETERAN readers the story of how, when, and under what circumstances the large lot of bells fell into the hands of General Butler which he shipped North and sold for government account.

SOME VALUABLE BOOKS AT \$2.

FOUR YEARS UNDER MARS ROBERT. By Maj. Robert Stiles.
 WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY. By Rev. J. L. Underwood.
 RECOLLECTIONS OF A LIFETIME. By John Goode, of Virginia.
 STORY OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES. By Joseph T. Derry.

MARY JOHNSTON DEFENDS "THE LONG ROLL."

[On October 18 Miss Mary Johnston wrote from Richmond: "I notice that this month's VETERAN contains the article upon 'The Long Roll' which Dr. Smith has so hastily and so widely disseminated. May I ask as a matter of justice that you publish in the next VETERAN the inclosed letter?"]

LETTER TO R. E. LEE CAMP, RICHMOND.

May I speak as to the division of opinion upon the historical accuracy of "The Long Roll" obtaining in Lee Camp?

My comment is that the gentlemen composing the minority opinion apparently have read neither the records left by their own men nor "The Long Roll."

Lee Camp must really strike out of existence the hundred and odd volumes of the official records, the whole series of the Southern Historical Society papers, all the newspapers of '61-65, the articles contributed by Southern officers to "Battles and Leaders," as well as those contributed to Mrs. Jackson's life of her husband, Henderson's biography, histories, memoirs, and diaries without number, forms of record too numerous to mention. It must also stop its own members and the members of other Confederate Camps from telling war stories. I quote from a letter received yesterday. The writer would, I know, grant me the privilege:

"Dear Madam: Because of divers letters published in the Baltimore Sun I take the liberty of writing to you. * * * I will state that I never knew General Jackson personally, he being one of the few celebrities in either the civil or the military service of the Confederate States whom I did not, because of my staff position, first or last know well. * * * During the first year of the war I was a private soldier in the ——. Through the second year I served as aid-de-camp on the staff of General ——. * * * I repeat that I never met General Jackson. But I was of course much interested in him and made many inquiries about him and his characteristics, and I might say learned to know him well from the army talk about him. * * * And when I read your book some months ago, I thought then, and I think still, that it was the truest representation of the real Jackson that I had ever seen in print.

"It was his 'camp' character in the Army of Northern Virginia as understood around every camp fire. We, the army at large, regarded him as a rude, impetuous, energetic man, absolutely arbitrary, with a singular, penetrating mind, and endowed with brilliant military genius, but not a man to be loved (like Robert E. Lee) by those associated with him. His soldiers learned to adore him; they learned to know that all they had to do was to obey him and they would be victors, no matter what the odds."

I may say that this letter is used simply because it chanced to be under my hand at the moment. It is but one of a large number of similar utterances, not only from men who did not personally know General Jackson, but from men who did.

As to profanity among soldiers. It is notorious that in the early part of the war—the only part treated in "The Long Roll"—General Ewell was a hard swearer. In "Battles and Leaders" Imboden, in recounting the opening of First Manassas, records his own oaths in abundance and the rebuke they brought upon him from Jackson. I think in Major Stiles's "Four Years Under Mars Robert" you will find an occasional dash, sometimes even a word spelled out.

And so with countless other good and gallant recorders of that time of stress. Personally I do not lay up against a man a strong word in a moment of exasperation, excitement, or

agony. Right or wrong, strong words were used. Perhaps they occur too frequently in "The Long Roll"—that is a matter of personal opinion. Quite mechanically and unconsciously in the long course of writing such a volume—it takes two years to write a book that you read in two days—a writer may stress too heavily such or such an incident or characteristic. It has been done by every writer from Homer down. But the statement that in four years of war among hundreds of thousands of marching and fighting men there occurred less profanity than occurs in this book is profoundly absurd.

For the character of General Jackson Dr. Smith says that it is evident that I have never read Henderson's unapproachable "Life of Jackson." I beg to say that I have read Henderson five times. There is no trait of Jackson's as given in "The Long Roll" that you will not find also given in Henderson. And why? Because, as I found when I came to study for this book, Henderson too had gone to the original sources. Where he got his material I also got mine—from the countless scattered statements of participants in the struggle. Henderson and I use the same data and draw the same conclusion, and that is that a great man is none the less a great man for all his possible peculiarities. Jackson may have had these in goodly measure; he may have sucked lemons, been awkward in appearance and manner, have sometimes been harsh and to some extent unjust (witness Garnett after Kernstown), even at some time have flagged from his highest (as Stonewall Jackson undoubtedly did flag during the Seven Days), and remain a great, unique, heroic figure, a vast military genius, a man whose fall was the fearfulest loss to the South! "Paint me," said Cromwell, "with my warts."

Stonewall Jackson is great enough to have no peculiarity apologized for or smoothed over or bundled out of sight. He is great enough to be given, not with all outline dimmed and blurred by the mist of time, but starkly so as he appeared to the Southern armies, as he was talked of around camp fires. May I add that no true artist would ever think of trying to paint either Cromwell or Stonewall Jackson save in the light of what he was? In portrait galleries it is not the smooth, unlined faces, the dapper figures for which we care.

It was not my intention to enter upon any discussion of this matter. Until I read this morning's paper I had put it aside with a smile. But I will speak to-day and speak out of an indignant heart. This book that you talk of has done a service to Virginia and the South. I say that Jerusalem is not the only city that stones her prophets, nor antiquity the only time that preoccupies itself with some blemish—it may be real, it may be fancied only—on the forehead of a great and real service.

"THE READY PARLIAMENTARIAN."

The President of the Florida Division, U. D. C., Sister Esther Carlotta, of St. Augustine, Fla., who is also Chairman General Jurisprudence Committee U. D. C., has prepared "a simplified manual of parliamentary law in accordance with 'Robert's Rules of Order,' that is designated 'The Ready Parliamentarian.'" The work is commended by General Robert, so well known as the author of "Robert's Rules of Order," to whom the little booklet is also dedicated, and it is designed for the special benefit of "those who have use for such knowledge, but have not the time to study all its complexities and details." It will be helpful as well to those well versed in parliamentary law. Furnished by the author at 25 cents.

VALUABLE WORKS ON CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

R. E. LEE AND THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY. By Henry A. White. The author has gathered data for this volume from the most authentic sources; and after careful research, he gives an account that is vivid, personal, and new in form. Neatly bound in cloth, \$3.

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PRISON LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS. By Dr. John J. Craven,

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"THE SOLDIER'S RETURN."

[This tribute was written by Mrs. Anna Word Spragins, of Huntsville, Ala., on the death of young Luther Donaldson, of Madison County, Ala., a member of Kelly's Regiment, Forrest's Cavalry. He died in the Confederate hospital at Hopkinsville, Ky., January 16, 1862.]

Did he come in the pride of manhood,
Flushed with a soldier's fame?
Did he hear a voice of welcome,
A joy that breathed his name?
Did they meet the proud young brother,
And kiss the bay-wreathed brow?
Did his presence in the homestead
Bring the sunshine's olden glow?

Did the mother's heart beat happy
As she brushed away a tear,
While her heart spoke its thanksgiving
And silently its prayer?
Did the father's aged footsteps
Hasten to meet his boy
And bless the glowing sunlight
Which brought such holy joy?

Ah, no! Through hall and parlor
Sad footsteps echo now.
They bear a soldier's coffin,
With measured steps and slow,
Back home, from whence he lately
Answered his country's call;
They bear it over the threshold,
The soldier's funeral pall.

No ray of bright, glad welcome,
But there entereth a dart
Which bringeth a cry of anguish,
The wail of a broken heart,
The wail of a stricken mother,
A sister's anguished moan,
A brother's heart-wrung sorrow,
A father's tortured groan.

Out 'neath the clouded heaven,
From the home he knew no more,
They bear the brave young brother
Whose soldier's life is o'er.
Ne'er to the call of loved ones
He'll wake; they bear him sadly,
The dead to his narrow home,
Who once stepped forth so gladly.

The clod falls so hurtling
O'er his confined breast,
Yet breaks not the soldier's slumber
Or troubles his dreamless rest.
Not a struggling sunbeam lingers
Over the red, low grave;
The rain sweeps over the hilltop
A requiem to the brave.

Yet, mourners, there is honor
Shining o'er his grave,
A nation's tear its tribute,
Shed for the youngest brave;
And God bends down with healing
To grief so deep and fell;
He chasteneth with sorrow,
He doeth all things well.

Albert Dickinson, 415 Surf Street, Chicago, Ill., wishes the address of some one who was in the charge of Cleburne's Brigade at Shiloh Church Sunday morning, April 6, 1862.

Mrs. E. B. Parks, of Shelbyville, Tenn., will be glad to hear from any surviving comrades of her husband, E. Blake Parks, who served in the 23d Tennessee Regiment. His company went from Woodbury, Tenn.

Mrs. Mary W. Lee, R. F. D. No. 2, Box 54, Bernice, La., wishes to procure a pension and needs affidavits as to the service of her husband, Daniel W. Lee, in Company K, 4th Missouri Cavalry. She will appreciate hearing from any of his comrades.

Dr. A. B. Gardner, of Denison, Tex., makes inquiry about J. R. Hill, who enlisted in February or March of 1863 in Captain Roberts's company from Eu-
faula, Ala. William Bray was the second captain. His widow is in need, and can get a pension when proof of his service is secured.

Survivors of Company A, 40th Alabama Regiment who remember the service of H. Slimky will confer a favor by writing to his widow at Augusta, Ga., Rural Route No. 2, with what information they can give her about him. He was afterwards transferred to Sample's Battery. Mrs. Slimky wishes to secure a pension and needs proof of her husband's service.

A. F. Stinson, of Greenwood, Miss., has a saber which was found in a gully nine miles south of Saulsbury, Tenn., on the Ripley, (Miss.) road, where it had evidently been thrown on the retreat from Brice's Crossroads, and where it had lain for thirty years. It has the letters "G. E. H." on the handle. He would like to return it to its owner or some relative.

Mrs. G. L. Thompson, 304 McKinley Avenue, Kewanee, Ill., is anxious to ascertain the war record of her uncle, Lillburn A. Cochran, of Marion County, Mo., who joined the command of Joe Shelby.

T. A. Fretwell, of Marianna, Ark., wishes to hear from any member of his old company, regiment, or brigade. He served with Company G, 46th North Carolina Regiment, Cooke's Brigade, Heth's Division.

George W. Owens, of Culp, Baxter County, Ark., would like to hear from some of his comrades of the war. He was a member of Bledsoe's company, 4th Tennessee Cavalry, and wishes to make proof for a pension.

R. C. Burdette, of Martin, Tenn., wishes to procure the song beginning, "Sleep, soldier, and the many shall regret thee who stand by thy cold bier to-day." Doubtless some of our subscribers can supply the song complete.

Mrs. S. E. Allen, of Hadley, Tex., wishes information from some comrades who served with her husband, A. B. Allen, in Company C, 9th Texas Volunteers, as to his record. Such information will enable her to get a pension, which she will apply for, as she is now old and in need.

Mrs. Maud Thew, of 250 East Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal., has a flag of South Carolina which has been in her mother's possession since the war, and a history of which she is anxious to get. The flag is of navy blue silk, with gray silk fringe, and is hand painted, bearing the words, "Liberty or Death," also "Catawba Rangers." There are also on it a bay tree and a snake. She will appreciate hearing from any one who remembers this flag.

Theo. H. Graves, of Anderson, Tex., would like to hear from some one who knew Thomas Bryan, supposed to have belonged to a boys' battery or boys' battalion at Galveston, Tex., in 1864. His widow needs a pension. He would also like to hear from relatives of a father and son named Garner, Missouri Cavalry, who died at the home of his uncle, George M. Patrick, during the war, while Comrade Graves was at the front. Information asked with a view to marking their graves.



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John C. Willis, of Ennis, Tex., wishes the address of Frank Brown, commissary of Ballantine's Battalion.

R. L. Battles, of Gaylesville (R. F. D. No. 1), Ala., wishes to know the whereabouts of one Charles Henderson, a tanner by trade, also a soldier in the Confederate army.

Information is desired of the service of Wiley E. Lokey, of Company F, 32d Mississippi Regiment, and W. H. Comer, who was in Capt. A. C. Rucker's Company from Ripley, Miss. Responses may be made to Mrs. M. F. Lokey, Ellendale, Tenn.

Mrs. J. P. McCurdy, of Henrietta, Tex., wishes to know if there are any survivors of the 42d Alabama Regiment who remember her husband, J. P. McCurdy, who joined the army at Talladega, Ala. She needs information of his service in order to secure a pension.

E. B. Langley, of Camp Hill, Ala., is trying to secure some information of a relative, Henry M. Langley, who was born in South Carolina, but went to Mississippi in 1858. He was located at Houston in that State when the war began, and it is supposed that he entered the cavalry service of Mississippi. Any comrades who remember him will confer a favor by answering this.

Mrs. C. F. Marsh, of Morristown, Tenn., wishes to get in communication with some surviving comrades of her grandfather, Martin Davis, and especially with one by the name of Pertree (or Petree), who saw him fall. Their service was in Captain Barnett's company of the 18th Arkansas (Colonel Carroll). This comrade sent Davis's watch and other trinkets to the son, eleven years old at the time. Pertree was in Arkansas about 1874.

C. R. Carter, of Reno, Nev., would like to hear from any descendant of Spencer Carter, of Halifax County, Va. His children were Richard, Alexander, John, James, George, Thomas, Alfred, Mary (married — Anderson), and Jane (married Thomas Soyars). Most of these left Virginia about the middle of the last century. Many grandchildren were in the Confederate army. Data wanted for history of the Carter family now being written.

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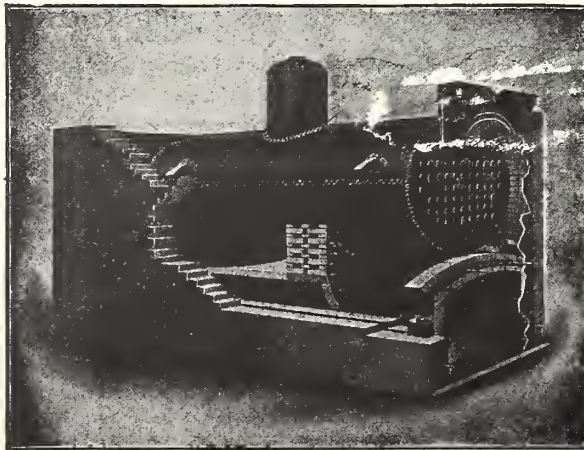
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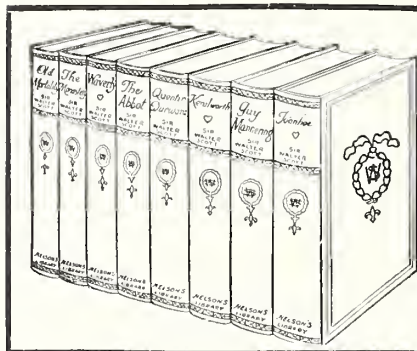
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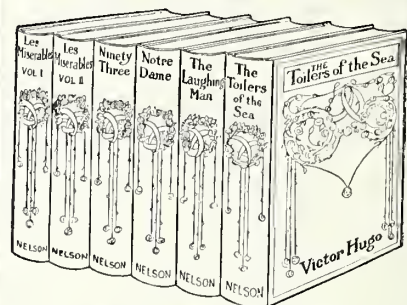


From Julio's painting. "Last Meeting of Lee and Jackson." (See page 555.)

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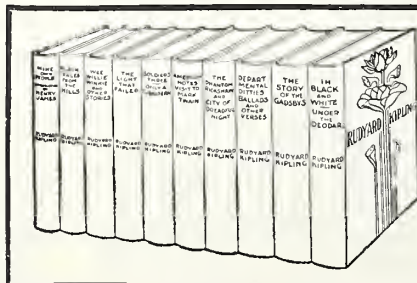
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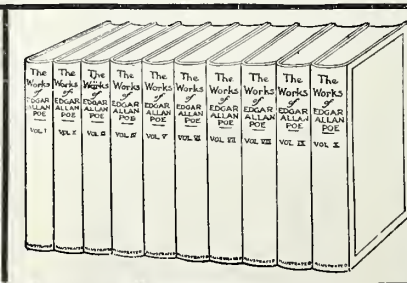
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The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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VOL. XIX.

NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1911.

No. 12. J. S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
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VETERANS EQUESTRIANS AT CADIZ FAIR.

At the Cadiz (Ky.) County Fair a clever feature was the offer of prizes to veterans of the sixties. Only Confederates entered. It was the "old soldiers' ring" for "the most graceful horseback rider." The prizes awarded were: First, to C. T. Bridges, age 67; second, to Hazard P. Baker, age 77; third, to G. Terry, age 72. The other contestants were: James E. Tutt, 76; P. B. Harrell, 76; R. A. Smith, 75; John Adams, 73; George S. A. Wallis, 72; Cas Futrell, 71; R. B. Thompson, 70; J. H. Mitchell, 70; R. W. Dew, 70; R. W. Roach, 70; W. F. Dew, 69; H. B. Perry, 68; Sam Lancaster, 68; E. D. Osburn, 68; Dave Cunningham, 67; H. C. Vinson, 65.

In sending this interesting notice to the VETERAN A. C. Burnett states that Comrade Baker was a lieutenant of the 2d Kentucky Cavalry and in command of the last bodyguard to President Jefferson Davis and that, although seventy-seven years old, he is "hale and hearty," and is fond of telling what others did in the war. What "I did" is rarely mentioned.

"LAST MEETING OF LEE AND JACKSON."

[Data from paper by Mrs. Mary Boyd Fleming, Baton Rouge, La., concerning the eminent sculptor, Julio.]

E. B. D. Febrino Julio, the painter of "The Last Meeting of Lee and Jackson," stands among the first of the South's great artists. He spent the latter and the more fruitful part of his life within her borders, devoting his whole time and attention to truly Southern subjects.

Julio was born in 1843 on the Island of St. Helena, near the place where Napoleon Bonaparte spent his last days. But little is known of his personality or of his life at any period. He spent his time in hard, ceaseless work, and left behind him many paintings and sketches.

Julio's father was a native of Italy and his mother of Scotland. His parents spared no expense in giving him the best educational advantages. He received a good literary training in Paris, and there he studied under a number of the foremost painters. He left France and came to the United States at the outbreak of the Civil War, settling at first in the North, but later he went to Louisiana and opened a studio in New Orleans, where his chief work was in portrait painting.

Julio went to Paris in 1872 for further study, when he spent two years of hard work in the studio of Leon Bonnat. Returning to New Orleans, he opened an art school.

In 1879 he was forced to give up all else except the effort to regain health. He went to Georgia, but it was of no avail. He died on September 15, 1879, at the age of thirty-six years.

The two great generals are shown in earnest conference on the eve of the battle of Chancellorsville. (See title-page of this issue.) Lee is on Traveler and Jackson on Old Sorrel, while in the background are several staff officers and orderlies. The likeness of both generals is admirable, and the work as a whole has many admirers. The picture was painted in New Orleans in 1871, and the artist made a copy of it. The fate of one of the pictures is unknown. The other was contracted for by a number of persons who agreed to pay two thousand dollars for it and to present it to the Louisiana State University. The purchase price was not paid by these subscribers, and Col. D. F. Boyd paid the amount and gave the painting to the university, of which he was the president, and in whose assembly hall it now hangs.

THE RICHMOND CONVENTION, U. D. C.

A synopsis of the Richmond Convention proceedings of the United Daughters of the Confederacy may be expected in the January *VETERAN*. The very efficient Recording Secretary, Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, has her work so well in hand that a satisfactory condensed report may be confidently expected. Some general notes in regard to the convention are given now.

The welcome addresses and responses were delivered on the evening of November 7. The Associated Press reported much confusion because of the arrival of a larger number of delegates than was expected; and while the management was criticized for delay in beginning the program, it was to its credit rather than otherwise, for Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, President of the great Richmond Chapter from its organization (the writer thinks), and who had charge of proceedings, preferred that the audience wait rather than that any delegate should be denied admittance. Moreover, she sent out of the auditorium to give room for delegates the splendidly uniformed companies, who were there in reserved seats, to receive formally some magnificent flags. The program stated that the public school children would sing, but they could not be seen, and it was assumed that in one respect at least there would be a failure.

After prolonged delay, the curtain to the great theatrical stage was raised, disclosing the "Stars and Bars," which covered the entire area, obscuring raised seats at about forty-five degrees, and the flag shimmered like the waves of the sea. As if by magic, the flag remaining in outline, the heads of more than two hundred girls and boys emerged, and the songs, under a director of whom Richmond may well be proud, started the thrilling sensation of old times in "Dixie" that did not abate during the evening. The Mayor of the city and the Governor of the State honored their official positions by the words and manner of their welcome, while the responses were as creditable to women as any ever heard, and everybody was happy.

The convention proper was called to order on the morning of the 8th by the President General, Mrs. McSherry, and for four days and Saturday night, the concluding session, as much practical business was executed doubtless as by any body of men in all history. Occasionally some woman would speak "out of order," but such was a rare exception to the rule. There are more thorough parliamentarians in that body doubtless than could be found out of Congress. "Rules of Order" (Robert's) have been studied by many, and the former Presidents General, who work "in the ranks" as valiantly as true soldiers, are excellent parliamentarians. While many of these distinguished women have done well, there may be here mentioned most worthily: Mrs. Hallie A. Rounseville, of Rome, Ga.; Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, of Greenville, Miss.; and Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, of Galveston, Tex. All honor to the women or to the men whose patriotism impels them to the hard work of regular delegates when they have served for years as President General, the highest attainable honor.

This was perhaps the best convention ever held in the history of the great organization, which is the hope of all who wore the gray in the sixties.

It being the year for electing a President General and other officers, of course much interest was centered in that event. As a rule, it was not personal friendship, but regard for efficiency that controlled in the election of President. For this office there were four under consideration: Mrs. Halliburton, of Arkansas; Mrs. Gantt, of Missouri; Mrs. Schuyler, of New York, and Mrs. White, of Tennessee. The first named, Mrs. Halliburton, withdrew her name early in the balloting, and at

the conclusion of the first ballot Mrs. Gantt, of Missouri, withdrew from the contest, so the second ballot had but two names, Mrs. Schuyler and Mrs. White. The contest was very spirited. Mrs. Schuyler's vote took in practically the border States; but the solid vote of Virginia and the practically solid vote of Mississippi and the majority in some of the other central Southern States gave Mrs. White a decided majority. The gifted and ardent Southerner, Mrs. Schuyler, ever enthusiastic for Dixie, in her clear, penetrating voice moved that the vote be unanimous for Mrs. White, and she was one of the first to congratulate her successful competitor.

Those noble women with heartier unanimity than at any former convention declared themselves in thorough approval of the *VETERAN*, and the Convention honored the Editor, it seemed, more heartily than ever before. Their practical action in behalf of the *VETERAN* is set forth in some resolutions submitted by Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, of the Mississippi Division.

In the election of Historian General, Miss Mildred Rutherford, of Athens, Ga., was proposed, and some one named Mrs. Rose, of Mississippi, when Miss Rutherford instantly arose to withdraw in favor of Mrs. Rose; but the latter, equally courteous and considerate, declined to accept a nomination against Miss Rutherford, so the eminent Georgian was chosen with enthusiasm. If Miss Rutherford can represent the South as efficiently as she has Georgia, she will make a showing that will convert all the world to the favor of the Southern people and largely increase the number of men who fought for the Union and who more greatly respect the Confederates than they do their own comrades as a class.

THE NEW PRESIDENT GENERAL.

Mrs. Alexander B. White, the newly elected President U. D. C., was born at Lexington, Miss., and is the daughter of Capt. E. Hoskins, who commanded Company A, 38th Mississippi Regiment of Infantry, from Holmes County, which went through the siege of Vicksburg, serving under and surrendering with General Forrest. He was transferred to cavalry after the siege. Her mother was Mrs. Louisiana Pinkston Hoskins, who was born in Alabama. Mrs. White was educated at Meridian, Miss., and lived there until her marriage to Mr. A. B. White, of Paris, Tenn., in 1890.

Aside from her work for the Daughters in Tennessee, Mrs. White served at various times as chairman of most U. D. C. committees, as chairman of recommendations of President General for both Mrs. Henderson and Mrs. Stone, and as a member of the committee for Mrs. Smythe. She was chairman of the Finance Committee, a member and acting chairman of the Committee on Revision of Constitution for the Atlanta Convention, and on the Jurisprudence Committee two years for Mrs. McSherry.

Mrs. White's family was well represented in the Confederate army, as all her relatives capable of bearing arms, old and young, not only in Alabama and Mississippi, but in Georgia, Virginia, Texas, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Arkansas, were faithful soldiers of the Confederacy.

OTHER GENERAL OFFICERS OF THE U. D. C.

Vice Presidents General, Mrs. Frank G. Odenheimer, Jessup, Md.; Mrs. Drury C. Ludlow, The Concord, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. J. J. McAlester, McAlester, Okla.

Recording Secretary General, Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Drawer 490, Paducah, Ky.

Corresponding Secretary General, Mrs. Katie C. Schnabel, Box 1654, New Orleans, La.

Treasurer General, Mrs. C. B. Tate, Draper, Va.
Registrar General, Mrs. James B. Gantt, Jefferson City, Mo.
Historian General, Miss Mildred Rutherford, Athens, Ga.
Custodian of Cross of Honor, Mrs. L. H. Raines, 908 Duffy Street E., Savannah, Ga.

Custodian of Flags and Pennants, Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, Norfolk, Va.

Custodian of Badge, Mrs. L. H. Raines, 908 Duffy Street E., Savannah, Ga.

RESOLUTIONS CONCERNING THE VETERAN.

During the U. D. C. Convention held at Richmond, Va., November 8-11, 1911, Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, President Mississippi Division, U. D. C., introduced the following resolution:

"Whereas the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville, Tenn., each month by Mr. S. A. Cunningham, has stood through all these years a faithful 'watchman on the tower,' keeping before the world the truths of our Southern history and defending our Southland from false statements, ever honoring the cause for which our noble sires and grandsires stood; and whereas it is the duty of our organization to support our Confederate publications and disseminate our literature and place on file copies of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN containing, as they do, valuable historical articles, so as to be of easy access as reference books in our homes and towns; and whereas several years ago Mr. Cunningham gave complimentary subscriptions for a year to all U. D. C. Chapters, and has repeatedly asked for our support, especially now that the veterans, who have been the main supporters of the publication since it was first started, are now so rapidly passing away; therefore be it

"Resolved, That the United Daughters of the Confederacy give substantial proof of their loyalty to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and that all Chapters, U. D. C., pledge to subscribe for the VETERAN, and that each Division President notify Chapters in her Division, secure their subscriptions, and send to the VETERAN as soon as possible after this convention."

The question was raised that conventions could not pledge for Chapters, so an amendment was offered "that each Division President would write immediately to her Chapters and urge them to subscribe for the VETERAN and send as many subscriptions from her State as possible to the VETERAN at once." This amendment was accepted by Mrs. Rose, and the resolution as amended was adopted.

HONOR FOR COL. RICHARD OWEN.

Friends, you have seen the requests made through several months for help to honor the memory of a prison commander at Camp Morton in 1862 in behalf of the Confederate prisoners detained there. The plan in the outset was for simply "A Memorial Tablet." For this small testimonial of gratitude the legislature of Indiana passed a resolution authorizing Governor Marshall to place it in the State Capitol, on the Capitol grounds, or on the great monument in Indianapolis erected to all the soldiers of Indiana in all the wars that they have engaged in. Consideration of this subject and all the testimony given by the few survivors of those imprisoned there during the early months of 1862 is so consistent with the merit of the undertaking that the VETERAN has determined to present a bust of marble or bronze of that noble man. There could not be erected in America a more fitting tribute nor one that would do more for our common country through all the years of the future. He has arranged with the gifted

artist, Miss Belle Kinney (who is now engaged upon the woman's monument for a number of the Southern States and the statue of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston to be placed in Dalton, Ga.), to complete the bust of Colonel Owen as soon as practicable.

This work must be done. It is believed that no other prison commander on either side so richly merits such distinction, and the lesson would be the best that can be taught.

Many, many friends have said to the Editor that a monument will be erected to him when he dies. Let all such think of the insignificance of that as compared to the other. A small granite block with a bronze tablet inscribed "The Founder



MISS BELLE KINNEY, 61 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN" placed at Shelbyville, Tenn., would suffice; while in so prominent a State Capitol at the North a "Tribute by Confederates Who Were Prisoners and Their Friends" to a man of the North for his kindness to them would be a tribute of gratitude for each of the 4,000 confined there during a period embracing zero weather and extending into the summer of 1862.

The plea is serious. The handsome bust has been ordered. Now it is with the patriots who would honor a foe whose kindness caused unceasing gratitude through all the years they lived to determine upon its setting. It will be the humiliation of incapacity to express a sentiment unless many good men and women coöperate to this noble end.

William Crow, of Ripley, W. Va., sends the VETERAN office a roll of the officers who were prisoners in Division "30," Fort Delaware, in the spring of 1865, and writes that he would be glad to hear from any of the survivors. He is now in his seventy-sixth year. This is the original roll that he took home with him from prison. It is well written in jet black ink (which has not faded) on cloth with glazed surface.

FIVE BROTHERS SAUSSY IN THE C. S. ARMY.

J. R. Saussy entered the service early in 1861 as orderly sergeant of Pulaski Guards, transferred to Chatham's Artillery, afterwards Wheaton's Battery. In the summer of 1862 he was detailed to the ordnance department, serving in office and in the field. He surrendered with Johnston's army at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865. Having retired from the practice of law, he is now living in Savannah, Ga.

Robert Saussy entered the service in February, 1861, in the Georgia Hussars. In September, 1861, this company went to Virginia and became Company F, Jeff Davis Legion Cavalry. He was promoted to corporal, sergeant, and second lieutenant.



CLEMENT, G. N., ROBERT, AND J. R. SAUSSY.

He was severely wounded at Petersburg October 27, 1864, and was on crutches at Augusta, Ga., when the war ended. He is now living on Bonabella Poultry Farm, near Savannah, Ga.

G. N. Saussy entered the service in January, 1861, in the first regiment of Georgia volunteers. He was transferred to the Georgia Hussars, and served with the Jeff Davis Legion in Virginia. He was wounded at Frederick City, Md., in September, 1862. After recovering he returned to his command. His horse was shot from under him September 13, 1863, and he was captured September 22, 1863. At that time he and two others of his command were in the enemy's line by permission to try to capture Yankee horses so as not to be in the dismounted squad. He was taken to Point Lookout, Md., kept there until August 17, 1864, and then transferred to Elmira, N. Y. On March 10, 1865, he was sent by flag of truce to the Confederate lines under parole. He was in prison eighteen months. He is now living in Hawkinsville, Ga.

Clement Saussy entered the service March 1, 1862, with the Chatham Artillery, Wheaton's Battery, serving around Savannah, Ga., Charleston Harbor, in Florida, and with Johnston's army. He was surrendered at Greensboro April 26, 1865.

Edward G. Saussy, the eldest brother (of whom there is no photograph) entered the service early in 1861 in the 1st Volunteer Regiment of Georgia. He was captured July 5, 1864, near Marietta, Ga., and died in prison at Camp Chase, Ohio, in December, 1864.

MOTHER OF THE SAUSSY BROTHERS.

The mother of these five boys was left a widow before the war. She and her twelve children lived on their large plantation with many negroes. When the crisis came, she cheerfully gave her sons to the Confederate cause, and while they were away in the field her home was appropriated to sick and disabled Confederate soldiers. Occasionally when her sons came home on furlough there was no spare place for them, as all available space was occupied by those who were far away from home and loved ones.

At the close two of these sons were at the front, two in prison, and one at home on crutches.

After the war her youngest son was talking with her about the hardships endured by her and his sisters after Sherman occupied the city, when she said: "My son, it was terrible, and only those who endured it can form any idea of our condition; but the thing that caused me most anxiety was the thought that one of you who was nearest home might let the love of mother and sisters overcome the love of country and leave your comrades and come to Savannah to see after us. This idea haunted me so that I made it a special subject of prayer, for I had rather that each one of you had given his life for his country and been buried in an unknown grave than to have such a thing happen with one of my boys." This was a type of many of the Confederate women. She passed away September 7, 1898, eighty-six years of age.

*CONFEDERATE MONUMENT IN WEST VIRGINIA.**STATUE OF STONEWALL JACKSON UNVEILED AT CHARLESTON.*

There has been erected by the Charleston Chapter, No. 151, United Daughters of the Confederacy, one of the most artistic, if not the finest, of its class of monuments. It is surmounted by a heroic bronze statue of Lieut. Gen. Thomas Jonathan



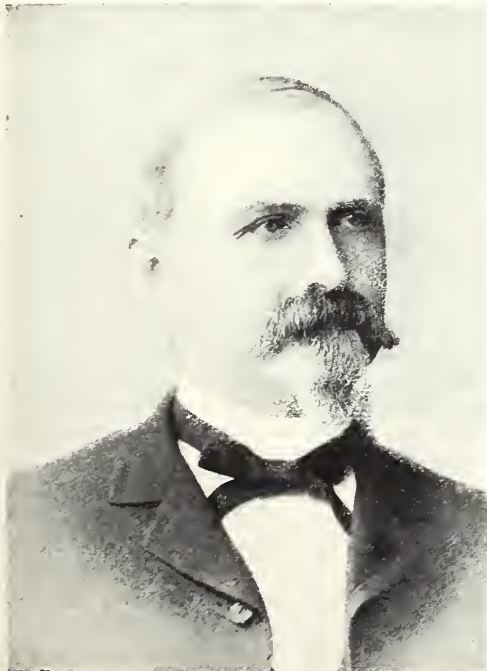
THE CHARLESTON (W. VA.) MONUMENT.

Jackson, and stands in the capitol grounds of Charleston, W. Va., to perpetuate the patriotism of Confederate soldiers.

The Chapter had accumulated some funds to help to build a Confederate Soldiers' Home in West Virginia, when in May, 1897, the Confederate Veterans of the State deemed it impossible to maintain a Home and abandoned the project. The Chapter then determined to continue the accumulation of the fund and to devote it to the erection of a monument at Charleston to the memory of the Confederate soldiers.

In 1905 the Chapter petitioned the State legislature for permission to locate its monument in the State Capitol grounds, which permission was unanimously granted. In the fall of 1908 the Chapter decided upon a handsome pedestal and to surmount it with a bronze statue of Stonewall Jackson, the greatest and most illustrious man ever born on the soil of West Virginia, a typical soldier, patriot, and Christian. The figure was to be of heroic size and in full Confederate uniform. They contracted with a gifted artist, Sir Moses Ezekiel, living in Rome, Italy, though a native of Richmond, Va., a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, and of that illustrious corps of cadets which won such imperishable renown in the battle of New Market, Va., in May, 1864. The monument was completed and unveiled on the 27th of September, 1910; and though late of report, it should be recorded in the VETERAN.

The unveiling ceremonies were of a most interesting character, and one of the largest crowds ever assembled in that city took active part. The parade was headed by the Stonewall Brigade band of Staunton, Va., with a company of seventy-five cadets from the Virginia Military Institute under command of Gen. E. W. Nichols, the Superintendent, as escort of honor. A long line composed of officers of the State Divisions, U. C. V. and U. D. C., with members of Chapters and Camps of Veterans and Sons, three companies of the State National Guard with their band, and the public generally.



BRIG. GEN. S. S. GREEN.

The assemblage was called to order at the monument by Brig. Gen. S. S. Green, Commander of the Second Brigade of the West Virginia Division, U. C. V., who presided over

the meeting. The exercises opened with an invocation by the Rt. Rev. George W. Pterkin, Chaplain Army of Northern Virginia Department, U. C. V., followed by a song by Mrs. J. Griff Edwards, General Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Choirs. Mrs. Edwards sang several appropriate songs at intervals.

Presentation of the monument by Gen. S. S. Green.

Governor Mann, of Virginia, was represented by Hon. R. A. James, President of the Board of Visitors of the Virginia Military Institute, and Governor Glasscock, of West Virginia, was represented by Adj. Gen. Charles E. Elliott.

Unveiling of the monument by Mrs. S. S. Green, President of the Charleston Chapter, U. D. C.

The acceptance of the monument was by Hon. John A. Preston, Adjutant of the David S. Creigh Camp, U. C. V., at Lewisburg, W. Va.

Addresses were made by Gen. Robert White, Commander of West Virginia Division, U. C. V., and by Sir Moses Ezekiel, while the oration of the occasion was made by Lieut. Gen. Bennett H. Young, commanding the Army of Tennessee Department, U. C. V.

The inscription on the monument is as follows:

"JACKSON
(Stonewall).

Erected as a memorial to the Confederate soldiers,
1861-1865,

By Charleston Chapter, No. 151."

ERECTED BY THE UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The monument has a concrete foundation over ten feet square. The base is of Richmond granite over eight feet square, on which is the marble base twelve feet high, surmounted by the bronze statue and plinth some eight feet and three inches high. The total height is twenty-one feet eight and a half inches high.

The artist's conception was of Jackson on the battle field of First Manassas at the moment when General Bee said: "There Jackson and his Virginians stand like a stone wall."

This monument is a love offering to the bravery, patriotism, and self-denial of all soldiers of the Confederate States.

The value of the monument is \$20,000, and is a most artistically finished piece of work. While the local Chapter, U. D. C., has the credit for this monument, acknowledgment and thanks are given to other Chapters in that and other State Divisions, Camps, U. C. V., individual Confederates, and friends not Confederate, both in and out of West Virginia.

STONEWALL JACKSON CALENDAR.

PROCEEDS FOR A MONUMENT AT HIS BIRTHPLACE.

The Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 1333, U. D. C., is raising funds for a monument to the memory of Stonewall Jackson at his birthplace, Clarksburg, W. Va. They are issuing a calendar 7x10 consisting of four leaves besides the cover, with two portraits of General Jackson, a picture of his birthplace in Clarksburg, and another of his uncle's house in the country where he lived after his mother's death until he entered West Point.

It will make a beautiful and artistic Christmas present as well as an admirable souvenir of the great soldier. Please order one or more of these calendars (50 cents).

Address Mrs. George C. Stone, President Stonewall Jackson Chapter, P. O. Box 64, Clarksburg, W. Va.

[Bear in mind that such notices as this are ever free by the VETERAN. There is no profit intended for any person.]

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

HELP BY THE SOUTHERN PRESS.

The writer is generally practical. He realizes that "every tub must stand on its own bottom." Every item of expense must be paid by each publisher, and the *quid pro quo* principle is established so rigidly that asking exception must be justified by unusual conditions. Consider the conditions, please:

Nineteen years ago the VETERAN was launched for the express purpose of making known amounts contributed to the Jefferson Davis monument—since erected in Richmond. The projector of the VETERAN was appointed to work up an interest by the Southern Press Association, which conceived the worthy undertaking. He was without bond, and contributions were sent to him without stint, so that he determined in his own behalf, to publish lists of receipts.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN became a success at once. In January, 1912, it begins its twentieth year. It has procured and maintained a larger circulation longer than any other Southern periodical in the South's history. It has for years been designated by all the general Confederate organizations as their official representative. During this period more than half of its patrons have died, and yet it has never fallen below 20,000 copies in circulation. It has established ardent friendships in every section of the South, and still there are thousands of Confederate veterans and noble women who would rejoice in the opportunity to share in its benefits if they but knew. Besides its achievements in establishing the truth of history, it is serving a multitude in clearing up records of merit whereby pensions are secured to many in need. It is helpful in restoring a multitude of friendships of other days, and its "Last Roll" is a leading feature. No charge is made for any of these important notices. By the circulation of more than four million copies it has done good.

Now as the gray line becomes thinner and thinner, will you contribute just a little space that the survivors in your section may learn of it and enjoy its benefits during the few years left to them? Sample copies are free for the asking. The VETERAN has no competitor, so you could help many without hurting any by such patriotic benevolence.

Every paper in the South is asked to print a notice in an early December issue. Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy, wherever there is an organization, will appreciate it. Republican editors and postmasters are asked to cooperate. Staunch friends of the G. A. R. have been constant patrons for nineteen years. General Van Zandt, a recent Commander in Chief, presented eighteen volumes, handsomely bound, to the Confederate Home of Alabama, and many of his comrades have shown most liberal commendation. Prominent Republicans have ever been subscribers and are of its best friends.

If you will be good enough to print a liberal notice, the next year's volume will be sent to you or to your order. Exchange is not asked, but proofs or clippings suited to the VETERAN would be appreciated. Please reply on the within card. There never has been so fitting an occasion for every Southern paper to please its patrons and do great good with a little space. Liberal club rates would be made.

BENEFICIAL PERIODICAL.

OF INTEREST TO EVERY DEVOTED SOUTHERNER.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn., requests notice in every Southern newspaper. It disseminates information about soldiers of the war on both sides; it has long represented officially every general Confederate organization, and is enthusiastically supported by the men and women who are familiar with it. While ardently loyal, as its name indicates, it is so dignified in tone and so patriotic that it maintains not only the respect but the good will of "the other side."

The VETERAN is doing an important work in helping to establish records for dependent men who wore the gray and the widows of such who seek pensions. Besides, it secures intercommunication between friends of the long ago whose inquiries are printed gratuitously.

The VETERAN is printed on fine paper and is illustrated with high-class engravings. It is one of the most creditable magazines in the country (price, \$1 a year), and the Editor prides himself in the assertion that in the distribution of over four millions of copies he has not heard of fourteen complaints.

WILL PATRONS CO-OPERATE IN SECURING PRESS HELP?

The foregoing was written direct to editors and publishers, not for place herein, but this will also interest all patrons; and if every newspaper would cooperate, the result would exceed any other influence. It is therefore printed here for the purpose of enlisting friends with their local papers, and so every Camp of Veterans and Sons, every Chapter of Daughters, and every individual subscriber could help amazingly by personal appeal to editors. If leading women and other Chapter members will cooperate in this plea, the increased circulation will be helpful in their work. The night will come ere-long "when no man can work."

The first response to the foregoing plea is by M. B. Morton, Managing Editor of the Nashville Banner, who printed the notice at once on Thanksgiving Day and wrote: "We are always ready to help the VETERAN and its Editor."

The next comes from G. F. Milton, President of the Chattanooga News and Knoxville Sentinel, as follows: "I take great pleasure in printing an editorial about the VETERAN in both the Sentinel and the News."

THE CONFEDERATES AND THE COTTON TAX.

At a meeting of Ben McCulloch Camp, Confederate Veterans, No. 1729, the cotton tax question was considered, it being understood that the Supreme Court of the United States had declared said tax illegal. This large sum is being held by the United States Treasurer subject to the act of Congress. As it is impossible to return said tax now to those who paid it, and as it was paid largely by the Southern cotton farmer, and as most of the Confederate soldiers were cotton farmers, and at this time they are in advanced years and many of them are in need, it is the sense of the Camp that said tax be returned to the cotton States for distribution among the surviving widows of such, *per capita*.

Southern Congressmen are requested to work to this end energetically until the same is put into law.

Garrett Igo, W. G. Fail, E. L. Nelson, T. A. Hope were the committee on resolutions.

C. L. Willoughby, Box 274, Lakeland, Fla., inquires for a book of poems, published during the war, whose author was "L. E. L." Who can aid him?

WOODROW WILSON CRITICIZED.

(From the Richmond Times-Dispatch.)

Col. W. H. Stewart, of Portsmouth, was one of the most gallant of the men who followed Lee. He is loyal to the just cause for which he fought and proud of the record made by his comrades. At the reunion of the Confederate veterans at Newport News recently he administered a sharp rebuke to Woodrow Wilson for his perversion of truth in his "History of the American People." In this work Dr. Wilson says, speaking of one of the greatest naval engagements of the war: "On the 9th of March these two novel craft (the Monitor and the Virginia) made trial of each other and the Virginia was worsted." This was the occasion of Colonel Stewart's protest, and what he said is worth repeating, thus: "If this is the way a Virginia-born historian writes her history, may God spare us from another such! I saw with my own eyes that battle from start to finish, and I here declare that the Virginia won the victory over the Monitor with little injury to herself. I saw the Monitor retreat to shallow water and would never more give the Virginia an opportunity to fight her, even when she had another ironclad to assist her. We may not expect justice from men like Elson; but when one born of our own soil speaks untruthful history, it cuts deeper and makes a more insidious wound than one hundred of Elson's flaming slanders, for they fall of overloaded prejudice and ignorance. We do not claim to be faultless, but we claim honesty of purpose in the great war of 1861-65."

We only ask the truth. Spread all our faults in black and white if you will, but tell the whole truth and declare our virtues and our victories when we deserve them.

The above was sent to Governor Wilson and he replied.

"NEW JERSEY, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, October 24, 1911.

"My Dear Mr. Cunningham: I was very much grieved to learn of the strictures uttered by Col. W. H. Stewart. I of course am very much mortified if I made a mistake in the brief reference I made to the fight between the Virginia and the Monitor. I am perfectly willing to accept of course the authority of such men as Colonel Stewart, and can only say I repeated what seemed to be the accepted version of the fight in a history written upon an extended scale. I had not the opportunity to consult original authorities. It never occurred to me for a moment that the account involved anything to the discredit of the officers who were in command of the gallant Virginia. Cordially yours,

WOODROW WILSON."

DISTRIBUTE COTTON TAX AMONG VETERANS.

Whereas the United States government levied and collected a cotton tax after the Civil War, which tax amounts in the aggregate to sixty million dollars, and the government has had the use of this money for nearly fifty years; and as said tax rightfully belongs to the citizens who paid the same or to their legal heirs, and since this large sum was unlawfully collected and is now wrongfully held, and it is now impossible to return said tax so illegally collected to the parties who paid the same; and as said money cannot be paid out of the Treasury except by an act of Congress; and as we, the old soldiers of the Confederacy, have proved our loyalty to the government of the United States for nearly half a century and are nearing the time allotted to man, and as many are indigent and incapacitated for work to support themselves and families; therefore be it

Resolved, That we as Confederate veterans of the State of Oklahoma assembled at Chickasha do hereby earnestly me-

morialize the Congress of the United States at its earliest opportunity to appropriate said sum of money to the use and benefit of the said Confederate veterans and their widows; also that we respectfully request members of the Grand Army of the Republic to join us in this memorial to Congress in seeking to have restored to the surviving soldiers of the Confederacy and their widows the money collected by the United States government from this tax on cotton.

Committee: H. Mullen, Jarrett Todd, T. M. Kelly.

A FALSE IDEA OF THE UNION.

BY REV. R. C. CAVE, AUTHOR OF "THE MEN IN GRAY."

Col. J. Coleman Alderson's article on "Virginia in the War Tragedies," which appears in the October VETERAN, is full of interest; but it contains an incidental and apparently inadvertent statement in regard to the Union which should not go unquestioned, because some may see in it warrant for the false assertion that the Southern soldiers fought to destroy what was cemented with the blood of their patriotic fathers. Speaking of the "elderly men" in the "Secession Convention of Virginia," the Colonel says: "They loved the *Union their fathers fought to create.*" And again, after mentioning the call for troops to invade the South which compelled Virginia's secession, he says: "Thus the mother of States and statesmen was forced to withdraw from that *Union which she had aided in establishing with the blood of her patriots.*"

The italicized words in these quotations are in keeping with the statement that "Gen. R. E. Lee fought to tear down what his father, Light-Horse Harry, fought to build up;" and they are so manifestly at variance with the facts of history that the Colonel must have penned them without considering their import.

It is true that the men of Virginia loved the Union, but it is not true that "their fathers fought to create" it. It is true that "the mother of States and statesmen was forced to withdraw from the Union," but it is not true that "she had aided in establishing it with the blood of her patriots. The men of Virginia, and of the other Southern States as well, were loyal to the Union as long as its terms were faithfully observed; but their loyalty to it, like Senator Toombs's allegiance to the Constitution, was based "on the true ground, not on the false idea that anybody's blood was shed for it."

The Union had none of the sacredness of patriotic blood attaching to it. It was a confederation voluntarily formed for the common benefit of the parties entering into it. Nobody fought to create it; no blood was shed to establish it. It was formed as peaceably as any ordinary business partnership, and was no more sacred.

Our fathers took up arms against Great Britain, not to establish an American union, but to establish the independence of their several States. This State independence they won and bequeathed to their children, and their children in the South fought to maintain it when a Northern army invaded their territory to deprive them of it. Instead of fighting to destroy what their fathers fought to establish, the Southern soldiers fought to preserve what their fathers fought to establish.

WEST VIRGINIANS DEMAND CORRECT HISTORY.

THE ELSON HISTORY DENOUNCED.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted at the reunion of the West Virginia Division, U. C. V., at Hinton, W. Va., October 5, 1911:

"Whereas this Division desires to place upon record its condemnation of 'Elson's History of the United States.' That

such a textbook should have been used in any of the schools of the South is an insult to the men and women of the Southland. We believe that it should be repudiated by every decent representative of the traditions and history of the South, and we regret that in the great State of Virginia defenders could be found who condone it. We do not approve of the vile slanders in this book. We urge upon all members of this Division to investigate and learn if this volume is still used in any of the schools of the localities in which they reside and to take the steps necessary to eliminate from the use of our children this disgraceful volume; therefore be it

"Resolved, That the Adjutant General of this Division be directed to send to the Commander of every Camp a copy of this resolution and to urge upon the representatives of Confederates everywhere prompt and vigorous action in expelling from all our institutions this or any textbook which libels or misrepresents the Southern people or their forefathers, who honored and blessed our Southland by their lives and teachings."

WINNIE DAVIS C. OF C. IN SAVANNAH.

[Lilly Hortense Emerson, delegate to the Griffin Convention of the Georgia Division, U. D. C., made the following report, without a note, under the training of Mrs. Edward A. Smith, Directress. This fair girl made her report so happily that the entire convention arose instinctively. It was the second time her Chapter won the first prize upon her report.]

Madam President and Members of the State Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy: Again I feel honored at being selected to submit the report of the Winnie Davis Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, of Savannah, Ga., for your consideration for the year 1911.

Cash on hand at last report, \$74.13; cash received from all sources, \$139.66; disbursements, \$105.90; cash on hand at present date, \$107.89. We are pleased again to say that we have no liabilities. Members on roll at last report, 141; members on roll to date, 241; increase in membership from last report, 100. We are pleased to say that every one came in on his or her grandfather's record. Members in good standing, 210; average attendance, 95.

We are trying hard to interest the public in our work with the Winnie Davis Chapter. The interest has not diminished; but, stimulated by the presence of the Raines Trophy, it has increased every minute, and the determination to hold the trophy for another year has grown stronger every day.

At the monthly meetings we have had some noted orator to address us on war subjects, in addition to our regular program. We also study and write essays on subjects given us by the committee in charge of this work.

We believe we have the distinction of enrolling two of the youngest members in the United States—Maxie Arline Henderson at four hours old and Irma Louise Bourne at six hours old.

We have paid our State tax of \$7.25. We donated to Arlington monument, \$12.50; Shiloh, \$4.50; Rabun Gap School, \$10; Dr. and Mrs. Bridgeman, \$2; for Christmas box, \$1; the soldiers' Christmas box, \$2; Butler's Chapter for monument, \$1; Fitzhugh Lee monument, \$1; veteran's child school-books, \$1; Mrs. Rounseville for Christmas stamps, \$1; Springfield monument fund, \$2.

Flags sold for the United Daughters of the Confederacy on Flag Day, \$31.87; tickets sold for the McLaws Camp, United Confederate Veterans, \$14.

In November when the Springfield Chapter, United Daugh-

ters of the Confederacy, was organized, our Directress, Mrs. Edward A. Smith, interested the ladies in the Children of the Confederacy, and on April 26 as a result the Ann Bird Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, was organized by Mrs. L. H. Raines, as we felt that these children belonged more especially to us.

We went forty strong on June 3 to celebrate with them the birthday of President Davis. A cordial and beautiful speech of welcome was made by the youthful President of the Ann Bird Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, and was responded to by Alice St. Clair Emerson, of the Winnie Davis Chapter.



LILLY HORTENSE EMERSON.

Musie by the Ann Bird Chapter and recitations by the Winnie Davis Chapter preceded and followed the bounteous repast which the Daughters had provided. A baseball game between Clio and Springfield, in which Springfield won, and lively frolics on the pleasant green were enjoyed by young and old. This is our youngest Chapter. They have a representative here who will speak for them.

Our ways of raising money this year have been a repetition of last year. We had an apron and cake bazaar in June, from which we netted the sum of \$20.75.

On commencement day Jones's Pharmacy gave us a profit sharing in the sale at his soda fount and allowed us to sell cake and fudge, from which we raised \$16.80.

From a beautiful shirt waist that Mrs. E. J. Sutlive embroidered with her own hands we realized \$15.10. Mrs. Sutlive is one of our revered women of the sixties.

The President of the Savannah Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Mrs. N. B. Harrison, worked us beautiful luncheon mats, out of which we realized \$25.

In September we held a rummage sale of old articles donated by our friends, from which we netted \$17.50.

In September the local manager of the Bijou Theater, Mr. H. C. Fourton, gave us a percentage on a matinee, from which we netted \$3.56.

On April 26 we observed Memorial Day, marching with the Veterans, Sons, and Daughters to the monument and cemetery, where we took part in all the ceremonies.

We observed Jefferson Davis's and Robert E. Lee's birthdays with the Veterans.

We hold regular monthly meetings, opening with the Lord's Prayer, have music, sing songs, have speeches and recitations, and have light refreshments at each meeting.

To-day our obligations are all paid, and we are now ready to go forth to another year with renewed energy and enthusiasm.

The foregoing deserves much more than the introductory note given. Its contents and the manner of its delivery without a note, as stated, so thrilled the large convention that there was a spontaneous outburst upon Miss Rutherford's "Hurrah for Georgia!" There was with it proof of deep solace in the assurance that the country is safe. Profound as is the sense of gratitude to mothers and to daughters, these Children of the Confederacy—these granddaughters of veterans—are taking up the work with an intelligence and a zeal that assures the perpetuity of regard for patriotism, so that the South and her men and women for their sacrifice will have their rightful place in records as safe as the Christian religion.

Many other reports were fine, and a convention of the Georgia Children of the Confederacy is being considered.

PRAISE OF THE VETERAN BY MISS RUTHERFORD.

During the proceedings of the Georgia Convention, U. D. C., at Griffin on October 25 the Editor of the *VETERAN* was about leaving when Miss Mildred Rutherford, of Athens, detained him and asked permission of the chair to say while he was present what she intended to say in her report, the time for which had not arrived. In her magnetic and superb manner of address—she could thrill the United States Senate—she said: "Speaking of our historical work, this much must be said: too much honor cannot be given to Mr. S. A. Cunningham, of the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*, for preserving and maintaining the truth of history through the columns of his most admirable magazine. Let us while he lives throw the beautiful roses of appreciation to him. This commendation will be far better in tangible support now than in lofty eulogies or a costly monument after he is gone. Every Daughter not already a subscriber should become one now, and I will receive your subscriptions. Hand to me your name and gladden the heart of this loyal veteran, this true-hearted Southern gentleman. Mr. Cunningham is broad-minded. He is too honest and just to have narrowness in his soul. You do not find him stirring up strife, but preaching the gospel of peace, and that is what we all should do. Both sides are willing now to hear the truth. Both sides now are gaining confidence the one in the other. The cry all over the land to-day is for peace; so let us pray that war shall be no more."

[Considering whether this should be printed herein, although it was commended by one of the best of former Presidents General U. D. C., the Editor recalls the reply of Abraham Lincoln to a question put him by his Chicago friend, Judd. Lincoln was in the law office of Judd, who asked him if he would attend the National Convention, soon to be held in that city. Mr. Lincoln was sitting with his rusty "stovepipe" hat on his head and his big feet upon a desk, and in his inimitably droll way said: "I don't know, Judd; I am almost too much of a candidate to come and hardly enough of a candidate to stay away." So anxious is the management to place the *VETERAN* in as many homes as possible while the "thin gray line" is yet in evidence that personal delicacy must give way and permit such expressions to be published when the results promise to enlist more friendships for the cause that can't be lost, while the ability and zeal of our women is maintained!]

Then Miss Rutherford called attention to the fact that two divisions of the Confederate army had not had sufficient honor shown them, the surgeons and the men of the navy. She said she intended to bring this matter before the Daughters at Richmond in November, and she would propose then a monument to be erected in Richmond to the surgeons of the Confederacy, and later some fitting honor be given to the men who manned our warships. She thanked Mrs. Ross, of Alabama, for the beautiful tributes paid Admiral Semmes and Commodore Kell, of her native State.

Miss Rutherford's report showed one hundred and three monuments to Confederate dead in Georgia and eleven in process of erection, besides three memorial buildings. These monuments were erected by the Ladies' Memorial Associations, the Daughters of the Confederacy, the Veterans, and one by the children of the Confederacy, their first monument.

Miss Rutherford is trying to secure statistics in regard to the Confederate monuments of all the Southern States in order to give the priority of each up to 1875. The information thus far secured is: Cheraw, S. C., June, 1867; Romney, W. Va., September 28, 1867; Tuscaloosa, Ala., 1868; Fayetteville, N. C., 1868; Griffin, Ga., 1869; Richmond, Va., 1869 (Hollywood); Lynchburg, Va., 1869; Liberty, Miss., 1871; Athens, Ga., 1872; St. Augustine, Fla., 1872; Augusta, Ga., 1873; Columbus, Miss., 1873; Atlanta, Ga., 1874; Savannah, Ga., 1875. The first monument to the unknown dead is in Winchester, Va., 1881 (829 heroes); the second is at Athens, Ga., 1890. The first monument to Confederate dead erected by the Children of the Confederacy is a fountain at Gainesville, Ga., in memory of Colonel Sanders.

THE SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, FOR YEAR
ENDING NOVEMBER 4, 1911.

[Where Chapter is named for the town the latter is omitted. In reporting sales of post cards the word "post" is omitted.]

Alabama: Andrew Barry Moore Chapter, Marion, \$2; Camden Chapter, \$2; W. L. Yancy Chapter, Birmingham, \$5; Florence Chapter, \$5; Gadsden Chapter, \$2; Greensboro Chapter, \$4; Ozark Chapter, \$1; Blocton Chapter, \$1; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Ensley, \$1; Agnes Lee Chapter, C. of C., \$5; Selma Chapter, \$5; Mrs. Bashinsky (personal), \$1; Mrs. Hilton Hume (personal), \$5; Mrs. Jennie H. Garner, Huntsville (personal), \$1; Senator J. N. Bankhead (personal), \$25; Troy Chapter, \$2; Maringo Rifles Chapter, Demopolis, \$1; Tusculumbia Chapter, \$5; Avondale Chapter, Birmingham, \$2; Tuskegee Chapter, \$2; John B. Gordon Chapter, Wetumpka,

\$1; Dixie Chapter, Montgomery, \$1; H. J. Clanton Chapter, \$1; Piney Oden Chapter, Sylaugu, \$1; Troy Chapter, for cards, \$1; John H. Fenney Chapter, Jacksonville, for cards, \$1; John H. Turpin Chapter, Newbern, for cards, \$1; John B. Gordon Chapter, Wetumpka, for cards, \$1; Stephen D. Lee Chapter, Luverne, for cards, \$1; Sophia Bibb Chapter, Montgomery, for cards, \$1; Virginia Clay-Clopton Chapter, Huntsville, for cards, \$1; Anniston Chapter, for cards, 10 cents. Total, \$88.10.

Arkansas: Mrs. L. C. Hall, Dardanelle (personal), \$10; Memorial Chapter, Little Rock, \$10; Margaret Davis Hayes Chapter, DeWitt, \$10; David O. Dodd Chapter, Pine Bluff, \$5; Margaret Rose Chapter, C. of C., Little Rock., \$5; James H. Berry Chapter, Bentonville, \$2.50; Hiram L. Grinstead Chapter, Camden, \$11; Mrs. L. C. Hall, for cards, \$1; Arkansas Division, U. D. C., \$10; R. E. Lee Chapter, Conway, \$5; cards sold by Mrs. L. C. Hall, \$2. Total, \$71.50.

California: Gen. E. Kirby Smith Chapter, San Bernardino, \$5; J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, Riverside, \$8; John B. Gordon Chapter, San Jose, \$2.50; Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, San Francisco, \$25; California Division in payment of 1910 pledge, \$10; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, San Diego, \$10; Los Angeles Chapter, \$10; John H. Reagan Chapter, Los Angeles, \$5; Gen. R. E. Lee Chapter, Los Angeles, \$5; John H. Morgan Chapter, Redlands, \$3.60; Mr. Thomas Harris, Gilroy (through San Jose Chapter), \$20; Mrs. S. H. Alexander, Gilroy (through Gen. John B. Gordon Chapter, San Jose), \$10; Mrs. McAlpine, Gilroy (through Gen. John B. Gordon Chapter, San Jose), \$1; Mr. Hugh Hirschman, Gilroy (through Gen. John B. Gordon Chapter, San Jose), \$1; Wade Hampton Chapter, No. 763, \$10; N. B. Forrest Chapter, No. 907, \$5; Los Angeles Chapter, No. 277 (cards sold by Mrs. H. Johnson), \$5; A. S. Johnston Chapter, No. 79 (cards sold by Mrs. A. R. Jones), \$3.30; Joseph LeCompt Chapter, No. 951 (cards sold by Mrs. W. G. Moore), \$1.25; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 476 (cards sold by Mrs. M. K. Carver), 55 cents; Gen. N. B. Forrest Chapter, No. 907 (cards sold by Mrs. D. E. Perkins), 75 cents; Gen. E. Kirby Smith Chapter, No. 816 (cards sold by Miss Bessie Tapp), \$1.25; Gen. Tyree Bell Chapter, No. 780 (cards sold by Mrs. M. K. Harris), \$1; Gen. J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, No. 815 (cards sold by Mrs. Gaydon Cage), \$1.50; Gen. John B. Gordon Chapter, No. 740 (cards sold by Mrs. W. B. Hill), \$1.05; Gen. R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 278 (cards sold by Mrs. F. A. Chase), \$2.50; Wade Hampton Chapter, No. 763 (cards sold by Mrs. A. R. Bolton), \$2.45; Gen. John H. Morgan Chapter, No. 824 (cards sold by Mrs. Lucie Grigsby), 75 cents; Emma Sansom Chapter, No. 449 (cards sold by Miss Gertrude Montgomery), 65 cents; Oakland Chapter, Oakland (cards sold by Irby Grant), 75 cents; George D. Brooks Chapter, No. 1187 (cards sold by Mrs. Annie S. Pratt), \$10. Total, \$154.85.

Colorado: Margaret Howell Davis Hayes Chapter, Denver, \$10; Dr. W. W. Grant, Denver (personal), \$5; Allen L. Burris, Denver (personal), \$3; cards, \$6. Total, \$24.

District of Columbia: Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, Washington, \$10; District Division, \$10. Total, \$20.

Florida: General Loring Chapter, C. of C., St. Augustine, \$5; check from Director, \$249.59. Total, \$254.59.

Georgia: Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Cuthbert, \$3; Newman Chapter, \$5; Oglethorpe Chapter, Lexington, \$1; J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, Commerce, \$1; Monticello Chapter, \$5; Valdosta Chapter, \$2; Alexander Stephens Chapter, Crawfordville, \$1; Lavonia Chapter, \$1; Mary Brantly Chapter, Dawson, \$10; Mrs. E. L. Connelly (personal), Atlanta, \$1; John B.

Gordon Chapter, Thomasville, \$1; Agnes Lee Chapter, Decatur, \$22; Winnie Davis Chapter, C. of C., Savannah, \$4.50; Mary V. Henderson Chapter, Ocilla, \$1; Margaret Jones Chapter, Waynesboro, \$5; Sylvania Chapter, \$5; Moultrie Chapter, \$5; Chapter A, Augusta, \$10; S. E. Hornady Chapter, Ellaville, \$3; Charles T. Zackry Chapter, McDonough, \$1; Ben Hill Chapter, Fitzgerald, \$3.50; Atlanta Chapter, \$50; O. C. Horne Chapter, Hawkinsville, \$1; Charlotte Carson Chapter, Tifton, \$2; Sidney Lanier Chapter, Macon, \$10; Twiggs County Chapter, Jeffersonville, \$1; Rome Chapter, \$5; John S. Calhoun Chapter, Summerville, \$2; Wayside Home Chapter, Millen, \$2.50; Athens Chapter, \$10; Savannah Chapter, \$5; L. P. Thomas Chapter, Norcross, \$1; H. Tyler Chapter, West Point, \$1. Total, \$181.50.

Illinois: Chicago Chapter, \$30; Stonewall Chapter, Chicago, \$25. Total, \$55. Indiana: No report.

Kentucky: Joseph H. Lewis Chapter, Frankfort, \$1; Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, Louisville, \$20; Mrs. E. H. T. Arnold, Covington (personal), \$5; Edmonia Roberts Chapter, Lebanon, \$5; Crepps Wickliffe Chapter, Bardstown, \$10; J. N. Williams Chapter, Murray, \$5; Alex Poston Chapter, Cadiz, \$1; Christian County Chapter, Hopkinsville, \$5; City National Bank, Paducah, \$60; Clarence Smith, of Office Equipment Company, Louisville, \$5; Lady Polk Chapter, Columbus, \$1; Col. Ed Crossland Chapter, Fulton, \$5; cards sold by Mrs. McKinney, \$2.20; Mrs. W. H. Escott, Shelbyville (personal), \$10; Mrs. Roy W. McKinney (personal), \$3.95; Joe Desha Chapter, Cynthia, \$5. Total, \$144.15.

Louisiana: Stonewall Jackson Chapter, New Orleans, \$5; exchange from Mrs. Robert Lee Randolph, Director, \$28; Mrs. Katie Childress Schnabel, New Orleans (personal), \$2; New Orleans Chapter, \$5; Mrs. J. C. Ransdell, Lake Providence (personal), \$2; Miss Lilly Jones, Jackson (personal), \$3.75; Ruston Chapter, \$2.50; J. W. Noyes, New Orleans (personal), \$1; from Mrs. Randolph, Director, \$58.75. Total, \$108.

Maryland: Baltimore Chapter, \$50; Miss Rebecca Duvall (personal), \$1; Ridgely Brown Chapter, Rockville, \$10; Ridgely Brown Chapter, for sale of cards, \$5; E. V. White Chapter, Poolesville, \$1; cards to Mrs. Odenheimer, \$2.60. Total, \$69.60.

Mexico City: No report.

Montana: Winnie Davis Chapter, Helena, \$10. Total, \$10.

Mississippi: Dixie Chapter, Grenada, \$5; Kosciusko Chapter, \$5; J. Z. George Chapter, Greenwood, \$10; West Point Chapter, \$5; Moss Point Chapter, \$2.50; Walter Barker Chapter, Macon, \$20.25; Mrs. Warfield, Rosedale (personal), \$5; Mrs. G. C. Smith, Utica (personal), \$2.50; Col. S. B. Thomas Chapter, Utica, \$2.50; William Fitzgerald Chapter, \$5; W. Scott Eskridge Chapter, \$5; Washington County, Chapter, \$2.50; Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, West Point (personal), \$5; Mrs. Mary E. Snipes (personal), \$5; Mary E. Snipes Chapter, Gun-nison, \$5; Mrs. M. B. Johns (personal), \$5; Dr. Z. S. Goss Chapter, \$5; John D. Kerr Chapter, Oakland, \$5; S. D. Lee Chapter, Columbus, \$10; Petal Chapter, \$5; Corinth Chapter, \$8.50; Mrs. J. G. Henderson, Corinth (personal), \$13.75; Durant Daughters Chapter, \$10; Jefferson Davis Chapter, Yazoo City, \$25; Vicksburg Chapter, \$10; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Swan Lake, \$5; G. W. Paris Chapter, \$5; cards sold by Mrs. Henderson, \$9; Private Taylor Rucks Chapter, Greenville, \$5. Total, \$206.50.

Missouri: Lee-Custis Chapter, C. of C., Kansas City, \$5; Sterling Price Chapter, St. Joseph, \$28; Sterling Price Chapter, Nevada, \$2.50; Robert E. Lee Chapter, Kansas City, \$10; Anna E. Patee Chapter, C. of C., \$5; Mrs. Lou Sanders (personal), \$15; cards sold by Mrs. Kline, \$1. Total, \$66.50.

Minnesota: Robert E. Lee Chapter, Minneapolis, \$10; individuals, \$1.25; cards to Mrs. Redmon, 20 cts. Total, \$11.45.

Nebraska: No report.

New York: New York Chapter, \$25; Eugene H. Levy, New York (personal), \$1. Total, \$26.

New Mexico: V. J. Davis Chapter, Portales, \$7.60; Joe Wheeler Chapter, Roswell, \$11.85; cards sold by Mrs. Harlow, \$1. Total, \$20.45.

North Carolina: W. A. Smith, Ansonville (personal), in memory of Lieut. Col. Charles G. Nelms, of the 22d Mississippi Regiment, \$2.50; Mrs. A. L. Smith, \$3; Henry L. Wyatt Chapter, \$1.75; James B. Gordon Chapter, \$25; Junius Daniels Chapter, \$9; Mt. Airy Chapter, \$2.50; Asheville Chapter, \$5; Robert E. Lee Chapter, \$10; Leonidas Polk Chapter, \$3.35; Norfleet-Howell Chapter, \$5; Robert F. Hoke Chapter, \$25; Thomas Ruffin Chapter, \$1; Albemarle Chapter, \$5; Bethel Heroes Chapter, \$2.21; Pamlico Chapter, \$3; Kings Mountain Chapter, \$1; Holt-Sanders Chapter, \$4.75; Perguimans Chapter, \$10; Frank Bennett Chapter, C. of C., \$1; Caswell County Chapter, \$1; Scotland Neck Chapter, \$2.60; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, \$10; Cape Fear Chapter, \$10; interest, 30 cents; J. W. Durham Chapter, \$15; H. H. Wyatt Chapter, \$5.40; Z. B. Vance Chapter, \$2.06; Robertson Chapter, for cards, \$5; Rockingham Chapter, \$5; Ransom-Sherrell Chapter, \$10; Winnie Davis Chapter, C. of C., \$5; Frank M. Bird Chapter, \$3; North Carolina Division, \$10; Knotts Island Chapter, \$5; Widow's Mite, 25 cents; interest, \$1.44; cards sold by Mrs. Williams, \$3.55; R. E. Lee Chapter, C. of C., Asheville, \$1; Gastonia Chapter, \$2.30. Total, \$217.96.

Ohio: Check from Mrs. Hosea for cards sold in Division and for contributions, \$46.25. Total, \$46.25.

Oklahoma: Kiowa Chapter, Kiowa, \$3.50. Total, \$3.50.

Oregon: No report.

Pennsylvania: Check from Mrs. Lewis for Philadelphia Chapter, \$35. Total, \$35.

South Carolina: Marion Chapter, \$5; John Bratton Chapter, Winnsboro, \$5; Cheraw Chapter, \$3; Wade Hampton Chapter, Columbia, \$5; Secessionville Chapter, James Island, \$5; Ridge Spring Chapter, \$1; Wade Hampton Chapter, Columbia (second check), \$5; Batesburg Chapter, \$5; Arthur Parker, Abbeville (personal), \$1; Lottie Green Chapter, Bishopville, \$3; J. W. Gooding Chapter, Brunson, \$2; Black Oak Chapter, Pinopolis, \$1; Dick Anderson Chapter, Sumter, \$5; M. G. Butler Chapter, Shandon, \$2; Calvin Crozier Chapter, Newberry, \$25; Charleston Chapter, \$15; William Lester Chapter, Prosperity, \$1; Pendleton Chapter, \$2; Michael Brice Chapter, Blackstock, \$2; Butler Guards Chapter, C. of C., Greenville, \$3.15; Ann White Chapter, Rock Hill, \$5; Hartsville Chapter, \$3; John K. McIver Chapter, Darlington, \$5; Mary Ann Bine Chapter, Johnstons, \$11; Arthur Manigault Chapter, Georgetown, \$2; Cheraw Chapter, \$7; Edward Croft Chapter, Aiken, \$1; Bamberg Chapter, \$1; Mrs. G. F. Bamberg, Bamberg (personal), \$1; A. Donavon, Bamberg (personal), 50 cents; Beach Island Chapter, \$1; Mrs. F. Sams, Charleston (personal), 25 cents; J. T. Morrison Chapter, Estell, \$5; Edgefield Chapter, \$5; commission on thirteen copies of "Confederate Banners," \$1.62; Robert A. Waller Chapter, Greenwood, \$5; Chester Chapter, \$5; John C. Calhoun Chapter, Clemson College, \$5; Drayton Rutherford Chapter, Newberry, \$2; Florence Thornwell Chapter, Fort Mill, \$2; Paul McMichael Chapter, Orangeburg, \$2; James W. Moore Chapter, Hampton, \$75; Abbeville Chapter, \$2. Total, \$243.52.

Tennessee: C. of C. Auxiliary to R. E. Lee Chapter, Pur-

year, \$1; M. C. Goodlett Chapter, Clarksville, \$10; Dixie Chapter, St. Petersburg, \$2.59; Mrs. Julia Beck (personal), through Shiloh Chapter, Savannah, \$4; Mrs. T. J. Latham, Memphis (personal), \$10; cash from friends at Paris, \$4; Roane County Chapter, Rockwood, \$5; Harvey Mathes Chapter, Frank Cheatham and Forrest Chapters, Memphis, \$2.30; J. R. Neal Chapter, Spring City, \$3; Neely Chapter, Bolivar, \$5; Maury County Chapter, Columbia, \$5; Ab Dinwiddie Chapter, McKenzie, \$2.05; Gen. A. P. Stewart Chapter, Chattanooga, \$5; Lebanon Chapter, \$5; Mrs. Francis Fort Browne, Lebanon (personal), \$1; Walker and Dudley Casey, Lebanon (personal), \$1; cash from friends in Paris, \$8; Jefferson Davis Chapter, Cleveland, \$7; S. J. Alexander Chapter, Somerville, \$5; Martin Chapter, Martin, \$5; Russell-Hill Chapter, Trenton, \$5; Clark Chapter, Gallatin, \$5; Joe Wheeler Chapter, Stanton, \$7.75; John Lauderdale Chapter, Dyersburg, \$12.75; South Pittsburg Chapter, \$2.50; Ellen Clapp Auxiliary, Memphis, \$5; N. B. Forrest Chapter, Humboldt, \$13.10; Mrs. C. E. Travathan, Union City (personal), \$1; Mrs. J. S. Hunt, Chattanooga (personal), \$1; Mrs. C. A. Lyerly, Chattanooga (personal), \$1; Mrs. J. H. Warner, Chattanooga (personal), \$1; Miss Kate H. Fort, Chattanooga (personal), \$4; Zollicoffer-Fulton Chapter, Fayetteville, \$5; Kirby-Smith Chapter, Sewanee, \$3; Forrest Chapter, Brownsville, \$10; Fifth Tennessee Regiment Chapter, Paris, \$21.25; individual members Shiloh Chapter, Savannah, \$3.50; Musidora McCorry Chapter, Jackson, \$28; William L. Rhea, Knoxville (personal), \$1; Mrs. S. A. Gaut, Franklin (personal), \$1; Mrs. R. N. Richardson, Franklin (personal), \$1; Martin Chapter, \$5; Musidora McCorry Chapter, Jackson, \$50; Mrs. J. K. Polk Peebles, Paris (personal), \$5; Tennessee Division, \$50; Thomas J. McCorry, Jr., Jackson (personal), \$1; Mr. Coley, Jackson (personal), \$2; Mr. Owen Walker, Franklin (personal), \$5; Shiloh Chapter, Savannah, \$3.50; Jackson, \$3; Mrs. Thomas Polk, Jackson (personal), \$2; cards sold by Mrs. White, \$16.07; Dr. Grove, \$500. Total, \$868.27.

Texas: Clarksville Chapter, \$6.60; Dr. Z. T. Bundy, Austin (personal), \$1; T. B. Cox, Waco (personal), \$1; Breckinridge Chapter, \$3; check from Mrs. Austin, Director, \$205.47. Total, \$217.07.

United Daughters of the Confederacy: No report.

Utah: No report.

Virginia: Virginia Division, \$50; Hope-Maury Chapter, Norfolk (for 1909), \$5; Greenville Chapter, Emporia, \$2.50; Jefferson Davis Chapter, Accomac, \$10; Essex Chapter, Tappahannock, \$5; Scottsville Chapter, \$1; Chesterfield Chapter, South Richmond, \$5; Gen. Dabney H. Maury Chapter, Philadelphia, \$5; J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, Staunton, \$5; Halifax County Chapter, South Boston, \$5; Pickett-Buchanan Chapter, Norfolk, \$5; 8th Virginia Regiment Chapter, Woolsey, \$2.50; Bowling Green Chapter, \$5; Warren Rifles Chapter, Fort Royal, \$5; Alleghany Chapter, Covington, \$1; A. H. Carrington Chapter, Charlotte C. H., \$5; Lee-Jackson Chapter, \$5; Richmond Chapter, \$70.25; Jubal Early Chapter, Rocky Mount, \$10; Rawley Martin Chapter, Chatham, \$10; Shenandoah Chapter, Woodstock, \$2.50; Stover Camp Chapter, Strasburg, \$2; Dixie Chapter, Jenkins Bridge, \$2; Kirkwood Otey Chapter, Lynchburg, \$10; Mildred Lee Chapter, Martinsville, \$5; Floyd Chapter, \$2.50; Fluvanna Chapter, \$3; Middleburg Chapter, \$2.50; Isle of Wight Chapter, Smithfield, \$5; Danville Chapter, \$5; Madison Chapter, \$5; Halstan Chapter, Marion, \$5; Wythe Grey Chapter, Wytheville, \$1; R. E. Lee Chapter, Falls Church, \$5; Sally Thompkins Chapter, Gloucester, \$1; Flora Stuart Chapter, Pulaski, \$2.50; Diana Mills Chapter,

\$2; Agnes Lee Chapter, Franklin, \$5; Fredericksburg Chapter, \$5; Mary Custis Lee Chapter, Alexandria, \$5; Turner Ashby Chapter, Harrisonburg, \$10; Virginia Division, \$34.65. Total, \$332.90.

Washington: Dixie Chapter, Tacoma, \$2; Mildred Lee Chapter, Spokane, \$7.50. Total, \$9.50.

West Virginia: R. E. Lee Chapter, Fairmont, \$25; check from Miss Campbell, Director, \$71. Total, \$96.

Interest: Interest collected on certificate deposit for the year from City National Bank, Paducah, \$299.02.

Expense: Bank exchange, 17 cents; express on receipts, 90 cents; Shiloh edition Newton Enterprise, \$25.15; Minutes of Shiloh Committee (printing), \$5; postage for minutes, \$2; part payment on Shiloh post cards, \$42; second payment post cards, \$8; balance on post cards, \$94.95; Treasurer's bond, \$60; to postage, \$3.80. Total, \$241.97.

Total collections for year ending November, 1911, \$3,881.18; less expense of \$241.97. Total in hands of Treasurer for year ending November, 1911, \$3,639.21; total reported November, 1910, and approved by auditing committee, \$8,721.86; total in hands of Treasurer November, 1911, \$12,361.07.

Respectfully submitted, MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY.

CONVENTION OF PACIFIC DIVISION, U. D. C.

BY MRS. GRACE K. CAIN, PACIFIC GROVE, CAL.

In the City of Destiny on October 19 was held a convention, for the first time in its history, composed only of Southern women. It was a meeting of the Washington Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy. The organization is young in the State, this being the second convention of the Division. Three years ago the Daughters in Spokane formed the Mildred Lee Chapter. Then Robert E. Lee Chapter was created in Seattle, followed by Dixie Chapter in Tacoma. This entitled them to a State organization. The first real convention was held in Spokane, where delegates from Tacoma extended an invitation to the Daughters to meet with us in October, 1911.

Mr. Blackwell, the manager of the Tacoma Hotel, the leading one of our city, notwithstanding that he fought on the other side and proudly wears a button to acclaim the fact, was most courteous and gave us the use of his delightful building for our meetings. The Dixie Chapter was hostess. Our State President could not be with us; but our First Vice President, Mrs. William Aikens, of Seattle, presided in a most delightful manner. The Mayor of the City bade us welcome and paid to the Daughters and their work many lovely compliments.

The delegates reported good work being done all over the State. They passed resolutions that our Decoration Day be the same as the one observed here among our Northern sisters, so that the few graves that we have should receive their share of Washington's gorgeous flowers on that day. It was urged that we establish a fund for the needy Confederate veterans out here so far from Mason and Dixon's line. Then a committee was appointed to confer with the Regents of the University of Washington to see if a portrait of our beloved Robert E. Lee could not hang on its walls.

Thus passed the busy day, broken only by an hour at noon, when the Dixie Chapter was hostess at a luncheon as truly Southern in order as could be had here. The band and the flowers were all in keeping with the spirit of the day. The tables bore garlands of red and white flowers, and as we entered the band greeted us with dear old "Dixie." Every hand clapped in appreciation and almost every eye had its tear.

I must tell you of the only mishap. The band, encouraged by this appreciation of their efforts, cheered us as the luncheon progressed with all the Southern airs, including "Marching through Georgia." I assure you the same hands that were so loudly clapping a moment ago now raised themselves in bitter protest, the band being stopped in the middle of the first bar. A little reporter sitting next to me didn't exactly see the point, and I am afraid that others in the restaurant were a little amazed too. Such is the general education of to-day in regard to our history. So I explained that we Southerners would rise when they played "America" or the "Star-Spangled Banner;" but when it comes to "Marching through Georgia," it brought with it too many bitter memories to be endured without at least a protest.

The afternoon was devoted to the election of State officers. Mrs. Alexander Smith, of Tacoma, was chosen President. She has done much for the advancement of the real cause of the Daughters in this far-away Western country. Born and partly reared on a plantation in Mississippi, she watched a father and four brothers leave their home to follow the stars and bars and to endure all the hardships of that never-to-be-forgotten war. Therefore none could be more genuinely interested than she is in the welfare of the old veterans. We are always telling those people who ask, "Why are you in existence at all?" that we are taking care of the old veterans, administering to their comfort in their few remaining years, and cherishing the memory of those who are gone, and doing our part toward giving to the younger generation a true history of that great war. All this is what we stand for here and elsewhere in the north and all over the Southland to-day, and we will always do so.

WHAT ONE CHAPTER HAS DONE.

THE ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON CHAPTER IN SAN FRANCISCO.

[From report to the California State Convention, United Daughters of the Confederacy, at Venice in May, 1911.]

For many years the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, No. 79, has had in view the founding of a memorial in honor of the Confederate general whose name it bears. With much pleasure we state that the year 1910 saw this ambition fulfilled by the endowment of a scholarship in the University of California, at Berkeley, to be known as "The Albert Sidney Johnston Memorial Scholarship," said scholarship being for the sole benefit of descendants of Confederate veterans and of Daughters of the Confederacy. The endowment fund is \$3,500 and the income \$175 per year. We had hoped to make the endowment \$5,000, but found it impossible to do so and at the same time answer the many calls for aid which come to us. We may be able to increase it in the future. Meantime our scholarship will be doing much good not only in testifying to the love we bear the name of Albert Sidney Johnston but in working for the people for whom he laid down his life. It adds to the happiness of the Chapter to know that this beautiful memorial is entirely the result of our own efforts, not one dollar having been asked or received from any other Chapter.

The last year has been a busy one, as usual. We have observed, as always, the birthdays of President Davis, Gen. R. E. Lee, and Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston—also this year the birthday of Admiral Semmes—as memorial days.

On August 8, this being the fourteenth anniversary of the founding of the order on the Pacific Coast, we gave a large reception in honor of the event. In October we gave our an-

nual entertainment for the benefit of our charity fund, which was a success in all ways. In this charity work we have given material aid to six veterans and four old ladies. Two of these old ladies have been regular pensioners for the last three years, receiving help monthly. Another we assisted for some time, and finally paid her way back to friends. The fourth we have been aiding for several months, paying her rent and assisting her in her struggle for existence. For one of the veterans the Chapter paid all of the expenses to Richmond, Va., where he was admitted to the Soldiers' Home, and is well cared for. The second we helped for some months until friends heard of his condition and came to his aid. The third was cared for until the Chapter was able to obtain work for him in the country. The fourth was assisted until he obtained work; the fifth the Chapter aided in many ways, besides paying his room rent for four months. The sixth only asked for help in removing his effects, which help was given him. These ten cases constituted the main drain on our treasury; but the small cases, which are innumerable, count up also and swell the total largely.

We have paid our assessment for the State fund for Confederate veterans and aged Southern women, sent \$5 each at Christmas to three veterans whom we had previously sent to Homes, supplied clothing, obtained employment, and lent a hand in every way possible to others. We have also given our annual donation to the Shiloh and Arlington monuments and to Camp Chase and answered several outside calls for help; also sent a three-year subscription for the Chapter to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and a subscription for one year for an old veteran too poor to take it for himself. We mention the good work of the VETERAN at every opportunity and try to interest others. We regard this as an important part of our historical work.

So we submit our report, feeling sure that you will see that we have not been idle.

STATUE TO GEN. JOHN H. MORGAN.

October 18, 1911, will long be remembered by "Morgan's men" and admirers who attended the dedication of the monument to his memory in Lexington, Ky., on that day.

The Kentucky Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, held its annual convention there at the time, and the gathering was creditable not only to Kentucky but the South.



THE STATUE TO GEN. JOHN H. MORGAN.

The proceedings are not given in detail, but the splendid addresses by Gen. Basil Duke and Guy Carleton Lee are herein reported, while a subsequent report may contain the proceedings of the day more in detail. The parade was animating and delightful to the masses. Kentucky's "fair women" sustained their reputation in every commendable way.

AT HEAD OF MORGAN'S OLD REGIMENT.

One of the best-preserved men in the parade was Col. James W. Bowles, now of Waynesville, N. C. He is a Kentuckian and practiced law in Louisville until a few years ago, when he changed his residence to the old North State. When Gen.



AT DEDICATION OF THE MORGAN MONUMENT.

Basil W. Duke succeeded the ill-fated General Morgan in command of Morgan's Cavalry, Colonel Bowles succeeded Duke in the command of Morgan's old regiment. The Lexington Herald said of his steed: "In the parade Colonel Bowles rode Autowin, a horse of considerable reputation. He was formerly shown with success by Matt Cohen."

THE HERO OF THE WEST.

[By a young lady of Nashville, addressed to soldiers of the South. Copied from fly leaf of an old book.]

O who has seen our champion,
The Hero of the West,
Of all the Southern cavalry
The bravest and the best?
We groan beneath the Fed'ral yoke,
And cry out in our pain:
"O when will John H. Morgan come
To set us free again?"
Though many noble forms there are
Whom we would gladly see,
John Morgan is our champion—
He'll come to set us free.

We sicken at the very sight
Of Yankee Fed in blue;
We meet to tell o'er every night
What Southern lads can do,
And wonder if they will not come
Before the break of day
To cheer the faithful hearts at home
And drive the Feds away.
Though many noble hearts there are
And forms we pine to see,



John Morgan as our champion
Returns to set us free.

We watch the silvery moon go down,
Each beaming star arise;
But O we miss that glorious orb
From out our Southern skies.
Could every Southern maiden's heart
Be molded into one,
We'd lay the offering at thy feet
And say: "Thy will be done."
Though many noble hearts there are
And forms we pine to see,
John Morgan as our champion
Returns to set us free.

For as the Feds go mounting by,
Impatient at our door,
"How long, O Lord, how long," we cry
Ere "Morgan's Men" will come?
There's magic in the very name.
The "blues" would flit away,
And with a loud and long acclaim
We'd hail the "Green and Gray."
Though many noble forms there are,
We send a wail to thee,
"John Morgan, thou invincible,
Return and set us free."

SKETCH OF GEN. JOHN H. MORGAN.

BY GEN. BASIL W. DUKE, LOUISVILLE.

Gen. John H. Morgan was born in Huntsville, Ala., June 1, 1825. His father was a native of Virginia; his mother a native of Lexington, Ky. In his fifth year his parents removed to Lexington, where he resided until the outbreak of the Civil War. At the age of nineteen he enlisted in Captain Perry Beard's company of Humphrey Marshall's regiment of cavalry for the Mexican War, and was in the battle of Buena Vista and one or two other engagements. He was first lieutenant of his company.

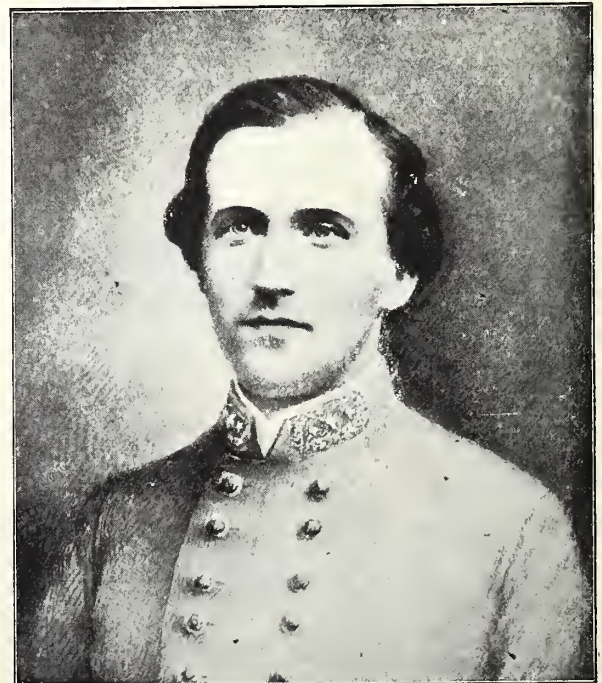
On September 20, 1861, Morgan, finding that an attempt would be made by the Federal troops stationed at Lexington to seize the rifles belonging to the company of State guards, of which he was captain (the Lexington Rifles), loaded the rifles in a wagon and marched off with them, accompanied by nearly every member of his company, who followed him to the Confederate army. Although compelled to traverse a

country in which numerous Federal detachments were stationed, he arrived safely at Bowling Green, then occupied by the Confederate forces.

His company was sworn into the Confederate service early in the following month, and soon afterwards, with two other Kentucky cavalry companies, was organized into what became known as "Morgan's Squadron." In command of this organization, he did active and effective service during the autumn of 1861 and winter and spring of 1862, and was present and engaged in the battle of Shiloh. Immediately after that battle he undertook an expedition into Middle Tennessee, performing very efficient work. On May 6 he sustained his first reverse at Lebanon, Tenn.

In the next month—June, 1862—he organized the 2d Kentucky Cavalry, C. S. A., recruits having flocked to him in great numbers from Kentucky. Many Tennesseans, Mississippians, and Alabamians also joined him.

He started from Knoxville, Tenn., July 4 on what was known as his "First," or "July," raid, which was extremely



GEN. JOHN H. MORGAN.

From favorite portrait of his sister, Mrs. Basil Duke, deceased.

successful and upon which, in addition to the capture of large quantities of stores and arms, he captured nearly two thousand prisoners. He returned to Tennessee with his command largely augmented in numbers by the recruits obtained in Kentucky.

He then engaged in active service in the vicinity of Nashville, defeating the enemy in several small combats, the most successful of which was at Gallatin, where with a force of about nine hundred he encountered the Federal general, R. W. Johnson, at the head of a force somewhat stronger, and completely destroyed it, killing sixty-four, wounding nearly two hundred, and capturing General Johnson himself, with his staff and the greater number of his command. On August 29, 1862, he marched to Kentucky under orders from General Bragg, whose army, supporting that of General Kirby Smith, was then entering the State, and reached Lexington on September 4.

His command was constantly and arduously employed during Bragg's occupation of Kentucky, having been greatly increased in numbers by recruits. He returned to Tennessee in the latter part of October, and was constantly occupied for the next six weeks in front of Murfreesboro, picketing, scouting, and almost constantly fighting.

A number of strong Federal garrisons were established about this time at points just north of the Cumberland River, occupying the country whence the Confederate army had hoped to procure supplies, and menacing the right flank of Bragg's army, which was stationed around Murfreesboro.

General Morgan obtained permission from General Bragg to attack the one posted at Hartsville. He marched for that purpose from Black's Shop, twelve miles from Murfreesboro, on the afternoon of September 6 with 1,500 of his own command and 700 infantry from the 2d and 9th Kentucky Infantry Regiments of the Orphan Brigade. Marching continuously, he was in front of the Federal encampment at daybreak of the next morning. His cavalry, however, had been compelled to make a wide detour in order to reach a practicable ford across the Cumberland, the infantry having been taken over on small ferryboats. The water was deep and the weather cold, so that he found when immediately in front of the enemy that only 600 of that force had arrived, making with the infantry scarcely 1,300 men in line of battle.

The Federal garrison, which he had supposed to be not more than 1,600 strong, numbered nearly 2,200 of infantry. Nevertheless, fearing that any delay would enable the Federal forces at Castalian Springs, supposed to be 6,000 strong and only a few miles distant, to come up and join in the fight, he immediately attacked. The combat lasted a little more than an hour. Two hundred and sixty-three of the Federals were killed and wounded, nearly nineteen hundred were made prisoners, and two pieces of artillery and a number of wagons were captured.

The garrison of Castalian Springs came upon the ground just after the fight was concluded and deployed for attack. Morgan, however, held it in check until he had recrossed the river with his prisoners and captured property and artillery, and carried off everything in safety. He got back to the vicinity of Murfreesboro early on the morning of the 8th, the infantry having marched more than sixty miles in less than twenty-four hours.

Immediately after this several regiments raised in Kentucky while the State was occupied by Bragg's army came to Morgan. They had all been recruited with the understand-

ing that they should serve with him, so increasing his command that it was organized into a division of two brigades.

On December 21 he started on the expedition known as the "Christmas raid" into Kentucky just before the battle of Murfreesboro, intending to impede the movement of reinforcements and supplies to Rosecrans at Nashville. During this raid Morgan destroyed every bridge and culvert on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, including the great trestles at Muldraugh's Hill, from Bacon Creek to Canerun, within twenty-eight miles of Louisville, defeating all of the garrisons and capturing many of them. He took in all 1,877 prisoners, and destroyed a vast quantity of military stores.

After the battle of Murfreesboro and during the spring and early summer of 1863, Morgan's command was employed in guarding the right flank of Bragg's army, and had many skirmishes and several hot engagements.

On July 2 Morgan crossed the Cumberland and began the expedition known as the "Ohio raid." The object of this expedition was to save General Bragg's army in its retreat from Tullahoma from annoyance by the Federal cavalry and to draw as large a force of the enemy as possible after himself, so that it might not be able to take part in the battle which General Bragg intended to deliver after he had crossed the Tennessee River.

He started with 2,460 men, rank and file, was compelled to fight constantly during his passage across Kentucky from Burksville to Brandenburg, crossed the Ohio at Brandenburg with 2,000 men, and then struck eastwardly through Indiana and Ohio, keeping not far from the river, passing through the suburbs of Cincinnati and pressing on to Buffington's Island, not a great distance below Wheeling. He was closely pursued by a large force of Federal cavalry and harassed by many thousands of militia and home guards.

He reached Buffington, the point at which he had planned to recross the Ohio, on the evening of July 18, but found that the river, usually fordable there at this season of the year, was high. The June rise, produced by the melting of the snow in the mountains, had come this year a month later than usual, and the waters were up. On the next morning he was attacked by the cavalry, 3,000 strong, which had been on his track, by several thousand infantry which had been brought up the river on transports, while three river gunboats steamed up and took part in the fight. His command was reduced to less than 1,800, the men were thoroughly worn out, and their ammunition almost entirely gone, so that after a short fight they were overpowered and the greater number captured.

Morgan himself, with a few hundred men, escaped from the field and made strenuous effort to extricate the remnant of his command from the toils, but a week later was surrounded in Pennsylvania and surrendered. The point at which he surrendered is marked on the maps of the War Department as the most northern reached by any body of Confederate troops.

Morgan escaped from the Ohio penitentiary, where, with more than sixty of his officers, he had been confined on the 26th of November, 1863. After two or three weeks of extraordinary adventure, hardship, and hazard, he reached the Confederate lines. He got together all of the men of his former division that could be collected, but many of them had been scattered and were serving in other commands. In the spring of 1864 he was ordered to the department of Southwestern Virginia, of which he was for a time in command. While so acting he repulsed in two severe engagements an incursion by Generals Averill and Crook into the department.

In May, 1864, Morgan, believing that it was the most effective way of preventing another incursion into the department by a strong force which was being organized for that purpose in Kentucky, himself entered Kentucky upon the last raid he ever made. He was eminently successful at first, although having several desperate encounters. On May 11 he defeated General Hobson at Cynthiana, capturing that officer and fifteen hundred of his men, but was attacked on the next day by Burbridge with a greatly superior force and himself defeated and driven back to West Virginia.

General Morgan was killed at Greeneville, Tenn., when advancing to assail the Federal forces stationed at Bull's Gap.

The men of the former Morgan Division, except those who were in prison, continued to serve until the close of the war, the greater number serving in the brigade commanded by General Duke in Southwestern Virginia. This brigade, as well as the 9th Kentucky Cavalry—Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge's regiment—were part of the escort which accompanied Mr. Davis from Charlotte, N. C., to Washington, Ga. This escort was commanded by Gen. John C. Breckinridge. All of the troops composing it surrendered and were paroled at Washington, Ga., or other places in the immediate vicinity after Mr. Davis and his cabinet quitted that place in the attempt to effect their escape from the country.

GUY CARLETON LEE'S TRIBUTE TO GEN. J. H. MORGAN.

[Dr. Guy Carleton Lee, of Baltimore, as orator of the day at the unveiling of the monument in Lexington, Ky., paid an eloquent tribute to Gen. John Hunt Morgan. Dr. Lee said: "There has been altogether too much falsehood woven into the history of the war of the States. The truth concerning the Confederacy and its heroes is so wonderful, so awe-inspiring, so glorious that fiction, no matter how romantic, is but a faint reflection of the transcendent brilliancy that streams from the life story of the Confederate States."]

Ladies and Gentlemen: You who expect from me a fervid eulogy of a dead general may be disappointed; you who expect a florid panegyric upon the men who followed that general may not be satisfied. I am here to speak the plain truth of both the dead and the living; you are here to listen to the truth, whether you like it or not.

On the title page of my "True History of the War between the States," which my publishers insist on calling "The History of the Civil War," you will find a motto which, being freely translated, means: "I love truth; tell me only the truth, for I hate a liar." And there has been altogether too much falsehood woven into the history of the war of the States. Falsehood in personal narratives, falsehood in pretentious histories, and falsehoods even in the schoolbooks forced upon the children of the South—schoolbooks which, thanks to the devoted Daughters of the Confederacy, are now being removed from our institutions of learning, schoolbooks that should be gathered by the town scavenger and burned in the public squares by the hangman.

I shall tell the truth to-day. The truth concerning the Confederacy and its heroes is so wonderful, so awe-inspiring, so glorious that fiction, no matter how romantic, is but a faint reflection of the transcendent brilliancy that streams from the life story of the Confederate States. The truth concerning the leaders of the Southern cause outshines a thousandfold the glory of the most marvelous heroes of fiction's most brilliant pages.

The prowess of Leonidas, the glory of Arthur the king, the

bravery of Launcelot are as nothing when placed beside the actual deeds, the true events, the undeniable achievements that marked the career of that man of men, that soldier of soldiers, that hero of heroes—Gen. John Hunt Morgan. Morgan! Morgan! How the name brings back to me the days of my early childhood when first I began to read with ease and pleasure!

I was a little tow-headed boy a thousand miles and more from my home in North Carolina. I was all alone too, for there was not much sympathy wasted on "the little Rebel" by my Northern relatives—good folk too, but a trifle cold—and I was packed away to boarding school when I was scarcely five years of age. There it was that I first learned of Morgan, for in the reader that I had were verses—verses about Morgan: "Morgan the raider and Morgan's terrible men." Perhaps it was the perversity of youth, perhaps it was the blood of the South burning hot within me; but whatever it was, the verses had a strangely different effect upon me from what their author had hoped for them. From the first reading of those verses, with their lies and their strangely distorted facts, Morgan became one of my heroes; and whenever I have faced a hazardous undertaking, whenever I have cast my fortune on a desperate advantage, I have always been strengthened, always braced for the encounter by thinking of Morgan and his men.

You may then imagine with what pleasure I received the invitation to be with you to-day and how my heart bounded when I realized the opportunity to do honor to the dead general and to his men—those tried in many a fight—bearing privation and suffering well-nigh incredible, hardship to-day inconceivable, serving the cause even after their leader had passed from earth, turning many a defeat into victory, faithful until death and beyond.

Why have we to-day gathered to do honor to John Hunt Morgan? What justification have we for this tribute to his memory? What did Morgan do? Others have stated his claims, and none more graphically and beautifully than gallant Gen. Basil Duke, whose presence adds so much to the gathering. It was with the most intense pleasure that I listened to the eloquent words of the gentlemen who have preceded, and there seems little that it is necessary for me to say. But bear with me a space while I, as a writer of history, a speaker without arts or graces, supplement what has been so well said by summing up with absolute impartiality the career of John Hunt Morgan.

No leader of the war has been more bitterly misrepresented; none more basely maligned. Even to-day the children of the reunited nation know little, and in many sections that little is woefully distorted, of this great man. Envy, jealousy, hatred, and malice harassed Morgan in the last years of his life, as they harassed Robert E. Lee during the entire war.

Misrepresented, slandered, maligned, it has remained for a later generation to show to the world a true Morgan, as it has shown to the world a true Jefferson Davis. It has remained for the twentieth century to do full honor to the man whom we shall prove to be one of the most knightly of knights, the most valiant of victors, the most manly of men—Gen. John Hunt Morgan.

Yes, but the twentieth century might have been and probably would have been dumb if it had not been for the women of the South. Those women who have kept the faith while others have forgotten; those women who have striven to hold pure the history that the unthinking have suffered to be perverted; those women who honor the Confederacy to-day and revere

its heroes; those true and faithful women of the South—the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Born in Alabama of good Virginian and Kentuckian stock, Morgan had the good fortune to be reared by a Kentucky mother in the Blue Grass State. In this, your queenly Kentucky, he was brought up in the refining environment for which your State has always been famous. From his earliest days his parents instilled into his soul the chivalry for which this State has always been distinguished, and his mother taught him, as every Kentucky mother teaches her boy still, that of all possessions he is to value honor first and above all rank and title stands the name gentleman.

It was here in your beautiful State of Kentucky that Morgan passed his youth. From boyhood his high and chivalrous nature stimulated him to martial movements; and when the war with Mexico convulsed our southwest border, Morgan entered the service of the United States and bore himself with honor. But the conflict with Santa Anna was soon over, and, returning to Lexington, Morgan successfully carried on his business enterprises. But ever and anon the god of battles beckoned, and as earnest to his military promptings Morgan became the captain of a model company—a company whose record lives yet in the memory of many of those around me; that company which was proud to place upon its walls this motto, "Our laws and commands of our captain;" that pattern of what a militia company should be, "The Lexington Rifles."

In 1861 the call of the country struck off the bonds that business interests had striven, though not with complete success, to build around Morgan, and, heeding the call, he sacrificed everything that made for material fortune and threw himself into the maelstrom of conflicting forces and made the record, the glorious record that we are now to analyze.

What a wonderful record is that of Morgan! It is unique in our military history. For a parallel we must go to the days when our forefathers struggled for independence, to the days when France threw off the yoke of her ancient kings. To trace the military career of Morgan is to trace the flash of lightning as it tears its way through the dark storm clouds of winter's most tempestuous sky.

It was at Green River that Morgan's squadron came into being. Then followed the whirling, careering operations around Murfreesboro and Gallatin, the bravery of which brought to Morgan the rank of colonel and won for him the permission of his general to act as the leader of an independent force, a permission that was the beginning of the wonderful career that has made Morgan our hero.

I need not dwell on those raids, those masterly attacks upon an enemy whose overwhelming numbers never daunted Morgan and rarely checked him. You know the story better than I. You have lived it. It is a part of you—a part of the history of your family and of your State.

Preëminent was Morgan as a leader of partisans and leader of cavalry. Where can we find his compeer except in the gallant Forrest, brother in arms and in cause? Return with me to the day when Great Britain with iron heel strove to crush the flower of American independence. Then in the Carolinas two men arose whose names go echoing through the halls of fame—Marion and Sumter, the partisans. And the best that was in Sumter and Marion found reincarnation in Morgan, the partisan. He possessed the resourcefulness and alertness that won for Marion the name of "The Swamp Fox," and he had the endurance and courage that gained for Sumter the name of "The Lion of the Hills." All that made these partisans famous found new birth and greater growth in Mor-

gan. As did these leaders, Morgan created an effective military force from almost nothing. Men without provisions, without horses, without arms became in his hands a weapon of wrath which, directed by the will of a master, struck terror into the hearts of the enemy, surprising the Federals in their military camps with dreadful slaughter, driving them in frantic haste from districts that they had occupied, raiding the great Central States to the horror of terrified inhabitants, bearing as their talisman, their inspiration, their pride the flag whose glory shall never die.

Thus we have Morgan the partisan, and now with whom shall we compare him as a cavalry leader? Go with me to France when it was ruled by the greatest emperor that the world has seen since the days when the Lords of the Seven Hills looked across the Tiber and saw on every hand the conquered lands that owned her sway. There under the eye of Napoleon, the master of men, rode the dauntless, the fearless, the gallant Marshal of France, Michel Ney, superb horseman, striking in bearing, handsome of feature, standing six feet in his stirrups, keen of eye, whose grey lightnings could smite as does the sword or could woo in soft glances as sweetly as maiden's voice their love in beauty's summer. Strong, active, quick, graceful—such was Ney, the field marshal, and such too, line for line and lineament for lineament, was Morgan, the general. Twin brothers these, borne by the goddess of history to their father, the god of war. Ney and Morgan, both great as leaders, both possessed of the magnetism, the personal charm that draws men as iron is drawn to the magnet, that binds men as with bonds of steel. Both men as leaders of cavalry were magnificent, both idols of those who followed them, both deathless in renown; but the greater of the two, because of true patriotism, because of unswerving loyalty, because of stanch fidelity to his beloved Southland, stands the peerless cavalry leader and heroic partisan, John H. Morgan. * * *

He swept aside the traditions that had made the cavalry a well-nigh obsolete arm, and despite prejudice he found new and most important uses for mounted troops. Because of the revolution that he created in the use of cavalry, he found the old and accepted strategy and tactics of little or no avail, and he invented new strategy, new tactics. He not only created Morgan's Division, but recreated it; and not only this, but he fought it along lines he had invented or discovered.

Brave, superlatively brave, was Morgan. What man will deny it? Master of strategy and tactics was Morgan, and the world now ungrudgingly admits it. No movement, however small, but had a definite aim; no raid, however erratic it then appeared, but has been proved to have had a definite purpose.

He was betrayed to his enemies by a woman who sought revenge because of justice done to her lover for a crime in which she had participated. [(?)—EDITOR VETERAN.] He was done to death by ruffians who disgraced the flag of our fathers, disgraced the flag which, though borne in the sixties by those men who were our enemies, has always been loved, because for it our fathers fought in the old days as our sons in these later years. He was borne to his grave through files of weeping men who shamed not to grieve as women grieve, to weep as women weep.

Morgan, whose deeds had aroused the flagging courage of many a regiment, he whose dauntless bravery had spurred to action laggards whose hearts had failed them, was never again to ride at the head of his men, never again in brilliant raid and dashing foray to bring destruction to his enemies and to light once more the fires of hope in the heart of the Southland.



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT IN CEMETERY AT PHILADELPHIA, ERECTED BY UNITED STATES.

A remarkable service occurred in the Pittville National Cemetery, Philadelphia, at the dedication of the monument erected by the United States to the prison dead buried there. The ceremony was conducted by the Philadelphia Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, in which the Confederate veterans and army and navy veterans of Schofield Camp of Philadelphia took part.

An excellent program was arranged by Mrs. W. K. Beard, President of the Philadelphia Chapter, and Mrs. Oscar Meyer. The main speaker of the occasion was John Shepard Beard, formerly of Pensacola, Fla., and now of Staunton, Va. He was introduced by E. Waring Wilson. Hon. James H. Berry, of Bentonville, Ark., now residing in Washington, D. C., commissioner for marking the graves of Confederates and under whose direction the monument was erected, was present and participated in the service.

Rev. J. Thompson Cole made the opening prayer, and a poem written by Selwyn Garbett, of England, especially for the occasion was read by Mrs. Arthur Allen, after which Mme. T. Rita Wilbourne sang a solo. The unveiling by Milton and Donald Beard, sons of Mrs. W. K. Beard, President of the Philadelphia Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, followed the address of Mr. John S. Beard, who is a brother-in-law of Mrs. W. K. Beard. As the bunting fell away the band struck up "Dixie."

After the singing of "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," thirty members of the General Schofield Camp, in command of

Capt. John B. Fletcher, fired a salute over the unmarked graves, and the ceremonies were concluded by sounding taps.

The monument, which is of light granite, is very impressive. Surrounded by tall weeping willows and giant oaks, the memorial is located in the western part of the cemetery in which lie the bodies of the Confederate soldiers who died in Philadelphia and in the prison at Chester. A sword and scabbard crossed have been chiseled in front near the top, and bronze tablets bearing the names of the 184 dead are on the sides. The following inscription is on the front of the shaft:

"ERECTED BY THE UNITED STATES

To Mark the Burial Place of 184 Confederate Soldiers and Sailors, as shown by the Records, who, while Prisoners of War, died either at Chester, Pa., or were there buried, or at Philadelphia, and were buried in Glenwood Cemetery, and whose Remains were subsequently removed to this Cemetery, where the Individual Graves cannot now be identified."

The Philadelphia Times states that in his oration Mr. Beard spoke with the feeling of a true Southerner, and his statements thrilled the veterans, who listened attentively to him.

SPEECH OF JOHN S. BEARD.

It is fitting and appropriate that the first monument ever erected by the Federal government to Confederate dead should

be in a Federal cemetery under the very shadow of old Independence Hall, the birthplace of thirteen sovereign States, and also under the shadow of the building where the Constitution of the United States, for the principles of which those dead gave their lives, was framed. Is not this action of the Federal government pregnant with the hope that the time has at last come when an American citizen can contemplate the achievements of his fellow-countrymen, from whatever section of the Union they may hail, with the same pride as the Englishmen who, pointing to the names of England's heroes emblazoned on the walls of Westminster Abbey who fought in days gone by for different and oftentimes antagonistic convictions, but who fought nobly and well whichever side they espoused, tells us of victor and vanquished alike—that they are the men who in the past history of his country illustrated the heroism, the nobility, and the highest virtues of the Anglo-Saxon race?

The superb courage of the Southern soldiers upon the field of battle and the consummate skill of the Southern commanders are recognized and admitted by all. Even Colonel Roosevelt in his "Life of Thomas H. Benton" has said that General Lee was the greatest military commander that the English-speaking people has ever produced, and that the Army of Northern Virginia was the greatest fighting machine the world has ever seen.

But the South is to be judged not alone by the courage and efficiency of her armies and the skill of her commanders, but by the righteousness of the cause for which they fought and suffered. The question of paramount magnitude is the justice of that cause; not that there should be a doubt in any candid, well-informed mind, but from the fact that such persistent efforts have been made to fasten upon the South the stigma and to impress posterity with the conviction that the Southern States were in rebellion and the Southern patriots were traitors, and an unjust and partial world is too ready to stamp upon the back of the defeated soldier "Rebel" and "Traitor," however just his cause, and to emblazon upon the shield of the victorious warrior "Hero" and "Patriot," however unjust his cause. Therefore we of this generation are under a high and sacred obligation to the preceding generation to rescue their names and fame from the aspersion of treason and rebellion.

The Southern States were justified in their action in 1861 upon both principle and authority. They had both precept and precedent, and yet the Southern people of '61-65 have been stigmatized as rebels. If it be rebellion in man to pour out the best blood that flows in his veins upon the battle's bloody plain in freedom's holy sacred cause; if it be rebellion in an American citizen to defend those constitutional rights which are his dearest birthright and greatest inheritance from those great founders of this great republic, then we accept the appellation and feel a pride in saying that we were members of that rebellious body or are the descendants of those rebels.

Still, secession should not have been resorted to for light and trivial causes, but each State was the sole judge. There is no common arbiter. In the words of the Kentucky resolution, of which Jefferson was the author, "each party has the right to judge for itself as well of infractions as of the mode and measure of redress." Each State enumerated her grievances; each State insisted that the Northern States had violated their constitutional obligation to promote "domestic tranquillity." The Southern States insisted that no alternative remained except to seek the security out of the Union which they had vainly tried to obtain within it.

Mr. Davis in his speech on retiring from the United States Senate voiced the sentiment of every Southern State when he said: "A State finding herself in the condition which Mississippi has judged that she is in, in which her safety requires that she should provide for the maintenance of her rights out of the Union, surrenders all the benefits (and they are known to be many), deprives herself of the advantages (and they are known to be great), severs all the ties of affection (and they are close) which have bound her to the Union, and thus divesting herself of every benefit, taking upon herself every burden, she claims to be exempt from any power to execute the laws of the United States within her limits."

NAMES AND REGIMENTS OF THOSE DEAD.

D. L. F. Adams, Co. A, 55th N. C.; Samuel Altman, Co. A, 50th Ga.; George Arker, Co. A, 55th N. C.; Lieut. William T. Ayre, Co. F, 8th Va.

David Bailey, Co. E, 37th N. C.; H. S. Baker, Co. E, 37th N. C.; E. G. Ballard, Fry's Va. Bat.; James H. Ballard, Co. E, 28th N. C.; Nathan Barker, Co. M, 22d N. C.; Harlan Baughman, Co. E, 1st Mo. Cav.; J. E. Beggerly, Co. I, 18th N. C.; Corp. S. Bennett, Co. I, 11th Miss.; First Sergt. J. P. Bernard, Co. G, 1st Battalion (Stirman's) Ark. Cav.; W. S. Berry, Co. G, 7th S. C.; Charles M. Blackwelder, Co. A, 52d N. C.; Logan Bolch, Co. C, 28th N. C.; Henry Bolden, Co. C, 60th Tenn.; P. Booth, Co. E, 62d Va.; George W. Bowman, Co. F, 60th Tenn.; Corp. George W. Brandon, Co. C, 13th N. C.; Corp. Robert Briscoe, Co. F, 11th N. C.; Corp. S. Burnett, Co. I, 26th Miss.; James J. Burns, Co. G, 42d Miss.; Sergt. John Burton, Co. F, 60th Tenn.; M. P. Busby, Co. G, 13th Ala.

James M. Campbell, Co. A, 61st Tenn.; Joseph A. Campbell, Co. K, 7th N. C.; Malcolm M. Campbell, Co. D, 47th Ala.; Thomas H. Carraway, 3d Mo. Bat.; Benjamin G. Carter, Co. K, 13th N. C.; Roland Chappel, Co. E, 52d N. C.; J. C. Childs, Co. C, 14th Va.; W. J. Christian, Co. B, 5th Va.; D. P. Clark, Co. A, 22d N. C.; Samuel Claybrook, Co. H, 22d N. C.; William Connell, Mordy's Mad. La. Lt. Art.; J. Coone, Co. H, 8th Ala.; A. B. Cornutt, Co. E, 39th Ga.; J. C. Cosner, Co. C, 55th N. C.; D. Cox, Co. G, 4th N. C.

L. R. Dashill, Co. I, 56th Va.; S. Daybrook, Co. H, 22d N. C.; John E. Dean, Co. A, 26th Miss.; David Defnall, Co. G, 10th Ga.; William Delany, Co. F, 7th Va.; J. W. Dodson, Co. F, 7th Tenn. Cav.; R. L. Donald, Co. E, 27th N. C.; Barney Driver, Co. D, 47th N. C.; D. F. Driver, Co. H, 1st Ga. Cav.; W. S. Duke, Co. C, 56th Ga.

James D. Edwards, Co. C, 57th Va.; James R. Eure, Co. C, 52d N. C.

Lieut. Andrew W. Farrow, Co. F, 8th Ga.; John H. Fiedley, Co. K, 28th Va.; John Fitzgerald, Co. K, 7th Tex.; Robert Fitzhenry, Engineer Steamer Planter; Wyatt Forbes, Co. E, 55th N. C.; J. W. Fowler, Co. B, 43d N. C.; Jesse G. Funderburk, Co. B, 12th La.

John R. Gates, Co. E, 1st Tenn.; William Gauley, Co. F, 59th Ga.; Lemon Gay, Co. I, 55th N. C.; J. H. Godfrey, Co. H, 61st Tenn.; M. L. Goode, Co. G, 16th N. C.; J. W. Goodsum, Co. A, 11th N. C.; Lieut. James C. Greer, Co. D, 26th N. C.; A. S. Greer, Co. F, 11th Miss.; W. L. Gruver, Co. A, 7th Tex.

J. W. Hagins, Co. B, 33d N. C.; Second Lieut. W. E. G. Hardwick, Co. F, 10th Ala.; T. N. Harris, Co. H, 18th N. C.; Sergt. George N. Hart, Co. H, 62d Tenn.; Solomon Hartoy, Co. K, 28th N. C.; Daniel Hefner, Co. F, 13th N. C.; Sergt. William Hicks, Co. B, 14th Tenn.; P. A. Hitt, Co. G, 7th Va.; Quincy A. Holland, Co. F, 20th N. C.; J. T. Howell, Co. K, 28th N. C.; J. F. Hunter, Co. C, 27th N. C.

Abner Ingram, Co. G, 55th N. C.

L. H. Jackson, Co. A, 38th Va.; Zachariah Jackson, Co. E, 60th Tenn.; Andrew J. Jacobs, Co. A, 3d Mo.; Thomas Jarman, Co. A, 35th N. C.; Herschel V. J. Jenkins, Co. B, 26th Ga.; Leroy Jordan, Co. F, 3d Ga.

Nathan Kearny, Co. F, 1st Mo. Cav.; Robert Kirby, Co. K, 35th Tenn.

William R. Lacy, Co. C, 8th Ky.; Michel Langlois, Pointe Coupee, La. Art.; H. W. Lanniere, Co. A, 38th N. C.; William Lawson, Co. B, 60th Tenn.; B. B. Lee, Co. D, 47th N. C.; Second Lieut. William LeTillier, Co. E, 19th Va.; Joseph C. Love, Co. E, 9th Ark.; W. B. Lutz, Co. A, 22d N. C.

James McCook, Co. B, 26th N. C.; L. J. McCoy, Co. C, 1st Miss.; J. L. B. McGinnis, Co. H, 28th N. C.; Andrew J. McKenzie, Co. B, 51st Ala.; W. O. McNabb, Co. I, 60th Tenn.; O. Mayeux, Co. E, 2d La.; I. Merriman, Co. G, 19th Ark.; Sergt. J. E. Milam, Co. G, 53d Va.; J. R. Miller, Co. F, 23d N. C.; First Lieut. James B. Miller, Co. A, 18th Va.; Corp. John J. Moody, Co. B, 13th N. W. Ark.; J. Moore, Co. D, 1st C. S. Inf.; Second Lieut. Edmond Moose, Co. D, 28th N. C.; James Morris, Co. G, 5th Va.; Thomas Myers, Co. D, 1st Md. Cav.

G. P. Neil, Co. D, 37th N. C.; George L. Netherton, Co. I, 60th Tenn.; G. N. Null, Co. I, 26th Ga.; Caltor Nunn, Co. K, 13th N. C.

James O'Neil, Co. H, 21st N. C.; Jeremiah Overstreet, Co. C, 28th Va.

Calihan Parker, Co. I, 3d Ark.; James N. Parson, Co. E, — M.; W. W. Pope, Co. C, 51st Ala.; W. H. Porter, Co. G, 6th N. C.; R. H. Powell, Co. H, 59th N. C.; William H. Price, Co. G, 25th N. C.; Corp. William P. Pullen, Co. A, 12th La.

Fred G. Raines, Co. G, 51st Ga.; First Lieut. George G. Ralston, Co. A, 2d Miss.; P. G. Ramfort, Co. G, 56th N. C.; G. N. Ratcliff, Co. B, 30th N. C.; William Ratcliffe, Co. D, 34th Battalion Va. Cav.; Elijah Ray, Co. A, Palmetto, S. C., S. S.; Jesse Reeves, Co. F, 46th Ala.; Philip Reynolds, Co. E, 59th Tenn.; William Rice, Co. A, 52d N. C.; Joseph Riddlemoser, Co. D, 2d Md. Battalion; Anderson Ridenhour, Co. F, 13th N. C.; J. W. Ridenhour, Co. F, 13th N. C.; Corp. W. P. Roberts, Co. I, 42d Miss.

John W. Sage, Co. D, 50th Va.; Gorman Sawyer, unknown; S. W. Seegle, Co. F, 55th N. C.; Allen Shields, Co. E, 26th N. C.; William N. Shoaf, Co. H, 33d N. C.; William D. Short, Co. E, 56th Va.; William M. Siler, Co. G, 26th N. C.; Alex Sims, Co. H, 28th Va.; R. J. Slawter, Co. F, 44th Va.; Doctor Smith, Co. D, 28th N. C.; E. B. Sneed, Co. F, 27th Ala.; J. J. Snipes, Co. G, 11th N. C.; Ansley Stevens, Co. G, 1st (Colm's) Tenn. Battalion; John Stine, Co. B, 14th La.; William Stokes, Co. D, 5th Ala.

Charles Taylor, Co. B, 2d Miss. Cav.; Lieut. T. J. Thom, Co. D, 16th N. C.; Sergt. G. L. Thompson, Co. H, 37th N. C.; Samuel Thompson, Co. C, 19th Ark.; W. P. Thompson, Co. D, 13th Battalion N. C. Art.; James Thurmond, Co. G, 61st Tenn.; G. W. Thurston, Co. F, 5th N. C.; J. J. Tomlinson, Co. B, 50th Tenn.; G. R. Trigg, Co. G, 41st Tenn.; David Turner, Co. F, 55th N. C.

Unknown, four.

Elias Vehorn, Co. F, 13th S. C.

William D. Waddell, Co. H, 1st Va.; T. M. Wade, Co. D, 28th Va.; David Walters, Co. A, 60th Tenn.; James F. Walters, Co. I, 3d Ga.; Spius Ward, Co. I, 26th Tenn.; Jesse Watson, Co. B, 53d N. C.; William E. Watson, Co. A, 18th Va.; Ferdinand H. Webb, Co. D, 28th Va.; Lieut. William H.

Webb, Co. K, 55th N. C.; J. W. Wills, Co. D, 9th Ark.; G. W. Wilson, Co. E, 53d N. C.; First Lieut. W. H. Winchester, Co. I, 13th N. C.; Leonard Winters, Co. K, 50th Ga.; Oscar Wooten, Co. E, 55th N. C.; Capt. James C. Wyant, Co. H, 56th Va.; J. Wyche, Co. G, 47th N. C.

W. P. Yeargan, Co. E, 22d Ga.

MUSTER ROLL OF COMPANY F, EIGHTH TEXAS.

Natt Holman, Sr., of LaGrange, Tex., has preserved the original muster roll of Company F, 8th Texas Cavalry, organized in LaGrange in 1861. They were sworn into service in September, 1861, and elected B. F. Terry as their colonel and Tom Lubbock lieutenant colonel. They were then ordered to report to Gen. A. S. Johnston at Nashville, Tenn. After his death at Shiloh, they were under Generals Bragg, J. E. Johnston, and Hood, department commanders, and Generals Forrest and Wheeler, commanding cavalry. The last two years they served under Wheeler. This company had from first to last, with recruits and transfers from other commands, 117 men, of which thirty-six were killed and wounded, others dying of wounds and disease and since the close of the war. There are now only fourteen known survivors, indicated in the list by *.

L. M. Stroble, Captain; William R. Jarmin, First Lieutenant, Captain, and Major; Phocian Tate, Second Lieutenant; W. N. Tate, Third Lieutenant.

J. H. Anderson, J. W. Andrews, O. H. Alexander,* P. H. Arnold,* J. B. Allen

C. D. Barnett, B. F. Burke, Henry Brown, T. C. Bennett, A. M. Beall, Robt. Bracey, J. K. P. Blackburn,* H. G. Burton.

L. K. Crockett, R. R. Crockett, J. E. Carlton, D. P. Croft, G. L. Chandler, S. G. Clark, M. P. Cheatam, J. A. Cook,* V. F. Cook, J. T. J. Culpepper.

S. B. Dehart, W. E. Drisdale, C. M. Dunneway, Charley Dirr, S. C. Drake.

E. H. Emeh. W. T. Fitz, J. R. Flewellen.

L. P. Gordon, F. A. Greene, Sam H. Grover, T. J. Grace, G. L. Gwynn.

J. G. Haynie, J. L. Harris, W. H. Harris,* A. P. Harcourt, M. G. Harbor, Charley Howard, J. A. Holman,* Natt Holman,* F. F. Hooper, O. H. Herbert, J. R. Hester, John Humphreys, W. J. Hill, J. D. Hunt, J. P. Hutchings.

C. K. Izard.

S. L. Jarman, R. A. Jarman,* T. B. Jones, R. H. Jones, A. Jones, C. B. Jones, Reding Jones, B. E. Joiner, J. C. Justice, J. F. Jenkins.

Ed Kaylor, R. P. Kirk, R. Kurkendall.

William M. Lewis, B. P. Lewis, A. G. Ledbetter, Fritz Lindenberg, J. R. Long.

H. C. Middlebrook, W. H. Middlebrook, H. H. McCreary, D. A. McGonigal, W. B. McClellan, T. G. Mercer, W. S. Morton, A. J. Murray, J. H. Moore.

R. L. Nevill, W. N. A. Norton,* S. B. Noble.

W. N. Penn, I. P. Phillips, J. E. Priest, D. C. Payne, S. C. Patton,* J. W. Pope, J. T. Pettus, Andy Ponton.

J. West Rabb, Nat C. Rieves,* W. B. Rieves.

W. T. Scallan, A. G. Scales, J. R. Stewart, W. B. Simpson,* C. O. Simpson, J. H. Steverson, M. H. Saunders, Sam Street.

W. L. Thornton, S. C. Thigpen,* S. K. Tutwiler, Henry Terrell.

W. M. Wallace,* Leroy Watson, B. R. Watson, W. J. Ware, W. S. White, T. H. Wood, S. K. Woodward.

J. W. Yarbrough.

During the progress of the war Private J. K. P. Blackburn was promoted to captain, Private A. J. Murray to second lieutenant, Private B. E. Jiner third lieutenant, and Private W. B. McLellan to a lieutenantcy. Veterans know that such promotions in active service were evidence of distinguishing merit.

Terry's 8th Texas Regiment (bearing Colonel Terry's name to the end, although he was killed early in the war) was engaged in Middle Tennessee so much during the war that it was better known doubtless in the Volunteer State than any of its own regiments, and the men were ever esteemed for their gallantry and their heroism.

THE DASHING GEN. J. E. B. STUART.

FROM AN ADDRESS BY JUDGE THEODORE S. GARNETT, AID-DE-CAMP TO GENERAL STUART.

On May 12, 1864, as the shadows of the night gathered fast upon a day filled with deepest gloom, in the house then standing on this spot, the heroic spirit of a true and brave Confederate soldier put on immortality. I am directed to give some personal recollection of him, the great cavalryman, to whom I was as a devoted son and to whose memory you would this day do great honor. At the very suggestion a flood of memories rushes in upon me and overwhelms the power of utterance with a sense of intolerable grief.

The last three days of General Stuart's life were filled with all the elements of the tragic drama.

This devoted city, the object of all the enemy's assaults, the citadel in whose defense Stuart exerted his supreme efforts, was then beset by the most formidable array of arms ever brought against her. The vast army with which Grant had marched into the Wilderness had lost in one short week of battle nearly 50,000 men, and yet he had replaced them with an equal number of fresh troops, leaving him free to send Sheridan with his 12,000 cavalry unopposed to the very gates of Richmond, confident then of its capture and destruction.

On May 9 at three o'clock in the afternoon, parting with General Lee at Spottsylvania Courthouse, never to meet in this world again, General Stuart moved rapidly with two brigades of his command (Fitz Lee and Lomax), leaving orders for Gordon with the North Carolina brigade to follow.

Reaching Yellow Tavern with one brigade (Lomax's) about ten o'clock on the morning of the 11th, just as the head of Sheridan's heavy columns arrived there, a brisk skirmish commenced which soon developed into a severe battle, lasting until after midday. Then a long silence ensued until near four o'clock, when a sudden mounted charge by the enemy, in column of regiments, broke the left of our line and captured our only battery, one gun alone escaping. In the *mélée* near the battery General Stuart, while encouraging his brave men in their hand-to-hand fight over the guns, was shot by a Federal sergeant who had passed him in the charge and was then returning close by him on the main (Telegraph) road.

To Captain Dorsey, of Maryland, commanding Company K (Marylanders), 1st Virginia Cavalry, belongs the honor of having saved the General from capture by the advancing enemy. Captain Dorsey, seeing him wounded and his horse unmanageable, placed him on the horse of Private Pitts, who, with Private Wheatly, of Company K, led him to an ambulance, in which he left the field under the charge of Major Venable. Attended by his chief surgeon, John B. Fontaine, and two others of the staff, and Couriers Ellis, Carpenter, and Thompson, of his escort—after ordering his faithful adjutant general, Maj. Henry B. McClellan, to report to General Fitz

Lee—he was driven by way of Atlee's and Mechanicsville, avoiding the enemy and reaching Richmond about eleven o'clock that night. From Mechanicsville he sent me ahead into the city to have a bed ready for him and to report to General Bragg.

Here at the house of Dr. Charles Brewer, his brother-in-law, he lingered until nightfall of the 12th of May, his powerful frame and resolute will fighting against the mortal wound, such as few men could have withstood even for an hour.

PERSONAL REMEMBRANCES.

I recall his reply to a suggestion made by one of his brigade commanders on the march, that it would be impossible to overtake and stop Sheridan. "No," said Stuart with hot impatience, "I would rather die than let him go on."

As we approached the battle field that morning his chief bugler (a noncombatant, you know), riding close by him, mildly protested against the General's habit of exposing his life in every battle, saying to him: "General, I believe you love bullets." Turning sharply to the bugler, Stuart said: "No, Fred, I do not love bullets any better than you do; I go where they are because it is my duty, and I do not expect to survive this war."

During the battle he deplored the absence of Gordon's North Carolina brigade, who were attacking Sheridan's rear far away on the Mountain Road. But alas! within a few days after the battle Gordon was united with him in death.

Here in his death chamber about noon on the 12th I was alone at his bedside, watching and holding his pulse as it throbbed fast and faster to the inevitable end. Suddenly a loud shout arose from a crowd of men and boys passing along Broad Street. Awakening with a startled look, he said: "Go and see what that means." Hastening to the street, I saw an ambulance moving slowly through the rain toward the capitol, and was told that a wounded general—a captured Yankee general—was being driven to a hospital. Returning to General Stuart's bedside, I found him nearly asleep, and refrained from telling him the rumor. It was, in fact, a wounded general; but, sad to say, it proved to be none other than Stuart's gallant friend and companion, Gen. James B. Gordon, of the North Carolina brigade, who was shot that morning near Brookhill, and died here only a week later.

During the day President Davis visited General Stuart's bedside, and with deep emotion bade him a long farewell. The Rev. Joshua Peterkin, that saintly man of God if ever there was one on earth, with prayer and supplication and Stuart's favorite hymn, "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," administered to him the consolation of our holy Church, in whose communion he died.

Realizing that death was very near, he prepared to meet it as he had so often faced it before—"without fear and without reproach." "I am ready to go," he said, and his last fervent wish was for his beloved wife, then hastening to his bedside. His last thought was of duty done so faithfully to God and his country.

"For how can man die better than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers and the altars of his gods?"

Eight general officers were his pallbearers, among whom I recall Gens. George W. Randolph and Joseph R. Anderson. The services at St. James Church and the burial in Hollywood were attended, without military display, by many devoted friends and comrades in the midst of falling rain, the very clouds in sympathy with our troubled souls, accom-

panied not only by the artillery of heaven, but by the booming of our guns then driving the enemy beyond our reach. So true is it as Percy Greg sang: "The cannon of his country pealed Stuart's funeral knell." * * *

Captain Battine, of the 15th King's Hussars, in his book, "The Crisis of the Confederacy," states: "James Stuart, or J. E. B., as he was called in the army, from his first initials, proved himself in his short career the greatest warrior among the great men who have been so called. Whether or not he was really descended from Robert the Bruce, he certainly inherited the kingly talent for leading men and making war. He won the great battle of May 3, 1863, which was decisive in this campaign, by skillful and gallant leading. He was but thirty years old when he took Jackson's place at the head of the 2d Corps."

And again, in describing Chancellorsville, Battine said: "The signal was then given for an assault. While the guns swept the road and the clearing on either side of it, Stuart led his infantry once more across the ravine, singing at the top of his voice and waving his sword. His blonde beard, blue eyes, and noble figure on horseback recalled the Norman hero who led the van at Hastings, singing the songs of Roland."

The city of Richmond, in grateful recognition of his sacrifice of life in her defense, voted him an equestrian statue, and yonder monument bears eloquent testimony as well to the fulfillment of that pledge as to his undying fame. His name is inseparably linked with that of his great commander and of his immortal lieutenant. Lee, Jackson, and Stuart form a trinity of Confederate faith, honor, and glory.

My comrades, this stone is well placed here by the hands of ever-faithful and devoted Confederate women. While it honors the dead, may it never lose its significance for the living! The graves at Hollywood are marked with many distinguished names of our Confederate dead. But history will search in vain for a nobler tomb than that of the brave, the joyous, the skillful, and beloved commander who died here.

"In some fair future garden of delights,

Where flowers shall bloom and song birds sweetly warble,

Art shall erect the statues of our knights

In living bronze and marble.

And none of all that bright, heroic throng

Shall wear to far-off time a semblance grander—

Shall still be decked with fresher wreaths of song

Than this beloved commander.

The Spanish legend tells us of the Cid,

That after death he rode erect sedately

Along his lines, even as in life he did,

In presence yet more stately.

And thus our Stuart at this moment seems

To ride out of our dark and troubled story

Into the region of romance and dreams

A realm of light and glory.

And sometimes when the silver bugles blow

That ghostly form, in battle reappearing,

Shall lead his horsemen headlong on the foe,

In victory careering."

Capt. Perry M. DeLeon, 325 Courtland Street, Atlanta, Ga., desires to ascertain the present address of George Poindexter or the wife or daughter of Capt. James D. Johnston, who commanded the Tennessee, the flagship of Admiral Buchanan, in the fight at Mobile Bay.

DEALING WITH THE ELSON HISTORY.

FROM A PROFOUND STUDY OF HISTORIC QUESTIONS.

BY COL. B. F. GRADY, CLINTON, N. C.

I have read with much interest your article on Professor Elson's so-called "History of the United States." It reminds me of some things in the third volume of his "History of the United States" that I desire to comment on. He who has spent much time in studying human nature as it appears in the records of different countries and different generations cannot hope to find in the writings of most of the authors of so-called histories of the United States many evidences that these authors were able to do justice to the people of the Southern States. Hence we must be charitable in judging them. Professor Elson's explanation of the causes of "sectionalism" in this country is without any satisfactory foundation. He utterly fails to present the fundamental differences between the Puritan of New England and the people whom uninformed writers call the "Cavaliers" of the South, and his unfitness for his task is shown when he discusses the tariff of 1816. Here is what he says: "At the close of the recent war with England the South was more favorable than the North to a protective tariff. One cause of this was, it is asserted, that the South at first expected to work its own cotton, but this it could not do. Slave labor had not the intelligence to manufacture, and white labor could not flourish by the side of slave labor."

This is all misleading. This act was to be in force for only three years, so as to compensate capitalists for the necessary losses which changes of occupations would entail; and as to the attitude of "the South," public records show that New England gave seventeen yeas and ten nays; that the Middle States, including Maryland, gave forty-four yeas and ten nays; and that Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia gave fourteen yeas and thirty nays. ("Tariff Compilation of 1834," page 295.)

Hence the slap at slave labor and the disposition of "the South" must be considered as due to that sectional blindness which can see the misdeeds of the "slave power" and deal blows to the "rebels."

According to Moore's "Notes on the History of Slavery in Massachusetts," a great many Indian slaves were shipped to the West Indies and exchanged for negroes, a trade in which, as every one knows, the West Indian was cheated. In 1638 the Salem ship, the Desire, was sent by the Colonial authorities to Africa and brought back a number of negroes for whom purchasers were easily found. In 1643 the four New England colonies formed a confederation among themselves, mutually binding themselves to surrender fugitive slaves; and for a century or more, up to the Revolution, as "negro children were considered an encumbrance in a family," as Dr. Belknap asserts, they "when weaned were given away like puppies."

As slaves were not fit for seamen, slavery soon became worthless in New England; but what became of them? The normal rate of increase of colored people in the United States from 1880 to 1890 was 13.5 per cent; and, applying this rate to the colored people of Massachusetts, we find that 606 of them were carried out of the State in the decade closing with 1810, and that 916 were carried away in the decade closing with 1820.

To all this it is interesting to add that all New England voted in the affirmative when a motion was made to substitute 1808 for the 1800 which had been agreed to in the

convention which framed the Federal Constitution, and it is more interesting to add that during the period ending with 1808 there were shipped to the United States something over 143,000 slaves. Who brought them? We may not err greatly if we suppose the answer to this question can be seen in the following statement made by the Duc de La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, who came over to the United States in 1795. In his "Voyage dans les Etats-Unis" he says that "nearly twenty vessels from the harbors of the Northern States" were busy shipping negroes from Africa "to Georgia and the West Indies." And if this is not satisfactory, all doubt must be considered removed when we find in President Lincoln's message of December 3, 1861, this statement: "Five vessels being fitted out for the slave trade have been seized and condemned. * * * One captain, taken with a cargo of Africans on his vessel, has been convicted, etc."

NEW ENGLAND FOR "THE MORE PERFECT UNION."

As soon as the new Congress got ready for business the New England members began to lay plans for enriching their section at the expense of the others; and to give the reader some insight into their methods, I quote an opinion of Maclay which is found at the end of his presentation of the proceedings of the second session of the first Congress: "For my knowledge of the Eastern character warrants me in drawing this conclusion, that they will cabal against and endeavor to subvert any government which they have not the management of."

The following are some of their most notable achievements:

In spite of the protests of Hugh Williamson, William B. Giles, and other Southern statesmen, laws were passed in the first Congress of "the more perfect Union" to give to New England shippers a monopoly of our coastwise commerce and a partial monopoly of our foreign commerce, one result even as early as 1814 being thus commented on in the "Olive Branch," a work written by Mathew Carey, of Philadelphia: "The naked fact is that the demagogues of the Eastern States, not satisfied with deriving all the benefits from the Southern States that they would from so many wealthy colonies—with making princely fortunes by supplying them with their own manufactures and the manufactures and productions of the East and West Indies to an enormous amount and at an immense profit—uniformly treated them with outrage, insult, and injury."

During the debate on the first tariff act (1789) Fisher Ames, of Massachusetts, said: "The commerce of America, particularly the southern parts, has by the force of habit and English connections been setting strong on the British coast. It requires the aid of the general government to divert it to a more natural course [place it under the control of New England shippers]. To procure this political good, some force is necessary."

By methods which were condemned by Madison, Maclay, and others sixty-four million dollars' worth of new Federal bonds were voted to Philadelphia and New England speculators who had bought up at one-eighth of their face value forty-three million dollars of the Continental War debt and twenty-one million dollars of the individual State "certificates." Thus these speculators managed to force on the people of these States a debt of fifty-six million dollars for which the speculators had performed no service. This was a burden of more than \$14 on every human being in the country. And Maclay asserts that several of the beneficiaries of this deal were members of Congress, and he adds this: "I verily

believe the sun never shone on a more abandoned composition of political characters."

In the first Congress of the "more perfect Union" New England members, as we are informed by Maclay, succeeded, by methods which Southerners as well as Maclay considered discreditable, in having black quart bottles for the rum trade placed on the free list, rum being the principal article exchanged in Africa for slaves (as we are informed by Moore in his "Notes on the History of Slavery in Massachusetts"), and in preventing the imposition of any import tax on painters' colors, copper plates for sheathing, cotton goods, all dyeing materials, glue, hides and skins, sheet iron, lead in bars, white lead, red lead, sail cloth, sea stores in ships, seines, woolen socks and stockings, tin, iron, or steel wire, and raw wool; and after a struggle in which the Vice President, John Adams, took an active part in the Senate, they succeeded in having the committee's proposed six cents per gallon on molasses reduced to two and one-half cents. ("Senate Report No. 12, Forty-Eighth Congress, First Session," page 124.)

In this Congress began the bounty system which by 1860, according to Kettell's "Southern Wealth and Northern Profits," had enabled New England's cod fishermen to draw out of the Federal treasury thirteen million dollars, much of it by fraudulent claims, as President Jackson charged in his message of December 7, 1830, and Kettell declares: "This bounty is paid out of the national treasury into which it is collected from the Southern consumers of imported goods."

Objecting to transferring capital from commerce to manufacturing, John Lowell's "Road to Ruin," as quoted by Carey in his "Olive Branch," declared that commercial gains were fifty per cent. This was in 1814. In 1792, while the Congress was considering a bill to change the bounty from barrels and quintals of fish to the tonnage of fishing vessels, Hugh Williamson, of North Carolina, addressed the House in opposition to this bounty, saying: "I wish that my constituents may know whether they are to put any confidence in that paper called the Constitution. * * * Unless the Southern States are protected by the Constitution, their valuable staple and their visionary wealth must occasion their destruction."

And it is interesting to add that, while Northern speculators in the Revolutionary War debt who had not shared in the sixty-four-million-dollar deal were permitted to take \$6,000,000 of stock in Robert Morris's bank, which now became the Bank of the United States, and pay for it with the depreciated Revolutionary bonds, thus enabling the stockholders to draw out of the coffers of other persons "a gratuity," as President Jackson called it in his message vetoing the bank bills, "of many millions of dollars;" and while the Revolutionary soldiers of the Northern States had up to 1838 received as pensions a sum equal to \$127.39 per capita, those of the Southern States (including Delaware) had received only \$49.89 per capita; and while in 1787 the Congress of the Confederation, only eight States represented, sold to some New England and New York gentlemen 5,000,000 acres of the public lands in Ohio for \$3,500,000 of war bonds which had cost these speculators only \$437,500, the most unscrupulous of the South's traducers have never accused any Southern man, corporation, or State up to 1860 of asking for bounties out of the Federal treasury.

THE "CONSCIENCE OF THE NORTH."

Jefferson's draft of the Declaration of Independence contained a bitter denunciation of George III. because, as it said, "He has waged cruel war against human nature itself,

violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people who have never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery;" but when he submitted his paper to John Adams, of Massachusetts, Benjamin Franklin, of Pennsylvania, Roger Sherman, of Connecticut, and Robert R. Livingston, of New York, this denunciation was stricken out.

In "The Sectional Controversy" (published in 1864 when the author, W. C. Fowler, was a member of the Connecticut Legislature), the author says that fifteen or twenty years earlier, when a prominent member of Congress who afterwards became a member of a presidential cabinet was coming out from a heated sectional debate, he was asked by the writer, an old college friend: "Will you tell me what is the real reason why Northern men encourage those petitions (for the abolition of slavery)?" The reply was: "The real reason is that the South will not let us have a tariff, and we touch them where they will feel it."

In this same work Mr. Fowler repeats a statement made in 1859 by Salmon P. Chase, a native of New England, who was then Governor of Ohio, and after serving in Lincoln's cabinet was appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Talking to W. D. Chadwick Glover, he said: "I do not wish to have the slave emancipated because I love him, but I hate his master."

When John Brown came into Virginia to "free the slaves by the authority of God Almighty," Gov. John A. Andrew, of Massachusetts, was one of his chief supporters, the hope of the Massachusetts abolitionists being that the appearance of Brown and his little band would excite the slaves to rise up and murder the white people. But in September, 1862, when General Dix proposed to remove a number of escaped slaves from Fortress Monroe to Massachusetts, this Governor objected, saying, "I do not concur in any way or to any degree in the plan proposed," and he added: "Permit me to say that the Northern States are of all places the worst possible to select for an asylum."

In Rice's "Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln" Gen. Donn Piatt, who canvassed a part of Illinois for Mr. Lincoln in 1860 and spent some time in the company of the President-elect, says: "He knew and saw clearly that the free States had not only no sympathy with the abolition of slavery but held fanatics, as abolitionists were called, in utter abhorrence." And in another place he says: "Descended from the poor whites of a slave State through many generations, he inherited the contempt, if not the hatred, held by that class for the negro. * * * And he could no more feel a sympathy for that wretched race than he could for the horse he worked or the hog he killed."

And to all this it is interesting to add the views of John Sherman, the brother of the famous William Tecumseh. On April 2, 1862, he said in the Senate: "We do not like negroes. We do not disguise our dislike. As my friend from Indiana (Mr. Wright) said yesterday: 'The whole people of the Northwestern States are opposed to having many negroes among them and that principle or prejudice has been engraved in the legislation of nearly all of the Northwestern States.'" And let it not be forgotten that the Northwestern States at that time were inhabited mainly by people who had emigrated, or those whose ancestors had emigrated, from Northern States, most of them perhaps from New England.

It may be difficult, therefore, for honest seekers after truth to understand what Northern writers mean by "the moral awakening of the North" and the "dictatorial policy of the South."

I. I have already shown that the Revolutionary pension

money which went to the soldiers of the Northern States was per capita about three times as much as that which Southerners received.

2. From 1789 to 1845 appropriations for roads, harbors, and rivers in the Southern States (including the Mississippi and the Ohio) amounted to \$2,757,916, and for like purposes in the North they amounted to \$12,743,407, nearly five times as much.

3. From 1834 to 1845 the Northern members of the "old thirteen" received for internal improvements \$6,328,080, while the Southern members received \$653,100.

4. From 1789 to 1846 the North received twice as much as the South for coast defense.

5. In 1858 there were twenty-three lighthouses in the North for every ten in the South.

6. Between 1850 and 1857 there were built eighteen custom houses north of Mason and Dixon's line; not one south of it.

7. Up to 1860, according to "The Report of the Public Lands Commission" of 1883, about seventeen-twentieths of all donations of the public lands, for which, as is well known, the South paid most of the purchase money, had gone to individuals, corporations, territories, and States west of the Mississippi River which could be relied on to strengthen the Northern section of the Union.

Now, bearing in mind that in 1860 there were eighteen Northern States and fifteen Southern States and some territories in the Northwest about ready to come into the Union and add to the strength of the North, we may judge as to the hopes of the Southern people.

THE PRETENDED "WEDGE."

About all the so-called histories of the United States which Northern authors have written with increasing assurance as time rolls on have boldly asserted that "slavery" was the only cause of the long wrangle between the sections; but the evidence which has come down to us contradicts the claim. The first serious sectional struggle over "slavery" was in 1820, when Missouri was applying for admission to the Union; and if it was a real struggle between what John Clark Ridpath calls the "moral awakening of the North" and what Thomas B. Reed on the day when the Wilson tariff bill was passed in the House of Representatives called "the lower civilization of the South," it is impossible for us to imagine any explanation of the mob violence which stirred communities all over the North, as the reader will find in Belford's "History of the United States," Benton's "Thirty Years' View," and Lippincott's "Gazetteer" (published in 1857). In these we learn:

1. In 1843, fourteen years after the Missouri controversy, "leading abolitionists were brutally attacked and their dwellings, together with a number of churches, schoolhouses, and negro homes in various parts of the country, were destroyed; Philadelphia had a three nights' riot in which the mob assaulted nearly fifty houses inhabited by negroes;" and Arthur and Lewis Tappan, natives of Massachusetts, noted abolitionists in the city of New York, were mobbed, the dwelling house of the latter and its contents being destroyed.

2. In the later months of 1835 "attacks on negroes and abolitionists were of daily occurrence." Such agitators as William Lloyd Garrison and George Thompson, abolition missionary from England, were mobbed in Boston, the former, as we read in Alden's "Manifold Cyclopaedia," by "gentlemen of property and respectability."

3. In 1835 an angry crowd broke up the school of Prudence Crandell in Canterbury, Conn., because she admitted negro

children as pupils, destroyed valuable property, and had her imprisoned in the town jail.

4. In 1835 Thompson, the English missionary, wrote to the Leeds (England) Mercury that "rewards were offered for his abduction and assassination;" that "New England had universally sympathized with the South;" and Senator Isaac Hill, of New Hampshire, stated that Thompson "had escaped from Concord in the night and in woman's clothes."

5. In 1837 Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy, publisher of an abolition newspaper in Alton, Ill., was killed by a mob, and his printing establishment was destroyed.

6. In 1838 the Pennsylvania Hall, belonging to the abolitionists of Philadelphia, was attacked by a mob and burned, the shelter for the colored orphans was fired, and the negro quarters were attacked.

7. In 1838 John G. Whittier, now famous for his calumnious "Barbara Frietchie" and his "Astræa at the Capitol," faced an enraged mob in Philadelphia, which destroyed his printing office, where his abolition newspaper, the Pennsylvania Freeman, was published.

8. In September, 1841, an angry crowd in Cincinnati destroyed several houses belonging to abolitionists.

9. Far into the "fifties," as we are told in Alden's "Manifold Cyclopedia," Wendell Phillips delivered his abolition addresses "in the face of threatened attacks of mobs;" or, as Gen. Donn Piatt states it in Rice's "Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln," "he was ostracized in Boston and rotten-egged in Cincinnati."

THE REAL "WEDGE."

After the enactment of laws to enable New England to prosper at the expense of the South, it became a matter of supreme importance to maintain the then existing balance between the two sections of the Union; and hence, as Maclay informs us, New Englanders opposed the passage of a naturalization bill; and their opposition to an "expansion" of the South was the sole cause of our long sectional quarrel, as is admitted by honest and intelligent Northern writers. Here we have some of their admissions:

In Bancroft's "History of the United States" he says: "An ineradicable dread of the coming power of the Southwest lurked in New England, especially Massachusetts."

One of the demands of the notorious "Hartford Convention" was that the Constitution be so amended that "no State be admitted into the Union except by a two-thirds vote of both Houses of Congress.

In 1849-56 was published a six-volume "History of the United States," the author being Richard Hildreth, a Massachusetts lawyer. In volume VI., page 683, he says: "Jealousy of Southern domination had, as we have seen, made the Northern Federalists dissatisfied with the purchase of Louisiana.

* * * The keeping out of new States and the alteration of the Constitution as to the basis of representation were projects too hopeless as well as too unpopular in their origin to be removed. The extension to the new territory west of the Mississippi of the ordinance of 1787 against slavery seemed to present a much more feasible method of accomplishing substantially the same object. The idea, spreading with rapidity, still further obliterated old party lines, tending to produce at the North a political union for which the Federalists had so often sighed."

Agreeing with Hildreth, Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, said in a letter to Timothy Pickering, a Massachusetts Senator, that "the influence of our part of the Union must be diminished by the acquisition of more weight at the other ex-

tremity." (Lodge's "Life and Letters of George Cabot," page 334.)

And agreeing with both of them, Senator Plumb, of Kansas, on September 25, 1888, said in the Senate: "It is, therefore, but natural that when the Democratic party succeeded to power in 1885, after twenty-four years of enforced retirement, it should at once attack the Republican administration of the public lands. It was to be expected that its leaders should seek to break down the system which had in the previous quarter century so signally multiplied, developed, and strengthened the North."

But our Professor Elson tells his readers this: "The South was quick to see that the only way in which to prevent future legislation unfriendly to slavery was to increase the number of slave States," being apparently ignorant of the fact, acknowledged by Gen. Donn Piatt, that the South "made without saving all that we [the North] accumulated;" and ignorant, too, of the significance of what he states on page 52. Discussing New England's conduct during the War of 1812, he says: "The specie of the country drifted to the New England banks. Public credit fell to the lowest ebb; every bank in the Middle and Southern States suspended specie payments.

* * * The Boston banks would receive the notes of a Baltimore bank only at a discount of thirty per cent and the treasury notes issued from time to time at a discount of twenty-five per cent."

Knowing, then, as every well-informed student of our history does, that in the early days of the more perfect Union the South was the wealthiest section, it seems remarkable that Professor Elson was unable to know the reason why the specie of the country, even as early as 1814, "drifted to the New England banks" and to understand the effect of such a drifting on the sentiments of Southerners.

"ALL MEN CREATED FREE AND EQUAL."

BY T. C. MOORE (14TH GA. REGT., A. N. V.), EASTLAND, TEX.

In the July VETERAN there appears part of an address delivered by Charles E. Stowe, son of Harriet Beecher Stowe, at the Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn., and you refer to it as "both remarkable and interesting," and that "he admitted some wholesome facts to a great gathering of negroes." In that address the speaker quoted Abraham Lincoln as saying, "All men are created equal," and then proceeded to say: "This is the great, vague, central, germinant idea which lies at the very heart of our national government. The fathers of our republic who propounded this great principle were neither Utopians nor Socialists, but men of profound wisdom. * * * They simply meant to declare that in our nation there should be a fair chance for every man to develop the best that is in him, irrespective of race, color, or nationality." Now that is not a fact. It is not true. Our fathers meant no such thing.

The declaration, that all men are born free and equal, is a very comprehensive one; and to understand what was meant by our fathers, who proclaimed it, the conditions which gave rise to it and the purpose that prompted it must be considered. The men who proclaimed that principle were the delegates of the several British colonies assembled to consider the wrongs inflicted by the British government and to determine what means should be adopted to relieve the colonies from such wrongs. They represented slaveholding constituents, and most of them were owners of slaves.

One of the grievances imposed by the British government on the colonies was the law of primogeniture, by which the honors of office and property descended from father to son.

The king must be the son or relative of a king. The House of Lords, a part of the Parliament, must be composed of lords, men born lords. Thus one of the most important branches of the law-making power consisted of men who owed their official positions to the accident of birth, and not to their merits or the choice of the people. It was with reference to this law of England that they declared that all men are born free and equal. They had in mind the right of the people, regardless of birth, to representation in the government they supported and were required to defend and under which they lived.

It may be further stated that after the acknowledgment of the independence of the several States a convention was called to form a more perfect union. This convention was composed of delegates from the different States, all of which were slave States except Pennsylvania. Most of the delegates and a considerable part of their constituents were slave owners. In the discharge of their duty it became necessary to adopt a constitution defining the powers and limitations of the general government and the rights to be reserved to the States, and in so doing they provided in the ninth section of the first article that "The importation of slaves in any of the States shall not be prohibited until the year 1808." Thus instead of making the negroes then in slavery free and equal, they provided for an increase of negro slaves through the African slave trade then being carried on. In the first section of the fourth article they provided that "The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States." And immediately following this provision they inserted another—viz.: "No person held to service or labor in one State under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall in consequence of any law or regulation therein be discharged from such labor or service, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such labor or service may be due."

Now notice that in the first part of that section some of the people are designated as "citizens," meaning the white persons, and in the second part some are designated as "persons;" not citizens having equal rights, but slaves, negroes as property, and for the protection and security of property in negroes. The truth is the whole history of the times from the date of the Declaration of Independence to the adoption of the Constitution conclusively proves that this government was made for white people and not for negroes. Our fathers never meant that in this government all men should have equal rights and privileges, irrespective of race, color, or nationality. Any other construction of what they intended is not only false but absurd. The leaders of the party opposed to slavery have been proclaiming the cry of social and political equality ever since the party had its beginning. It has served as an appeal to the ignorant and the envious, but had no place in sound reason nor in practical experience. If it were the purpose of Mr. Stowe to gratify the vanity and prejudices of the negroes, he could have resorted to nothing more likely to succeed than by proclaiming that the great central principle of our government is that all men are born free and equal, irrespective of race, color, or nationality. That has ever been the doctrine of the Republican party, but has no place in the minds of Democrats who adhere to the principles taught by the fathers.

It is to be deplored that since the war our school-teachers and others having control of our Southern institutions of learning have adopted textbooks that not only falsify and suppress some historical facts and make statements derogatory to the South, but impress upon the minds of the young the

doctrine of equal rights as applied to negroes. It has been said that a falsehood often repeated and not denied may become to the mind a fact, and that is true with respect to many of our Southern people who have been educated since 1865. In this strenuous commercial age the power of aggregated wealth corrupts parties and controls governments.

We are facing a crisis in the history of our country. Whatever is left of the wise doctrines and policies of our forefathers is to be found in old-fashioned Southern Democracy, and it behooves Southern people to keep the record straight.

[While thanking Comrade Moore for his careful research, the *VETERAN* repeats that Dr. Stowe's speech was for him both remarkable and interesting—and indeed very liberal.—*EDITOR VETERAN.*]

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF SAM DAVIS.

BY A. H. SHARP, NASHVILLE, TENN.

The recent anniversary of the birthday of Sam Davis and the services befitting the occasion held on Capitol Hill remind me of two incidents in my own life placing me temporarily in touch with the brief career of that noble and world-renowned boy. And as every incident concerning his life given in former numbers of the *VETERAN* has found a welcome in the home and heart of every reader of your patriotic monthly, I submit the following to your consideration:

In August, 1860, I opened a school for boys and girls at what was then known as Union Church and Academy (burned during the war), situated on the banks of Stewart's Creek, one mile east of Smyrna, Tenn. Among my pupils were eight or ten boys whose ages ranged from sixteen to eighteen years. One of them was Sam Davis, then nearing his eighteenth birthday. I believe that he had about reached his mature height—say five feet and nine or ten inches, with splendid physical proportions and symmetrical features. He was ever modest and unassuming in demeanor. In the school-room he was quiet and deferential and on the playground never domineering. There was an indefinable reserve force about him that challenged both the respect and esteem of his schoolmates, and he soon became a leader among them and umpired their trivial disputes.

He did not remain in my school until the close of its term. After the election of Lincoln to the presidency in November, 1860, Sam Davis left his home school for the Nashville Military Academy under Gen. E. Kirby Smith. This location was then that of the University of Nashville, and has been since the war until recently the Peabody Normal College. The following spring he entered the service of the Confederacy. Of his career there I shall mention only an incident that brought us together again and was the only time I met him during the war.

On a September afternoon in 1863, a week or two before the battle of Chickamauga, I was sitting on a goods box on Market Street in Chattanooga waiting for the Knoxville train to take me back to Tyner's Station, where my command in Hardee's Corps was then camped. I knew scarcely a soul in Chattanooga, and was surprised when a voice near me called my name familiarly, and, looking up, I saw standing before me a bronzed soldier with a brown mustache covering his lip. "I don't believe you know me," were his first words. "This is Sam Davis." After a glad handclasp, I asked him where his place in our army was. He told me he had been detailed as a scout for General Bragg's headquarters. In reply to a question about where he was operating, he said Middle Tennessee, and added: "We have orders to go in again next

week." I asked him whether he would attempt to go in as far as his home. His reply was: "If I get within fifty miles of home, I shall make a dash to get there."

His face wore a resolve that I could not doubt. "If you succeed in reaching home," I replied, "you can take a letter to my wife. I know your father will see that she gets it." She was with her mother within six miles of Nashville and surrounded by Yankees; but I knew that when "straight" Davis undertook to do a thing he stood not on the order thereof.

"Write it," he said; "I will return in about an hour and get it before going out to camp."

Stepping across the street to a news stand, I got a sheet of letter paper and an envelope—both brown—and on that goods box penciled a letter and addressed it to my wife, who had not heard from me since June. Sam returned and took away with him the letter.

During the last days of the following December, about a month after Bragg's disastrous retreat from Missionary Ridge to Dalton, I got word that two young ladies from Nashville had worked their way through the enemy's lines and were then in Dalton and had a letter from me. It was from my dear wife and a reply to the one I sent her by Sam Davis the previous September. It was the first news from home for six months, and I believe the first news of the dear boy's damnable taking off. I shall not comment on the sad event.

"In his own loved land he lies,
Where he won a martyr's crown,
And on his tomb with watchful eyes
The sentinel stars look down.
Yea, pilgrim, go to the stone
Where his name is graven deep;
From that hallowed shrine and lone
Learn how a pledge to keep—
How holier than death was truth
And dearer than life was right,
Though it be in the bloom of youth,
Though it be when hopes were bright.
When even with fetters bound
And he on the scaffold stand,
While relenting foes around
Would stay the hangman's hand
Till he the secret would tell—
But the secret was never told!
Ah, he kept the secret well
In a casket purer than gold."

THE TEXAS STATE REUNION AT BEAUMONT.

[Judge C. C. Cummings, Historian of State Division, keeps VETERAN readers posted, but the following is abbreviated.]

The State U. C. V. Convention adopted a resolution pledging the support of the Texas Division to Gen. K. M. Van Zandt for Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans at the next General Reunion.

Gen. Felix H. Robertson, of Crawford, was elected Commander of the Texas Division, U. C. V., and Cleburne was the place selected for holding the reunion of 1912. Entertainments included a magnificent parade of Veterans, Sons, and Daughters, which moved through the principal streets of the city amid the cheers and plaudits of thousands of assembled spectators. The parade was followed by an enjoyable boat ride down the Neches River.

The Committee on Resolutions submitted a resolution, which

was adopted, that the Texas Division take steps to have the Texas anti-pass law so amended that the railroads could either give the veterans free transportation when attending a reunion or fix a rate of one cent per mile.

A resolution was adopted in line with the suggestion of General Patdock that monuments be erected on the several battle fields where Texas soldiers were killed and that their Commander name a committee of five to carry out the project.

BRIGADE COMMANDERS CHOSEN.

Brigade Commanders were elected for the ensuing year by vote of the Brigades as follows: Gen. J. J. Hall, First Brigade; Gen. John Jolly, Second Brigade; Gen. Seth T. Mills, Third Brigade; General Gaston, Fourth Brigade; Gen. H. L. Neely, Fifth Brigade.

Mrs. Gerald Weaver, of Waco, was introduced on behalf of the Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and invited the veterans to attend the meeting of the U. D. C. in Houston next December. Mrs. Burton, of Ora M. Roberts Chapter of Houston, invited the Daughters on behalf of the Daughters of Houston.

The meeting closed with a eulogy on Gen. Robert E. Lee by L. D. Featherstone, of Cleburne.

The Texas Division, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, elected Thomas J. Batten, of Beaumont, Commander of the Division. W. R. Blain, of Beaumont, was elected Adjutant. The report of the Commander was received and filed. The Sons, in keeping with their custom, will meet with the Veterans at Cleburne in 1912.

The report of Col. R. M. Wynne, Superintendent of the Confederate Soldiers' Home, was submitted to the Veterans. It recited in part: "The number of inmates now in the Home, present and absent on furlough, is 409. Received into the Home since the last reunion, 130; discharged from the Home at their own request, 43; deaths, 51. I am pleased to be able to state that the home is in a most satisfactory condition. The great majority of the inmates are as well satisfied and contented as could be expected of men living in an institution of this character. There are a few dissatisfied ones, as is but natural, when it is remembered that men come to this home, not as a matter of choice, but as a necessity, leaving friends and relatives from whom they are separated. Since my last report I have made additional improvements in the way of beautification of the grounds, etc., and in addition, by the aid of the governor of the state and our legislature, all the members of which have exhibited the most generous and patriotic interest in the home, having granted all the money that could be appropriated under the constitution for the year 1911, I have been able to make the following improvements: I have had constructed additional buildings that will house and shelter forty additional inmates; I have repaired and painted all the buildings in the home so that they are now in first-class repair; I have repaired the hospital, making it a first-class sanitarium when completed, and have other repairs under way. Governor Colquitt has said to me time and again that he wanted every Confederate soldier in the state who needed the home, and for whom room could be made, to be admitted, and that he would gladly allow any deficiency that was necessary to feed them under the constitutional limits. "I desire to say that I have to assist me Capt. Ben E. McCullough, quartermaster of the home, a most efficient, patient, and kind-hearted man. I cannot close this report without expressing my appreciation of the generous and patriotic interest shown in the home by Governor Colquitt and the legislature, who seem to

desire to do everything in their power to provide for the soldiers by generous appropriation."

The report of C. C. Cummings, Historian of the Texas Division, which was highly interesting, follows: "Our charter of aims and purposes follows that of our general constitution of the federated Camps, adopted at Chattanooga twenty-one years ago, and our auxiliaries, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the United Sons of Veterans, have mainly duplicates of the same. These aids are intended to take up the work when we leave it. The death roll of the veterans has been unusually heavy during the year."

The report of Col. H. C. Edrington, Adjutant General of the Division, shows a slight increase in the number of Camps over that of last year, and that Texas has double the number of Camps over that of any other State in the federation. As our Camps are the units of our forces, this shows a continuance of the spirit of patriotic principles.

One of the most inspiring means of accomplishing our social designs, State and general, has been the beautiful and chivalric custom of having present in our annual assemblies the sponsors and maids of honor, which marks the wisdom and goodness of our first Commander, the peerless Gordon, he of the golden mouth and silver tongue, who inaugurated it, adding greatly to the inspiration of our busy workaday sons; and few of our gray comrades but feel an old-time swelling of the heart and a stirring of a fever in the blood of age at their magnetic presence.

BENEVOLENCE, PENSIONS, AND HOMES FOR THE HELPLESS.

All over the South the Confederate States have pensioned their soldiers and widows of veterans, besides doing their part in aiding the Federal soldiery. In Texas Hood Camp at Austin a long time ago took the initiative in raising by private means funds for the support of its helpless and homeless at a time when the benevolence of our reconstructionists left provisions for Confederate soldiers out entirely; but we soon came to our own, and have time and again amended our organic law so as to appropriate means for receiving from this Camp this home, enlarging, beautifying, and adorning it, within and without, including in the last amendment the privilege of wives of helpless veterans entering the Home with them, besides providing for a Confederate Woman's Home—for married or single women—separate and apart from the veterans' home. Our comrade, R. M. Wynne, Superintendent of the Soldiers' Home, has added much to the effecting of these improvements.

In 1899 Texas passed its first law for the pensioning of its Confederate soldiers out of the home and widows of such married prior to 1866, with residence of both classes here prior to January 1, 1880. Repeated amendments to this law have been voted, increasing the pro rata to each till now it reaches half a million a year issued to the 12,000 of both classes on the rolls at Austin; and at the next general election in November, 1912, we are to vote for a levy that will about double the present pro rata and advance the residence of both and marriage of Confederate widows to January, 1900.

As we forecast, we have succeeded in having erected memorial tablets all over the land to our Confederate dead. In this the Daughters have always taken the lead, and more than a decade ago they issued a beautiful memorial volume giving the list of societies organized up to that date in the South for this purpose, illustrated with many pictures of monuments, tablets, and designs. Since then Cunningham's *VERERAN* has kept a record of the additions. But few communities

in the South have failed to execute faithfully this original resolution to remember our illustrious Confederate dead. So assiduous have these, our Daughters, proved themselves in this work that we have for a long time been resolving, but resolving only, to remember them with one grand monument for these and the many trials they underwent at home when, with the aid of the faithful men in black, they labored in feeding and clothing our armies in the field. For forty years we have contributed \$40,000,000 a year to educate the blacks and their descendants in return for this guardian care of our women and children, besides furnishing as many millions annually to pension those who fought us; yet we have never gotten beyond a design for our Confederate women. The reason seems to be because man alone undertook it. Yet we point with pride to our great Battle Abbey, similar to that of Hastings, and our grand mausoleum to our first, last, and only President.

Texas enlisted 60,000 of her sons in our great war, and, besides successfully warding off every attempt to invade her own soil, she has left her dead in unmarked graves all over the other Southern States and as far north as Gettysburg. Two of our comrades have registered vows never to cease importuning our legislature till Texas has remembered her sacred dead with memorials similar to other soldiers, North and South, on these ensanguined fields. They are Generals Van Zandt and Paddock.

Each State sends a committeeman to our General Reunion to report authentic data of historical truths. Gen. W. T. Shaw is now representing the State of Texas. Besides, the custom has been inaugurated to have a Historian for each Division of Veterans and of Sons and Daughters. All these have accumulated a fund of facts that will in time wipe out much of the fiction set down as history by the victors. Besides this, very charming and dramatic stories are preserved by our Daughter writers that are rousing our children to know of our own people and their glorious traditions. Texas has purged her schools of partisan history by the renewed excellence of her textbook law and by the efforts of the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*. Now in its nineteenth year, with Comrade Cunningham as editor, it has done more than any other single publication to preserve these truths of history. * * *

Twenty-four centuries ago Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans stood at the Pass of Thermopylae and arrested the victorious advance of the Persians, but there was none left to tell the tale. Davis in his "Rise and Fall of the Southern Confederacy" mentions the battle of Sabine Pass and avers this as the most wonderful war story in all the annals of history, ancient or modern. Dowling and his men drove off a Federal fleet of many thousands with forty-seven men and six old, abandoned howitzers, patched up at a blacksmith shop, and mounted on a frail mud fort. "We routed them and scouted them nor lost a single man." Their fame belongs to the ages, and twenty-four centuries hence Dowling and his men will be remembered and Leonidas will be eclipsed. The Northern historians give scant notices of this, because it is one battle about which there can be no two opinions. Gen. W. T. Shaw, on Lieutenant General Van Zandt's staff is, as noted, also one of the Federal committee on history, and seeing this great victory omitted in Northern histories very appropriately copied Dowling's official report of it at Little Rock as a proper record of his charge.

After Judge Cummings's report came that of Maj. Gen. John E. Gaskell, musical director of the Division, who reported how he and his Fort Worth Grays have gathered in a single volume and sung at home and abroad "Lines and Lyrics of Dixie."

ANNUAL CONVENTION VIRGINIA DIVISION, U. D. C.

The sixteenth annual Convention of the Virginia Division, U. D. C., held in Roanoke, Va., October 3-7, was the largest and in many respects the most important held in the history of the organization. One hundred and eighty-five delegates were registered; and of the one hundred and five Chapters in good standing, ninety-eight were represented. The report of the Registrar, Mrs. Hardaway, showed the numerical strength of the Division between 7,000 and 8,000, with a voting strength of the Convention of 254.

The opening exercises were held on the evening of October 3, and through the hostess Chapter, the William Watts, its Camps of Veterans and Sons of Veterans, and its Chamber of Commerce the city welcomed the Daughters most heartily. Response to this welcome was made by Mrs. W. D. Eller, State President. The Division is indebted to Mrs. Eller for the beautiful innovation of holding the memorial exercises on the opening evening, thus remembering and honoring its beloved dead immediately upon coming together. During the past year two Honorary Presidents of the Division, Miss Mary Amelia Smith and Mrs. William Mahone, and the Custodian, Mrs. Timberlake, "the dear little lady with the curls," have passed into the great beyond. Many other names as dear were read during these solemn moments spent in memory of the dead, the service concluding with "How Firm a Foundation," etc.

The business session was opened on Wednesday morning, the 4th. Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, ex-President U. D. C., was present during the Convention, and added many words of kindly advice and wise counsel. The reports of the officers were excellent. During the past year the State has been divided into districts with a chairman in charge of each district, and the reports of these officers showed much good accomplished by this arrangement and the benefits of the district conventions held midway between the annual conventions. The relief work was inaugurated this year, and over \$660 has already been contributed by the Chapters for this object, which is the helping of mothers, sisters, or widows of Confederate soldiers by giving them a monthly allowance in their own homes. Mrs. Norman Randolph is chairman of this committee, and has been untiring in her efforts for its success.

The Chapters of the Division are also waking up to the importance of contributing to the maintenance of the State room in the Confederate Museum. The Arlington monument report evinced the wonderful ability of its director, Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock. Shiloh also has made its banner year, \$322.90 having been raised in Virginia for this monument since the last Convention. The Maury monument movement is still kept before us by its indefatigable chairman, Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke. The educational work, in which the Virginia Division once felt itself deficient, has made rapid strides under the leadership of Mrs. James F. Hart. Many scholarships have been secured by Chapters, medals are offered, prizes awarded, and books and pictures placed in our public schools. This year a scholarship at the Normal School, Farmville, Va., was offered the Division, and the necessary amount for the living expenses of the student, who must be the daughter or granddaughter of a veteran, was given by the Division. One offering which especially delighted the Division to make was \$100 toward the John W. Daniel monument to be erected at Lynchburg, Va.

Mrs. James E. Alexander aroused the enthusiasm of her hearers by her report as Recorder of Crosses, of which 16,425 have been bestowed by Virginia, more than one-third of the entire number given by the U. D. C. She also added much to

the interest of the historical evening by the story of the capture of the flag of the 17th Virginia Regiment and its return. Other papers, with readings, music, and song, made the evening long to be remembered.

Socially nothing was left to be desired, receptions, a trip to Mill Mountain, the delightful midday lunches giving the needed relaxation between business sessions. The closing session on Friday evening was a veritable love feast, and several tokens of the love and esteem which the Division feels for the retiring President, Mrs. Eller, were presented her, after which she presented the gavel to her successor and introduced each of the newly elected officers to the Convention. After singing "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," the Convention adjourned to hold its next annual meeting in Harrisonburg, Va., in October, 1912.

Officers of the Virginia Division are: Honorary Presidents, Mrs. James Mercer Garnett, Mrs. Philip Tabb Yeatman, Mrs. F. G. Thrasher, Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Mrs. J. E. B. Stuart. Miss Sally Tompkins; President, Mrs. A. A. Campbell, Wytheville; Vice Presidents, Miss Nannie Kursett, Norfolk; Mrs. Elizabeth Neely, Portsmouth; Mrs. Charles G. Guthrie, Charlotte; Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, Norfolk; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Frank Holiday, Suffolk; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Peyton B. Green, Wytheville; Treasurer, Mrs. S. A. Riddick, Smithfield; Registrar, Mrs. J. R. K. Bell, Pulaski; Historian, Miss Sallie Doswell, Charlottesville; Custodian, Mrs. George W. Nelms, Newport News; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. James E. Alexander, Alexandria.

WASHINGTON DIVISION CONVENTION, U. D. C.

The third annual meeting of the Washington Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy assembled in convention at Tacoma October 19. Washington is a big State—big in area, in mountains, in rivers, and forests—and it was with something of this bigness of spirit that the Southern women, true to their traditions and reputation for hospitality, prepared for and welcomed the officers and delegates from the two other Chapters, Seattle and Spokane.

A large parlor of the Tacoma Hotel was used as a convention hall. The walls were richly decorated with the stars and bars and battle flags, while portraits of our best-loved generals of the Confederacy looked down upon the scene; and only those who have lived in the sunny Southland can appreciate how good it was to hear the Southern voices and feel that we were of one heart and mind to keep alive and perpetuate the memory of those who wore the gray. There are three Chapters in the State, with a membership of 120.

The Mayor, W. W. Seymour, extended a worthy welcome. He said: "There are three reasons why I greet the Daughters of the Confederacy: First, I am delighted to welcome Southern women to Tacoma, because seventeen years ago it was my privilege to visit in South Carolina, and there I had an opportunity to observe the hospitality and generosity of the South. Since that time I have contended that no one's education is complete until he has been initiated into Southern hospitality. Another reason I greet you is that one of the main objects of the organization is to perpetuate the valor, chivalry, and other worthy attributes of the Southern character and to encourage the present generation to follow the example of the past. The third reason I greet you is that on the first Decoration Day ever observed the women of the South went out to the cemeteries with their flowers and decorated the graves of not only their own dead but of the Union soldiers who lay beside them."

Reports from the Chapters showed increase in membership and that relief had been extended to needy Confederate veterans in this State. A committee was appointed to confer with the Regents of the University of Washington to determine if a portrait of Gen. R. E. Lee might not be hung with the pictures of other American heroes in the halls of that school.

The R. E. Lee Chapter, Seattle, reported that they were helping educate a young man at Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.

At 12:30 the Convention adjourned to partake of a dainty luncheon. The table decorations were red, white, and red. As the guests entered the dining room the band struck up "Dixie," and then at intervals gave us the old-time Southern melodies.

The afternoon session closed with the election of officers. Mrs. Alexander Smith, of Tacoma, was elected State President. Mrs. Smith, who was Miss Kate Henderson Dalton, of Mississippi, had a father and four brothers to serve in the Civil War. The Vice Presidents are: Mrs. G. W. Darby, of Spokane, and Mrs. P. Booker Reed, of Seattle; Recording Secretary, Mrs. William C. Aiken, of Seattle; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. George Libbey, of Tacoma; Treasurer, Mrs. W. H. Turner, of Spokane; Registrar, Mrs. A. Jeff Nelson, of Seattle; Historian, Mrs. G. W. Cain, of Tacoma.

The Convention will meet in Seattle in October, 1912.

GENERAL FORREST'S RIDE INTO MEMPHIS.

BY CHARLES G. JOY, LAWTON, OKLA.

This is a correct account of one of the most daring and brilliant exploits of the war of the States—an exploit great in conception, execution, and achievement. The writer was a member of Company B; Zillman Voss, Captain, 14th Tennessee Cavalry; J. J. Neely, Colonel. Our regiment was a part of the command of 1,500 men. We took two small pieces of artillery and went into the city of Memphis, where there were 10,000 or more Federal soldiers, and remained there several hours, leaving in good order with 400 or 500 prisoners (many of them in their night clothes) and about 300 fine horses.

In August, 1864, our command was in line of battle on the south side of Hurricane Creek, eight or ten miles north of Oxford, Miss., a mere skirmish line stretched out to make a show and conceal our weakness. Across the creek about three miles north the Federal army was camped, Gen. A. J. Smith in command. It was one of the best-equipped and largest forces that had been "sent out from Memphis to crush Forrest." It was 22,000 strong of infantry, artillery, and cavalry.

[Other expeditions had tried it. Gen. William Sooy Smith was the first, and on meeting General Forrest at West Point and then at Okolona his greatest effort was to see how quickly he could get back to Memphis with a whipped and demoralized army, making the trip in much less time than it took in coming out. General Sturgis came next, and met his Waterloo at Brice's Crossroads after a most desperate conflict, losing his artillery, entire wagon train of 250 wagons, with many prisoners, and with many killed and wounded. Then Gen. A. J. Smith tried it when the severe battle of Harrisburg was fought; and although it was not decisive, he had enough and retreated to Memphis. Now he was in front of us again with a force more than five times as great as ours. Part of their daily routine was to shell us every morning, but they made no attempt to cross the creek.]

General Forrest had in all 3,500 to 4,000 effective fighting men. Something had to be done, and the plan of going to

Memphis was here conceived and carried out. Of course the private soldier knew nothing of the plan. The difficulties in the way were very great. Between us and Memphis there were two streams nearly bank full from recent rains. There were no bridges, and just now they could not be forded. To bridge them trees were cut down that would reach across. They were trimmed up and pulled in position and cabled fast to each bank with grapevines. One stream was much wider than the other, and here trees had to be cut on opposite banks, so that they would lap, and some light logs were found and tied under to prevent sinking. Then flooring from gin houses, two to four miles distant, was torn up and carried on horseback to the creeks, and the bridges were made, crude, rough affairs; but they answered the purpose, and we crossed over with little delay. This work was done by a special detail of 300 men. The road was very muddy in many places from continued rains, and at times ten horses had to be used for one little cannon. To go around General Smith's army without being detected was another difficulty; but nothing ever deterred General Forrest from accomplishing anything that he had made up his mind to do, and all of these obstacles were overcome.

One evening about three o'clock we had orders to prepare three days' rations and to be ready to march at eight o'clock. We were to go as light as possible, carrying nothing but what was absolutely necessary. Men with the best horses were picked. We started with 2,000 men and four pieces of artillery for Memphis (as we learned later on), sixty to sixty-five miles distant. Orders were passed down the line that no noise was to be made. It was a little cloudy, and at times quite dark. All night long we rode in a trot or gallop. The road was very rough, with ditches, stumps, and mud galore. We went into camp about daybreak in a thick woods back of a corn field near Hernando, Miss. It had been a most strenuous ride, and it was truly a case of the survival of the fittest, as fully 500 had fallen by the wayside and two pieces of the artillery had to be abandoned. Orders were given that no fires were to be made, no lights or noise. We fed our horses from the corn field and watered them at a little branch running through the woods, where there was also good grazing; so they fared well, while we gave ourselves up to rest or gathered in little groups to surmise where we were and wonder what our destination might be.

As soon as it was dark we started again for another all-night ride; but it was not so wild and rough as the night before, and the road was better. We went in a brisk trot, and when within three or four miles of Memphis the command was halted and we were informed that we were going into the city, strict orders being given that any soldier caught out of line plundering would be shot. We went in at daybreak, about 4:30, riding in a gallop through a cavalry regiment camp, then an infantry camp, then artillery, then another infantry camp, as if they were not there, shooting at every human being on foot and into their tents; some were shot in their beds. The Federals were completely surprised, panic-stricken, and dazed. They fled in all directions; their greatest terror, the "Wizard of the Saddle," was in their midst, and little resistance was made.

There were three major generals in Memphis at this time, General Washburn and General Herbert being two, while I don't recall the third. General Forrest had the location of the headquarters of each, and expected to capture them. Special details went to the quarters of each, but two had stayed else-

where that night. General Washburn was awakened just in time to run out the back way in his night clothes, and escaped to one of the forts just as the Confederates were coming in the front door. The Federals were so demoralized that their only thought was to find a place of safety, and all that could took refuge in the forts. Although we were in the city about three hours, no organized effort was made to attack or follow us when we left, though by that time they were shooting at us from all directions, but with little effect, and our loss in the whole affair was very slight. The object of the expedition was accomplished. General Smith retreated to Memphis in great haste. General Forrest was still very much alive, and he had again saved Mississippi from desolation and ruin.

SEWANEE UNIVERSITY BEGINS A GOOD WORK.

The extension department of the University of the South has announced for this scholastic year two prizes aggregating \$750 to be given in the interest of Southern literature. A prize of \$500 will be given to the author of the best epic on the Civil War, and another prize of \$250 will be given for the best outline or plan of such a poem. Any one born and bred or educated in the South will be eligible for either or both of these prizes, and the department authorities are particularly anxious to attract Southern college students to compete, for the object of their offer is to stimulate literary activity among the coming generation.

When the suggestion of these prizes was first made last June, it was received with ardent favor. All who have discussed the matter consider it a good step in the education and refinement of the cultural side of the South, and already communications are being received from prospective competitors who have chanced to hear of the prizes. It is practically certain that many manuscripts will be received for competition.

It is also planned to make these prizes annual awards, and Prof. W. N. Guthrie, the principal behind the offer, has announced his intention of increasing their money value from year to year as the amount and quality of work submitted justify. Each year a new general subject will be announced, and in the course of time all branches of poetry and prose composition will be included. The subject this year, an epic on the Civil War, is deemed an excellent one by those who have considered it. The idea is to produce a really worthy poem built on a scale and plan in keeping with the event itself. To achieve this the winning author must conceive of his subject from an altitude far above sectionalism and pettiness. It must be a purely poetic conception of the magnificent struggle that called forth so much bravery and nobleness on both sides.

The award of the prize will be made in June, 1912, and the department will fix April 15 and May 15, 1912, as the dates between which all manuscripts must reach Sewanee.

M'INTOSH'S BATTERY AT SHARPSBURG.

BY DAVID E. JOHNSTON, PORTLAND, OREGON.

In the September VETERAN Comrade Dr. J. L. Napier, of Blenheim, S. C., refers to my article in the January issue concerning the capture of McIntosh's battery in the battle of Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862, and he alleges that I got my information in part from General Carman, who was mistaken.

I accept the statement of Comrade Napier that some of my statements as to McIntosh's Battery were in part incorrect, and that the battery did fire upon the advancing columns of the enemy, as stated by him, is correct, but it was not upon War-

ren's Division, as no such division was in the battle on that part of the field, but upon Rodman's Division and Harland's Brigade thereof, the 8th Connecticut being one of the regiments of Harland's Brigade which overlapped the right of Corse's 17th Virginia Regiment of Kemper's Brigade, and hence must have been the regiment that encountered and captured McIntosh's Battery.

The only question at issue between Comrade Napier and myself is as to whether McIntosh's Battery was captured in the battle of Sharpsburg. He asserts that the battery was not captured. I will prove that I am correct by the statements and official reports of Generals Longstreet, A. P. Hill, D. R. Jones, Ellison Capers, and General Burnside.

General Longstreet, who commanded the Confederate right wing, in his book, "Manassas to Appomattox," pages 261-262, says: "McIntosh's Battery, sent in advance by A. P. Hill, was overrun and captured."

Gen. A. P. Hill in his official report of the battle, "Rebellion Records, Reports," Part I., Series I., Volume XIX., page 981, says: "McIntosh's Battery had been sent forward to strengthen Jones's right, weakened by troops withdrawn to our left and center. * * * The enemy had broken through Jones's Division, captured McIntosh's Battery. * * * With a yell of defiance Archer charged them and retook McIntosh's Battery."

In the same volume of "Reports," pages 886-887, Gen. D. R. Jones, commanding division, in his official report says: "They overcame the tough resistance offered by the feeble forces opposed to them, and, gaining the heights, captured McIntosh's Battery of General Hill's command. It was retaken."

In the same volume of "Reports," page 891, will be found General Toombs's official report, in which he says: "On my arrival I found the enemy in possession of the ground I was ordered by you to occupy on your right. He had driven off our troops, captured McIntosh's Battery, and held possession of all the ground. I immediately ordered a charge, which being brilliantly and energetically executed by my whole line, the enemy broke in confusion and fled. McIntosh's Battery was recaptured."

In the same volume of "Reports," page 420, the Federal General Burnside, who commanded the left wing of the Federal army to which Harland's Brigade of Rodman's Division belonged, says in his official report: "At this time Colonel Harland's brigade was driven back, leaving the battery."

In "Confederate Military History of South Carolina," by Gen. Ellison Capers, Volume V., page 159, the author states: "Hill placed his batteries rapidly and opened with canister; but before his infantry could be formed the enemy had charged the guns and captured McIntosh's Battery and flag." And further adds, quoting from General Hill: "With a yell of defiance Archer charged, recapturing McIntosh's Battery."

Attention is also called to the report of Col. M. D. Corse, 17th Virginia Regiment, Vol. XIX., "Rebellion Records."

Apparently from the reports of the officers of Harland's Brigade the 8th Connecticut Regiment was the only one of that brigade that reached unbroken the crest of the ridge to the right of Kemper's Brigade and McIntosh's Battery.

R. I. Holcombe, 414 E. Tenth Street, St. Paul, Minn., will pay a reasonable price for a copy of a Confederate "poem" printed during the war at Selma, Ala., the subject of which was the collection of material for the manufacture of niter, an ingredient of gunpowder. The first words were: "John Haralson! John Haralson!"

THE LAST ROLL

DEATHS IN JOE JOHNSTON CAMP, U. C. V., MEXIA, TEX.

Adj. H. W. Williams, of Joe Johnston Camp, Mexia, Tex., reports the following list of comrades of the Camp who died between the Reunions of July, 1910, and August, 1911:

J. J. Bridges was born November 29, 1841, in Upshur County, Ga.; and died June 10, 1911, in Limestone County, Tex. He was a corporal in Company K, 55th Georgia Infantry.

Dr. J. P. Cook was born December 31, 1844, in Alabama; and died October 1, 1910, at Mexia, Tex. He was a private in Company B, 30th Alabama Infantry, Pettus's Brigade, Stevenson's Division.

James M. Fortinberry was born January 7, 1837, in Abbeville District, S. C.; and died August 22, 1910, in Limestone County, Tex. He was a private in Company A, 1st Alabama Infantry, Pettus's Brigade, Stevenson's Division.

T. J. Johnson was born in 1844 at Alton, Ill.; and died May 4, 1911, at Mexia, Tex. He was a private in Company B, 46th Missouri Cavalry, Merrick's Brigade, Price's Division. He ran the blockade and swam a river to enter the Confederate army.

M. J. Parsons was born December 5, 1844, in White County, Tenn.; and died August 5, 1910, at Kosse, Limestone County, Tex. He was sergeant in Joe Davis's company, Bradfute's Regiment of Texas Cavalry, —, Brigade, Magruder's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department.

CAPT. S. B. CALLAHAN.

Capt. S. B. Callahan, one of the most noted characters in the Southwest and famous as the last member of the second Confederate Congress, died at the home of his son in Muskogee on February 17, 1911. Captain Callahan was in his seventy-ninth year. He is survived by six children: Dr. J. O. Callahan and Dr. K. W. Callahan, of Muskogee; Bent Callahan, of Morsc, Okla.; Mrs. Adair, of Little Rock; Mrs. Eva Shaw, of Waggoner; and Mrs. H. B. Spaulding, of Muskogee. His last words were: "The way is clear."

His life was replete with dramatic incidents and historic episodes. He was three years old when his father and mother, with a large band of Indians, started from his birthplace at Eufaula, Ala., to the Indian Territory. His father died of privation and exposure on the way to the West.

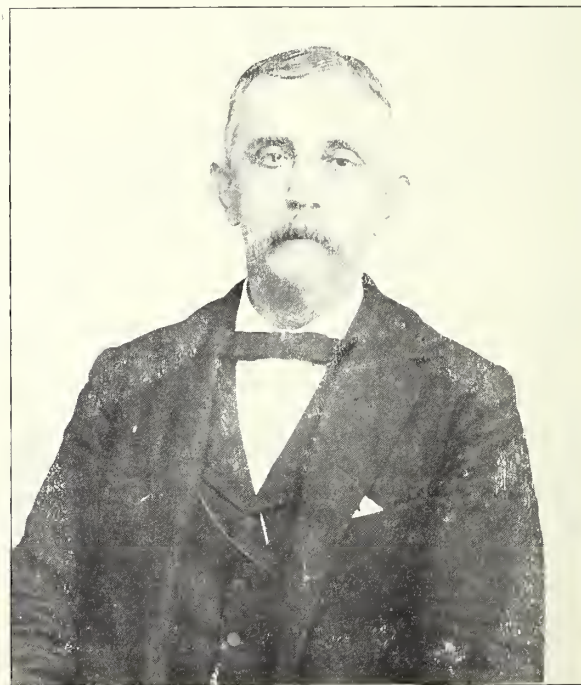
Though a large holder of negro slaves prior to the Civil War, Captain Callahan was opposed to slavery; yet he was an ardent State rights man, and joined the Confederacy immediately after war was declared. He was a member of the Creek tribal council for a number of years, was chief justice of the Indian court system, was official interpreter for the Creek Nation, and was a delegate many times to Washington to represent the nation in legislative matters. The Civil War found the Creek Indians largely slave owners, and many of them espoused the cause of the Confederacy.

Captain Callahan organized a company of Creek Indians, and they joined General Price's army in Missouri. In 1862 he was elected a member of the Confederate Congress, representing the Creek and Seminole Nations, and went to Richmond, but returned soon to retake command of his troops.

When Captain Callahan went to war, he left his wife and two children on his ranch near Okmulgee. Being wealthy, he had a good home, a big trading post store, thousands of cattle and horses, and his ranch was bounded by the horizon. When he returned from war, his wife and children had fled to Texas for their lives, his home and store had been burned, and his cattle and horses were all gone. Plundering bands of guerrillas had swept down from Kansas shortly after Captain Callahan left; and while the store was being pillaged, the women fled in the darkness and hid in a corn field near by. Securing two horses, Mrs. Callahan, with her two children and negro nurse, started south for Texas. She carried a bag of gold which she had kept hidden. It was springtime and most of the streams were swollen. There were no bridges, but the women swam their horses across the Canadian and Red Rivers and many smaller streams. They finally reached Sulphur Springs, Tex., where their friends lived. There Captain Callahan found them. It was twenty years before Mrs. Callahan could be induced to return to the Indian Territory. As a reward for the faithfulness of the old nurse, Clara, Captain Callahan gave her a small farm near Sulphur Springs and built her a house upon it, and there she lived until her death.

Captain Callahan returned to the Indian country and rebuilt his ranch. A second time he amassed a fortune, and again it was swept away when the "blackleg" became epidemic in his herds and 3,000 cattle died in a single season.

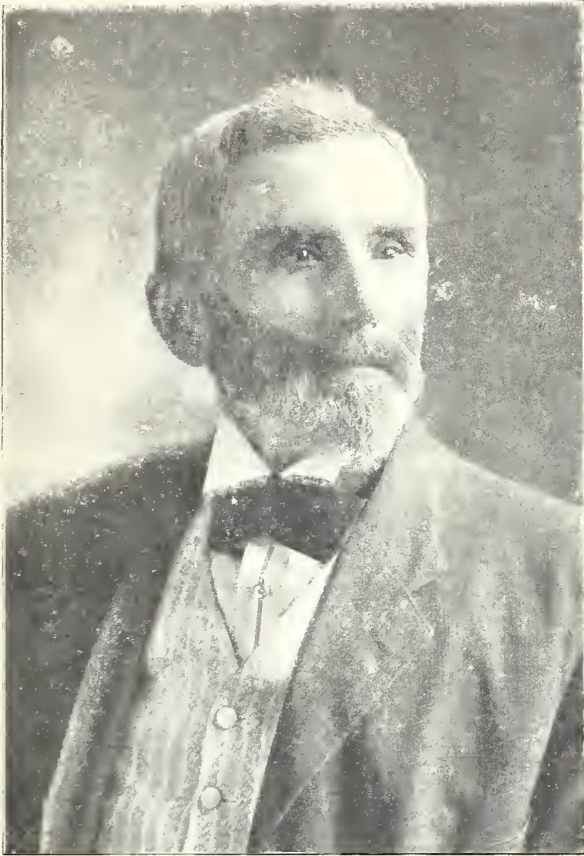
A daughter of Captain Callahan, Alice, showed fine literary talent, and wrote a book, but she died in her teens.



ROBERT CALLENDER NOLAND.

Robert C. Noland, a gallant Confederate soldier, and for many years engaged in the transfer business in Nashville, Tenn., died on September 26. He was born in Middlebury, Va., a son of Thomas J. Noland, the last of several sons, and was seventy-two years of age. During the war he served as a lieutenant in Troop A, Forrest's Cavalry. He came to Nashville in 1872, and until four years ago he was actively

in business; but his health failing, he accepted a clerkship in the Commercial Hotel, where he died. Mr. Noland is survived by his wife and one daughter, Mrs. W. D. Taylor, of Weatherford, Tex. The pallbearers were from Frank Cheatham Bivouac, of which he was a member, and the interment was in the Confederate circle at Mount Olivet.



COL. JEFFERSON L. WOFFORD.

The recent death of Col. Jefferson L. Wofford brings up memories of the brilliant part he played in the Confederate military service. He was a personal friend of Jefferson Davis, and it was in his front yard at Lexington, Miss., that Mr. Davis, then his guest, made his opening speech in support of the Confederacy. There existed also a warm attachment between Colonel Wofford and Gen. Stephen D. Lee. He served upon General Lee's staff as chief of artillery, Army of Tennessee, and they were messmates for more than a year.

Colonel Wofford served the full four years of war, first enlisting as a private. He was afterwards captain, then major, and then colonel of artillery. He was born near Vicksburg in 1834. His father was a man of means, and left a large inheritance for that day. At the outbreak of hostilities he was living at Lexington, Miss., and aided in raising the first troops from his county. He joined Captain Red's company, in which he served as a private by choice through Kentucky and Tennessee. On account of serious illness he was compelled to return home. Upon his recovery, after four or five months, he was commissioned by the War Department as a captain of artillery with authority to raise a company (which he did) of one hundred and sixty-three men, which was mustered in as Company D of the 1st Mississippi Artillery Regiment, Col. William T. Withers commanding.

In the latter part of 1862 the famous repulse of Sherman took place, in which Captain Wofford had the leading part. Both Confederate and Federal forces recognized the importance of Vicksburg as a strategic point in controlling the Mississippi River. General Sherman was on his way down the river evidently to capture Vicksburg. Gen. S. D. Lee assigned Captain Wofford and his artillery to hold Chickasaw Bayou and prevent the landing of Sherman's troops. Captain Wofford held his position, though subjected to terrific fire. On the second day Captain Wofford, whose daring and effective work made him a hero, was promoted to major of artillery. After three days' ineffectual effort to silence Wofford's guns, Sherman was forced to reembark his men and retire. For that time Vicksburg was saved. General Sherman said after the war that he was repulsed but once, and that was at Chickasaw Bayou.

Some months later, after Vicksburg was taken, Major Wofford was especially exchanged and assigned to duty as chief of artillery for the Department of Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, and a part of Louisiana, Stephen D. Lee, lieutenant general, commanding. When General Lee was transferred to General Hood's corps, Major Wofford was assigned to the command of the 1st Mississippi Artillery Regiment, then serving as infantry, with a view of being transferred to Hood's command before Atlanta; but upon the urgent request of General Taylor, successor to General Lee as department commander, he was ordered by the Secretary of War back to his department and placed in command of the outer forts of Mobile. Later he was placed in command of a large regiment of infantry and met the Federals in the battle of Blakeley, Ala., the last battle of the war. After several days of fierce fighting, he and his troops were captured.

At the close of the war he held the rank of colonel. A commission as brigadier general had been signed by President Davis, but it failed to reach him. In June, 1865, he was paroled at Jackson, Miss.

After the war Colonel Wofford settled in Corinth, Miss., where he practiced law and edited a newspaper. He was a man of unusual attainments, and was a forceful influence in civil life as he had been on the battle field. The latter years of his life were spent quietly in Washington City, where he was a beloved member of a select coterie of kindred intellectual spirits.

He died on July 5, 1911, near Charlottesville, Va., at the home of his granddaughter, Mrs. Virgil Randolph, where he was visiting. His ashes repose at Johnson City, Tenn., the home of two of his sons. He is survived by four children—Charles P. Wofford, of Chicago, George T. and Paul Wofford, Johnson City, Tenn., and Mrs. Minnie Stanley, Los Angeles.

[From sketch by Hon. Reau E. Folk, Nashville.]

A. C. FRIEDLIN.

A. C. Friedlin, a veteran of sixty-seven years, died at his home, in Portsmouth, Va., on September 30, after an illness of four months. He was born at Basel, Switzerland, in 1844, and came to America when young. He enlisted in the 63d Virginia Regiment, Mahone's Brigade, at the outbreak of the war, and fought to the end, taking part in the important battles of Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, Cold Harbor, and the Crater.

Comrade Friedlin leaves a wife and seven children—six daughters and a son. For fifteen years he had been a deacon of the Presbyterian Church, and was also a member of the Royal Arcanum and the Heptasophs.

MRS. ALDEN McLELLAN.

Mrs. Alden McLellan, recently deceased, was the daughter of the late A. W. Cooper, a prominent citizen and formerly a member of the New Orleans City Council. She was born in that city October 2, 1844. She was an enthusiastic adherent of the Confederate cause during the war, and has ever been one of the most devoted and industrious members of the societies that have looked after the veterans and kept alive the memory of the cause. As a young lady she presented a flag to the Perseverance Guards in 1861. She was active in helping in the various ways that the women did during the war. In 1865, with a number of other Confederate women, she was arrested by the Federals at a picnic which was a Confederate function that had been prohibited.

Mrs. McLellan was a regular attendant at the State and general Reunions of the ex-Confederates. She was First Vice President of the Ladies' Confederated Memorial Association, Chairman of the Cross of Honor Committee of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, and a member of the Jefferson Davis Memorial Association.

Besides her connection with the Confederate societies, Mrs. McLellan was a member of the Board of Managers of the Seventh Street Orphan Asylum, President of Loyal Circle of King's Daughters, President of the Fine Arts Club, a member of the Civic Art and Playgrounds Association, President of the Board of Missions of Christ Church Cathedral, and a member of the Era Club. She was always active in connection with the Thanksgiving dinner given by the King's Daughters and in every effort in connection with the comfort and care of the inmates of the Soldiers' Home.

Mrs. McLellan attended the Confederate reunion at Lake Charles the week before her death, apparently in perfect health. She was attacked with a paralytic stroke, but rallied, and there were hopes of her recovery; but the improvement was of short duration and she sank rapidly.

Mrs. McLellan leaves, besides her husband, Alden McLellan, a prominent and well-known citizen, a daughter, Mrs. Theodore Maginnis, of Panama City, and four sons, A. W., W. H., Alden, Jr., and Charles McLellan, of New Orleans.

Mrs. McLellan was married on April 11, 1867, and her union has been ideal in every way.

COL. GUS W. DORSEY.

There recently died in Maryland one of her most distinguished soldiers and citizens, who but for his extreme modesty and humility would have been known from ocean to ocean. He was reticent upon Confederate history, of which he was a most important actor. His courage and his gallantry were shown in nearly every battle in which the Army of Northern Virginia participated. Lieut. Col. Gus W. Dorsey's name is a household word to the members of that gallant corps of cavalry led by the immortal J. E. B. Stuart and Wade Hampton. They all knew him and his wonderful record as a soldier. He was a leader at the front always.

It was as a member of and later on as the captain of Company K, 1st Virginia Cavalry, that Colonel Dorsey won his spurs. He had the confidence of his colonel at that time, J. E. B. Stuart, afterwards the great cavalry leader of the Army of Northern Virginia. General Stuart intrusted him with many important and extremely dangerous expeditions, and in every case Colonel Dorsey met all of the requirements of his commander. From Manassas to Appomattox his leadership and intrepid courage were demonstrated. No one knowing him could but be inspired by his magnificent personality.

When Major General Stuart was mortally wounded on May 11, 1864, at Yellow Tavern, Va., it was Capt. Gus W. Dorsey who came to his assistance and placed him against a tree until he could procure a gentle horse in place of the General's horse, which was then much excited. Captain Dorsey, with the assistance of Corporal Robert Bruce and Private Charles Wheatley, of his company (K, 1st Virginia Cavalry), removed him to a place of safety and finally to Richmond, Va. General Stuart tried to persuade Captain Dorsey to leave him, but Captain Dorsey replied: "General, I will not leave you in the hands of the enemy, but will take you to a place of safety." General Stuart then said: "Take the papers from my inside pocket and keep them out of the hands of the enemy." Captain Dorsey did so, turning the papers over to Gen. Fitz Lee.



COL. GUS W. DORSEY.

After the death of Col. Ridgely Brown, commanding the 1st Maryland Cavalry, Captain Dorsey was selected by Gen. R. E. Lee as the regiment's commander, although at the time of his promotion he was the junior captain of the regiment. He was promoted colonel of the regiment August 16, 1864, and with his company became part of the celebrated 1st Maryland Cavalry. He distinguished himself as the leader of the regiment on many hotly contested battle fields. From the valley of Virginia to Appomattox was his saber in evidence, and to his regiment has been accorded the honor of striking the last blow near the high bridge just before Appomattox.

How proud the State of Maryland should be of her distinguished son not only as a soldier but as a citizen of the great State he loved so well. He came of distinguished ancestry, all of whom were prominent in the history of Maryland.

He died on the home place near Brookville, Md., September 6, 1911, his wife preceding him about one year. He left no children and was the last of his immediate family. Numerous friends and ex-Confederate soldiers followed his bier to the little homestead cemetery, where his ancestors sleep. The

Rev. C. D. Lafferty, rector of the Episcopal Church at Olney, officiated. The pallbearers were all members of his command, as follows: Capt. Thomas Griffith, William H. Childs, Joseph Berrete, Edgar L. Tschiffely, John O. Clark, and William Dorsey. The interment took place September 8.

[Sketch by H. H. Matthews, Breathed's Battery, S. H. A.]

A thrilling account of Colonel Dorsey as an officer appears in the VETERAN for February, 1909, page 76, in connection with J. E. B. Stuart's last battle.

PATRICK R. BAILEY.

Dr. P. R. Bailey, of Nashville, who was for many years connected with the Nashville post office, was stricken with heart affection while on duty on August 16, 1911. He was stricken about noon and the end came two hours later.

Dr. Bailey was a native of Williamson County, Tenn., and had lived in that county and Nashville all his life. For thirty-four years he had been in the postal service, for a short time as a railway mail clerk and the remainder of the time in the Nashville post office, where he was foreman of the mailing division.

Patrick Bailey belonged to that class of boy soldiers of the Confederacy to whom Dr. Ticknor paid the almost matchless tribute in his "Little Giffin of Tennessee." Born July 15, 1847, he was not fifteen years old when the war broke out; but before hostilities had progressed far he enlisted in Forrest's Cavalry and saw heroic service under that commander to the end of the war. After the surrender he returned home and became a student in the medical department of the University of Nashville, from which he graduated with honors. He practiced medicine for several years, and was on the staff of the old St. Vincent Hospital when he decided to abandon medicine for the government service.

In 1871 Dr. Bailey was married to Miss Mary K. Brew, of a well-known Nashville family, who survives him with two children—Michael Bailey, of Chicago, and Mrs. Von Apfelbeck, wife of Lieut. Von Apfelbeck, of the Austrian army. As Miss Marie Louise Bailey she made a wide reputation as a pianist of unusual ability, and has since played before practically all the courts of Europe. She resides at St. Polten, near Vienna, Austria.

W. A. CASEY.

W. A. Casey was born in Ballard County, Ky., in the year 1842. He was reared on a farm and educated in the county

school at Millburn, Ky. He enlisted in the Confederate army in 1862 in Company B, 3d Kentucky Infantry, and served till the close of the war. He was married to Miss Glenn, of McCrackin County, Ky., in 1867, and afterwards moved to Graves County, Ky., where he resided and ran a farm and sawmill. Only a short time before his death he removed to or near Canfield, Ark., where he died in July, 1911. "Billy" Casey, as he was familiarly known, was a

good boy, a good man, a brave and dutiful soldier, a devoted husband and father, and a sterling Christian gentleman.



W. A. CASEY.

MAJ. ALEXANDER HART.

Maj. Alexander Hart, of Norfolk, Va., a prominent member of the Pickett-Buchanan Camp, Confederate Veterans, died September 21, 1911, aged seventy-two years. He was born in New Orleans October 1, 1839, and at an early age engaged in business there.

At the call to arms at the outbreak of the Civil War he volunteered and was elected first lieutenant of the New Orleans Cadets, and soon thereafter was commissioned as first lieutenant of volunteers by Gov. Thomas O. Moore. On October 16, 1861, he was made captain of the New Orleans Cadets of the 5th Louisiana Regiment of Volunteers. The regiment was sent to the Army of Northern Virginia, and was prominent in a number of engagements during 1861 and 1862.



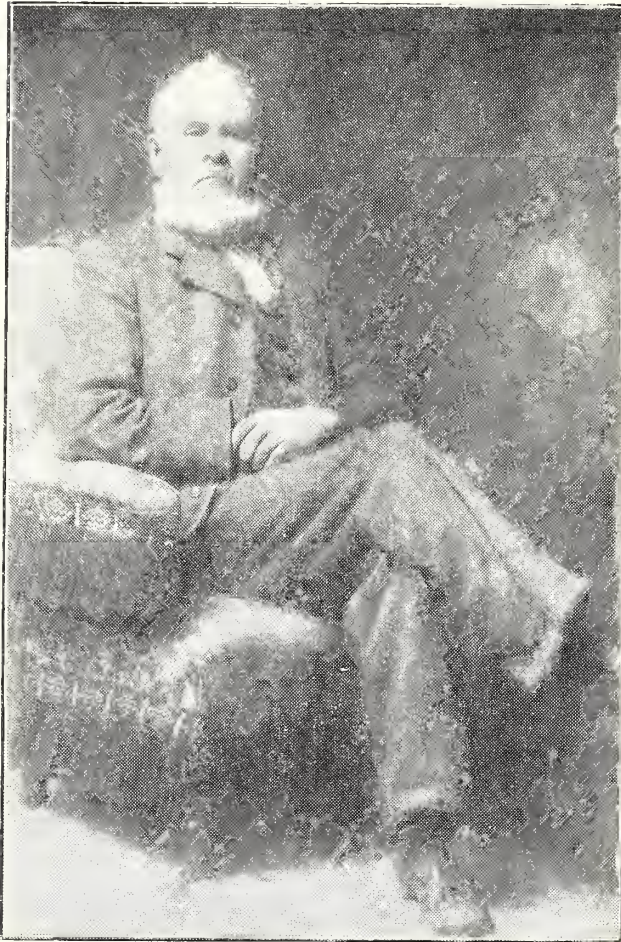
MAJ. ALEXANDER HART.

For his distinguished bravery Captain Hart was presented with a handsome sword by residents of New Orleans. In January, 1863, he was commissioned by James Seddon, Secretary of War for the Confederate States, as major, in which rank he served until wounded in the battle of Antietam and carried from the field. He was captured at Fredericksburg, and was confined at Fort Delaware until exchanged. He re-entered the army and served in many important posts until the fateful day at Appomattox.

After the close of the war he married Leonora, the youngest daughter of Jacob A. Levy, a prominent merchant of Richmond, and engaged in business in that city for a number of years, later moving to Staunton, and then to Norfolk. In 1906 he served as commander of Pickett-Buchanan Camp.

He was affiliated with the Royal Arcanum and was presiding officer of the August Council of Staunton. He was also a Mason, and was secretary of Lodge No. 1, A. F. and A. M.

He was always an earnest and devoted Israelite. He is survived by a widow; two sons, Albert L. and Horace B. Hart, and two daughters, Miss Amy Hart and Mrs. Charles West. [Sketch sent by Eugene Levy, New York.]



HIRAM J. GEORGE.

H. J. George, of Jackson County, Mo., a veteran of the Civil War, died at his home, near Oak Grove, on October 22, 1911, after a brief attack of paralysis, in his seventy-eighth year. He was born in Giles County, Tenn., on April 7, 1834, but had lived in Missouri from his childhood.

Comrade George served in the Confederate army under Gen. Joe Shelby as a member of Shank's Regiment in the battle of Shreveport on June 14, 1865. His reputation was as one of the bravest of soldiers, and he was faithful to the end. His regiment was one of the last to surrender. During the border troubles he was with Quantrell in the Lawrence raid.

Mr. George was married in 1857 to Miss Mary T. White, of Lafayette County, to which union seven children were born, four of whom are still living—viz., Mrs. Anna Sams, of Kansas City; Mrs. Sarah Frick, of Springfield, Ill., Albert George and Mrs. Paulina Conard, of Oak Grove. He was married again to Miss Maggie E. Frick on June 19, 1877, and five children were the result of this union, only two of whom are living—Clarence George, of Winters, Cal., and Mrs. Will Ailor, of Oak Grove. By a third wife, Mrs. Maria Kelly, two children were born—Buford and Beulah. All of his children except the son in California were at home when he died.

[Thanks to N. W. Lemasters, owner of Oak Grove Banner.]

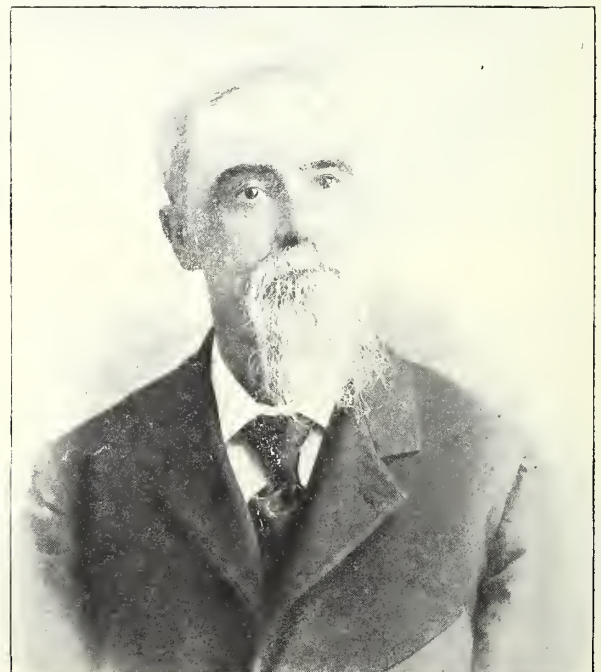
COL. W. PRESTON HIX.

Col. W. P. Hix, member of the New York Confederate Veteran Camp, died at his home on October 22, aged about seventy years. He was originally from Laurens, S. C., and served during the war in Kershaw's South Carolina Brigade. He was very successful in his New York business interests, and owned a magnificent home at Rye. He was for a long while associated with Mr. Edison in establishing electric companies. He afterwards became associated with Commander E. C. Benedict in extending the use of acetylene gas, and had since become largely interested in the development of some new and important electric lighting batteries.

He leaves a widow, one daughter, Miss Rose, and a son, Randolph Hix, now a government coal expert in the Philippines.

JUDGE S. F. PERRY.

A worthy member of W. P. Lane Camp, U. C. V., of Marshall, Tex., was lost in the death of Comrade S. F. Perry on October 2, 1911, at the age of seventy-one years. He was born in Lowndes County, Ala. On October 1, 1861, he entered the Confederate service as a private in Company E, 1st Texas Infantry, A. N. V., and was in all the memorable battles of the famous Hood's Brigade. He was wounded both at Sharpsburg and at Gettysburg. He never asked for a furlough or received one to visit his dear ones at home. No truer son of the South battled for her rights, and it has been truthfully held by his old comrades that no Confederate soldier endured more active service than did he. For gallantry he was promoted to a lieutenantcy; and when the remnant of his company, the "Marshall Guards," were mustered out at Ap-



S. F. PERRY.

pomattox, their muster roll contained only a dozen names out of over one hundred. All honor to the memory of Sidney F. Perry! Peace to his ashes!

[Last Roll sketches comprise a sacred place in the VETERAN. Please condense closely.]

MRS. JACKSON WRITES OF "THE LONG ROLL."

(Extracts from paper in North Carolina Review.)

Being strenuously opposed to publicity myself as to news-paper controversy, I have remained silent concerning all that has been written about Miss Mary Johnston's novel, "The Long Roll." This being a work of fiction, it would seem useless to undertake to controvert its misrepresentations; but since Miss Johnston herself in an interview avers that she is "absolutely correct" in all her characterizations of Stonewall Jackson and refutes the Rev. Dr. Smith's defense as "a personal ideal of General Jackson," I can no longer remain silent. Pity 'tis, but true, that fiction is more read by the young than history, and it would be a great injustice to General Jackson that such a delineation of his character and personality should go down to future generations.

Miss Johnston acknowledges that she never saw or knew General Jackson, which fact is very evident from the hideous caricature she uses as her frontispiece representing him and his little sorrel, and which alone is enough to condemn the book. To quote from a protest against "The Long Roll," many of which I have received, an old follower of General Jackson says: "Her frontispiece of this great soldier is utterly featureless, and is more the likeness of some brutal prize fighter, of physical figure and countenance, all animal, without one spark of mental illumination; and while this is simply and solely beastly, Miss Johnston's miserably unjust and unlikenesslike portrayal of his character and mental qualities is at one, or in close unity, with the monstrous physical likeness." In attempting to paint a historical picture of General Jackson, which Miss Johnston asserts is a "true portrait," it was but just that she obtain correct pictures of the General and his war horse. These I would have been only too glad to give her or they could have been obtained from books of Confederate history.

It is passing strange where the author obtained all her information concerning the wonderful peculiarities and eccentricities of this man, who won honor and fame in spite of them all, or how she could keep her mind and pen in such constant exercise exploiting his "old forage cap," "the jerking of his hand," and his everlasting "sucking of lemons." The two last peculiar habits which she airs in such excessive detail were unknown to me; but I can tell a story of that old gray cap, around which a halo of sanctity will ever linger and which perhaps Miss Johnston has never heard.

During the last winter of his life General Jackson was in winter quarters at Moss Neck, the home of a Mr. Corbin, near Fredericksburg. The host and hostess insisted on giving him quarters in their residence; but he was afraid his military family might be too much of an encumbrance, so he accepted an office in the yard. In the family was a lovely little girl named Jane, who became a special pet with the General. Her pretty face and winsome ways were so charming to him that he requested her mother as a favor that he might have a visit from the little girl every afternoon when his day's labors were over, and her innocent companionship and sweet prattle became a source of great recreation to him. He loved to hold her upon his knee, and sometimes he played and romped with her, his hearty laughter mingling with that of the child. He always had some treat in store for her as she came each day—an apple, candy, or cake; but the supply of such things in his scanty quarters becoming exhausted, one afternoon he had nothing to offer her, and, glancing around the room, his eye fell upon a new gray cap which he had just received from his

wife and which was ornamented with a simple band of gilt braid, the most modest mark that a field officer could wear. Taking up his knife, he ripped off the braid, and, encircling it around little Jane's fair head, he stood off admiringly and said: "This shall be your coronet." The little girl died just a few weeks before General Jackson himself was translated, so their happy spirits were soon reunited in the land of the living.

General Jackson realized as few men did the desperateness of the cause the South had undertaken; but, like General Lee, he could not draw his sword against his native State, and he believed that it was absolutely necessary for every man to throw himself heart and soul into the struggle, reckoning not of self or anything else save the best service he could render his country. Hence his mind was so wholly occupied with his arduous duties that he found no time to array himself in fine clothes, even forgetting that he was making himself conspicuous in paying so little attention to his dress. This absorption in patriotic duty explains the "old dust-colored clothes" which "The Long Roll" revels in commenting upon. In times of peace and when at home no man could have been more particular and immaculate in his dress than General Jackson.

General Jackson was no lover of war, declaring emphatically how he deprecated it, and only the sternest sense of duty drove him into it; but having been educated as a soldier, he felt impelled to discharge every rule according to military regulations. Hence he was often misjudged as harsh and unjust by those who had less knowledge of military law, though his heart was really as tender as that of a woman. I remember in one of my visits to Lexington, Va., General Lee said to me so sadly: "Ah! Mrs. Jackson, if all of our officers and men had done their duty as your husband did, the result of the war would have been very different!"

Mrs. Elizabeth Preston Allan, who knew General Jackson intimately from earliest childhood, and whose father and husband were members of his staff, and who herself is a woman of rare culture and an author of note, says of "The Long Roll":

"Miss Johnston's claim that she is presenting Jackson from the soldier's point of view is an adroit defense of her caricature of the great soldier. But she does nothing to substantiate her claim. And in view of the vehement protests now being raised by the old soldiers throughout the South against Miss Johnston's misrepresentations of Jackson's lineage, manners, dress, habits, and speech, it is incumbent upon her to give her authority for such damaging statements.

"Those of us who were in touch with his soldiers during those two years of Jackson's brilliant career got no such impression from them. We certainly got no such impression from the intimacies of daily intercourse. 'Major' Jackson, as he lived among us in Lexington, was a man of the highest courtesy, careful in dress and appearance, as are all West Pointers. He showed great refinement of thought and speech, had an unusual gentleness of manner, and was a lover of children. My little brother and I counted him a boon companion, and claimed his attention as soon as he crossed the threshold.

"Eccentric is a word which may unfairly be applied to General Jackson, mainly because he was that rare thing—an absolutely consistent Christian. His Master bore that same reproach. * * * Though his friends and neighbors jested about his strict views of Sabbath-keeping and his rigid adherence to those duties which most of us treat so lightly, he was loved and honored by high and low in the community.

We may be forgiven if we consider it somewhat presumptuous in a young woman born after the war to insist that she knows the characteristics of this great man better than those who had the privilege of his companionship! But literary success is a heavy wine, and Miss Johnston has allowed her sense of the dramatic to beguile her into doing a grave wrong to the truth of history when she represents General Jackson as rough, uncouth, boorish, slovenly, and unbalanced. "The Long Roll" is disastrously out of drawing in this respect."

It takes such men as Lieut. Col. G. F. R. Henderson, of the British army, to grasp the true spirit and character of the young man who inspired him to write his masterly history of "Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War," a work which will live as long as the English language is spoken, even as a classic. Colonel Henderson visited all the battle fields of Virginia and made an exhaustive study of the war and its leaders. His splendid book has only to be read to prove the justice and fairness with which he deals with his hero and his campaigns.

It is due General Jackson's name to give a brief outline of his ancestry as a proof that he was not descended from plebeians or boors, as would be inferred from "The Long Roll." The Jackson family has been a reputable and prominent one since the early settlement of that part of Virginia which is now West Virginia. He himself was a Virginian, the division of the State having taken place after his death.

Among his forebears were soldiers of the American Revolution, representatives in State legislatures and Congress. Later there arose judges, a Governor of West Virginia, and many other men of note. His father was an educated lawyer and successful practitioner, having also inherited some estate; but being of a free and generous nature, he assumed securities for his friends which resulted in bankruptcy to himself, soon after which he was cut down in the meridian of life. His mother was a refined and beautiful woman of good family. One of the family, John G. Jackson, succeeded his father in Congress, and was appointed the first Federal judge of the western district of Virginia. General Jackson married Miss Payne, sister of the wife of President Madison, and his second wife was the daughter of Governor Meigs, of Ohio.

It was the fate of Thomas J. Jackson almost from infancy to battle with adverse fortune which was meted out to him in orphanage and hardship, but with the indomitable energy and courage of his race, who could have surpassed him in surmounting the difficulties he had to encounter in obtaining an education and in making the man of himself that he did?

And now may I ask, will not all true Confederate soldiers who followed Stonewall Jackson give an expression of their opinion of "The Long Roll?" and if they approve of it, let them say so candidly; but if not, will they unite in such a protest against this false and damaging portraiture of their commander as will settle the question for all time?

[It is but natural that dear Mrs. Jackson should resent in part the record Miss Mary Johnston makes of her distinguished husband in "The Long Roll." In exercising the latitude, perhaps too liberally granted the novelist and the poet, Mrs. Jackson should not forget the motive of the author in the great prominence given to General Jackson in the book; and while but few if any of his soldiers and others who knew him will accept the "caricature" as a picture of General Jackson, it should be remembered that the author is not an artist and that the designer may not have pleased her. While the picture would never be taken for General Jackson, it is considered as representing a victor despite stone walls or para-

pets. As a practical suggestion the frontispiece might be changed and an addenda might be added by Miss Johnston in deference to the criticisms, and it should include an explanation that the excessive profanity was typical of the early part of the war, for later it was very rare that any soldier was profane. Another fact should be remembered in Miss Johnston's favor: She is one of the very few eminent Southern authors who, like Thomas Nelson Page, have been steadfast for the South.]

"PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR."

CAPT. W. H. MORGAN.

In his "Personal Reminiscences of the War of 1861-65," Capt. W. H. Morgan, Company C, Eleventh Virginia Regiment, relates personal experiences in camp, in bivouac, on the march, on picket, on the skirmish line, in battle, and in prison, and at the same time gives in chronological order a history, not only of his old company, but of the Eleventh Regiment, Kemper's Brigade, and Pickett's Division as well, from the formation of these commands in 1861 to May 21, 1864, when the author was captured by reason of a "fool order," as he expresses it. He was one of the six hundred Confederate officers put under fire of Confederate batteries at Charleston, S. C., and fed on rotten corn meal and pickles for sixty-five days at Fort Pulaski.

Skirmishes and battles are graphically described. Many thrilling incidents are related. Prison life with its horrors is portrayed and the blame put on the Washington government.

A chapter on the conduct of the war censures forcefully those who deserve it. The wrongs and indignities heaped upon the South in reconstruction days are recounted, recent events are touched on, and a "peep into the future" is indulged in. This book should be of special interest to the survivors of the commands mentioned and to the sons and daughters of those who have passed away. The author gives due credit to the men who carried the guns, paying tribute to privates and officers alike. The rolls of Companies A, C, E, G, and H of the Eleventh are given.

The *Roanoke* (Va.) *Times* says of the book: "It is a soldier's story of soldiers' life as it was. Making no large pretense to literary skill, Captain Morgan achieves the highest purpose of literature, telling a plain story in a plain, pleasant, graphic way so as to convey his thoughts and the fact distinctly and to hold the interest of his readers. He writes with the directness and simplicity of a soldier who did his duty."

... His talk is soldier and war-time talk, plain, unvarnished, with no frills or concealments or smoothing over of rough places. He tells just what he saw and heard and felt. Therefore his writing is delightful and real and a valuable addition to the story of the war and the part that Virginia troops had in it. Captain Morgan will probably not write any more books, but he has done a distinct service to his State and community in writing this one."

The *Richmond Times* also commends the book highly.

Published by the J. P. Bell Company, Inc., Lynchburg, Va. Price, \$1.15, postpaid. Only a limited edition. Order from the publishers or Capt. W. H. Morgan, Floyd, Va.

Attention, 13th North Carolina! Mrs. R. G. Roberts, of Oxford, Ala., will be grateful to any survivors of the 13th North Carolina Regiment who will furnish information of the family of T. W. Hornbuckle, a member of that regiment, who was mortally wounded in the battle of Antietam. His remains were interred in Elmwood Cemetery at Shepherdstown, Va.

"HISTORIC SOUTHERN MONUMENTS."

Among the new books from the Neale Publishing Company one bears the title of "Historic Southern Monuments and Memorials," compiled and edited by Mrs. B. A. C. Emerson, a Virginian by birth, but now a resident of Denver, Colo. This large volume is devoted to the history of monuments erected to the memory of Confederate soldiers in many States, yet does not represent all of them. The work had to be limited to those monuments most representative of the States where they were placed, and the task of sifting and classifying the data secured was accomplished most satisfactorily by Mrs. Emerson, to whom the work was "a labor of love and the two years given to it a season of joy." In addition to descriptions of the monuments, many fine selections are given in tribute to Southern valor, both in prose and poetry.

The following review of the work by Mrs. Ina M. Porter Ockenden, a gifted writer of Alabama, gives a good idea of it: "It represents a vast amount of patient labor as well as knowledge and appreciation, and is a work to be proud of. The illustrations are beautifully executed half-tones, reproductions of the finest monuments in the United States. Each is accompanied by a sketch giving the history of the monuments represented and the inscriptions. Many a gem of purest poesy is to be found in these pages. The typographical appearance is faultless, a delight to the eye and taste. Altogether, it has been issued in the highest style of the art to which we must look for the preservation of all good that has been evolved from war. Not only every Southern State but every library throughout the nation should possess it."

C. C. Hemming writes from Colorado Springs, Colo.: "I inclose you my check for two books, and do so gratefully, appreciating your labor and the cause you represented in the same. I would charge \$6 instead of \$5. The book is well worth it."

From Capt. P. W. Reddish, Liberty, Mo.: "I have examined your book, 'Historic Southern Monuments and Memorials.' You ought to feel proud of the work. I doubt if there ever will be an equal to it. I inclose check."

Of the many commendatory letters received by Mrs. Emerson in regard to her work, these are examples of the spirit in which it is generally received.

Orders will be filled by the VETERAN. Price, \$5.25, postpaid.

"THE TREASURE BABIES."

One must look for the immortalization of the Confederate soldier, not only in history but in song and story, in sculpture and in painting, and each artistic perpetuation of the valor of the gallant wearer of the gray has a distinct value.

"The Treasure Babies," a new book by Miss Maria Thompson Daviess, of Nashville, Tenn., is a notable contribution to the literature concerning the Confederate soldier. This book, which is published by the Bobbs Merrill Company, of Indianapolis, is the first which the gifted author has written for children, and though it is primarily intended for a juvenile audience, it will interest and charm "grown-ups" as well.

The children of the story are very attractive, but the central figure is a brave old Confederate veteran, one of a type fast passing, whom the children have affectionately christened "Captie" and who is the boon companion and cherished friend of the entire juvenile brigade of Cloverbend, where the scene of the story is laid.

Captie's most violent expletives are "powder and smoke" and "hot shot," and he has a laugh "that sounded like the crackle of a pine knot when your hands are cold."

This crippled old soldier tells his military experiences so vividly and interestingly that such narratives are among the chief joys of the children of Cloverbend. The reader is first introduced to the brave old warrior in a peaceful scene where, surrounded by the children, he is shown seated under a gnarled old apple tree, being bombarded by its falling blossoms on a spring day when the sun "shone hot enough to draw the shoes and stockings right off your feet."

All through the book there are recurrences of this charming scene, the good-natured and lovable veteran with his children satellites so thick about him that even the Captain himself might well ask on one occasion: "Have the old shoe that the Old Woman lived in bust open and let out the litter?"

The theme of the book is the search by the children for a buried treasure hidden by the old soldier in war times. He is now in dire need, and early and late the children, to whom alone he has confided his secret, try to aid him. There is always something alluring about a buried treasure, and very interestingly has Miss Daviess depicted this quest.

The gifted author is descended on both sides of the house from patriotic Southern families who rendered valued service to the Confederacy. Many of the men of her family were enlisted under the Confederate flag, and the women of both the Hamilton and Daviess connection were equally patriotic.

Miss Daviess's mother, the late Mrs. John B. T. Daviess, of Kentucky, was, before her marriage, the beautiful Leonora Hamilton, of Nashville, a war-time beauty and belle. Like



MISS MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS.

many of the high-spirited girls of her set, she was an ardent Southern patriot and rendered many daring services to the cause she loved so devotedly. Her daughter has inherited to the fullest extent this devotion and cherishes most tenderly her Confederate traditions.

A FINE RECORD.—In renewing his subscription to the VETERAN a Union veteran writes: "I have been a regular subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for the last fifteen years, and have all the copies received on file in my home. I have never been delinquent until now, and now only one month."

SUCCESSFUL SCHEME AND UNSELFISHNESS.

MRS. NORMAN RANDOLPH KEEPS AT WORK.

An exchange gives the following information:

"The proverbial wisdom of the New York business man has just received a set-back at the hands of a Richmond woman. Mrs. Norman Randolph, one of the officers of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, by her shrewdness has secured from a certain New York firm several hundred dollars' advantage which will go to swell the funds of the Museum.

"The coup concerned several hundred copies of a picture of President Davis and his generals. The picture, the likenesses on which are declared practically perfect, was originally drawn by D. H. Anderson, an artist of another generation, and for a while the sale was large. Then the sale dropped off, and eventually even the 'key' telling the names of the generals was lost. The result was that the New York firm which printed them found itself with a large stock of prints on hand, very valuable to Southerners, but worthless to the owners, because they didn't know who the subjects of the pictures were.

"So the pictures were advertised for sale at a bargain. Mrs. Randolph investigated, and found the pictures good. Then she did some more investigating, with the result that she found their 'key' in the possession of L. T. Christian, of Richmond. Mrs. Randolph bought the pictures, borrowed the 'key,' and now has a stock of pictures which she has turned over to the Confederate Museum to be sold for its own benefit."

Remit the \$2.50 to Mrs. Norman Randolph, Richmond, Va., help a good cause, and become possessor of the most animated group of Confederate officers. There are thirty-six generals and President Davis, all on horseback. The VETERAN has received a copy of this remarkable picture and is delighted with it.

"THE DIXIE BOOK OF DAYS."

An interesting compilation of verse and prose selections has been issued by the Page Publishing Company, of Baltimore, Md., under title of "The Dixie Book of Days," edited by Matthew Page Andrews. Many of the quotations are from writers of the South, and the educational value of this compilation will be great in arousing interest in and appreciation of Southern literature and history. There are many gems from other writers as well, which seem especially appropriate as quoted in connection with the anniversaries of the great men and events of the country. Strong indorsement has been given this work by those who have seen it, and it is commended for its unique and ethical as well as educational features.

The editor of the Baltimore Sun, Mr. Allen S. Will, in a personal letter to Mr. Andrews writes: "I have just finished reading with a pleasure far beyond my rather sanguine expectation 'The Dixie Book of Days,' which you were kind enough to send me. Collections of quotations are apt to fall flat, losing the fragrance of the setting from which they are culled and conveying nothing of the latter beyond a fragmentary expression. In the 'Dixie Book' you have assembled a consistent and complete whole, with a real message as strong and helpful as an original volume of literature from the pen of one author. It is the story of the South by her masters of expression told with vivid interest from beginning to end."

Dr. Brander Matthews from a Northern standpoint writes:

"Dear Mr. Andrews: Generally I regret to see anything which seems to set off the South as a section from the rest of the Union. But your 'Dixie Book of Days' has been prepared with so much taste and tact and judgment that this objection no longer holds good. Its influence will do good."

THE SCOUT—SAM DAVIS VIVIDLY PORTRAYED.

Judge C. W. Tyler's war story, "The Scout," is ready for the Christmas trade, and will awaken widespread interest.

Judge Tyler takes the position that young Davis did not obtain the papers found in his possession from Captain Coleman, but from a Mr. English living not far from Pulaski, who procured them through a negro boy, one of his slaves. If this be true, it will remove undeserved odium from the memory of Captain Coleman, who was a trusted Confederate soldier throughout the war. Besides, "Coleman" Shaw remained intimate with the father and brother of Sam Davis. While Davis had Coleman's letter, it does not assert that he sent particular papers.

Judge Tyler's book is not a history or an argument, but a stirring tale of the Civil War. The story will not only prove interesting to readers of fiction, but should hold a permanent place in our libraries. There is no apology for the South, but Judge Tyler stoutly maintains that we were right and the Federals were wrong in the great struggle. Price, \$1.

Notice of this book appeared last summer, but its publication was unavoidably delayed. The able and patriotic author has prepared this work with great care, and it will be treasured in every public library as soon as its merits are known.

We need more stories of this sort. Our literature is strangely deficient in Civil War tales written from the Southern standpoint. The author is well known in Tennessee and esteemed especially by his comrades. He is now President of the State Association of Confederate Soldiers.

This book, issued December 1, is from the Cumberland Press. It contains 346 pages large print and will be read with interest by all who esteem valor. It will fascinate all readers.



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MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, President

Mississippi Division U. D. C., West Point, Miss.

G. T. Cullins, of Caledonia, Ark., wishes information of E. T. Cullins, who left Shelby County, Ala., twenty-two years ago, and is thought to be in North Texas or Oklahoma.

Mrs. H. F. Montgomery, of Anniston, Ala., wishes to procure a copy of the old poem, "Kentucky Belle," which some of our patrons can doubtless supply. She will appreciate the favor.

Capt. W. S. Ray, of Idabel, Okla., inquires the whereabouts of Marion Fisk, of Company I, 154th Tennessee Regiment. He lost an arm at Shiloh, and was somewhere in Georgia in 1864.

A. Wood writes from Mission, Tex.: "In the list of Confederate generals published in the VETERAN you omitted the name of Brig. Gen. A. M. Headley, of Maryland, now living at Rio Grande, Tex. He is now about eighty-five years old."

W. B. Austin, of Austin, Ark. (Route No. 1, Box 54), is interested in securing a pension for a needy widow at that place, and asks that survivors of Company I, 29th Mississippi Regiment, will kindly write of the record of W. B. Howell, member of that company.

Joseph L. Ashby, of Turney, Mo., Rural Route No. 2, has a friend who during the war was known as "Dick" Spencer, now as Judge R. F. Spencer, whom he is anxious to locate. A recent communication from Judge Spencer failed to give any address, hence this inquiry.

Judge W. W. Moffett, of Salem, Va., wishes to secure a roster of the members of Companies E, G, and K, of the 49th Virginia Infantry. These companies were from Rappahannock County mainly. Any one who can supply names of soldiers who served in these companies will confer a favor by writing to Judge Moffett. These names are needed for record.

Dr. D. B. Waddell, of Meridian, Miss., writes that his wife has in her possession a little Testament found on one of the battle fields of Jackson's valley campaign—a battle in which the 15th Alabama fought—the "Bucktail Rifles." The name in the book is "E. Peck, from his brother." They would be glad to restore it to the owner or some member of his family.

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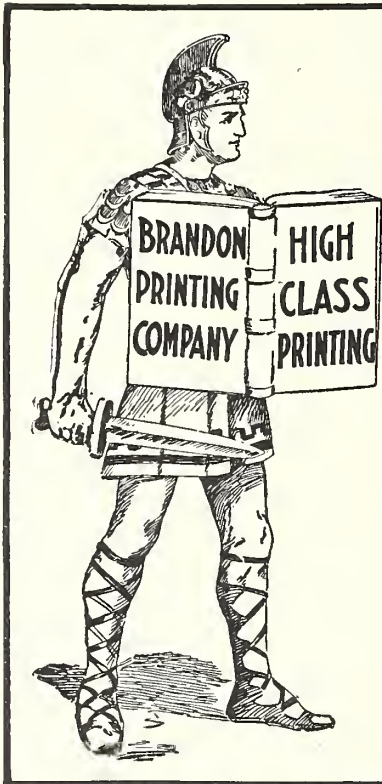
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E. Futrell, of Paducah, Ky., would be pleased to hear from any comrades of his brothers who served in the Civil War. One of them, L. S. Futrell, was in Ward's Battery of Artillery, enlisting from Panola County, Miss., early in the war; the other, A. T. Futrell, was at the surrender of Vicksburg, and was in a hospital at Jackson, Miss., when last heard from. It was never known whether these brothers were killed or died during the war.

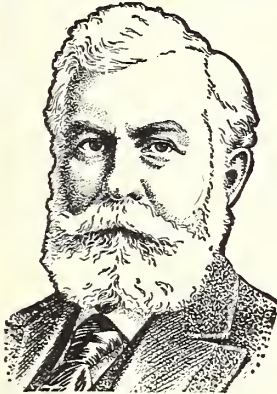
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The work is issued in the form of a roll, each sheet representing one week of seven quotations, with special matter, however, covering such space as may occur at the beginning or end of each month.

The anniversary dates of a great number of historic occasions are given throughout the calendar.

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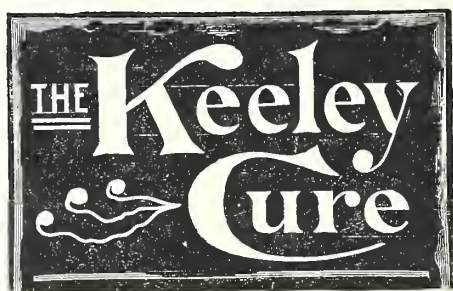
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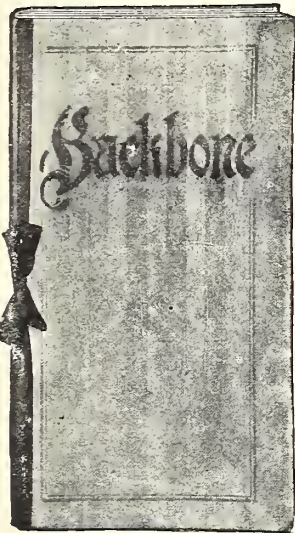
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FREE

A Valuable Present Absolutely Free

DURING the months of November and December we will give absolutely free to the President and Secretary, or any other two officers or members of any Chapter or Camp, as they may designate, a



FIVE-DOLLAR MARBLE BREADBOARD

if they will furnish us the names of one or more Chapters or Camps that propose to erect a monument next year.

We will ship breadboards, all charges prepaid, to such addresses as may be desired. These boards are among the most useful articles in housekeeping, and make very appropriate and acceptable Christmas presents.

Send us the names of the officers of Chapters or Camps who propose to erect a monument next year, and give us the addresses to which breadboards are to be shipped, and they will go forward at once, all charges prepaid.

This offer holds good only during November and December, 1911.

 **The** 

McNeel Marble Company

MARIETTA, GEORGIA

